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THE OUTING MAGAZINE

THE OUTDOOR MAGAZINE OF
HUMAN INTEREST

EDITED BY CASPAR WHITNEY

VOLUME L
APRIL, 1907—SEPTEMBER, 1907

THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK: 35 WEST 31ST STREET
LONDON: THE INTERNATIONAL
NEWS COMPANY, 5 BREAM'S
BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE

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*“Joy, the poet tells us, is the Mother of Spring,
and of Joy has it not been said that there is no more
ancient God?”*

—FIONA MACLEOD.



Drawing by Oliver Kemp.

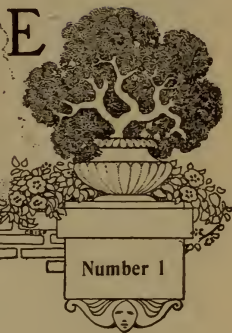
BREAKING THE JAM—A PERILOUS MOMENT

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



Vol. L

APRIL, 1907



Number 1

JACK BOYD: MASTER RIVERMAN

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND LOUISE DAVENPORT



THE old-fashioned riverman, as he used to flourish in the pine woods of Michigan and Wisconsin, is rapidly becoming extinct. He was a product of environment; and the environment has passed. Fiction has dealt extensively with his brother pioneers, the trappers, cowboys and gold miners, but has almost completely passed him by. Yet for dash, courage, skill and sheer picturesqueness his calling is fully the equal of any of these. My own boyhood happened to be contemporaneous with the palmy days of the "drive," and so, by personal acquaintance, I came to know a great many of the celebrated "white water birlers."

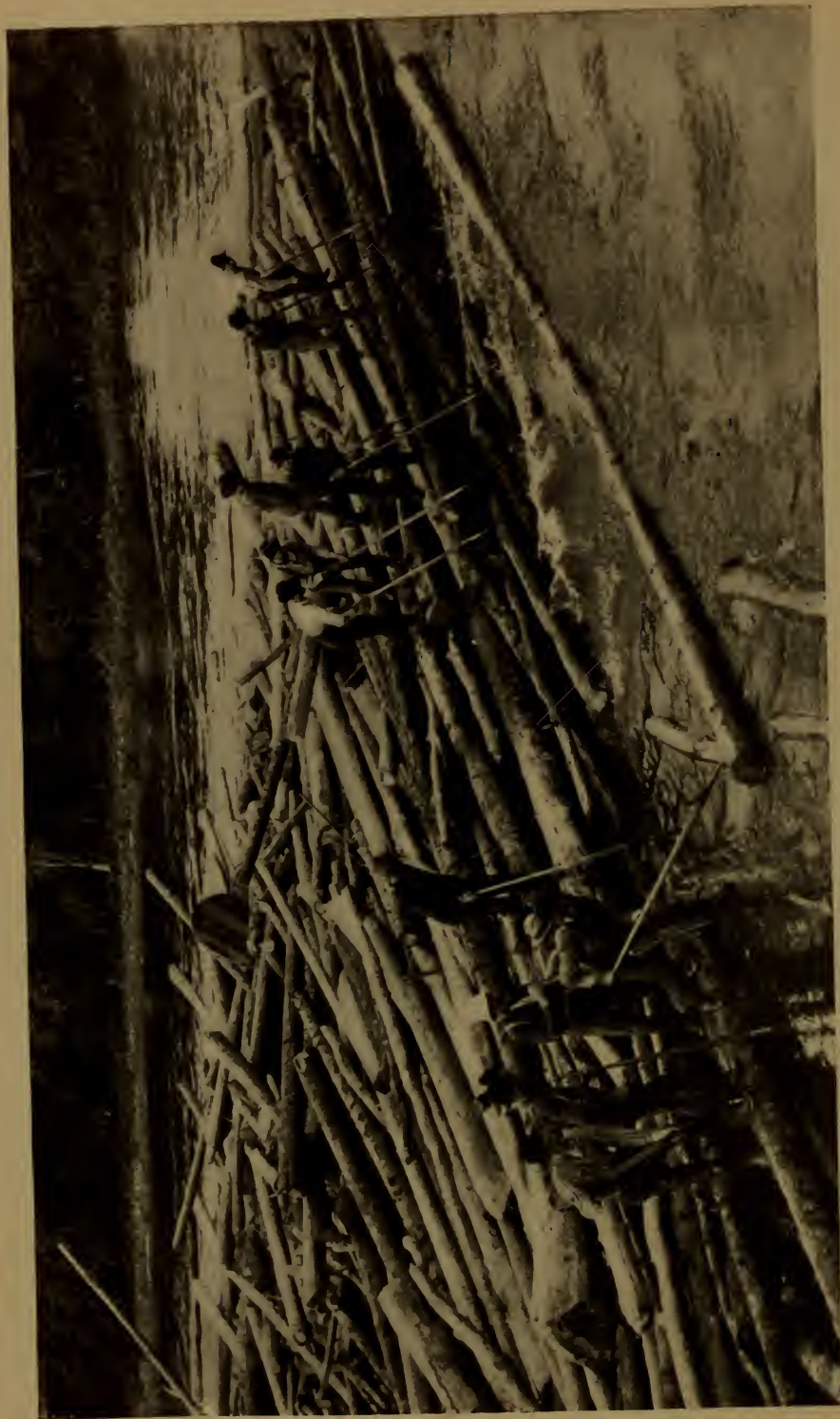
Always, after I began to think about such things, I would ask of rivermen the question:

"Who is the best riverman you know?"

The answer was generally, "Jack Boyd," and if it were not, Boyd was always mentioned as the second best. I heard tales of his mildness of manner, the rapidity of his work, his skill at riding logs, his coolness, his quickness, his unwavering courage. This from his mates in the craft. One day I spoke of these things to a lumberman who employed men.

"Oh, yes," said he, "that is all very well. But I have forty men who can ride a log; and a hundred more who can do all the rest of it. A man isn't a riverman unless he can do these things. But what makes Jack Boyd great is that he understands the river. He can get the logs out. His drive is never hung by lack of water nor scattered by the freshet. He *knows*."

One evening in the depth of winter I was seated before a round, red-hot stove thawing out. The red-hot stove was in the center of a small log cabin containing two bunks, a short counter backed by shelves piled with clothes, tobacco and patent medicines, a home-made desk and a number of rough chairs. I had arrived at camp Thirty-four that noon by way of the



Log-jams are the most difficult problems of lumbering life.

tote team. The snow was five feet deep and the mercury had disappeared.

The outside door opened gently. A man deposited a pair of snowshoes in the corner, and turned to us, slowly drawing a pair of mittens from his hands. He wore a very high-crowned cap with a peaked visor, a short bright mackinaw jacket belted close, the usual kersey trousers stuffed into the felt-like German socks, and plain deerskin moccasins. As he advanced into the circle of illumination I saw a mild pair of blue eyes under bleached flaxen brows, a long bleached mustache, and thin features tanned like parchment. His large and gnarled hand was already fumbling with a pipe, which he shortly filled with rank "Peerless" tobacco.

The scaler had sprung to his feet.

"Why, Jack!" he cried.

A moment later I was formally requested to shake the hand of Mr. Boyd.

All that evening the mild blue eyes watched me attentively. I repaid the scrutiny in kind. This elderly, slightly bent, slow-moving, meek individual the Jack Boyd of whom I had heard so much!

He had not much to say for himself—a little news about "Nine" and "Thirty-two," a comment or so on a kingbolt he had met that day. None of his remarks were addressed directly to me; but I must have impressed him favorably, for next morning—four hours before daylight, by the way—he abruptly proposed that I should accompany him in a "little look 'round."

With childlike innocence I put on my mackinaw and mittens and followed him. I did not see the inside of that cabin again for seven days—nor more clothes, nor a toothbrush, nor anything but what I wore on my person when I so confidently stepped out into the cold of that winter morning. We investigated pine woods and slashings; hour after hour we stood on cold marshes where the wind blew, watching teams skid logs on little islands; we tramped through cedar thickets heavy with snow; we inspected rollways at distant rivers. At night we slept in lumber camps of various sorts. Sometimes we ate. Our conversation was succinct. But the adventure was worth while, for it brought me the lasting friendship of Jack Boyd.

At this season of the year he was what is known as a "walking boss"—a sort of

general over-foreman of the woods forces. Later I had the opportunity of seeing him at the more spectacular work of river-driving. There his quality showed more clearly; though always except in an emergency he moved with the same deliberation, the same mild absence of haste. But he was the "river boss"; and it was easy to see that his wild subordinates looked up to him as to one whose position was assured beyond any question by even such white water birlers as themselves. Jack Boyd was the master riverman of them all.

What this means it is impossible to comprehend unless you have become acquainted with the breed.

The riverman is sometimes a woodsman as well; but not always. He has been brought up on running water. As a small boy he has walked logs in the great booms—and been fished out of the river a hundred times. At an early age he has taken naturally to the pike pole and peavy, working first in the still waters about the mill-booms, later with the drive. His business is to conduct saw logs from the bank where they have been piled to the mill where they will be cut. He does this by means of the water courses. To them he sticks as closely as a railroad man to his right of way. They are known to him; they absorb his entire life. He grows to his environment. Certain qualities the river demands of him. They are developed early and markedly, for their presence spells not merely success, but life or death. Possessing them he survives; lacking them he surely perishes.

So from the almost exaggerated demands on certain of the robust virtues—which bring with them equally robust vices—a type comes into existence, distinct, marked, easily recognized; just as the exigencies of the cattle business have developed a being called the cowboy; just as the sea exhibits in correspondence the mariner, or the mountains produce hillmen. A riverman was more than merely one who works on the river.

You could recognize him easily. He wore invariably a little round felt hat with a rosette of matches tucked neatly in its band; a thick flannel shirt; kersey trousers that had been chopped off at the knee; heavy woolen socks reaching *almost* to the trousers; and shoes armed with many long, sharp spikes. These latter were his most



The north lumbermen use a double-ended bateau.

distinctive badge. They were filed to needle points the better to cling to slippery logs, and varied from a quarter to three-quarters of an inch in length. Everywhere in a river town you could see the trace of these "corks"—the wooden sidewalks were picked into fine splinters; the floors of stores and saloons were pockmarked with them. But more absolute identification than any mere externals—which after all lay within the purchase of the veriest "high banker"*—were the powerful swing of the shoulders, the loose, graceful carriage of the body, and the devil-may-care boldness of the humorous and reckless eyes. For these are things one cannot buy. They come with much peavy work, the balance of unstable footing, and the cheerful facing of danger.

First and foremost your true riverman can ride a log. This does not mean merely that he is able to stand upright or to jump from one to another without splashing in—though even that is no mean feat, as a trial

will convince you. That is the kindergarten of it. The saw log in the water is not only his object of labor but his means of transportation. Your true riverman on drive almost never steps on land except to eat and sleep.

A journey down stream is to him an affair of great simplicity. He pushes into the current a stick of timber, jumps lightly atop it, leans against his peavy, and floats away as graceful and motionless as a Grecian statue. When his unstable craft overtakes other logs, he deserts it, runs forward as far as he can—the logs bobbing and awash behind his spring—and so continues on another timber. Jack Boyd once, for a bet, rode for twelve miles down Grand River on a log he could carry to the stream's bank *across his shoulders!* Fully half the time his feet were submerged to the ankles.

Nor does quick water always cause your expert riverman to disembark. Using his peavy as a balancing pole, and treading with squirrel-like quickness as his footing rolls, he will run rapids of considerable force and volume. When the tail of a drive

* High banker—a term of insult, *i. e.*, one who walks on the bank of a river rather than ride the logs.

passes through the chute of a dam, there are always half a dozen or so of the "rear" men who, out of sheer bravado, will run through standing upright like circus riders and yelling like fiends.

To ferry from one side of a waterway to the other is a more difficult matter, but it is accomplished. There are various ways of propelling a log across current. If the stream is narrow, the riverjack usually, by means of a violent running jump, lands with both feet on the rear end of the timber. The bow thereupon rises in a flurry of foam, the rear is depressed, and the log is forced violently ahead. At the proper moment to avoid upset the riverman runs forward to the center. If scattering logs are adrift, progress can often be compelled by seizing on these with the peavy and pulling and pushing them back. But one of the prettiest methods I saw Jack employ in still water. He worked his log sideways by rolling it under him—*birling*, the process is called. Of course one can always paddle with the peavy, but this is slow and commonplace.

The deck of a log, besides being a means of transportation, is also valuable as a point of vantage from which to work. Men push out stranded logs, heave, lift, do everything that the heavy labor of moving timber calls for, not from the stable foundation of the earth, but from the rolling and slipping disadvantage of floating timber. Their adjustments have become entirely unconscious. I have watched them hours at a time, fascinated by the nicety with which they trod now one way, now the other, as the log rolled; the exactness with which they shifted footing as the pressure on their support became too great for its buoyancy. And all the time their minds were absorbed in the labor.

Skill of this individual sort is presupposed; just as is skill in horsemanship with a cowboy. Without it a man is absolutely useless. And just as a cowboy likes to show off or compete in a kind of horsemanship which can have no practical application to his trade, so does the riverman do his tricks. A man in Marinette, whose



Where a little ingenuity is required.



Opening the sluice of a logging dam.



How the logs "jam" when hurled against a bridge in a violent storm

name I have forgotten, could turn a somersault on a log; innumerable others like to lie down at length while floating with the current; Jack Boyd could "up-end" a railroad tie without falling into the water; and it is very cold water indeed that can scare off an occasional birling match.

But when the opponents are evenly matched more strategy is employed. The log whirls one way, stops abruptly, starts the other, checks again, blurs into foam and stiffens to immobility. It is akin to skilled wrestling. Like Japanese juggling, all this must be seen to be fully compre-



Dynamiting a jam—an easy solution.

Two men get on the same log. They try each to throw the other into the river, but without touching him in any fashion. If one is the marked superior of the other he does this quite simply by rotating the log, as a squirrel does its cage, faster and faster until the other man can no longer keep pace.

hended; but if my rapid sketch has conveyed anything it must have convinced you that such specialized skill requires and develops an extraordinary quickness, a remarkable control of equilibrium, instantaneous decision and a high degree of what might be called physical judgment.

This, with ability to handle well the peavy, constitutes the essential equipment of the cheapest man who would go on drive. There is in addition a deep "log sense" which comes only with experience, and to some more than to others. The tendencies of currents, the effect of water in volume and swiftness, the places where jams are likely to form, the why of them, and how to avoid them, where jams will break, the probable situation of key logs, rollway breaking, dam running, and a thousand other intensely technical details—all these are within the grasp of the men who, like Jack Boyd, rise to the top of the profession.

Now, in addition to judgment, balance and quickness, you must add an enormous strength. The saw log is a heavy and inert mass which the riverman is called on a hundred times a day to tug at with all the heart and pith there is in him. His muscles develop and harden like steel.

And as a last item of physical equipment must be included that tough endurance which is at once demanded and developed by the wild life anywhere.

During drive your riverman often works fourteen hours a day. The logs must go out during the times of high water, and high water is in the early spring. His feet are wet all the time. There is much rain and some snow. Camp is in a different place every night. Blankets are often soaked beyond the possibility of drying until the sun again appears. I have often seen the rear crew "sacking" stranded logs while rotten ice was still running in the current. The men worked immersed to the waist in this literal ice water. Once in two or three hours one would build a little fire to thaw out by. Ordinary men could not live in the environment of these men's daily work.

Naturally this sort of thing demands a rather high degree of resolution. The latter quality rises to the dignity of absolute courage at times. Jams are not an abnormal part of the work, as most people suppose, but a regular incident of the day's business. In the breaking of them the jam crew must be quick and sure. I know of no finer sight than the going out of a tall jam. The men pry, heave and tug sometimes for hours. Then all at once the apparently solid surface begins to creak and settle. The men zigzag rapidly to shore.

A crash and spout of waters marks where the first tier is already toppling into the current. The front melts like sugar. A vast, formidable movement agitates the brown tangle as far as you can see. And then with another sudden and mighty crash the whole river bursts into a torrent of motion.

If everything has gone well the men are all safe ashore, leaning on their peavies, but ready at any instant to hasten out for the purpose of discouraging by quick, hard work any tendency to plug on the part of the moving timbers. I have seen men out of bravado jump from the breast of a jam, just as it was breaking down to a floating log ahead, thus to be carried in the sweep and rush far down the river. A single slip meant death. Men like Jack Boyd never took such foolish chances; but it was magnificent just the same.

But sometimes things do not go quite right. Few drives finish without losing a man. There are magnificent rescues, narrow escapes. However, these men appear to accept whatever comes as a matter of course; or, perhaps more truly, it is their pride never to show emotion of any sort. I have seen dozens of such cases; but perhaps two will suffice as examples.

One man was dragged out by the collar from a very dangerous predicament between two parts of a breaking jam. To gain safety his rescuer, burdened by the victim of the accident, had fairly to scale the breast of the falling logs. For ten seconds it looked like sure death to both, but by a combination of audacity and sheer luck they reached the bank. Most people would have paused for congratulations and to talk it over. Not they. The rescuer, still retaining his grip on the man's collar, twisted him around, and delivered one good kick.

"*There, damn you!*" said he; and the two fell to work without further comment.

Late in February, during a thaw, Jimmy Downing, one of our own foremen, fell over a dam into the eddy below. He could not swim, and owing to certain sets of current, growth of timber and lay of ice, we could not get to him. The water was cold, and sucked with terrific force beneath a shelf of ice at the lower end. Sure death again; but Jimmy, befriended of the gods, hit his knee against a single little ledge. Though



Clearing the tote-road—the season's first trip.

Drawing by G. M. McCouch.

half drowned he managed to cling there, and after a moment to drag himself out. Jimmy coughed up a quart or so of water, shook himself and gazed back at the whirlpool whence he had been so miraculously extricated.

"Damn it all!" said he, "I lost my peavy!"

These examples must suffice. Whether it is in breaking a rollway—where the man fairly teases tier after tier of logs to plunge

trary to the general impression. Of those who have ever seen a genuine riverman, nine out of ten have encountered him in the towns when, drunk, dirty, unkempt and formidable, he conveys only the impression of an irresponsible tough. Yet the town is an affair of weeks, at most, while his normal life of the woods and the river is one of months. I have seen hundreds of savage fights in town; I have never seen but three in the woods.



Birling—the challenge.

directly down on him—or rescuing a life, your true riverman must be prepared to act with absolute coolness and courage, and to accept the results with nonchalance.

Thus we have seen that the simple and everyday demands of his calling develop and foster a high degree of strength, quickness and nerve. Given the proper impetus, then, we have here, in the delightful old phrase, a good man of his hands. Ordinarily the riverman is quiet-spoken as a child, mild and unaggressive. This is con-

One impetus comes to him in the woods, however, and that is any threat to his employer's interests. Then he becomes truly formidable. The law has no meaning to him—he is too remote from it—and his loyalty is fervid and unquestioning. "Get out the logs" is his motto, and nothing can stand in the way of that. Perhaps there might well be added to that motto, "Pay the damages afterwards." The subject is too large for the space of this article. In my own time and experience have been

dynamite wars, the resort to firearms, a defiance of authority calling even for troops. It makes stirring and interesting reading. I remember a dispute concerning the opening of a certain floodgate in a dam. The owner of the dam shut the gate—thus holding up the drive—and threatened law if it were opened. This fact was reported to Jack Boyd.

"Law, hell!" said Jack, "Scotty, take this gun and two men. Have the men put

ate the first trespasser. Jack walked coolly up to the man, took away the gun, threw it into the river, and kicked its owner ashore.

"Jack," I asked him once, "how did you know that fellow wasn't going to shoot you?"

"Well," said Jack, "I looked at him close, and I see his hand tremble; so I knew he wouldn't shoot."

Perhaps; but I should hate to gamble on a thing like that.



Birling—the contest is on.

you up a house right over that sluice gate, and you stay right in that house till further orders. If anybody sets foot on that dam tell him to stop. If he don't stop, shoot over him. If he don't stop then, shoot at him."

And so it was done; and the drive went through.

Another time the other side got there first with the firearms. The dam owner stationed himself on the dam. He carried a revolver and announced he would per-

But when the riverman, with his magnificent physical equipment, does fight, he is, I really believe, the hardest man to lick in creation. He is a terrific hitter, can stand any amount of punishment, and is exceedingly active. I suppose a boxer could handle him in the squared circle; but I am sure he could win out at his own rough and tumble. Nothing is barred. In fact, the long riverman's spikes are an effective and trusted weapon. Many a man is tattooed by their fine perforations.

But on the other hand it is a disgrace even to carry a revolver, and a man who resorts to that method of defense is looked down upon forever.

The riverman never knows when he is licked. As long as he remains conscious he will continue the struggle. A big man once had a little man down, and was punishing him severely. Friends of the little man attempted to interfere.

"Let him alone!" cried that warrior.

at Grand Rapids. Six men, possessed of some grievance, hired a carriage and drove out there. They stopped once or twice to drink, and announced everywhere that they were going out for the express purpose of killing Dave Walker. They came on their intended victim standing in front of a peanut stand, and attacked him without warning. Dave jumped behind the little counter, pulled two of the men after him, and hit them each one blow in the face.



Birling—sparring for an opening.

"Let him alone! *I may be on top in a few minutes!*"

Dave Walker is now foreman of one of the fire-engine stations in Grand Rapids. For many years he followed the drive in our employ. He is not a large man. An enemy of Dave's once attacked him with an axe. Again friends attempted to intervene in so one-sided a combat.

"Let us be!" cried Dave, "*there's an axe between us!*"

Again Dave attended the fair one fall

Those men were taken to the hospital, where the attending physician announced that the bones of the face were literally smashed in. The riverman then leaped back over the counter, attacked the other four, and inside a minute had put three to flight. The fourth joined his companions at the hospital. It seems to me this feat of arms is worthy to be ranged with Horatio's at the bridge in ancient, and Wild Bill Hickock's defeat of the seven in modern, times. To whip six grown men, using no

weapons but your two fists, and to send three to the hospital is certainly distinguished prowess.

The riverjacks are rarely quarrelsome when not drinking, however. I have been among them a great deal; and I have yet to receive even a threat from them. Of course that implies attending to my business, the avoidance of freshness and a thorough respect for the other man's feelings and point of view. It does not mean,

impossible to exaggerate. The woodsman drinks hard; his drink affects him wildly; he fights ferociously with all his splendid powers; and he manifests a supreme disregard for the rights, opinions, comfort and safety of the rest of the universe. In the old days the citizens of river towns used to lock themselves in their houses when the "drive" came down, delivering over the entire place to the wild keeping of the crews. He who ventured out was apt to



Birling—the victory.

however, the slightest approach toward truckling or abandoning my own independent attitude.

We now arrive naturally at the subject of the riverman's dissipations. Unfortunately, as I have hinted, these come most often under the notice of the casual observer and are most often reported by him. This, naturally, is because they take place in the towns, where they are most peculiarly open to inspection.

As to the mere facts of them, it is almost

encounter queer adventures. A favorite jest was to hold the inoffensive taxpayer up by the heels until the contents of his pockets had all jingled to the payment. As interesting parenthesis it might be said that these contents were never made away with. The riverjacks' object was fun, not robbery.

The amount of money "blown in" during a few weeks was truly astounding. The average "driver" would come in from the river with several hundred dollars, which he would proceed to distribute in the short-



Near the end of their voyage—sackers follow along shore to see that the logs do not linger by the way.



Pike-poles and peavies clear the course—and keep the logs moving.



"Victuals" for the lumberjacks.

est possible time. To see that this wealth went where it would do the most good there sprang up a class of hard-bitten sharks, tough as the rivermen themselves. Canal Street in Grand Rapids, the White Row of Saginaw, the Cribbs of Muskegon were given over to such men. In them were to be found all sorts of gambling, pretty "waiter girls," drinks—and knockout drops. With a dozen of these three and four story buildings blazing out into the night in a glare of brilliant light; a pandemonium of cheap music, shouts, shrieks, curses; a roar of laughter and of fighting—it is little wonder that the local police confessed themselves outclassed, and frankly avoided the dark and narrow streets of the river district.

I am not going to apologize for all this—it is sufficiently deplorable. But I do want to call attention to one consideration. The citizen's money was spilled on the street, but it was not taken. That is exactly the distinction. The riverman was not vicious in his so-called orgies; but was simply wild with the flood of red life that his training

and his calling had created in him. He was out for a time. The tremendous energies that ran naturally enough in the broad channels of their application to the river, when transferred to the narrower ways of the city, overflowed the banks. His was the weakness of good nature, the rebound of reaction from a severe life, and above all the possession of great powers that, gone amuck, belied themselves utterly.

Of such men was Jack Boyd the acknowledged master. He possessed in superlative degree each of their qualities. His knowledge of the river as an industrial problem I have hinted. His skill with the instruments of his craft—the peavy, the pike pole, and the "cork boots"—was of course unquestioned. His courage was so well known that tradition says Jack Boyd never had but two fights.

Both, of course, occurred in saloons. In both the other man was the aggressor. In both Jack paid no attention until his annoyance called him what Trampas called the Virginian—and without the smile.

The first man Jack slapped in the side of the head with his open hand, but so powerfully that the fellow whirled completely around and sat down heavily in a corner, the blood flowing from his nose and ears.

"Next time," said Jack in his mild voice — "next time you call me that, I'll hit you."

The other man caught Jack in a sterner mood and got a good thrashing. When he could no longer stand, Jack would seize his collar, and yank him to his feet solely for the satisfaction of knocking him down again. At the close Jack stood over his prostrate opponent.

"Now, my friend," he advised calmly, "next time you want to call a man a — — —, *be sure he is one!*"

In conclusion I can do no better than to quote directly from a man, himself an old-time riverman, who has employed Jack Boyd for over a quarter of a century. I had written asking for what he knew as to the riverman's antecedents, and received the following reply:

"John Boyd came to Flat River from Canada when a boy of eighteen years. He had already acquired a knowledge of logging and driving, and was an expert skidder. At that time all logs were skidded with ox teams. A skidding crew consisted of a yoke of oxen, a swamper and the teamster. Eighty logs was considered a day's work. Jack could easily put up from one hundred to one hundred and fifty logs a day, and he spoke so low to his team and treated them with so much gentleness that he was known as the man who never spoke above a whisper and who generally did all the work and let the oxen rest.

"He could easily command fifty dollars per month when ordinary skidders were

getting thirty dollars. When the log running began, it was apparent that Jack was quite as much above the average riverman as he was superior to the ordinary ox teamster. He was cool and careful, yet there was not a white water birler on Flat River dared to monkey with a log when Jack was on its deck. He was given the choicest and best men to be found, and for twenty years was in charge of the channel-breaking crew, whose business was to break a channel through the rollways from Caywood Pond to the head of Flat River, a distance of nearly seventy-five miles. Channel and rollway breaking is the most dangerous part of the river work, and is often attended by accident; yet in all the years that he supervised the work not a man in his charge was ever even injured.* He had charge of the rear and rear jam of every drive taken out of Flat River after the second season. He was a successful logger on his own hook, and acquired at different times a splendid start. While working on a salary he commanded from five dollars a day to much higher wages. He has been camp foreman and walking boss and superintendent of camps successfully for more than thirty years, and while he is sometimes a bad friend to himself, he has never been disloyal to or neglectful of his employers. He is a great, big, splendid man with a few weaknesses."

After the last of the big operations in Michigan he moved to Oregon, where doubtless he is wrestling with donkey engines on the pine slopes of the Cascades. But I'll wager he misses the white water, and the cork boots and the glory of the jams.

* This, my informant told me in conversation, was because Boyd always undertook the dangerous work himself.



IN THE BANQUET BELT

JUNKETING WITH A CONGRESSIONAL PARTY

BY ARTHUR RUHL

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN



THE Banquet Belt lies westward of the Middle West, beginning about where the cornfields stop and extending to the Pacific and the Mexican line. In this vast empire—sagebrush, pink cliffs, enchanted deserts, Yankee made Rivas and cities grown great in a night—wherever sparks fly from the promotion committee and the pioneer verve survives, the banquet finds a habitat, as normal and encouraging to it as New England is to pie. In the sadder neighborhoods further east the banquet is more or less a phenomenon—an artificial device for the induction of emotions for which one is sorry the morning after. Here it occupies a position—according to the vitality and mental attitude of the Banqueteer—about midway between a leading industry and a beast of prey.

The man from Phoenix was one of the first to cast a cheerful searchlight beam on life in the Banquet Belt. Our party had just completed a gallant assault on El Paso—a hot and very hospitable town, lying between naked, sun-baked hills in the Texas desert country, down by the Rio Grande. They had arrived there at high noon with the thermometer somewhere over one hundred degrees in the shade, and at once had been escorted in open barouches to a hotel, where a champagne luncheon without the lunch was served, and a perspiring boy-orator told how the city was settled by the flower of northern and southern chivalry, who had followed Mason's and Dixon's Line westward across the continent and lost it on the way

The attack had been shifted, by means of a special train, to a little 'dobe town thirty miles up the valley, where something had to be inspected and the formidable "regular" banquet-luncheon downed. This done, the intrepid Banqueteers had whirled home again to El Paso, keeping up a running fire on the commissariat en route until the cars resembled the refreshment deck of a steamboat on which the members of the Big Tim Sullivan Association were enjoying their annual outing. Only pausing to brush the 'dobe dust from their clothes, the party at once, in full force and undaunted spirit, proceeded against the *pièce de resistance* of the day, the evening banquet. This was disposed of with no more serious casualties than the insistence of the Father of the Irrigation Bill on making three speeches, but the struggle was long and stubborn, and when the Mexican band had played the last tune in its repertoire and the victors struggled forth into the starlight, it was half-past three o'clock of the next morning.

It was then, on our way westward, that we met the Phoenix man. Phoenix and El Paso are only four or five hundred miles apart, so that he and several of his friends had dropped over to bid the party welcome. During the hand-shaking activities we had missed each other, but we met at a table in the dining-car, where he promptly proceeded to give the repast as much as he could of the air of a banquet by paying for my dinner. This seemed a bit hard on a man who had given up his business and two days of his time to ride over a blistering desert hundreds of miles and back to meet men he didn't know and might never see again but the Phoenix man was troubled

only about the apparent indifference of his welcome. He wasn't going with us to visit the Roosevelt dam site—a sixty-mile drive across desert and mountains, at the best a three days' trip—and it got on his conscience.

"I certainly am sorry I can't go over there with you," he said, "and I hope you folks understand how it is. You see we—a—we have parties like this coming along pretty much all the time. Yesterday, for instance, there was Senator Perkins and his crowd over from California; to-morrow the Knights of Columbus blow in from the East. Now, of course, there aren't such a lot of us in the town and showing 'em around more or less falls on the same ones every time and—a—and——" He turned his cigar round and round with an air of abject embarrassment and contrition. "Well, blank it all! Some of the time a man's really got to look after his own business, you know!"

And Phoenix, compared to such vortexes as Los Angeles or Seattle, is but a placid eddy, swirling quietly outside the maelstrom. We can imagine ourselves sailing through the air, astride the neck of some Arabian Nights' bird, looking down on this vast and variegated empire west of the Missouri and east of the Golden Gate. We can see them—the Banquetees—lolling back in their barouches, surrounding the groaning boards, in a hundred booming towns. Trailing through the cañons and across the amethystine deserts—like angleworms come out after the rain—are the winding lengths of their special trains. On the high places—mountain tops, capitol domes and the like—they stand, hand thrust in the bosom of Prince Albert or broadly sweeping the horizon. You can scarcely pick up a paper in the Banquet Belt without reading on the first page a glowing "Welcome to our Guests," learning that "The Association of Amalgamated Agricultural Implement Manufacturers are being entertained by the local Chamber of Commerce"; that "a party of distinguished German agrarian experts, studying conditions in this country, visited the city today"; that "a special train containing a party of Eastern capitalists, en route for Mexico, will stop here for a few hours to-morrow, during which time a banquet will be tendered them at the, etc., etc."



"Every political meeting ends in a dance."

Perhaps the best way to visit the Banquet Belt is with a congressional party making one of their annual tours of investigation. In the Banquet Belt a congressman is appreciated. The average New Yorker probably couldn't tell you the name of the congressman from his district. His idea of a congressman is that of a gentleman with a Henry Clay scalp-lock and black string tie; who, two minutes after being introduced, begins with "in an address of mine delivered before the, etc., etc., I then stated—and in no uncertain tones"—who utters spread-eagle sentiments beginning with "I reckon" in the lobbies of Continental hotels and raps the marble Venuses and Apollos with his cane to see if they are solid. But it is different in the land of sagebrush. The great State of Nevada, for instance, has but one congressman; all Wyoming from the Big Horn down to Cheyenne, from Raw Hide Butte westward to the Vintas, is represented in the lower house by one lone man. Is it any wonder that folks want to be that man, that every young fellow who can think on his feet should invariably want to grow up to be a congressman as naturally as that a small boy in Boston or Philadelphia should

want to grow up to be president? Folks know their congressman out there. When campaign time comes round in such a state as Wyoming, the candidate's task is something like that of a scout making a forced march through an uncharted country. The speech of to-morrow may be an all-night ride and more from that of to-day; sometimes he can catch a Pullman, more often he must trek 'cross country—in the saddle perhaps, or catching a few hours' uneasy slumber as the stage jolts along the trail. In Wyoming every political gathering ends in a dance, and after the speech-making, the congressman-to-be must foot it into the small hours with the wives and daughters—for the women vote in Wyoming and dancing counts. It takes an up-and-doing man, lively and hard as nails, successfully to run for Congress in such a neighborhood and the man who wins means something more to folks than just a name. They've seen him, fed him, brushed the alkali dust from his clothes, given him a bed, drunk with him, eaten with him, danced with him. And when he comes back from the far and mysterious East, they are interested and glad. They want to talk with him and hear what he has been doing, and from the big towns to cross-roads in the sagebrush, they hang up bunting saying "Welcome to Our Frank," and greet him like a brother. It is worth while, I repeat, if you want to see the Banquet Belt, to be chaperoned by a congressman.

The Redlands man illuminated from another slant characteristics of the Banquet Belt. Redlands is one of those sunshiny Southern California places where the oranges come from. It is full of palms and eucalyptus and pepper trees, mission architecture and tan-colored villas with terra-cotta roofs, and the other stage settings of our "American Riviera." For a week we had been in the dry places, in Arizona and in the sunken desert at the lower end of California, where water has been brought over from the Colorado, and in the silent heat-shimmer, towns and farms were springing up far below the level of the sea. We had been dined in queer corners—at Goldfields on the desert road to Roosevelt, where the Chinaman chef dreamed sentimentally of the days when he had cooked for Mrs. Stanford and worn

a bright stand-up collar and had maids to help him; at Mr. Jack Fraser's place in Fish Creek Cañon, where had been prepared against our coming "forty pounds of the best beef ever man put tooth across"; at the railroad eating-house one night at Yuma, with the painted Indians squatting by their lanterns and pottery in the darkness outside, and the populace staring through the windows; in the little hotels of the new Imperial Valley with the sun blazing without, and a squeaky violin playing "Violets" as we nibbled our canned-shrimp salad. And so, when we awoke in Redlands on a balmy Sunday and saw villas and oiled roads lined with palms, and smart-looking carriages and horses and servants in livery and the rest, we felt overawed and humbled and rather apologetic for pushing in—rude junketers that we were—upon the quiet of their Sabbath morning. Particularly I felt this, when, the banquet-breakfast being disposed of, speeches of welcome made, and the drive of inspection begun, I was assigned to an old-fashioned-looking surrey in which sat a benign and elderly gentleman in a chaste black Prince Albert and white string tie. In the East he might have been the vice-president of a bank. It seemed a pity to take him away from his wife and family and morning service, and it was with a feeling of extreme personal unworthiness and with the desire to lift the conversation entirely from crass and utilitarian channels that I observed that it was a lovely day. He turned toward me, and his eyes snapped with a peculiar luster.

"A lovely day," he cried, "you may well say a lovely day! All days, sir, are lovely in this climate of ours! We have a climate here, sir, in this San Bernardino valley such as you cannot duplicate on the face of the earth. For six months after May first not a drop of rain! Think of it—two hundred unbroken sunshiny days! No fleas, no mosquitoes—sunstroke unknown! No matter how warm at noon always want a blanket at night. In winter, snow and ice in New York—roses and oranges here. Redlands, sir, is the beauty spot of the Pacific Coast. What did President Roosevelt say? 'I never imagined such a sight,' were the President's words. *'This is glorious!'*"

We rolled on down the oiled avenue as

on velvet, past palms and eucalyptus trees, past a church into which the worshipers flocked as the last bells were ringing. He surveyed them an instant with kindling eyes. "Eleven modern churches!" he said, clucking up the leisurely horse, "four pipe organs! We have eighteen religious organizations, sir—always largely attended—two thousand five hundred and sixty-four Sunday-school children. Can you duplicate that, sir? I ask you, can you duplicate that in any city of the size in the East?" During the next half dozen blocks, the assessed valuation, tax rate, bank statistics, newspaper circulation, number of miles of paving and trolley lines unrolled as in a verbal biography. Postal receipts, cost of living and business opportunities followed in dizzy succession. We climbed Smiley Heights—that sublimated flower-bed, on the summit of which winter tourists endeavor to look like railroad advertisements by sitting in rose-clad arbors and pagodas overlooking the valley and the orange groves and murmuring:

"Think of 'em shivering back home!"

"Sagebrush, and rocks once—just like that," chirped the benign old gentleman, swinging an arm from the maze of flower-beds, shrubbery, fountains and what not, toward the bare brown hills across the valley. "All it needs is the touch of water. This soil of ours will grow anything that comes out of the ground—and we *have* the water! Sagebrush yesterday—orange grove to-day, yielding, like enough, three hundred dollars to the acre. Three thousand car-loads of oranges shipped from this

city every year—twenty fruit an' packing houses *and* a marmalade factory!"

I ventured a "beautiful," gazing down upon the valley. It was beautiful.

"Do you know what Marshall Field said?—'This is the most beautiful spot on earth!' What did Edward Everett Hale say? 'Redlands,' said Dr. Hale, 'is as *near* heaven as any place can be on earth!' Now we estimate that——"

Ardent folks such as these are not un-

common in the Banquet Belt—are indeed, one of the reasons for it. Under the squandering sunshine of California they seem to reach their most buoyant fruition. They are as men who have drunk deep of some enchanted waters, their feet never quite touch earth again. Something in the sunshine, in the almost cloying fecundity, in the bewildering bigness and versatility of that state, permanently intoxicates them. You can't get rid of the idea that they must have arrived from the East a week or two ago and are not



"Captured him and tried to climb on his shoulders."

used to things yet. In some little town in the sagebrush, at the end of a jerk-water branch, where folks have won out in a literal hand-to-hand fight with the desert, with drought and alkali and loneliness, one expects them to be a bit proud. They've a right to. Here one would look rather for the blasé pose of the initiated toward mere bountifulness and fertility. But it is quite otherwise. I recall hearing one man say: "Californians are proud to call themselves the Original Sons and Daughters of the Golden West." That is about the mood—

the capitals understood not humorously, but in all earnestness. It is somewhat as though Wall Street bankers should pause on their way down town of a morning to point out the height of the office buildings and whisper delightedly to one another, "Isn't it great, how tall they are!" There are something like one hundred and fifty chambers of commerce in this joyous state, grinding steadily in a sort of statistical exaltation. A central promotion committee, honored by the participation of the governor, the president of a university and other great worthies, co-operates with them, flowing ceaselessly. One of our hosts was recounting the state's contributions to civilization.

"Gentlemen," said he solemnly, "it's admitted California is the best-advertised state in the Union." He spoke with a sort of awe, as a Boston man might tell of what Massachusetts did for the Union in '61, or a citizen of the Wabash give the latest figures on the number of Indiana novelists.

As Banqueteers we campaigned for a week or more through these Elysian fields—from the Mexican line to the headwaters of the Sacramento, from San Francisco eastward and across the Sierras into Nevada. Where all were so kind it seems hard to pick and choose, yet, looking backward down that glowing trail, two days in the Sacramento Valley seem somehow to shine out a bit above the rest.

The neighborhood seems prearranged as a happy-hunting-ground for the Banquetee. It is somewhat as the Genessee Valley might be if it had a semi-tropical climate—orchards of oranges and olives punctuate the great wheatfields, palms grow in front yards and along the streets of comfortable little old towns that might have been lifted bodily out of 'York State or the Middle West. This was the land of the bonanza wheat-ranches, of the horizon-to-horizon estates of the old days, now breaking up into the smaller holdings of the new régime; towns have their third and fourth generations of the same name, going back to Forty-nine—have mellowed and become comfortable and livable while still retaining much of the enthusiasm of the pioneers.

Up the left bank of the river we went to the top—to Red Bluff, that is, and the oratory and groaning board of the evening banquet—and the next day down the right

bank, stopping every hour or two along the way. At the stations they would be waiting for us with carriages and automobiles when there were vineyards and orchards to be shown, if the jaded Banqueteers could not linger, with tubs of orangeade and great heaps of plums and apricots and fresh figs and peaches and oranges that they had raised with their own hands. One of the tubs was likely to have a pretty stiff stick in it—what sly and prodigiously droll whispers as the men crowded around it! What a swaggering humor and ignoring of expense on the part of the young man in shirt sleeves, with an open cigar box in either hand, pushing through the crowd with a "Aw, go on! Take another, they won't kill you!" And then, as the train pulled away, with everybody cheering and waving good-by and tossing oranges through open Pullman windows, how exciting to find ourselves surprised again, and the vestibule heaped full of boxes—raisins and lemons and prunes and cherries. Man's heart is indeed approached through his stomach, and our hearts were never our own those days.

The Governor was with us, and every time he got out the people crowded about him and cheered and laughed and cheered, and once—it being the hour that school was dismissed—a shoal of children came squealing down the station platform and captured him and tried to climb on his shoulders, so that every one who had a camera must forthwith clamber to the first height he could find and snap before it was too late. Once we were all bundled up town, to the court-house square, where luncheon was spread under the trees and all the beautiful young ladies of the town served us, leaning over our shoulders every now and then with an "Isn't there something I can do for you?" calculated to make even a sated Banquetee forget home and friends and country. Another time, in another court-house square, we were welcomed by the little town's old man eloquent—a frail, trembly old man, full of fire, that mastered and quite ran away with him.

"Our city is yours," he cried, voice full of tears and arm upraised and trembling, "all yours. Its keys are in your hands. We welcome you—the little bir-r-r-ds," the index finger quivered toward the branches overhead, "in their bow-ow-ers

of sunshine carol your pra-a-aises! If evil should befall you while in the borders of our glorious state, fi-i-ifty thousand me-e-n will spring to ar-r-rms!" Bolstering to the self-respect is the life of the Banquetee.

Even our statesmen grew young again that day. And that night, at the big banquet, two ordinary, respectable and serious-minded gentlemen who sat next to me, spent most of their time writing notes, signed with the toastmaster's name, to unfortunate and bashful gentlemen across the hall, asking them kindly to be prepared to respond to the toast "The Ladies" or "Irrigation from the Standpoint of a Financier," or other subjects of which they were supposed to be least informed. The waiter would deliver the note, the victim would go pale, then red, smile at his neighbors in a sickly dry-lipped way, then settle down into a pale green coma of embarrassment, and the two ribald gentlemen would shriek with laughter as soon as the first wave of applause made it safe, and nudging each other, gasp out with great satisfaction: "Well, *his* dinner's spoiled all right!" That was one of the Banquet Belt's great days—a day of sunshine and laughter and plenty, a radiant country and likeable people.

The Northwest—that land of mists and forests and wheatfields and mushroom cities, spread down the seaward slope from the Cascades to Puget Sound—is another neighborhood which offers splendid hunting to the sturdy and indefatigable Banquetee. It may never, perhaps, become quite such a vasty harvest-festival-and-picnic ground as California, but the Banquet Belt spirit is there all right. Portland, it is true, has become somewhat too rich and conservative and self-sufficient for easy approach, but what field more fallow than such rival and fiercely jealous towns as Tacoma and Seattle could be dreamed of by the most captious Banquetee? As all the world knows, these towns are about twenty-five miles apart, on Puget Sound, within seeing distance of a mountain which you must call as "Tacoma" when in the one town, and when in the other—at the risk of social ostracism—"Rainier." Tacoma started first, but Seattle caught up and has since far out-distanced her. Many explanations of this have been given. One man assured the writer that it was solely because, in a

struggle which demanded at every stage of the game a maximum head of steam, the citizens of Tacoma had wasted the deciding fraction of their nervous vitality in trying to prove that their name for the mountain was the right one. It was as though, at the crucial instant of a hundred-yard dash, one sprinter should try to shake his fist at somebody in the grand stand.

Both towns have fine harbors on Puget Sound. The Seattle folks thought it would be nice to have a battleship built in theirs. Inasmuch as it would cost several hundred thousand dollars more to build the ship there than anywhere else, the government did not feel that there was exactly a piercing demand for it. That, however, was not the question. The Seattle folks thought it would be nice to have that battleship. So—as we heard the story—they at once took up a subscription, made up the difference, and when our party were at Seattle, there was the ship, sure enough, being built in the harbor. In Tacoma it is difficult to get any one to admit that Seattle has a harbor at all. During the few hours that we spent there as Banqueteers I happened casually to mention the matter of harbors. The Tacoma man smiled—sadly, tolerantly, as he might at a foolish child.

"My dear sir," he said gently, "I presume you are aware that a ship is about as safe in the harbor of Seattle as she would be in Hell Gate. Do you ever read the papers?" He still regarded me with that same sad smile. "Of course not everything gets into the papers. There is hardly a day—hardly a day, sir, that some ship doesn't sink in Seattle *harbor* while she's tied up to the dock. Harbor! *Harbor!*" He threw up his hands. "My God!" Then in a few, swift, passionate phrases he blocked out the superlativeness of the harbor of Tacoma, and as we parted he grabbed the lapels of my coat and whispered hoarsely: "And you can mail a letter in Tacoma to—any—place—in—the—world—and you will get an answer to it one—whole—day quicker than you would if you sent it from Seattle!"

About the time we visited these vivacious cities a whale which had been disporting itself in the waters of the Sound in their neighborhood was found one day floating, lifeless. A Seattle paper at once explained



"Take another, they won't kill you!"

that he had probably "wandered about until he caught a glimpse of Tacoma and fell dead." "Death came," continued this obituary, "suddenly and unexpectedly, just as he had settled himself to a long siege to watch Tacoma grow. In this form it was probably a mercy, for he would have died of starvation had he stayed until the object of his visit was accomplished."

In Buffalo Bill's town the Banqueteers danced—there being no time for a banquet—in Cody, on the plateau above the Stinking Water. After dark a coach—a great band-wagon affair that would hold a score or so—carried us across the cañon from the town. Into this the Banqueteers piled and away we went—down into the cañon, brakes on and horses at the gallop, in a way calculated to inspire admiration for the laconic individual who did the driving, up again on the other side, still galloping. The dance was in the dining-room of the hotel which the Hon. Buffalo B. Cody built and named after his daughter and it was a very well worth while dance indeed. You would have a pretty hard time finding as many different sorts of people at a dance back East, all enjoying themselves together. The only ones about whose enthusiasm there seemed to be the slightest doubt were the lady waitresses of the hotel, and their natural hauteur, together with pompadours piled to an almost Alpine height, combined

to cloud expressions doubtless inwardly happy with a certain ambiguity. There were folks from town and from ranches near by, and the engineers had come down from their camps up the cañon; there was a beautiful and mysterious French lady who didn't dance and could only say a few words of English, and a nice, pink-cheeked cub of an architect, just out of college and come to this green corner from New York to try growing up with the country, and the play actress lady who did ingénue parts with the So-and-So Family which was spending a week in Cody and had "never been East" but once, she said—the time they played in Denver. It was the day of the Harvard-Yale race. The General Superintendent—who had gone to New Haven—and I had talked and prophesied and made vague bets since breakfast, and while we were dancing there in Cody we could see in our mind's eyes that other crowd dancing at the Pequot and the Casino, and the lights and lanterns of the yachts twinkling in New London harbor. It all flashed back with new warmth when one of the young women, hearing mention of the race and New London cried out with the quick pleasure and excitement of a child: "Know New London? I *came* from New London! I've seen every race but this one since I was the littlest little girl!" It was a far, far cry from that old New England town by the sea to this Wyoming settlement with its train twice a week trailing in from the Crow country, resting a while and trailing back again. Many other such we had met—wives of the engineers—living out the long, lonely days while the men were at work in the field. "Think of us," she laughed, when the time came to go, "when you get back to God's country." To a man just escaped from the town it seemed pretty much just that right here—with these wonderful mountains and cañons and deserts and streams, this untarnished out-of-doors. But it is one thing for a man, even a man hard at work, and quite another for a woman, and their plucky stories are told all over this western country, in work done that could not have been done without their help and inspiration—deserts watered, homes and the wilderness made a pleasant place. Two gentle pioneers at the dance that night were not even following a lord and master—two sisters, farmers

because they liked it. They had been "finished" in the East and had then gone to an agricultural college and learned all about farming, and now were conducting a ranch a dozen miles or so out of town with, apparently, both success and satisfaction. Now and then they hitched up and drove to town—for the dances at the hotel and at election time. I asked one of them what had been put on the floor by the dance committee. She rubbed the toe of her boot over it thoughtfully and observed demurely that it might be cornmeal and it might be gold dust. Presently the music paused, the Gentleman from Wyoming made a speech, then the band-wagon coach appeared, again we galloped down into the cañon and out again and while the lights still blinked from the town across the gulch trailed away, down the Shoshone toward the Big Horn and Crow country.

The straight glare and heat of high noon were on the mountains as the Banqueteers' special swung down the narrow gorge, from the ten-thousand-foot-level of Gunnison Pass into the shadow of Black Cañon. We had breakfasted on rainbow trout at Salida, in the amethystine dawn, so crystalline and buoyant that even our sated carcasses tugged a bit at their earthy guy-ropes. But the reaction of midday was claiming us now. After our month and more along the gilded highways banqueting had become a habit, and like drowsy vultures we blinked at the wilderness of terra-cotta rocks and wanted to know when dinner was coming. Appeared a little board station and railroad eating-house. The train drew up with a tired release of breath, out tumbled the Banqueteers. The reception committee consisted of a middle-aged man and woman and a little boy and three or four waitresses, very warm and flustered-looking, with puckers in their brows and brand new pink bows in their hair. Dinner was on the table—the railroad silver, in soldierly rows, almost filled the gap between plate and plate, a few melancholy flowers drooped here and there, and in the center bravely stood a huge pink-and-white cake such as grow in bake-shop windows. We gobbled through it—soup and rainbow trout and chicken and sad-hued lamb and many things out of cans—some panting freight had dragged it all up over the Pass—grum-

bled a bit because there wasn't more trout and stumped back to the train. The little reception committee stood at the door, bowing each one out, prolonging the excitement. It is lonesome in Black Cañon. "Good-bye," smiled the woman. "Good-bye, sir," bowed the tired-looking man, and then, almost in a grand manner: "Believe me, it has been a great pleasure to have served you. We hope you'll come again." Some one, lighting his cigar, guessed that they didn't have as big a crowd as this very often. The woman nodded. "We're a long way from people here," she said, "a long way from home." The man with the cigar said that he was, too, all the way from New York. "New York!" She ran forward and held out her hand. "That's *my* home! That is, I came from Jersey City. I suppose," she ventured, "you know Jersey City?" And then came the little story so familiar in the West—her husband hadn't been well and they'd thought he might do better out here in the mountains. It *had* done him good and their little boy liked it—he had caught the trout for the dinner. She hoped we were satisfied with the dinner. They'd just got the eating-house and they wanted to show the superintendent what they could do and—Well,



"With pompadours piled to an almost Alpine height."

Good-bye! Be sure and come again sometime— The train drew away, the little reception committee went out of sight behind the terra-cotta rocks and we bowled on toward the Valley of the Uncompahgre.

Many things happened during those six week a-junketing—I have gossiped about only a few haphazard mile-posts that bob into view as one harks back over the ten-thousand-mile trail. In a way, I suppose, a junketer's outlook is somewhat lime-lighted—life west of the Corn Belt is not one grand sweet banquet; the casual tenderfoot, stepping off the train at Alkali Flats, may not, perhaps, safely assume that he will be met by the mayor and a brass band and beautiful maidens strewing the main street with roses and ripe oranges. But even though one admits this in the cold intellectual light of months after, it is good in this sad world to have seen, day after day for weeks, all mankind apparently governed by the cheerful laws of hospitality and optimism and good humor. It is difficult for one who has been properly presented to the Banquet Belt not to feel that somehow, out there, Christmas does not come more than once a year. It is reassuring, in an existence filled with folks dissatisfied with their own particular sorts of cages, to meet folks who jubilantly are convinced that their town, their mountains, their climate and soil and people are quite the best in the world. But most inspiring of all is that which lies under all this exuberance and optimism—the essential strength and faith and idealism and honesty—the good citizens. A country, like a man, has a certain youth and Eden-time, which comes but once; the greater part of the Banquet Belt is still in this youth, its people the strong, imaginative, chosen people who had the courage to break the old ties and strike out into it. They have been up against some of the elemental facts of existence; the elemental virtues have been necessary in their business. No weight of general evil, hovering vaguely in the atmosphere, as it were, has yet made them self-conscious; with the President they can discover the Decalogue without fear of being laughed at. There was a Montana man who drove us about his town one morning. He looked like a ranchman, but ran a big "general store" where you could

buy anything from dancing pumps to a threshing engine. We talked about hunting, politics, irrigation and the town. Something was said about a brilliant and rather unscrupulous critic of the President. "Well," said our host finally, "if a man can't be witty without being mean he'd better keep still. We're here in the world to build up and not to pull down," and later, when we were talking about business chances in such a town, he summed it up with "a man can make a little more than he spends and own a home that'll give his children a chance. If a man can do that and make some friends along the way and when he gets out of the world have people glad he was in it—after all, that's about all that counts."

I am not quoting these chance remarks as part of any unique philosophy, but merely because I happen to remember them, almost word for word, and because they are so typical of the things men say to you every day in the new country—not in heart-to-heart comparisons of ethical standards, but spontaneously, with a sort of boyish candor, between cigar puffs and droll anecdotes and talk of politics and business. Folks work under such simple philosophies everywhere, in tenements as well as in wheatfields—no one who knows the city that good-humoredly fights the brave fight has any notion that Utopia exists only in the country. But back in the town it is rather harder to see; through the haze of this and that, individuals and the straight outlines of simple, vital things stand out less clearly. But here they are seen in fairer perspective. Work, even the humblest—raising a roof, making the desert blossom—has almost the thrill of creation, as all necessary work has if one can isolate it enough to see clearly its dignity. So, here, do the strong, kindly men stand out—clean, refreshing, as the air of their high plateaus, solid and reassuring as the mountains from which they have taken strength. They are ours, these men, and their generations yet unborn; in their presence one may puff aside the talk of graft and selfishness, the music-hall cynicism that Yankee Doodle has become Yankee Boodle. This is our country—these our people. It is good, now and then, to get down to the ground.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

DRAWING BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS



FRANCE alone of the European nations which planted colonies in the New World, treated the natives with some degree of fairness and friendship, and in the Seven Years' War with England nearly all the tribes involved were her allies. That war was now over. The Empire of New France, built at such a terrible cost, had fallen on the plains of Abraham, September 13, 1759, before the expiring genius of the gallant Wolfe. All Canada soon surrendered and the articles of capitulation included the posts around the Great Lakes.

In the fall of 1760 Major Robert Rogers, of whom we have already had a brief glance in these papers, was dispatched from Montreal with his famous band of rangers, to take possession of those posts in the name of His Britannic Majesty. He bore a copy of the capitulation and letters from the French commander directing their surrender.

The first week in November found him on Lake Erie. Encountering a bitter storm, he landed near the present site of Cleveland and while in camp there was visited by a party of Indian chiefs, who announced themselves messengers of Pontiac, whom in the grandiloquent phraseology of the red-man, they declared to be the greatest of all sachems, the mightiest of all war chiefs, and the ruler of all lands east of the setting sun. His name and fame were new to Rogers, but as he was informed that the puissant chief was near at hand, he made no comment, and in a few hours the haughty king of the wilderness arrived.

In appearance, Pontiac realized the ideal

chief of the school of Cooper. Though not above the average height he possessed almost faultless symmetry, and his strength and endurance were the wonder of the savages themselves. No eastern despot could comport himself with loftier disdain or prouder arrogance. But it was chiefly in his stern and commanding countenance that the ascendancy of his spirit and the mastery of his mind were apparent. Though born the son of an Ottawa chief and an Ojibway mother, his personal prowess, eloquence and capacity had early made him the dominant force of his tribe. He had led the war party of his people at Braddock's defeat, and soon after his craft, cunning and courage, his energy, resourcefulness and knowledge, made him the natural leader of all the Algonquin race in the Middle West. No other single Indian who ever lived possessed so much authority over so large a number of braves. He was ever the faithful ally of the French, and had grown to hate the English with a lasting and a rancorous hatred. Perhaps no man of his race ever equaled him in mental power and personal magnetism. He was at this time nearly fifty years of age, and for an Indian, had traveled extensively. He had been the guest of the great Montcalm at Quebec, and by the adroit French was everywhere treated with distinguished courtesy.

In his interview with Rogers he was characteristically disdainful and imperious. Who was Rogers, he demanded? What was his business here? How dared he enter the country of Pontiac without permission? Such was the tenor of his talk. But the lordly chief had now met with a type of man very different from the ceremonious and deferential French commanders. The undaunted and experienced

American frontiersman knew the peril of the least sign of humility in his bearing toward the arrogant Indian, and replied in terms scarcely less ostentatious, and while Pontiac stood amazed at such insolence, he was rapidly told of the destruction of the French power, the capture of Quebec, and the surrender of Canada and the western posts. The Indian countenance is not more mobile than marble; but to Pontiac's fierce heart these new tidings must have brought dismay and anguish. But he surrendered none of his insolent assumption. He answered Rogers that he would consider until another sun whether he should be allowed to pass, and then withdrew to his near-by camp.

But the storm continued, and as Rogers could not move he and Pontiac had several "talks." An Indian's weakness is a lack of forethought, but in this respect Pontiac was a marked exception. He was shrewd, he was ambitious, and he probably realized that if Rogers' tale were true, policy dictated conciliatory and even friendly measures. So he graciously accorded a permission that was not asked, and both he and Rogers took their way to Detroit. Pontiac knew that if Rogers' tale were a ruse, the French were strong enough to destroy the small English force, but that if in truth the English King and the Indians' "Great Father in France," were now friends, as Rogers alleged, his own interest lay in a new alliance.

Though an ambush had been prepared by the Indians near Detroit, Pontiac allowed Rogers' force to reach the fort in safety. In the months following all the French posts were surrendered. This yielding up of strongholds to inferior numbers without the firing of a gun on merely the exhibition of a bit of white paper, was a thing that much astonished the savages. Their minds could not grasp the meaning of such a proceeding. They wondered at the magic spell of the letter Rogers bore and looked upon it with superstitious awe. They wavered between a profound respect for a people that could inspire such fear, and an equally profound contempt of them because no French were killed.

But the savages were not long in discovering that for them a new order of things was inaugurated. Ceremonious assemblies, dancing and feasts, presents of

blankets, food and firearms, all these and other pleasant things had been theirs at the hands of the French. Now they were treated like dogs by their old enemies, the English. Already under patronage and protection the red-men were losing much of their native independence and martial dignity, while acquiring only the vices of the whites. The gifts of the French had become necessities, but under the English the supplies were so curtailed that suffering and want resulted. English traders "cheated, cursed and plundered the Indians and outraged their families." The officers at the forts received them contemptuously and harshly. The brutal soldiery insulted and often struck them. Before a year had worn away every Indian tribe between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, had learned to hate the English with an implacable enmity.

But not one among all the race felt such fierce, incessant and rancorous animosity as did the proud Pontiac. The marked distinction, the lofty compliment, the abundant presents were his no longer. The great chief was hardly more than an outcast, a beggarly Indian in the eyes of the lordly English, who had robbed him of his lands and were debasing his braves with gambling and with whiskey. There is no doubt but that with his own selfish feelings there was mingled something of patriotic grief. He pondered over his wrongs through every waking hour. In his wild heart the fiercest passions burned. He went apart into the forest and spent days and nights nursing his woes. His own people grew afraid of him, looking with awe on the chief whom they believed communed with the Great Spirit. And indeed Pontiac's hatred was now so bitter and unceasing that it grew to be a sort of frenzy, and by the red-men the unbalanced in mind were ever regarded with something akin to worship, as the messengers of spirits of departed braves.

But the great chief was far from insane. Withdrawn to himself in swamps and in forest jungles, his savage heart and bitter mind were maturing the most comprehensive scheme of bloody vengeance that Indian history portrays. Suddenly he gave over his incantations and lonely meditations. He came forth from his dark retreats and visited all the neighboring tribes,

holding long counsels with chiefs and warriors. He also dispatched to the chiefs of tribes as far east as the Senecas, and as far south as the Creeks, wampum belts, and eloquent appeals for vengeance on the despised English. In haughty terms he demanded their co-operation, promising them the anger of the Great Spirit if they dared refuse, or if they betrayed his far-reaching plans. His was a vast conspiracy to exterminate the English and he dreamed of nothing less than a new St. Bartholomew's day. He knew their wrongs, he told them, and he dwelt at great length upon their woes. The English meant to rob and kill them all. The Great Spirit was vexed at their cowardice and meanness of temper. At a certain change of the moon on the following May he declared every English fort and settlement must be surprised and overwhelmed, and all the English must be slain to appease his awful anger. Pontiac knew the character of every tribe to whom he appealed; he knew too from childhood every rod of ground in the vast territory where his influence was paramount, and he doubted not but the spirits of departed chiefs spake through him. They were angered, he told his warriors, that the red-men had deserted their ways, and adopted those of the whites. Many men of the French settlements, the Canadian traders, the hardy half-breed voyageurs, who enjoyed the confidence of the savages, some even of the deposed French officers perceiving that trouble was brewing were forward in fomenting the spirit of revenge. The Great Father across the sea in France, they told the credulous Indians, had been sleeping, but was now awake. Let his red children but show themselves warriors and he would come to their aid in his big white-winged canoes. All this time the English seemed to have been singularly dead to the signs of the approaching conflict.

As the day approached Pontiac was un-resting. Like every great Indian leader he was as eloquent as he was cunning and brave. Some of his harangues at the councils have come down to us from French sources. They were all of the same tenor and abounded in picturesque imagery and wild allegory. On one occasion he told the braves of the words of the Great Spirit, spoken, he averred, to a tried young war-

rior who had stood aloof from the whites. "I am the maker of heaven and earth, the trees, lakes, rivers, and all things else," ran that message, "I am the maker of the red-man, and because I love you, you must do my will. The land on which you dwell I made for you, and not for others. Why do you suffer the white man to dwell among you? My children, you have forgotten the customs and traditions of your forefathers. Why do you not clothe yourselves in skins as they did, and use bow and arrows, and the stone-pointed lance which they used? You have bought guns, knives, kettles, and blankets from the white man until you can no longer do without them, and what is worse, you have drunk the poison fire-water which turns you into fools. Fling all these things away; live as your wise forefathers lived before you. And as for these English, these dogs dressed in red, who have come to rob you of your hunting grounds, and drive away the game, you must lift the tomahawk against them. Wipe them from the face of the earth, and then you will win my favor back again, and once more be happy. The children of your great father, the King of France, are not like the English. Never forget that they are your brothers. They are very dear to me for they love the red-men, and understand the true mode of worshipping me."

With a unity and secrecy that seem marvelous in view of the fickleness of the Indian character, Pontiac's plans were ripened. The assent of nearly all the tribes to whom he appealed was gained. Detroit, as the strongest and most important post, the great chief reserved for his own attempt. Four tribes, the Pottawattamies, Wyandots, Ojibways, and his own Ottawas had villages near the fort, and over all Pontiac's influence was supreme. Warriors from distant villages had gathered also, and in the vicinity of the fort there were Canadian French settlers who were more than friendly. He mustered perhaps two thousand warriors. Still the British had betrayed no sign of suspicion.

On the morning of the 7th of May, 1763, at about ten o'clock, Pontiac approached the fort with sixty chiefs. At the same time several hundred warriors fully armed crept near the fort and hid themselves in

the bushes and behind logs and in ditches. Each of Pontiac's attendant chiefs was wrapped in his blanket, under which was carried a gun, whose barrel had been filed off to a length admitting of concealment, and a tomahawk and scalping knife. Pontiac's plan seemed as feasible as it was crafty and treacherous. He and his chiefs were to ask, as was a frequent custom, for a friendly talk with Major Gladwyn, the British Commander. If the request were granted, as such requests often were, at the end of Pontiac's speech he was to hand the Major the inevitable wampum belt, and at the same time give the chiefs a certain signal, at which they were to fall upon and butcher all the English officers assembled at the council. They were then to rush into the street before the unsuspecting garrison could arm, kill the sentinels, throw open the gates, and having admitted the hidden braves, the work of massacre of every white within the stockade, men, women and children, was to be merciless. On the same day every single British post in the west, including forts as far east as Fort Pitt, was to be gained by the same or a similar treachery. Such was Pontiac's great conspiracy. How far was it to succeed?

We can imagine that even an Indian chief's iron nerves were strained when the petition for admittance to the Fort was humbly made, and how the pride of hellish vengeance must have thrilled the fierce heart of Pontiac when the request was granted. The gates were opened, Pontiac and his followers walked proudly in. But as the great chief set foot within the stronghold his dark countenance relaxed its pride and a deep grunt escaped from his lips. Only for the fraction of a second did he betray chagrin and disappointment, but his glance had told him that so far as Detroit was concerned his plan had failed. The streets were lined with soldiers under arms and every point of the defense was manned and ready for assault.

No greater master of dissimulation appears in the annals of Indian warfare than Pontiac. He held his "talk" with Gladwyn in the rôle of an Indian innocent, and protested that he came only to make peaceful complaint of the soldiers' brutality, to smoke the pipe of peace, and to offer friendship. "Why was he received like an

enemy? Why did he see so many of his fathers' young men with guns in their hands?" When Gladwyn accused him of treachery, indignation was so consummately feigned that even Gladwyn was half deceived, and the great chief departed to his camp with professions of affection. Why, after such perfidy, the chiefs were not seized and held, is one of the mysteries of history.

How Gladwyn received warning is a question upon which there is no unity of evidence. But the most popular tradition is that a beautiful Indian girl, who was his mistress, had visited him the night before and out of love betrayed the plot; and the romance is bitter in its sequel, for we are told that she was killed under the torture of her people and that Pontiac himself hewed out her heart with a spiked club.

But if Pontiac's perfidious plot failed at Detroit it met with blood-curdling success at other points. Various were the subterfuges employed. On the afternoon of the day that Pontiac held his disappointed conference with Gladwyn, the Indians gathered around the important northern post of Michillimackinac for a game of ball, similar to our modern lacrosse. The unsuspecting officers came out by invitation from the palisade to witness the sport. Squaws squatted along the fortifications with concealed weapons under their blankets. At the height of the game the ball was thrown near the gate of the Fort. The players rushed that way, seized the weapons from the squaws, turned upon and seized the officers, and poured into the Fort to massacre the garrison. Three were scalped alive; three burned at the stake; the rest were carried away as prisoners.

At Fort Sandusky the same tactics were employed as those used by Pontiac, but Ensign Paully had received no warning. He was seized, most of the garrison were killed, and the Post was burned to the ground. The Indian mental processes are peculiar, and the politic Paully escaped a horrible death by accepting a proposal of marriage from an aged squaw.

At Fort Miami where the city of Fort Wayne now stands, Ensign Holmes, who was skilled in medicine, was summoned to attend a squaw represented as dying, and was treacherously shot outside the fort. The surrender of the stronghold was then



Before the eyes of the helpless garrison, the Indians
battered in the door of the cabin.

Drawing by Stanley M. Arthurs.

asked, mercy and safe conduct being solemnly promised if no defense were made. The summons was complied with, but all the English were atrociously butchered.

At Fort Vinango the whole garrison was killed in a frightful manner, the Indians exhausting every diabolical resource to prolong the agony of Lieutenant Gordon.

Fort Ouatanon on the Wabash was taken by strategy, but a humane and influential Frenchman saved the lives of the garrison.

The small but brave garrison at Presqu' Isle, where the city of Erie now stands, made a gallant fight, but when defeat was certain surrendered on promise of mercy, a promise needless to say that was broken.

The gallant and resourceful Ensign Price at Fort LaBœuf, after a desperate defense, tunneled under his own palisades and escaped to Fort Pitt in the night with most of his garrison.

The commanders at Fort Pitt and Fort Ligonier in western Pennsylvania, were too sagacious to fall victims to the Indians' foul strategy. Both forts were furiously besieged, but held out valiantly.

So great was the horror caused throughout all the English-speaking colonies by the atrocious butcheries inspired by Pontiac, that in the midst of the terror, some settlers who dwelt as far east as central New York, hearing the reports of some sportsmen's guns in the forest, forsook their homes in a panic. As they fled east they spread the frightful news that the Indians were coming, and over two hundred families of settlers deserted their all in headlong flight and never stopped until they had crossed the Hudson.

The day following Pontiac's bitter disappointment at Detroit, he returned to the gate of the Fort with a large train of chiefs and bearing a calumet. With a truly admirable spirit of hypocritical villainy he told Major Gladwyn that he came as a slandered disciple of love. "Evil birds have sung lying songs into my father's ears," said the perfidious chief. He was told that he might enter alone. This he refused to do and haughtily retired. The moment he was out of musket range he gave a signal, and from all sides of the Fort warriors started up and saluted the palisades with a volley. Pontiac's famous siege of Detroit had begun. And now some of the Indians

rushed to the cabin of an old English woman who lived outside the palisades, battered in her door and tore her scalp from her head. Others took to canoes and paddled with furious speed to Isle Au Cochon, where Detroit's beautiful park named Belle Isle now lies, and murdered with fiendish cruelty an English family dwelling there. Soon around the Fort their scalp yells rang as lifting their bloody trophies that the garrison might see, they performed their hideous war dances.

Two English officers returning to the Fort soon after were waylaid near Lake St. Clair. One of them was the brave Sir Robert Danvers. Him they boiled and ate to make them courageous. The other, a Captain Robertson, they skinned before he was quite dead and made tobacco pouches of his pelt.

That night Pontiac in his grisly war paint conducted the demoniacal war dance of his Ottawa braves. He harangued them with his wild, flaming eloquence, promising a hideous death to all hated English.

Not a soldier at the Fort had slept during the night, and next day at dawn the Indians assaulted in overwhelming numbers. There were but one hundred soldiers behind the feeble defenses, but sturdy Saxon hearts beat in their breasts. They fought with all the old-time English heroism, and well-aimed musket balls met the savage rush. Once the Indians nearly broke over the palisades, but the steady valor of the British finally repelled them. The Indians sought shelter in the outbuildings, but were soon driven away with fearful slaughter by the fire of cannon loaded with red hot spikes, that set the houses on fire. All day the fight raged with more or less violence, the calm, cool, steady vigilance of the few white men against the fury of the multitudinous savages. But the attack slackened toward night. Pontiac learned that he had to do with a foe whose staunch resolution and unwavering mettle were beyond his ken, and the savage horde was taught the firmness of the British spirit.

Realizing his precarious situation, and still hoping to avoid a long war with the Indians, Major Gladwyn opened negotiations with Pontiac on the second day. The traitorous chief replied that he was very willing to hold a council to establish peace, but that he dared not come to the

Fort. Major Campbell, second in command, had always been his friend he said; if that officer would come to his camp he should not be hurt. The brave Campbell, against Gladwyn's advice, met Pontiac, was detained as a prisoner, and was afterward murdered.

And now week followed week during which the beleaguered British in their confined quarters suffered terribly from anxiety, wounds, exhaustion and sickness, but displayed all the hardy valor of their race. Each assault was more feeble, however, and Pontiac, hoping starvation would do its work, had a difficult task to hold the fickle Indians to the siege. Discouragement is ever the characteristic of the undisciplined and untrained, however fiercely brave. The garrison learned of the fall of the other posts and themselves witnessed many horrors. "It was not very agreeable," wrote one within the Post, "to hear every day of their (the Indians) cutting, carving, boiling and eating our companions; to see every day dead bodies floating down the river, mangled and disfigured. But Britons you know never shirk; we always appeared gay in spite of the red rascals."

Some of the lowest of the French Canadians fought with Pontiac and showed more skill but less bravery than his Indians. All this time Gladwyn was looking anxiously for reinforcements and supplies from Fort Niagara, which he had been expecting before the outbreak. Constant watch was kept by the pale-cheeked, wasted men, and as each day passed their disappointment grew bitter as death. At length in the early morning of May 30th a cry of almost frenzied joy came from a sentinel, and now the wasted soldiers were thrilled with uncontrollable glee at the sight of a row of English boats, which was rounding a point with the beloved Union Jack flying from the stern of each. Strong men danced and hugged each other, weeping with delight. In the midst of the frantic joy some one uttered a shriek of horror. All eyes turned again to the approaching convoy. It was seen that warriors occupied the boats and English captives, deprived of their arms, were at the oars. And now succeeded the deepest despair. But as the hopeless soldiers looked they suddenly marked the signs of

commotion in the nearest boat. Four white men had fallen on their captors and were engaged in a desperate struggle. One Indian was thrown from the boat, but he dragged a white with him, and both were drowned. The two other savages in the boat now leaped overboard, and the three remaining whites fell lustily to the oars. There was a hot chase by the other boats, but they reached the protecting guns of the Fort before they were overtaken.

From these escaped men, those at the Fort learned that Lieutenant Cuyler, commander of the expedition, had been attacked in camp and sixty of his men killed or taken prisoners. The lieutenant himself escaped, and they were to learn later that he made his way to Niagara in safety. Immediately upon his arrival there, a schooner set sail with supplies and reached Detroit after a trying voyage. While she brought only a slight accession of military force, the schooner was of great aid to the beleaguered garrison. Her ability to sail close into the wind excited the wonder and the fear of the savages, who imputed her maneuvers to magic, and when she opened her guns upon their villages their fear turned to panic. Once, under the direction of some renegade Canadians, Pontiac almost succeeded in destroying Gladwyn's shipping by means of fire rafts. After this the monotonous siege went on. And now the patience of many of the braves began to be exhausted. Many withdrew in discouragement.

Bloodthirsty, vindictive, treacherous, crafty, scornful of suffering, brave unto death when at bay, more cunning than the fox, and of infinite patience on the trail, the Indian has proven more than a match for the white in the jungle. It is certain that more whites than savages have perished in forest fighting. But in a set battle the red-man is without steadfastness and perseverance. The least reverse disheartens him. After the first mad rush his purpose wanes and the slightest check is apt to dispirit his capricious mind. The wonder is that the great chief was able to hold his braves to a fixed purpose so long.

Soon after the failure of the fire rafts the Wyandots and Pottawattamies exchanged prisoners and made peace. Pontiac's mortification and rage were violent. But his promised successes had not been real-

ized and he could no longer hold these tribes. He had now only his own people, the Ottawas, and their kindred, the Ojibways.

But a strong English relief expedition consisting of about three hundred men, some heavy artillery and two large boats, upon which swivel guns were mounted, was approaching under the command of Captain Dalzell. Pontiac made furious but futile efforts to gain the Fort before aid should arrive. The garrison meanwhile was suffering extremely and had to witness many horrors. Pontiac's treatment of his prisoners was hellishly cruel. According to an old manuscript supposed to have been written by a French priest, and which is known among Indian bibliographers as the Pontiac manuscript, the savages made the captured men of Cuyler's command strip themselves and then sent arrows into different parts of their bodies. "The unfortunate men wished sometimes to throw themselves on the ground to avoid the arrows, but they were beaten with sticks and made to stand up until they fell dead, after which those that had not fired fell upon the bodies, cut them to pieces, cooked and ate them. The flesh of others was cut with flints or pierced with spears. They would then cut their feet and hands off and leave them weltering in their blood until they were dead. Others were fastened to stakes and children set to burn them with slow fires."

Yet in spite of his treachery and horrid cruelty the "King and Lord of all this Indian country," as Rogers once called Pontiac, was not without his virtues beside bravery and savage dignity. He imperiled his life to prevent the robbery of his French friends. He even gave them crude promissory notes written on birch bark in payment for supplies during the siege, and he afterward faithfully redeemed these promises with furs.

The credulity the whites so often displayed seems to have been surpassed by the faith of the Indians in their credulity, and after all the treachery and the horror that has gone before, Pontiac actually demanded a surrender with promise of safety to the garrison. But Gladwyn replied with the courage and disdain of an Englishman.

At length on July 29th Captain Dalzell

arrived with his expedition, fighting his way into the Fort under cover of a fog, with the loss of fifteen men. He was very eager to inflict a heavy punishment upon the Indians at once, and against the advice of Gladwyn, who well knew Pontiac's power, resources and craft, planned a night attack upon the camp of the great chief.

At two o'clock on the morning of July 31st Dalzell stole out of the Fort, at the head of two hundred and fifty picked men, to surprise Pontiac and annihilate his Ottawa warriors. But the great chief's cunning and fury were not in the reckoning of the British captain. Pontiac, who had learned of the move from a French Canadian, made Dalzell's path almost one long ambushade. As the advance guard crossed the bridge over the creek, they were suddenly subjected to a frightful volley. Dalzell, at the head of his men, pushed gallantly on but no enemy could be met with. Yet from every side, out of ditches, from behind logs, trees and bushes, the savages poured their destructive fire, uttering all the time their fiendish yells. Dalzell himself displayed great courage and his bravery prevented a rout. But retreat was inevitable, and that retreat became a trail of blood. Fifty men fell. Captain Dalzell, gallantly turning aside to assist a wounded sergeant, was shot dead. The whole army now made a mad rush for the fort, and had not the famous provincial, Major Rogers, taken possession of a house near the stream, with a few soldiers, and fought like a tiger to cover the retreating British, few would have reached the Fort alive. Rogers himself was now besieged by three hundred savages, but a boat soon arrived from the Fort and swept the Indians from cover with its swivel guns.

After this battle, known as that of the Bloody Bridge, the English were content to fight on the defensive. Though they now numbered about three hundred and fifty men, they were in truth but little better off than before Dalzell's arrival. Another relief expedition set out from Niagara in August, but was overtaken by a great storm on Lake Erie and returned with the loss of seventy men and all stores and ammunition.

In September Gladwyn's little schooner, with a crew of but a dozen men, ten of

whom were American provincials, made the trip to Niagara in safety, carrying dispatches, but on her return she was becalmed in the river before the Fort and over three hundred Indians stole upon her in the night. Their canoes were only discovered in time to fire one cannon shot, and as the Indians came climbing up the schooner's side the most desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The provincials fought like demons, killing twice their own number; but the captain was slain and just as the savages were on the verge of victory the mate ordered the vessel to be blown up. Some of the Indians understood the command and repeated it to the others, and all the savages leaped overboard in fright. The schooner was thus saved by the ruse of the mate, and reached the Fort with only six men able to stand. "They were," wrote one of the garrison, "as bloody as butchers, and their bayonets, spears and cutlasses all blood to the hilt."

But in spite of every effort, Pontiac's strength was slowly ebbing away. By the middle of October the discouraged Ojibways deserted him. Only his own tribe of Ottawas now remained, and many of its braves shirked duty. Pontiac still clung to the hope of the French aid promised, but when on the last of the month the French governor of Fort Chartres sent a letter saying that his people could never again be to Pontiac and his red children of the north what they had been in the past, and that the Great Father in France had yielded all the country east of the great river to the English, Pontiac, baffled and broken hearted, raised the siege and retired.

He sought the country to the south and endeavored to arouse the savages there. But Colonel Bouquet was about to enter upon his vigorous western campaign, and those Indians were soon disheartened by

his victory at Bushy Run. Several years of scheming, treachery and bitter hate, during which on more than one occasion he caused the British grave losses, remained to this able and implacable chief. Our space forbids the recital of many thrilling episodes. But after his failure at Detroit, Pontiac's prestige declined, and at length he accepted a half-hearted peace. He became in the end a sullen, brooding, drunken Indian, but the English traders still feared him.

In 1769, while a guest of the French at St. Louis, he crossed the river and joined in a drunken revel with Illinois Indians and Creoles at Cahokia. While maudlin with drink he wandered into the woods singing medicine songs. There while practicing his superstitious rites he was foully murdered by an Illinois Indian, who, bribed with a cask of rum by an English trader, stole up behind the old chief and brained him with a tomahawk. Bitter and full was the expiation of that dastardly deed. Pontiac's people took the warpath in revenge, and the bloodiest of feuds continued until of the once numerous Illinois people there was left only a miserable remnant.

Pontiac exemplified at once the best and the worst traits of the American Indian. He seems not to have been so great a warrior as Osceola, nor as able a general in the field as Osestank, nor so unselfishly a patriot as Tecumseh. But as an organizer among a people with whom organization is almost impossible, and as a master of the treacherous state-craft of his race, he probably surpassed them all. As soon as his death was known, the French governor at St. Louis sent for his body and buried it with full martial honors near the Fort. "For a mausoleum," Parkman finely says. "a great city has arisen above the forest hero; and the race whom he hated with such burning rancor, trample with unceasing foot-steps over his forgotten grave."





With the exception of one man all the crew of the *Jason* were lost.

SOLDIERS OF THE SEA

BY CLAY EMERY



THE day was drawing to a close on the 23d of December, 1897. There had been squalls of snow until about five o'clock, when the wind veered to the northeast and snow began to fall steadily. The wind increased in violence every minute and by six o'clock it was blowing a gale. Captain Jim of the Orleans Life Saving Station, on the Massachusetts coast, ascended the stairs leading to the tower at the top of the station and gazed out into the night.

"Afraid we'll have trouble," he remarked to the lookout stationed there. "Heaven help any vessel that strikes the shoals to-night!"

The captain descended the ladder to the kitchen of the station where the watch were getting on their boots and reefers preparatory to starting on their lonely beat; and his orders were few and to the point:

"Keep to the water's edge as much as possible to-night and keep a sharp lookout for signals off shore. If you see a light or hear the sound of a gun, report here as quick as you can. If you are nearer the half-way house than the station, make for that and telephone and wait orders from me there."

With a cheery, "All right, sir," the men started out into the night. Not a pleasant trip this, patrolling the beach in the teeth of a biting snowstorm and gale of wind.

The captain was uneasy. He seemed to have a foreboding of disaster. He went

out into the boat-room, examined all of the equipment carefully and saw that everything was in its place and ready for instant use. He next put on his cap and overcoat, turned the collar up around his ears and went out to the barn where his horse was munching her evening meal. He patted the mare's head affectionately, as he said, "Maria, old girl, I'm afraid you've got to go out into the storm. Sure's you're born we're going to have trouble 'fore morning. I feel it."

Captain Jim left the barn, fastening the door carefully behind him and returned to the station. All was warm and cozy within, the men not on duty were sitting around reading and smoking, apparently as unconcerned as though there were no chance of a wreck.

The telegraph operator at the little railway station sat comfortably installed in her chair near the stove complacently knitting and thinking that within an hour's time she would be able to close the office and go home. Visions of a roaring log fire and a hot supper were suddenly interrupted by the rapid click of the receiver, and she dropped her work to take the message:

SUPERINTENDENT LIFE SAVING SERVICE:

Four masted schooner ashore four miles south of Orleans station. Impossible for us to cross inlet account heavy sea. Send help quick.

(Signed)

DOANE, Keeper.

It was four miles from the telegraph station to the Superintendent's house near the coast and no one could be got to venture with the message, for by this time the snow had drifted in places to the height of a man's head and it was blowing a gale. For a while it looked as though the despatch



The *John S. Parker*, from which the crew were saved by means of the breeches buoy.

would remain undelivered, but finally the young proprietor of a near-by store volunteered to make the attempt.

For the first half hour he made good progress, but the high wind, blinding snow and great drifts he was constantly obliged to push through, soon began to tell on his strength, yet the thought that the delivery of the message might possibly be the means of saving the lives of the crew of the stranded vessel urged him forward. Fiercer and fiercer grew the storm. At times he was obliged to stop altogether and turn his back to the wind to catch his breath. Then after a moment's respite, he would renew his journey, the high drifts often necessitating his making a wide detour from the road through the fields. At the end of two hours' time his strength was almost exhausted. He was chilled to the bone by the biting cold wind and an intense longing to sit down and rest began to come over him. Visions of the wrecked ship with the winter seas breaking over her, the men high up in the rigging, lashed there for safety, slowly freezing to death, constantly came in his mind; and with it the energy.

"Will I never reach there?"

The Superintendent of the Life Saving

Service, busily writing in his library, was startled by a heavy weight falling against the hall door. Peering out he could see nothing and was about to close the door when a heavy gust of wind forced it wide open and he beheld for the first time, the apparently lifeless body of a man stretched on the step.

"Good God, it's Henry," he exclaimed, as he dragged into the light the insensible youth, to whom later the Treasury Department sent a most complimentary letter on his exploit.

The Superintendent was well versed in the various methods of reviving people in this condition and hastily set to work, and it was not long before he had the messenger back to consciousness and comfortable, while he got into communication with the Orleans Life Saving Station.

"Just as I expected," said Captain Jim. "Call all hands. Get the beach apparatus ready and harness my horse quick; take extra shovels and torches and a dozen blankets."

In five minutes time the captain and crew were on their way tugging at ropes each side of the wagon to help the horse through the fearful night. Mighty drifts of snow that could not be gone through without shoveling were encountered; and

the driving sleet was almost blinding. Gallantly the little band of men struggled forward on their four-mile journey to a point abreast the wreck.

Suddenly one of the men in advance shouted back: "There she is Cap, I can just make out a light. She's well off shore."

In another ten minutes they had arrived opposite the wrecked vessel and halted.

"John, unhitch the horse and take her to that old shanty below the bank, and the rest of you to your stations," said Captain Jim.

Every man sprang to his work. Each one had a certain part to do, each a certain piece of apparatus to unload. Short and quick were the orders the captain gave.

"Snap those torches. Put that sand anchor as high up on the beach as you can get it. Quick there with the lee and weather whip. Get those snatch blocks ready. Place the gun here on this little knoll. Bend on that shot line, *lively*."

Captain Jim dropped to his knees and shoved the cartridge home, following it with the solid shot to which the long line was attached, and which demands high

marksmanship and judgment to shoot over the masts of the stranded vessel.

"Everything ready, sir," came from the "number one" man.

"All right, stand by."

Captain Jim knelt over the sight of the brass cannon, now swinging the carriage from right to left and working his elevating apparatus.

"That ought to fetch her," he said under his breath, and standing erect he waited for a favorable lull in the wind to give the order to fire. He had not long to wait. "Fire!" A sharp report, and the shot and line were speeding on their mission. It was almost daylight and the captain watched the line hum out of the box, following the direction it had taken with his keen eye.

"The line is landed right over the fore stay, Cap'n Jim."

"All right. Now watch for some sign of life aboard of her."

In vain the little crew waited. No sign of life was visible aboard of the doomed vessel.

"We'll fire the gun again," said Captain Jim. "If there's anybody aboard perhaps they'll hear it this time."



The life-savers launching their boat.

The report of the gun died away and still no sign of life was seen.

"She's working inshore all the time, Cap."

"It's no use," said Captain Jim, "the crew have all been washed overboard or frozen to death and we can't do a thing to help them. The lifeboat couldn't live a minute in that sea. Spread out along shore men and keep a sharp lookout for bodies. The ship will break up before we are two hours older."

Suddenly the noise of a terrific crashing reached their ears.

"There goes the foremast, Cap'n."

Sure enough the weather rigging had given way and the foremast had gone by the board. Bits of wreckage soon began to be strewn along the beach. First a hatch and then a section of bulwark, timbers and planking, deck beams, a small piece of the cabin, the topgallant fore-castle and bits of wood fairly wrenched to pieces by the tremendous force of the sea, and finally a piece of wreckage with a quarter board bearing part of the name of

the wrecked vessel, "*Cal—*" It was soon daylight now and the wreck, with decks all awash and fast breaking up, was plainly visible.

"Haul the shot line ashore," commanded Captain Jim, "and then spread out to the south."

Soon a dark object was discerned apparently lashed to a small spar. Captain Jim's keen eyes had sighted it as it was washed from the wreck. "If I'm not mistaken," he said huskily, "there's one of the poor devils. Take a couple of heaving lines and a grappling hook and follow me, John."

Nearer and nearer the dark object came, sometimes taking a sudden move in toward shore and again when almost within reach of the line and grappling hook moving away again, carried out by the strong undertow. Captain Jim stood with a heaving line coiled in his left hand and the grappling hook in his right ready to cast it at the first favorable opportunity. Suddenly as a big sea broke, Captain Jim, who had never taken his eyes from the floating



The *Kate Harding* was so light that she came up high and dry on the beach and all her crew were rescued.



The *Elsie M. Smith*, from which thirteen men were saved before she broke up.

body for an instant, dashed into the sea nearly up to his waist, and before the next sea had broken had cast his grappling hook with unerring aim across the body and the spar to which it was lashed. He dashed back to shore before the next sea broke, carefully paying out the line until satisfied that the grappling hook had caught around the spar.

"Steady now, John. Stand by and when that next sea breaks run in and grab him."

Skilfully Captain Jim handled the line, paying it out when the undertow was so strong that it threatened to release the grappling hook.

"Now scoot!" and in a second more the body of a sailor was brought up on the beach out of the reach of the waves.

"Go back to the wagon and bring one of those torches," commanded Captain Jim. "There may be some life in him." He knelt by the body and unbuttoning a heavy pea jacket placed his hand over the sailor's heart. "There's a chance," he muttered and without waiting for the torch he lifted the body in his arms and rushed up the beach to where the gear wagon stood.

"Give me a bottle of whiskey quick and cut open that bundle of blankets."

"He ain't alive, is he Cap?" queried John.

"Don't know, but there might be a chance. I think his heart beats. So now, force his mouth open till I get some of this fire-water down him."

A low moan followed this treatment.

"Call Amos and Bill and tell them to build a fire in the shanty—where the horse is. We ain't got a minute to lose if we're going to save him," and taking the body in his arms he forced his way through the drifts to the shanty.

The shanty was used by gunners in the cold weather as a sort of warming up place, and a fire from a quantity of driftwood stored in it was soon roaring in the stone fireplace. Quickly removing the sailor's wet clothes they forced more whiskey down his throat, rubbed his body with blankets and then wrapped him up in a half dozen of them, constantly slapping his hands and going through the tactics prescribed by the service to revive such cases.

"I must go back," said Captain Jim, "stay here and work over him. We'll save him sure."



The *Lily* was beached by her captain fifteen miles east of Cape Cod light.

All of the forenoon they worked hauling up bits of wreckage beyond the reach of the sea, keeping a sharp lookout for bodies. Five more were picked up by noon. The others probably drifted out to sea. The first rescued was the only one they succeeded in resuscitating, however. Tenderly and carefully each corpse was wrapped in a blanket and hauled to the station in the beach cart and before that day was done the vessel itself had entirely disappeared. The beach for miles to the south was strewn with wreckage.

It seems almost incredible that a big, four-masted ship, so strongly built, will within a few hours after striking the beach in a heavy storm be entirely demolished. Oftentimes, however, the storm subsides soon after the vessel strikes and the crew is saved and the vessel floated. The four-masted schooner, *Katie J. Barrett*, for instance, which went ashore within a short distance of the Orleans Station, February 16, 1890, is an illustration of how close in a vessel is driven, even when loaded, by the fierce gales which sweep the coast. This wreck was so far up that one could walk dry shod around the vessel at normal low tide. On the morning when she came it was blowing so strong that the surf boat could not be launched from the beach. After two unsuccessful attempts the station men gave up further effort in that direction, and as the vessel was too far off shore to be reached by a line shot from the gun, they hurried to the harbor two miles distant and launched the boat from the Humane Society house and managed to get out over the harbor bar where the seas were not breaking so heavily. The captain and crew of nine men were nearly exhausted from the cold, but were taken ashore safely. The wreck master and his crew were then taken aboard, hoping that if the gale moderated they might be able to hold the vessel where she was with her ground tackle. Two days later, however, a heavy gale drove the schooner high up on the beach and all efforts to get her off at that time were abandoned and she was accordingly stripped. In September of the same year, however, the wreck was sold to Boston parties; and on extremely high-course tides, by means of strong tugs, the vessel was worked off shore, being kept afloat by having her

hold completely filled with empty casks. She was towed to Boston, placed in dry dock and put in repair.

An instance of where the entire crew of ten were saved by the breeches buoy was at the wreck of the schooner *Kate Harding*, which in a heavy gale with an unusually high sea on, came ashore without any cargo in her, November 3, 1892, about a mile north of the Highland Life Saving Station. The vessel was so light that she came up high and dry on the beach and the sailors were landed without great trouble.

One of the most difficult and trying conditions for the life saving men is when it is too rough to launch the surf boat and the vessel is too far off shore to get a line to. They can see the crew in the rigging of the vessel and know that it is but a few hours before these men will die, while they are powerless to save them. The wreck of the British ship *Jason*, which came ashore December 5, 1893, was such a one. She came ashore about half a mile north of the Pamet River Life Saving Station during a violent storm, and the crews of the High Head and Cohoon's Hollow Stations were summoned to the Pamet River Station to give assistance. It was too rough to launch the boat and twenty-four attempts, all of which failed, were made to shoot a line over the wreck. All of the crew were lost with the exception of one man who was washed ashore.

June and July is the inactive season at the life saving stations and during this period no crews are maintained, the captain being required only to sleep at the station and make observations three times during the night. It sometimes happens that even in these months when storms are most unlikely to occur, a vessel is wrecked on account of fog. The wind is usually light and the strong currents which sweep the New England shores carry vessels out of their course. The crews are unable to take any observations and consequently they find it impossible to tell where they are. Under these conditions, the British schooner, *Walter Miller*, was stranded on Nauset Bar during a dense fog, June 10, 1897. There was, of course, no one on duty at the Orleans and Nauset Stations except the captains, but they succeeded, however, with the help of some of the villagers who happened to be on the beach, in shooting a line



The fragments of the *Cal*—— were strewn along the shore.

off to the wreck and bringing the crew, including the captain's wife, to shore safely in the breeches buoy. The assembly flag had been hoisted on the stations as soon as the wreck was sighted and on the arrival of the crew, the sea having moderated somewhat, the surf boat was launched and the wreck boarded. The seas were sweeping over the after-part of the vessel and it was with much difficulty that they managed to save many of the personal effects of the crew. The wreck master and his crew stood by the wreck until the 17th of June, when tugs from Boston succeeded in getting her off on an extremely high tide and towed her to that port.

Vessels are wrecked also on account of their cargo shifting in a heavy gale. This makes the vessels unmanageable to a great extent and starts them leaking. At such times the crew must keep constantly pumping till exhausted or the water in the hold gains on them too fast. Then the captain beaches the vessel. Under such conditions the British schooner *Lily* was put ashore by her captain fifteen miles east of Cape Cod light on the morning of January 3, 1901. The patrol of the Nauset Life Saving Station saw the signals of distress at daylight and the crew immediately tried to launch the life-boat. It was found impossible to do so however, and a short time afterward the captain of the schooner hoisted sail and beached his vessel about two and a quarter miles south

of the Nauset Station and the crew left the vessel and reached the shore safely in their own boat.

An instance of where the cargo of a vessel was saved, owing principally, however, to its being lumber, was in the British three-masted schooner, *John S. Parker*. She became unmanageable in a heavy north-east gale and struck the Orleans beach at 2.30 A.M., November 7, 1901, coming in far enough, fortunately, to allow a line to be shot aboard; and the crew of six men were saved by means of the breeches buoy. After the storm was over, the lumber was thrown overboard and hauled ashore by means of an endless line. The vessel itself, however, was a total loss.

The Gloucester fisherman, *Elsie M. Smith*, had made a successful trip to the Banks and was loaded with a full fare of fish homeward bound, when within a day's run of home she was wrecked on February 13, 1902. Proceeding under shortened sail in a northeast gale and driving snow-storm, for two days the crew had not seen the sun, and it was impossible for them to tell where they were. With hardly a moment's warning, the little vessel struck the beach two miles south of the Orleans Life Saving Station and on the instant commenced to break up. They attempted to launch one of their small fishing boats, but when two of the crew had dropped into her, she was forced away from the side of the vessel by a heavy sea which

parted the painters, and being unmanageable the boat was swamped and the two men drowned. The seas were now breaking over the schooner's entire length and the remaining thirteen men of the crew were driven to the fore rigging. The vessel was sighted from the beach almost as soon as she struck and in a few moments a line was successfully shot over the fore-stay, the breeches buoy rigged and the thirteen men saved. The vessel and cargo were a total loss and she broke up in a few hours.

Probably no location on either the Atlantic or Pacific coasts has had so large a number of vessels stranded on its beach as this long stretch of white sand known as Cape Cod, which reaches out into the ocean from eastern Massachusetts, and it is due to the efficient life saving service instituted by the Government that so many lives are saved.

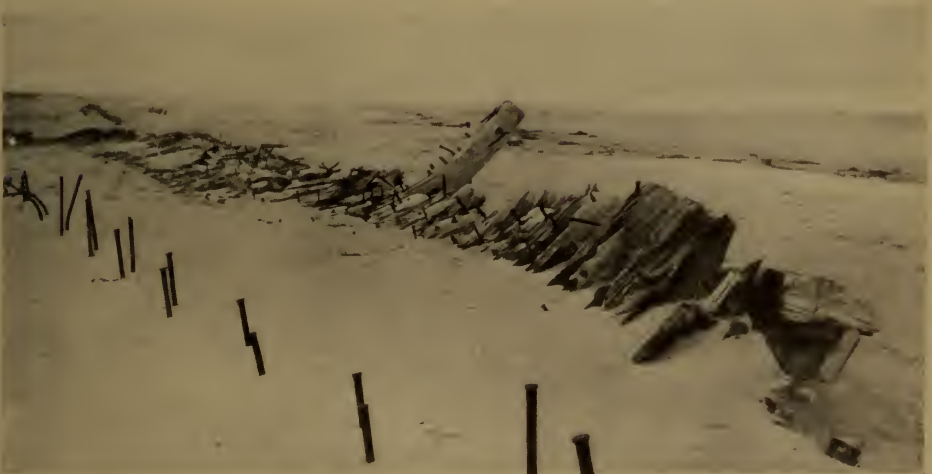
In almost every graveyard in the little villages along this coast are buried the bodies washed ashore from wrecked vessels. Generally the names are not known and no clue is found on the bodies by which they can be identified; but a careful record is kept in the archives of each vil-

lage of such interments, giving the name of the ship, the date on which it came ashore, and the date the body was picked up.

Every few miles along the beach the Government has life saving stations and a crew on duty at each of them ten months in the year. These stations are connected by telephone and also with the house of the district superintendent. A local physician is appointed for each district and all bodies that come ashore must be inspected by him before interment. The marine underwriters also appoint an agent to each district, known as the wreck master of the coast and he, in their behalf, does what he can to save all property of the vessels and if possible the vessels themselves.

Few people realize the judgment and courage shown by the captains and crews of these stations, or the hardships endured in patrolling the beach during the cold and bitter winter storms. They lead a lonely life, the salary is small and the danger great.

All praise to the gallant souls whose lives are devoted to the saving of men who go down to the sea in ships.



The end.

OUTDOOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE STORY OF JAMES WHITE

FIRST EXPLORER OF THE GRAND CANON

THE expedition led by Major Powell which descended the Colorado River through the Grand Cañon is generally credited with the first authentic passage of that perilous region. This daring feat was accomplished in 1868. A year before that date, however, a prospector named James White went down the Colorado on a frail raft, and after incredible suffering and dangers, reached a settlement and lived many years thereafter to tell the story which has been hidden away in the dusty files of a geological report.

There has been preserved also a letter from this humble hero, written to his brother shortly after he passed through the Cañon. This letter which is reproduced herewith, together with the official report of the adventure, form a remarkable chapter in the history of the discovery of the unknown west.

In January, 1868, C. C. Parry, an assistant geologist of the Union Pacific Railroad Survey, happened to meet James White at Hardyville on the Colorado, and in a report to the president of the company he included the following narrative as he received it from its hero:

"James White, now living at Callville, on the Colorado River, formerly a resident of Kenosha, Wisconsin, was induced to join a small party for the San Juan region, west of the Rocky Mountains, in search of placer gold diggings. The original party was composed of four men, under the command of a Capt. Baker.

"The party left Fort Dodge on the 13th of last April, and after crossing the plains, completed their outfit for the San Juan country in Colorado City, leaving that place on the 20th of May. Proceeding by way of South Park and the Upper Arkansas they crossed the Rocky Mountains, passing around the head-waters of the Rio Grande,

till they reached the Animas branch of the San Juan River. Here their prospecting for gold commenced, and being only partially successful, they continued still farther to the west, passing the Dolores and reaching the Mancas, which latter stream was followed down to the main valley of the San Juan.

"Crossing the San Juan at this point they continued down the valley in a westerly direction for about two hundred miles, when the river entered a cañon. Here they again crossed to the north bank, and leaving the river passed across a mountain ridge aiming to reach the Colorado River. In a distance of fifty miles over a very rugged country, they reached this latter stream, or rather its main eastern tributary, Grand River. At the point where they first struck the river it was inaccessible on account of its steep rocky banks; they accordingly followed up the river in search of a place where water could be procured.

"At an estimated distance of twelve miles they came upon a side cañon, down which they succeeded in descending with their animals and procuring a supply of water. They camped at the bottom of this ravine on the night of the 23d of August, and on the morning of the 24th started to ascend the right bank to the table-land. In making this ascent they were attacked by Indians, and Capt. Baker, being in advance, was killed at the first fire. The two remaining men, James White and George Strole, after ascertaining the fate of their comrade, fought their way back into the cañon, and getting beyond the reach of the Indians, hastily unpacked their animals, securing their arms and a small supply of provisions, and proceeded on foot down to the banks of Grand River. Here they constructed a raft of dry cottonwood, composed of three sticks, ten feet in length and eight inches in diameter, securely tied together by lariat ropes, and having stored away their arms and provisions,

they embarked at midnight on their adventurous voyage.

"The following morning, the 25th of August, they made a landing, repairing their raft by some additional pieces of dry cedar, and continued on their course. The river here was about two hundred yards wide, flowing regularly at a rate of two and a half to three miles per hour. According to their estimate they reached the mouth of Green River, and entered the main Colorado thirty miles from the point of starting. Below the junction the stream narrows, and is confined between perpendicular walls, gradually increasing in elevation. At an estimated distance of forty miles from Green River they passed the mouth of the San Juan, both streams here being hemmed in by perpendicular walls. From this point the cañon was continued, with only occasional breaks formed by small side cañons equally inaccessible with the main chasm. Still they experienced no difficulty in continuing their voyage, and were elated with the prospect of soon reaching the settlements on the Colorado below the Great Cañon.

"On the 28th, being the fourth day of their journey, they encountered the first severe rapids, in passing one of which, George Strole was washed off, and sank in a whirlpool below. The small stock of provisions was also lost, and when White emerged from the foaming rapids he found himself alone, without food, and with gloomy prospects before him for completing his adventurous journey. His course now led through the sullen depths of the Great Cañon, which was a succession of fearful rapids, blocked up with masses of rock, over which his frail raft tumbled and whirled, so that he had to adopt the precaution of tying himself fast to the rocking timbers.

"In passing one of these rapids his raft parted and he was forced to hold on to the fragments by main strength, until he effected a landing below in a shallow eddy, where he succeeded, standing waist deep in water, in making necessary repairs, and started again. One can hardly imagine the gloomy feelings of this lone traveler, with no human voice to cheer his solitude, hungry, yet hopeful and resolute, closed in on every side by the beetling cliffs that shut out sunlight for the greater part of the

long summer day, drenched to the skin, sweeping down the restless current, shooting over foaming rapids and whirling below in tumultuous whirlpools, ignorant of what fearful cataracts might yet be on his unswerving track, down which he must plunge to almost certain destruction; still, day after day, buoyed up with the hope of finally emerging from his prison walls and feasting his eyes on an open country with shaded groves, green fields and human habitations.

"The mouth of the Colorado Chiquito was passed on the fourth day in the evening, the general appearance of which was particularly noted, as he was here entangled in an eddy for two hours, until rescued as he says, 'by the direct interposition of Providence.' The general course of the river was noted as very crooked, with numerous sharp turns, the river being shut in on every side by precipitous walls of 'white sand rock.' These walls present a smooth, perpendicular, and occasionally overhanging surface extending upward to a varied height and showing a distant line of high-water mark thirty to forty feet above the then water level.

"His estimate of the average height of the Cañon was three thousand feet, the upper edge of which flared out about half-way from the bottom, thus presenting a rugged crest. The last two days in the Cañon, dark-colored igneous rocks took the place of the 'white sandstone,' which finally showed distant breaks on either side, till he reached a more open country containing small patches of bottom land and inhabited by bands of Indians. Here he succeeded in procuring a scanty supply of Mezquite bread, barely sufficient to sustain life till he reached Callville on the 8th of September, just fourteen days from the starting, during seven of which he had no food of any description.

"When finally rescued this man presented a pitiable object, emaciated and haggard from abstinence, his bare feet literally flayed from constant exposure to drenching water, aggravated by occasional scorchings of a vertical sun; his mental faculties, though still sound, liable to wander and verging close on the brink of insanity. Being, however, of a naturally strong constitution, he soon recovered his usual health, and is now a stout, hearty,

thick-set man. His narrative throughout bears all the evidences of entire reliability, and is sustained by collateral evidence, so that there is not the least reason to doubt that he actually accomplished the journey in the manner and in the time mentioned by him."

The letter written by James White to his

brother is not a brilliant piece of composition or spelling, but its matter-of-fact ruggedness gives one a vivid idea of this brave and simple-minded prospector who underwent one of the most remarkable experiences that ever a man lived to tell about. A photographic copy of the original letter is as follows:

Navigation of the Big Canon

A terrible voyage

Callville

September 21st 86

Dear Brother it has been some time since I have heard from you I got no word from the last letter that I wrote to you for I left soon after I wrote I went prospected with Captain Baker in the San Juan mountain We found very good prospects but nothing that would pay then we came down the San Juan river We traveled down a boat 200 miles then we crossed over on Colorado and camp We had one day we found that we had not had time to travel down the river and our horse was too fat and we had many up our mines to turn back when we started today 15 or 20 miles in the day Baker and George stole and my self took four ropes off from our house and a ax ten pounds of flour and our guns we had 15 miles to work to Colorado we got to the river last at dark night we built a raft that night we got it built about ten o'clock the night we sailed all that night we had good sailing for three days and the ~~strong~~ ^{strong} ~~day~~ ^{day} George stole was wash of from the raft and ~~about~~ ^{for day} that left me alone I thought that it would be my time next I then pulled off my boots and pants I then laid a rope to my waist I went over falls from 10 to 15 feet in my raft would tip over three and four times a day the third day we lost our flour flour and for ~~ten~~ ^{seven} days I had to eat to make my wife have the 8 days I got some muskrat skins the 13 days a party of men friendly they would not give me nothing eat so I give my ~~own~~ ^{own} pistols for him ~~ten~~ ^{ten} pounds of a dog I eat one of for supper and the other breakfast the 14 days I was at Callville where I was

Tak care of by James ferry i Was ten days With out pants
 or boots i Was soon bornt so i cold hadly Wolk the
 ingins tok a heed horse from us I wish i can rite you halfe
 i under Went i see the hardes time that eny man ever
 diet in the World but thank god that i got throught
 saft - am Well a gin and i hope the few lines Will fine
 if you old Well i send my best respect to all
 Josh anser this When you get it
 to Callville I Dreck you letter
 Arizona

~~Josh of old~~ Josh ass Tom You
 to ancy that letter
 that i rote him
 sevel yeas a goe
 James White

Navigation of the Big Cañon.

A terrible voyage.

Callville, September 26—1867

Dear Brother it has ben some time since i
 have heard from you. i got no ans. from the
 last letter that i roat to you for i left soon after
 i rote. i Went prospected With Captin Baker
 and Gorge Strole in the San Won montin. Wee
 found very god prospects but noth(ing) that
 wold pay. then wee stort Down the San Won
 river. Wee travel(ed) down about 200 miles,
 then Wee cross(ed) over on Colorado, and
 Camp(ed). Wee lad over one day. Wee found
 out that Wee cold not travel down the river and
 our horse Wass sore site, and Wee had may up
 our mines to turne back When Wee was at-
 tacked by 15 or 20 Utes Indi(an)s. They
 kill(ed) Baker, and Gorge Strole and myself took
 fore ropes off our hourse and a ax, ten pounds
 of flour and our gunns. Wee had 15 millse to
 Work to (the) Colarado. Wee got to the river
 Jest at night. Wee bilt a raft that night. Wee
 got it bilt abot teen o'clock tha night. Wee
 saile all tha night. Wee had good Sailing for
 three days and the fore day Gorge Strole Was
 Wash(ed) of from the raft and down and that
 left me alone. i thought that it Wold be my
 turne next. i then pou(ed) off my boos and
 pands. i then tide a rope to my Wase i Went
 over folls from 10 to 15 feet hie. my raft wold
 tip over three and fore time a day. the third
 day Wee loss our flour and fore seven days i had
 noth(ing) to eat to (except) raw-hide knife cover.
 the 8 days I got some musquit beens. the 13 days
 (I met) a party of frendey indes. thay Wold not
 give me noth(ing) eat so i give (them) my
 pistols for hine pards of a dog. i ead one of
 (them) for super and the other (for) breakfast.
 the 16 days i arriv(ed) at Callville Whare i Was

tak(en) Care of by James Ferry. i Was ten
 days Wih out pants or boos or hat. i Was soon
 (sun) bornt so i cold hadly Wolk. the ingins tok 7
 heed (of) horse from us. i wish i can rite you
 halfe i under Went. i see the hardes time that
 eny man ever did in the World but thank god
 that i got throught saft. am Well a gin and i
 hope the few lines Will fine you all Well i send
 my best respect to all. Josh anser this
 When you get it. Dreck yor letter to Callville
 Arizona.

Josh ass Tom to ancy that letter that i rote
 him sevel yeas agoe James White.

GERONIMO, A RELIC OF THE FRONTIER

MOST writers who picturesquely mix
 their fact and fiction to paint pic-
 tures of the West that is no more, have
 overlooked the most genuine surviving
 relic of red days on the Border. In a Gov-
 ernment "shack," on the outskirts of Fort
 Sill, Arizona, thrives an aged man of some
 eighty summers. Wrinkled and bent, put-
 tering around the post seeking small coin
 from visitors, or being loaned by the Gov-
 ernment as a drawing-card for "World's
 Fairs" and other exhibitions, is this bat-
 tered old red-man, Geronimo, who baffled
 the armed force of the United States for
 many years, whose pursuit and capture
 cost the tax-payers a million dollars, and

nearly depopulated the territory of Arizona during his murdering, plundering raids of a generation ago. He is the last of the "bad Indians" who wrote red pages in this country's history, and the most notorious of them all, this Apache whom General Miles declared with great sincerity was "the worst Indian that ever lived."

If he ever showed one redeeming trait, it has not been recorded, and yet in his old age the "Great White Father" has dealt him tolerant forgiveness and charity. Last winter during the inaugural ceremonies at Washington, Geronimo was one of the big chiefs brought East to give color to the parade in Washington. Some persons made vigorous objection to permitting this old cut-throat to march with his fellow warriors, but the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Leup, pooh-poohed these critics, saying that Geronimo had lived down his crimes during some twenty years of imprisonment and deserved a place as a harmless and striking feature of the presidential train.

There are many men in the West who would dearly love to have a pot-shot at Geronimo, men whose kinsfolk died in torture in the light of their blazing homes some thirty-odd years ago. And it was impossible for the thousands who have seen him in recent years at St. Louis or Buffalo or with a "Wild West Show" to realize these facts as collected by the Society of Pioneers of Arizona:

"Seventy-six white men, women and children were killed by Geronimo in his last raid. It is said that in the years 1869 and 1870 one hundred and seventy-six persons were murdered by his band of Apaches, and according to a record kept by Herman Ehrenberger, a civil and mining engineer, four hundred and twenty-five persons, at that time one-half the American population of Arizona, fell victims to the scalping knives of Geronimo's braves between 1856 and 1862."

For twenty years he has been herded around army posts, in Florida, Alabama and Arizona, more of a pensioner than a prisoner, for he is enrolled as "Government scout," with wages of thirty-five dollars a month. Whenever old Geronimo asks for his freedom, which is often, he fails to press the case very hard, for he knows that freedom means the loss of his

income as a "scout." He is free to all intents and purposes, and would take it hard if "Uncle Sam" viewed his protests seriously and turned him adrift to shift for himself.

Wrinkled and crafty and cruel is his swarthy face to-day, but the fire of his infernal energy has died and he is no more than a relic of the Geronimo of whom General Miles said after their first meeting:

"He rode into our camp and dismounted, a prisoner. He was one of the brightest, most resolute, determined men I ever met, with the sharpest, clearest dark eye. Every movement showed power and energy."

Geronimo in his prime ran forty miles on foot in one day, rode five hundred miles on one stretch, as fast as he could change horses, and wore out the column that finally captured him until three sets of officers were needed to finish the chase, and not more than one-third of the troopers who started were in at the finish. He harried the Southwest for twenty-five years from his retreat in the fastness of the Gila country, with his band of Chiracahua Apaches.

General Crook was after him for years and finally persuaded him to surrender in 1883. But Geronimo, soon after, broke out and swooped down on his last great raid of 1885. Miles took up the campaign, and with him was the late General Lawton, then a cavalry captain, and also an army surgeon, Leonard Wood.

When the quarry was run to earth, it was found that Geronimo had with him only eighteen sick, worn-out and wounded bucks, as the survivors of this last grim pursuit and flight.

He has stuck to it that his reason for hating all white men was because his wife and babies were killed by Mexicans while he was away on a hunting trip during his youth. Thereafter he chose the warpath with deadly persistence. Now his talents are turned toward making money by selling bows and arrows and posing for artists.

Several years ago he sought baptism, and enrollment as a Methodist, an episode whose sincerity was questioned by the population of Arizona. However, Geronimo paid no heed to the scoffers and jogs along the end of the trail into the next world, certain in his mind that his accounts are squared for the errors of his youth.



MISS MAY SUTTON

The only American woman to have won the Lawn Tennis English Championship. She was defeated last year by Miss Katie Douglass of England, and lost her American Championship to Miss Elizabeth H. Moore by default.



A miner and his "Rocky Mountain canaries."

A VALE OF PLENTY

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



ALIFORNIA has a number of valleys that are remarkable for their great size and their productive capacity, but the San Joaquin excels. A few decades ago it was not

esteemed of much use except for grazing, though certain parts would grow excellent crops of wheat; but irrigation has changed all this, and as you pass through it on the train you marvel at the seemingly endless succession of thriving fields and orchards.

My first day in the valley was a Sunday spent at a little village consisting mostly of a hotel and a few stores and saloons facing the railway. Round about was a vast level extending for miles in every direction, and nearly all of it green with wheat. At long intervals amid this green sea could be discerned a small huddle of buildings where there was a ranch house. It was one of the regions in which, when the grain ripens, a harvester is used that is drawn by thirty-six mules or horses, and that cuts off the heads of the wheat, threshes out the grain and drops it in sacks behind as it goes along.

For an hour or two in the morning I sat on the hotel piazza at some remove from a group of men gathered near the door of the barroom. The day was quiet and warm. The flies buzzed, and some sparrows chattered noisily and flitted about with bits of straw for their nest-building beneath the cornice of the piazza. A few teams were hitched to railings under the umbrella trees along the sidewalk, and there were occasional passers on the highway. One of these was a man driving two burros laden with packs. He was from some mine, and all his outfit and belongings were on the donkeys. A boy

on horseback rode up in front of the hotel and borrowed the proprietor's gun that he might do a little hunting. A tramp came along and wanted something to eat, and he was set at work chopping wood. Except for him it was a day of loafing and recreation.

On another Sunday I was at Visalia, a busy town in the heart of one of the best portions of the valley. Here the chief event of the day was the getting out of the fire-engine for a little sport and practice squirting around the streets.

It was the rainy season, and there were several heavy downpours that night, which left the region pretty thoroughly soaked. However, the sun shone forth the next morning, and in spite of the mirey walking, I started for a long ramble among the farms. I had to do a good deal of dodging to get around the pools and puddles, and there were certain of the "slues" in the hollows which almost brought me to a stop, yet by climbing along on fences or resorting to the embankment of an irrigating ditch, I contrived to get along.

The country was good to look at in spite of the over-abundance of mud and water. On the eastern horizon rose ranges of snowy mountains, but the lowlands were a green paradise. The grazing fields in particular were very beautiful with their cattle, horses, or hogs, and with their scattering ancient oaks. Many great tracts of land were set out in regular rows of prune and peach trees, and every farmhouse seemed to have its packing-shed and its great heap of wooden drying-trays. Formerly pears were a staple fruit, but some sort of a blight has killed them all.

The people I met and spoke with agreed that so wet a season was unprecedented in Southern California. It was



Nobody works but father—



And we play all the time.

an unusual condition to have too much water, and the owners of the flooded lands were not altogether happy; yet any damage they suffered was largely offset by the drowning of such pests as the gophers and ground squirrels. The local conditions, therefore, were on the whole satisfactory, but certain other sections had not fared so well. For instance, in the same county, there used to be a lake thirty miles broad and a hundred long. It afforded fine fishing, and the hunters resorted to it to shoot the abundant ducks and geese. Gradually it dried away and left some of the richest farm land in the world. The old lake-bed became a great wheat-producing district; but now the heavy rains had begun to fill the basin of the former lake, and the body of water was fast expanding to its former size. The wheat had grown to be waist high and was well headed out, but the lake-bed dwellers had to abandon everything except the little they could carry away, and driving their stock before them they sought more elevated ground. It was thought that many years must pass before the water would again dry away.

As I walked on I at length wandered into a little village. Near its center I stopped on the piazza of a small bakeshop. Here was a chair, a settee and several boxes occupied by a row of men smoking, spitting and talking. The weather was not propitious for field work, and the piazza group was in a very leisurely and hospitable frame of mind. If any one passed, either walking or driving, they never failed to shout out an invitation to stop. "Come and join us," they would say. "You'll never find a better lookin' crowd in your life."

Presently a fellow approached, driving a smart span of horses attached to a gig.

"Hold on to them ribbons, thar!" was the cry from the piazza.

The man in the gig slowed down and halted. His vehicle was old and weather-beaten, but it had a bright red whiffletree.

"Why didn't you paint the rest of your gig?" some one queried.

"Well," said the driver, "I left it that way so people 'd ask questions. This is a nice little team. I've driven 'em about fifteen miles and now I think I'll put 'em in the stable."

"Oh, no, don't do that," said some one

on the porch. "Drive 'em some more. It 'll make 'em eat their hay good."

Shortly after he had gone on, a man in a top-buggy drove up in front of the bakeshop, and one of the loafers said, "Looks like you was goin' somewhere."

The man in the buggy poked his head out and said, "Who wants to go to town with me and get drunk?"

Some responded that they would like well enough to get drunk, but none of them cared to exert themselves sufficiently to go to town, and he had to continue his journey alone.

The man of the piazza gathering who interested me most was an old settler of the region who had come from Tennessee in 1870. "This country in its natural shape," said he, "was a forest of oak with here and there an open where the tall grass grew. We used to cut the grass for hay. Deer, antelopes and wild mustangs was plenty. I've shot lots of deer. I didn't care so much for the antelopes. You'd often see 'em feeding in among the cattle. People e't their meat, but it was coarser and not so good as deer meat. You could go up there in those foothills you see to the east and kill a wagon-load of deer in a day. They roamed about fifty to a hundred in a band.

"Bears was common up in the mountains—brown, cinnamon, black and grizzlies; but I wa'n't lookin' for them fellers. I was willin' to make friends. If they'd let me alone I'd let them alone, you bet yer boots I would. But one time I was up there helpin' old Billy Rhoades with his sheep. Fred Stacy was with me, and we was goin' across a little medder when we see a full-grown grizzly bear with a cub follerin' her, and they was comin' straight toward us.

"It happened there was a cluster of smallish pine trees near by, and Fred went up one tree and I went up another. I didn't have a thing to shoot with, and I don't suppose I'd have used a gun if I'd had one. The bear kind o' looked up at us, but kept on down the trail. She found our camp, and she turned over our potatoes and beans and scattered them and our other things all about. Yes, she had a regular tear-up. But I was glad to git off with no worse damage. A bear with a cub will fight, you know, and I come as clost to a grizzly then as I want to, less'n the bear was in a cage.



"What's the news anyway, Pa?"



A wayside home.



Joe is a wonder at catching pollywogs.

"Another time old man Rhoades and his son was fetchin' some sheep off the mountains, and the boy went into a cañon for a drink. He lay down to git at the water, when a black bear jumped out of the willers onto him and began a-chawin' him. He hollered for the old man, who come hurryin' down—and there was the bear chawin' on his boy. The only thing the old man had to attack the bear with was a pocket-knife. That was a poor weapon, but he saw he had the job to do, and he didn't hesitate. The bear was on the boy; but now the old man was on the bear; and he got her, and he skinned her afterward. She mighty nigh killed the boy, and the old man was so tore and scratched he carried the scars to his grave.

"Any one could have a horse in the early days by just goin' out and ketchin' a wild mustang. The way we used to do that was to build a corral consisting of a fence about eight feet high around a half acre or so, with a long wing fence extending out from it. Then when we see some mustangs feeding near we'd go out on the far side of 'em and give a yell to start 'em, and by heading 'em off we'd drive 'em against the wing fence and run 'em right into the corral. After that a man would go in and lasso one. He'd have to be on horseback or they'd run right over him.

"When he'd got a mustang roped he'd drag him out, put on a bridle and saddle, blindfold him and get on. The mustang didn't like that, and he'd begin to buck. Seems to me I've seen 'em buck as high as that schoolhouse over thar. No matter what the mustang did, the rider had got to stick on. That was the only way those horses could be broke. They were the meanest things you ever see. They were good saddle ponies, though—fine! The mustangs were small, but they were tough and hardy—kind o' like a jack-rabbit. You could run one all day, and it would be about as good at the end as when it started; and the next morning it would buck you off if you wa'n't careful.

"When I come here, cattle, sheep and hogs were all the go. There was very little soil cultivated; but gradually it got to be a great wheat country. Now wheat has given way to orchards, and we ship fruit all over the world.

"I used to raise wheat, but we had fifteen dry seasons right a-running, which did me up. Now the weather seems to have changed, and I look for fifteen wet seasons. So I'm goin' to try wheat again. You ain't sure of a crop unless you irrigate. When we people come here from the East we didn't know anything about irrigation. But somebody tried it and found it a success. Then we all turned loose. It's a good thing. At the same time there's a lot of hard, dirty work in irrigating.

"First, you're obliged to plow and scrape till you've got your land level and in check. We put two or three acres in a check with a levee around it. The checks have to be smaller if the land is rough. Our land here is pretty smooth, and two men with a pair of horses can git a quarter section in order—leveling checks, making ditches and flood-gates—all in about a couple of months. But you are out something right along, digging to keep the channels clear and making repairs.

"You can raise anything that will grow on the top side of the earth in this valley. I got only two objections to it—in over half the land there's alkali, and secondly, malaria is a good deal too common. You notice our houses ain't got cellars and are set up on posts off the ground—some of 'em three or four feet. That's on account of malaria.

"Perhaps it strikes you the houses must be cold in winter, but we don't have such sharp weather as they have in other parts of the United States. I ain't seen but one snowfall in all the time I been here. You take a person from back East and drop 'em down here in March and they think they're in Paradise.

"But things ain't always so pleasant in our valley as people think they're goin' to be. Thar's a mighty lot gits fooled. They think they can pick up twenty-dollar gold pieces, dog-gone-it; and they have it all figured out how easy they can make their fortunes. So, as soon as they see a piece of property that they fancy, they just dive in and pay a good round price. Then when they find they can't git rich in a few weeks like they expected they're sorry they grabbed so quick. Often they're so homesick that they're ready to take whatever anybody 'll give for the property they've bought."

THE DING FIDDED EBENEZER

BY BEN BLOW

DRAWING BY J. N. MARCHAND



“RONCHO busters,” the foreman of the Jack Hall outfit said sagely, “is born fur the business; then afterwards they has to learn it all over. Take one o’ these here wall-eyed, crazy, half-broke bronchs that squats an’ spraddles when they sees the saddle an’ shivers like they had the double-barreled Arkinsaw chills when they feels the heft of it, an’ the man that sets one o’ them without huntin’ leather knows he’s been to meetin’ when he puts foot on the dust.”

The foreman paused briefly, reflecting on the inherent wickedness of “wall-eyed bronchs.”

“Short Leg Dwyer,” he resumed, “wuz a born rider; Pedro c’d set the tail of a Kansas cyclone an’ roll a cigarette with one hand, but the best that ever hit the Little Gorell country to my knowin’ wuz a slab-sided feller which come to us from the Stirrup outfit which says his name is Alixander Hamilton, but which the boys soon brands Mizzoo, bein’ as he hails from that land o’ milk an’ honey an’ scrub oak an’ red clay.

“Mizzoo ain’t none too much to look at, goin’ or comin’, an’ the two horses he has he must ‘a’ got plum scandalous reasonable some place, for if ever I see bronchs that had eat loco pods till they wuz chronic, them wuz the two. ‘They ain’t no pets,’ Mizzoo says, introducin’ them, goin’ up an’ fetchin’ one a cuff with the butt of a quirt that looked like the ground end o’ one o’ the willow clothes-poles I use to git for maw back at the old farm— ‘but they knows blame well who’s boss o’ us three.’ As he says this the bronch reaches out an’ tries to bite his arm off, hitchin’ up his

hind legs an’ squealin’ like an old maid when she sees a rat. ‘Plum playful this ‘n’ is, yet,’ he says an’ bats him a clip that ‘d a-jarred Pike’s Peak if it ‘d alit square, ‘but he’ll learn,’ he says, ‘he’ll learn an’ grow up into a cow horse that any gent who kin set steady ‘ll be proud an’ happy to ride.’

“I misdoubts this statement some, bein’ as both the bronchs is squealers, but I ain’t got no call to express my sentiments, so I lets the brag pass. Mizzoo settles down an’ tends to business; keeps reasonable steady c’nsiderin’ he’s from Mizzoura; an’ don’t ask no favors from nobody, but from Bull an’ the horse wrangler up the outfit takes a dislike to him from the start.

“Bull is one o’ these here dogs that don’t often bubble over with sociability, not believin’ much in familiarity on short acquaintance, but with Mizzoo he’s different from what anybody ever seen him. He scruffs the back of his neck up till it looks like a wore-out curry-brush an’ he walks on the ends o’ his toes like he’s goin’ to bust loose any minute, but the look in his eyes says he’s plum juberous of Mizzoo.

“Not havin’ no tail to tuck in under him its hard tellin’ the exact state o’ his feelin’s, but Cook states that he’s sure the dog is scared proper, an’ sounds Mizzoo on the state of his feelin’s relatin’ to the canine race in general, namin’ Bull for a particular example, an’ discovers that he ain’t got no use for none o’ them, black, white or spotted, growed up or pups. Cook says that it’s his opinion that Mizzoo is plum bad some way or other, an’ allows that dogs an’ children is mighty quick to locate hidden cussedness concealed in the male sect.

“‘Bein’ from Mizzoura,’ he says, ‘an’ furthermore and moreover bein’ proud o’ the fact, I hates to think bad of a man which hails from the same glorious state,

the trade-mark o' which is two bears rared back on their hams to signify brotherly love, an' ding fiddle my cats! I hates it more becuz Mizzoo claims to come from Pike, which is the home county o' the free an' the land o' the brave, an' raises more mules than the whole o' Coloraydo, as everybody which has heard "Joe Bowers" sang knows to be the unskimmed truth. But ding fiddle it! he says, 'Bull ain't never lied to me before by wink or wag of tail—which he couldn't well do seein' as he ain't got any—an' I says now that this here feller which says his name is Alixander Hamilton is goin' to turn out perfidious, an' like as not he comes from some o' them Ozark hill counties down close to the Arkinsaw line, where they uses step ladders to cultivate, an' where the people is as low-down shif'less as the clay-eatin' Murungians o' east Tennessee. Bull says he's bad, an' Mizzoo admits it by sayin' he ain't got no use for dogs, an' right here an' now I says that I'm a-goin' to keep a sharp lookout on the critter, an' when the time comes to stomp I'm a-goin' to stomp heavy on this here Alixander Hamilton, which like as not is elias for somethin' else. But what I want to know is why Bull is afraid o' him; answer me that.'

"I remains dumb an' speechless, not bein' a mind-reader of human bein's, let alone dogs, but allows that murder will out in the end, which pacifies Cook some, an' the matter drops. Things drifts along at Jack Hall easy and steady an' the goose honks high exceptin' when some o' the boys wanders off to where he kin git excitement by the glass. Mizzoo tends to his business plum conscientious, not creatin' no disturbance exceptin' fur his 'I done' an' 'I says' an' 'I seen,' which disturbs the quiet painful an' gets everybody to wishin' that he'd git dumb for a spell so's we could rest up. But they ain't no discountin' that him an' the bronchs knows the cattle business from cuttin' out to brandin', which looms up clear one night when I starts a run.

"It wuz one o' these here wet, sweaty evenin's when the clouds hung so low that they bumped the mount'ins an' the cattle wuz jumpy an' ready f'r most anything. Bein' a unfortunit son-of-a-gun by nature I lets my horse step on one o' his feet or fall into a gopher hole, which throws both

of us, an' the grunt he gives when he lights brings a half dozen crazy-headed steers up a-runnin'. I gets my horse up, but bein' as my legs is plum useless an' numb from bein' fell on I don't make much headway gettin' into the saddle, an' things begins to get ticklish, for the fool steers bores over my way an' keeps a-comin' thicker'n I likes to see, an' while I'm playin' foot-an-a-half I sees Mizzoo come by borin' holes in the air with his six-shooter, an' sure as I says it he sees me an' laughs an' goes on by. But the next minute I sees Cook, which is a busy little man an' mighty often where he don't belong when he's needed, an' he drills up to me, reaches a hand out across my horse's back an' drags me into the saddle—an' none too quick, for the steers is jostlin' us.

"Cook must 'a' forgot hisself, for he wuz sheddin' all the bad words he'd saved in a year. 'Ding fiddle the blankety blanked gas-bag of a Ozark moonshiner!' he says, 'he'd 'a' let you stay an' git tromped on, would he, hey? You git up on the hill where things ain't so crowded an' I'll tend to his case,' an' off he goes like a yearlin' with a new brand ticklin' him. I climbs the hill, an' it ain't so dark but what I kin see that the run has started good. Down the valley I kin see the flash of the guns as the boys tries to bend the cattle round an' get 'em to millin', an' pretty soon things gets dark as the under side of a hen settin' in a soap box, an' gettin' plum faint from the pinch my leg got when the gopher hole throwed us, I rides back to camp slow an' painful, manages to get off my horse, finds Bull in charge an' then lays down an' goes peaceful to sleep half ways into the shack.

"When I comes to I sees Cook as busy as a bee in a molasses barrel fixin' up some Chinee root medicine, which I refuses, hurtin' his feelin's some, but doin' the best I kin by offerin' to let him rub it into my leg which is bad sprained an' swoll up. 'Bill,' he says, 'accordin' to the lights in me I wuz a-doin' what your maw'd 'a' done for you,' an' allows that he wuz plum scared when he come back an' found me layin' in the door. 'But you wuz bein' well took care of, Bill,' he says. 'Bull don't never go back on his friends, an' I reckon he'd 'a' brought you round in the end, for he wuz a-lickin' your face like you wuz his own flesh an' blood.'



“Cook bats him alongside the head with the quirt
an’ puts him flat on the ground.”

Drawing by J. N. Marchand.

"How about the steers?" I says to him, bein' kind o' bashful over havin' Bull for a wet nurse.

"Bunched," he says, 'when I left 'em, bein' anxious about you. Ding fiddle me but that Mizzoo is a cow-man proper! I never seen nothin' like the way he stopped that run. I wuz some anxious when I left you, for the steers was headed down the valley, an' no tellin' when the thunder an' lightnin' 'd start 'em harder than ever, so I pulls out from the crowd an' starts for the lead to help turn 'em, an' when I gets along up to the front I runs plum smack against Mizzoo, an' of all the cattle ridin' I ever sees I sees some then. With that half-broke bronch of his, the one with the white eye, he shoulders them steers an' burns powder before their noses an' cusses them in all the dead languages, includin' Shoshone slang, beats 'em with his slicker, holds 'em back an' hinders 'em an' works 'em out o' the straight, an' before you knows it they sets to millin', an' right now he's a-ridin' around 'em singin' "Joe Bowers," an' they ain't run three mile. Bill,' he says, 'I misjudges sometimes, but a man that kin ride a bunch o' steers to millin' as quick as that Mizzoo did must have some good in him some place.' Just then he looks at Bull, who is settin' by, gazin' at him plum mournful like he understood the words. 'Ding fiddle me!' he says, 'Bull, don't lay it up against me, son, the man kin sure ride, but if I ain't a bad judge they is somethin' plum rotten an' immoral about the feller that'll crop out in the end; but give the devil his due, Bull,' he says. 'Mizzoo is a cow-man, pop goes the weasel, from the calf to the tanyard an' then back.'

"Bull kind o' smiles, an' bein' a little careless, steps on my sprained leg an' I says some words that ain't used in sewin' societies. 'So fur as I'm concerned,' I says, 'the devil takes care o' his own, an' I reckon them's the sentiments Mizzoo has when he rides by an' leaves me to be stomped on by the steers which was headed my way.'

"Cook kind o' scratches his head an' allows that Mizzoo says he knows I was safe becuz he seen Cook comin' an' seen he was headed my way; which sure is some truthful, but I reckon Cook must 'a' forgot the grin he spread when he seen me in

trouble; but I don't stir up no muss when I can help it, an' besides, Cook keeps me kind of interested when he starts rubbin' my game leg with the root tea which seems to have healin' virtues in it some place, for the swoll up leg goes down by mornin' an' when I finds that the run was choked off without a steer gettin' away I becomes a glad an' thankful invalid, but of all the wavin' the banner that I ever seen that slab-sided Mizzoo does for hisself. All o' the brags he's got off in the past is whispers to what he relates. Everybody in camp gets wore out by the way he brags on hisself an' his bronchs, an' Cook is the tiredest one of the lot, rememberin' what he says to me maybe, an' ashamed of it; an' one day he comes to me an' says that he's got business over to Waugh Mountain, an' will I leave him off for a day or so, which I says yes to, bein' as he's fed me up high an' cured my game leg by feedin' me on soup made out o' his pet chickens, an' bein' a thoughtful little man anyway he makes up enough soup to last me an' rides off.

"Next day he gets back. 'Bill,' he says, 'that feller which calls hisself Alixander Hamilton is legal named Ebenezer Day an' he's a lowdowner pup than I thought he was. Aleck Moorman told me the history o' the riptile, an' he's a natural born varmint if they ever wuz one. Since he left the Stirrup outfit Alick got word that this here Mizzoo feller had run off an' left his wife, which is a pore little peaked woman with six kids, an' passes hisself as a single man when he meets up with a unsuspectin' single female whose bosom hankers for a husband. What do you think o' that, Bill?' he says, 'shall this here outfit, which has always been God-fearin' an' respectable except for a little too free use o' cuss words when provoked, warm sich a viper in its shirt front an' get bit to death by him in the end?'

"Suit yourself, Cook,' I says to him, knowin' that trouble was goin' to ride down the trail towards Mizzoo when the boys found that he was a deceiver of females, 'only let's have peace an' quiet wave after him when he hunts new cow-camps an' pastures greener than this'n.' I hate to fire a good man, but if you can persuade him to resign I reckon the Jack Hall outfit can stagger along under the blow.'

“‘Bill,’ says Cook, ‘when I was a boy in Washin’ton County, Mizzoora, my maw always had me speak Casabianca an’ The Boy Stood on the Burnin’ Deck, an’ the whole infant class believed I was goin’ to be a Methodist preacher or a congressman because I was plum full an’ runnin’ over with the soft answer that turneth away wrath. I use to diplomat before I fit, an’ the ginerall opinion grew up that it was better to have me explain things than to have me start gugin’, becuz bein’ sandy headed by nature my passions rose an’ rose when I fit till I used to get reel mad.’

“‘Cook,’ I says, ‘diplomacy is the front door o’ peace. You take charge o’ this here matter, persuade Mizzo to forsake this here weepin’ outfit; let him go peaceful on his way; let the vine an’ olive o’ good feelin’ wave him good-bye.’

“‘Bill,’ says Cook, ‘your langwidge reminds me of a feller that claimed to be a circuit rider which come to Mineral Point when I was wearin’ my first long pants an’ skinned the whole population along the Potosi branch of the Iron Mountain railroad on a horse race; but you jest watch me, if Rutherford B. Hayes, which is president, could see me diplomat with Alixander Hamilton Ebenezer Day, elias Mizzo, he’d make me minister from him to the Prince of Wales, which is eventual goin’ to be a king.’

“‘Bein’ some dizzy from his speech I says a bowl o’ chicken soup ’d make my leg feel better, which Cook gets, statin’, to explain his cast-down looks, that it’s made out o’ the little rooster which favors his paw, an’ which Pedro sets so much store by, an’ which he has killed accidental an’ absent-minded mistakin’ him for a hen. He allows that he feels kind o’ sorry for Pedro, which sets a heap o’ store by the little feller, but says his state o’ mind is upset over the painful duty o’ firin’ Mizzo an’ makin’ him think he’s resignin’ with peace an’ dignity an’ good will; but he borrows a heap o’ worry needless, for Mizzo piles up trouble for hisself till it slides down on him like snow off a steep roof. He gets to braggin’, an’ moreover says that they ain’t no cow puncher in the outfit which can ride his bronchs without huntin’ leather, which every man in camp allows is too plum foolish to consider serious, an’ takes him up, offerin’ to bet money that they is

as peaceable as the lamb that use to go to school with Mary.

“After some argument with Short Leg Dwyer, Pedro ropes the white-eyed one an’ does hisself proud, rollin’ an’ lightin’ a cigarette an’ makin’ fancy motions with his hand like he was biddin’ by-by to his best girl, an’ while he’s provin’ Mizzo mistook with the first bronch Cook digs up a quirt with about two pound o’ bird shot braided into the end.

“‘Bill,’ he says, passin’ me, ‘that other bronch is goin’ to try an’ bite me on the leg if he can’t set me peaceable on the ground. When he does that-a-way I’m a-goin’ to tap him with this here persuader so hard that he’s a-goin’ to forget what the pods o’ the loco weed tastes like.’ Which havin’ said he lifts hisself into the saddle plum cautious an’ the bronch drops his head an’ squeals, then starts his backbone up an’ follers it an’ does the ladies-chain with all four feet off the ground an’ acts generally like a country girl at her first dance, doin’ all the fancy little side-steps an’ hops that he has tried on Mizzo frequent an’ useless; but Cook sets him easy an’ whoops fur him to hop harder till the bronch gits mad an’ makes a quick bite at one o’ Cook’s legs gettin’ his shin. ‘Holy Moses an’ the angels,’ says Cook all of a sudden, bein’ took by surprise; but before the bronch kin spit an’ grab again he belts him with the heavy end of the quirt, an’ if ever I did lie I aint’ lyin’ none now when I says that bronch quit cold an’ behaved hisself like a little girl in a new pin back.

“Cook climbs off an’ bats the bronch once for luck, unlooses the cinch, takes off the saddle an’ says to Mizzo:

“‘He knows his medicine, he does. He knows us that treats him kind.’

“Everybody laughs but Mizzo, who kind o’ reddens up. ‘You must love animals,’ says Cook, ‘judgin’ from the gentle way in which you treats them.’

“Mizzo gets more red an’ allows that he takes kindly to some animals, but don’t generally cotton much to dogs, makin’ a kick at Bull to prove he’s statin’ the unadulterated truth. Bull makes a quick side hop an’ bumps the white-eyed bronch, which kicks him a rod an’ a half straight up in the air, but don’t hurt him none to speak of, him bein’ used to maulin’.

"Cook gets white an' ca'm.

"I kin see you don't love dogs,' he says, 'treatin' mine that-a-way. Didn't you never have a dog in your whole life?"

"Sure I did,' says Mizzoo, 'I had one onct that wuz a dead ringer fur that 'n' o' yours only he had one good ear instead o' bein' bald-headed.'

"What become o' him?' says Cook, gettin' pale an' white.

"I got tired o' him an' kilt him,' says Mizzoo.

"Bout two year ago, over in South Park, I guess it was,' says Cook.

"Pardner,' says Mizzoo, 'you know it. You must 'a' seen him—plum wore out an' scrawny an' a regular bag o' bones.'

"You see him now,' says Cook. 'I found him makin' a stagger to foller your low-down trail an' I nursed him an' he saved my life fur it an' from the first minute you hit this here outfit he's knowed you for the low-down riptile that you are.' Bein' plum angry Cook bats him alongside the head with the quirt an' puts him flat on the ground, an' forgettin' my game leg, I arises an' goes down to see how bad hurt he is.

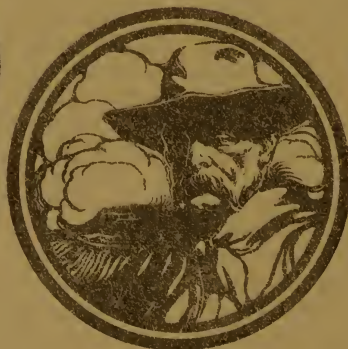
"Keep away, Bill,' says Cook. 'It's me an' him an' Bull. Some o' you boys git water an' throw in his face an' leave us two alone,' which we does, exceptin' leavin' them alone, an' when Mizzoo gets back from starland Cook sets down an' explains to him that he's made hisself plum unpopular an' the best thing for him to do is to resign an' move on.

"You low-down reproach to the grand old state of Mizzoora with the two bears on

the great seal,' he says, 'a-callin' yourself Alixander Hamilton after a great man when you're named Ebenezer Day. You ding fiddled Ebenezer that hates dogs! You reprobate that runs off from your pore peaky little wife an' six infant children! You case-hardened coyote that grins when your foreman gets throwed by a gopher hole! I'm plum glad I cuffed you with this quirt, an' I'm plum sorry I didn't put your light out, for if ever they wuz a wart on the world you're him.' Bein' overcome by his langwidge Cook sets down an' takes Bull in his lap an' cries over him. 'Left you to die, did he?' he says. 'Hates dogs, does he? Runs away from his lawful wife an' children an' is a-makin' out to deceive innocent females, is he? Well, he better rise up an' pack his duds an' rack away from the Jack Hall outfit by resignin' before he loses his low-down life.'

"An' seein' that he is done for an' has his bluff called, Ebenezer Day lifts hisself up an' departs with his two loco bronchs, an' as he rides down the trail Cook looks up at me an' gives a kind o' wet wink an' says:

"Bill, Ebenezer is two pounds lighter than a July rabbit. If he wuz to fall off a mountain he'd float up an' rest on the top.' Just then a .44 bullet lights between Cook's legs, sprinklin' him with dust, an' Ebenezer departs with the forehanded members of the outfit shootin' at him an' the unprepared ones runnin' for their guns, and from then on, thenceforth, forever after, we never sets eye on him again and gets no word till Cook goes back to Mineral Point, Mizzoora, one summer an' meets up with Mrs. E. and the six."



JOHN KENDRY'S IDEA

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

CHAPTER XXI

A NEW MARY



KENDRY expected to arrive first on the ground and there, with his back against the dawn, to command a halt of Paulter's subsequent approach. On which the two would begin to shoot and would continue till one of them was dead.

Three months previous Kendry would have called such a programme brutal, hideous, uncivilized, unnecessary. He would have looked upon it as vain, melodramatic, pitiful. Paulter primitively demanded that Kendry should relinquish his communion with a young woman—it was of separate importance that she was Ethel Marr. For an alternative there was Paulter's insistent menace against her peace and against Kendry's life. Upon these premises Kendry would have said that the duty of a civilized man was to appeal to the law. The rights Paulter assailed were Kendry's by law. To halt upon the question of what his enemy thought of his courage Kendry would have called harking back to a decayed and ridiculous "chivalry."

But now that he impulsively had brought the issue to where it was, Kendry supported the impulse with his reason. What were the exact measures the law would take? Provided he could convince a magistrate that Paulter's intentions were homicidal, the magistrate would place Paulter under bonds to keep the peace. Paulter's desire to reach Ethel Marr, across the gulf, to him invisible, that in all dimensions divided him from her, then must be proportioned against a sum of money, extorted from him after the whole story that

had begun on the mountain had been recited in the court, to be magnified and elaborated in an irresponsible press. Kendry believed that Paulter would disregard the bond with that same turn of lip which he paid to all else that opposed him. Kendry believed it because he could not imagine money weighing against an obsession of the meanest heart. The law required a sickening publicity; in exchange it could give no certainty. The law marched behind the event. In the highest civilization there would be nothing to prevent one man's summoning death as the arbiter of his quarrel with another man. If it was humiliating for Kendry to set himself against one so ignoble as Paulter in a contest where indiscriminating chance should decide the issue, it still had become the sweeter alternative. To this conclusion instinct and reason moved together.

It brought him to a cooler, clearer state of mind. The two worse possibilities seemed to balance. On the one hand was to die, which was disagreeable, but to die a man; on the other hand was to live, which was desirable, but to suffer the extinction of his self-respect. To turn and flee was inconceivable; hence to go ahead, perhaps to the elimination of Paulter, but in any case to a solution, to a finality, was the logical index; and the logical index was all he asked.

There hovered over him immediately the inevitable cloud on human processes. It carried that memory of Ethel Marr being drawn in odious closeness to Arthur Paulter at the irresponsible moment of her reaction from her fears. It meant that if Kendry died, if he himself escaped an unbearable imposition, he left her prey to it without his sympathy, his aid. The thought weighed in the balance against his

stoicism; it threatened to bring him to the trial as a supplicant, asking for poetic justice. He summoned more stoicism, he imagined her filling his dead silence with her own stoicism. There were preparations necessary. He strove to preoccupy his mind with them.

There was to make his will and there was to scan the ledger of his other personal relations. He wrote cheerfully to his sister, impressing himself upon each one of her family in the way he would like to be remembered, yet giving no hint of what the cable might startle them with two days hence. He must now be as methodical and exact in his more intimate affairs as he knew how to be in the conduct of his fortune. There was, shameful to his days of selfish introspection, that piece of paper he had taken from the breast of the sailor in those fading moments under ground. By now the sailor and the Pole might be dead and buried without identification. In the least event, their peril partly had been due to him and there was reparation due them. It was Monday; he telephoned his agent and commanded a report on both men before two o'clock on Tuesday. From that hour till nightfall he would devote himself to their cases. Prior to that time he would occupy himself with his will, and from this nothing should divert him. Thursday was the appointed dawn. He wanted Wednesday for himself alone.

It had been his thought, to the extent of his few millions, to leave his money as a force at some new point, demonstrating a new desideratum, a new possibility in the evolution of society. The thought was vague, susceptible to ridicule, liable to men's unconcern, just as the idea at first had been vague, just as every fresh thought may be when first half plucked from the dimness above men's finite grasp. He had not precipitated it out of that vagueness. He took up his pen. There were institutions of learning, essaying to advance leading the strong—most of the great movements of history had risen from levels intellectually lower and emotionally deeper, to be labeled and preserved in desiccation by those institutions. There were institutions of mercy, which followed the human procession, restoring the weak and the wounded to the long, straggling rear—fighting the phenomena of elimination by

which, rightly or wrongly, society moved toward its unknown goal. In the other categories he found nothing that appealed to his aim. The commonplace rich man could be trusted to endow them all.

At midnight he tore up his bescribbled page. He was keeping account of his nervous forces. Sleep was their coefficient. He gently put Ethel Marr from his mind; the best he could do for her was to maintain his strength, his steadiness.

Two o'clock on Tuesday found him no nearer inspiration. Deprived of his own guidance the money seemed capable of building itself into a monster of ineffectualness against which the only remedy would be its whole dispersion. The report concerning the sailor lay on his table; that about the Pole was to be expected. Kendry started to dress. Eastwood came in.

"I must be out of here in four minutes, but the place is yours," Kendry said. He assembled the bottle, the siphon, the armchair and cushions necessary to Eastwood and his limp. Eastwood had greeted him with an expectancy, which he followed by a hesitation.

"You haven't read the papers this morning," he finally said. "Then, when do you—the next day? Well, the lode of the Little Dog mine has jumped off the claim. It busts Mab—complete. What do you think of that?"

"It will be forty-eight hours before I can begin to digest it," Kendry was frowning over his collar button. Eastwood fixed on him and began to stroke his double chin.

"Perhaps there's no reason why you should digest it," he said, with a touch of coolness. "But there's a reason for my wanting to put you the straight facts."

"Hand 'em out!" Kendry acquiesced. He seized his waistcoat. Eastwood swallowed his glass at a gulp and put it down with the mark of inquiry. Then he flushed; then he sighed. He tapped his boot with his stick.

"She came home to get individual possession of her share of the estate. She would have the mine. I told her what everybody knows about mines. But she wouldn't touch the real estate; the idea of a mortgage or two simply scared off her reason. And she would have the mine. It had taken a spurt and I didn't count the spurt in the valuations we made. It in-

creased forty per cent. in the clean-up, for two weeks; then the lode jumped into the next company's claim. She has left to her just that one unimproved piece backing yours on Mission Street," he paused, with an indefinite note of query. Kendry was filling his pockets.

"What is the moral effect of this going to be on Mary?" he seemed to have found something to say. Eastwood's head turned to him with a suddenness.

"I don't guess she's got 'round to the moral effect," he feelingly said. "*She's* camping on the financial effect! The moral effect on me, if you want to know, has been merry Hell! It's rung every bell in *her* chimes. I use the back stairs. But I'm not going to spread out on that; every woman keeps an angelic side for somebody, if he's nimble enough to chase the spot where it shines." He threw a jealous glance at Kendry's preparations. "I suppose it occurs to you that I'm going to do something for her?"

"I should hope so!" Kendry raised his brows, seeking his hat. He waited, ready to depart. Eastwood regarded him to a length that was interrogative, but he failed to penetrate the other's mind.

"Well, how much?" he voiced his dissatisfaction. "Why should the whole ton of bricks fall on me? The old man left my mother enough to live on quietly. He had a sneaking idea she'd marry again—I guess everybody knows that story. He left the rest to Mab and me. I've been saving up most of my income against a rainy day, and a family. Mab has shown me what it costs to keep a woman contented. She's been spending from sixteen to twenty thousand a year, keeping up that 'salon' in Paris; and I saw some people there that looked as if they would take five if they couldn't borrow five hundred. Mother has three thousand a year, and that is just what I've been allowing myself for my own expenses, and it's enough for Mab, as a single woman, and that's just what I'm going to give her!" he challenged, with visible effort. Kendry held his watch in hand.

"If you want my judgment, she can get along on that," he stared. Eastwood could not fathom him.

"She'll make a better married woman for the experience," he seemed to begin

to think aloud. "She'll come down and perch where she can be petted. Lord, how she does want to be petted, just about now! A couple of soft-boiled words"—he appeared to break the thread of his thoughts. "Old chap, don't let me keep you from more important matters. I'll finish my glass; you go on." Kendry nodded.

"I'll see Mary at the first opportunity," he started away. Eastwood stopped him with a rap of his stick on the table. He nervously suppressed a smile at space.

"At the first opportunity?" Kendry waited patiently. "Well, she's down in the reception-room waiting for me, of course," he drawled. It brought Kendry to a standstill.

"I'll take her with me," he announced. But his rapid steps in a moment returned along the corridor. "When did she get this news?" he inscrutably said, holding the door. Eastwood took a long breath.

"Oh, you've seen her since. It was after you left her, that day you got me into that hole in Chinatown. She hadn't been going to say anything about it, but they put that stuff in the paper. How long shall you be?" There appeared to be a definite purpose in Kendry's mind.

"I'll return here in just one hour and twenty minutes," he stated. Eastwood allowed himself an agreeable assumption.

"You talk like a business man!" his tone might have been taken to insinuate more. "On with the dance—I'll wait."

He waited, though he had received no answering gleam. Kendry wasn't very plump, he said to himself, comparing Kendry with his own amplitude; it was the result of an overworked conscience, or something. Kendry walked the world generally with a twinkle about his eyes, enough to denote good nature, but not enough to denote what Eastwood called good fellowship. You couldn't tell what Jack Kendry would do, he reflected, any more than you could have told what his father would do, even if it had been worth thousands to you. Still, it took all kinds of men to fit out the girls with something to love. Eastwood settled himself to see if he could get an image of Ethel Marr in a glass of brandy, and to wonder how she had so managed to climb up and pull the ladder after her.

Mary came forward with a sad little

meaning toss of the head. When she turned to look for a chair his hand restrained hers.

"Henry has told me the news," he said. "Will you drive with me? It will give me a chance to see you. There's something you can suggest my doing, perhaps, for a woman in misfortune—something you'd like to look back to." She was moving off with him mechanically while he spoke. She was unobtrusively proving, to the attracted eyes in the lobby, the imperturbability of a spirit whose pride was essential. Kendry had never seen her so richly, so almost noticeably dressed. Her glitter caught the attention of the people on the street and became for him something consciously to seem to ignore. It pointed to him, though not keenly against his major preoccupation, the change that had stolen over her since those first Paris days. It added to the incongruousness of their driving across into the less desirable residence quarter of the town. Her glance took in the cheap shops, the smoky tenements.

"If it's money, I'll give her some," she rather feebly said, "but I've quite run out of sympathy. When I'm in a mean street I get into a mean mood. And I've already been preparing myself to pick out a mean room on a mean steamer. I suppose the sooner we go, the better. What have you decided?"

She seemed to have lost substance; her voice lacked volume.

"You won't have a chance to give money," Kendry said. "But your sympathy will flow spontaneously, if you get this woman to talk. I wonder if you wouldn't be happier staying in California, at home in the big house?"

"That's just the sort of thing I didn't expect from you," she frowned. "It sounds too much like Hal. Please don't count up my jewelry and tell me what I could get for it. It isn't the money; it's the loss of one's even standing with one's friends. I'm sensitive on that. If you're not most careful I shall suspect a change even in you." The words seemed to fall against an austere semi-detachment on his part. Her look flattened to the long straight lines of dirty drab and yellow houses, of barren brief garden spaces, of false roof-fronts and dingy panes.

"I can't see what money has to do with our joint history," Kendry presently answered her. So right and so empty!—she might have told him. Well-fed, insolent children of the Republic were hanging on triumphantly behind the open carriage; he ought to have foreseen that, he ought to have chosen a closed one. They bounced through muddy holes and skidded along car tracks in and out among the trucks which contributed to the débris between the curbs.

"I don't see why you brought me here," she sighed. "Is it a prophecy in extension of what I'm coming to?" To her it was as if with stale habituation he had expected her remark.

"Because otherwise I shouldn't have the chance to see you to-day," he was kind. "Besides, you already see how fortunate you still are," he waved at the monotony that depressed her. "You'll get a new sense of proportion when you hear this woman's story. The man was going to marry her, but he's lost his grip. She's willing, but the sailor thinks he oughtn't to. Try to melt the poor creature," he coaxed.

Her faint responsive air lingered while his eyes were on her. They had come into the region of the most saloons, of the most second-hand furniture and clothing shops, where, by the merciful adaptiveness of human nature, the deepest indifference endured as to color, form or permanency. They ascended straight narrow steps above a locksmith's into a smell of cabbage. They waited mutely under curious eyes that peeped through the crack of double doors. The crowded upholstery fought the blue wallpaper, appealing to a precarious stand whereon a violet and orange bowl held pink paper flowers. The fat woman without a collar beneath her frowsy head brought down to them a woman of forty, thin and worn. Kendry disappeared whence she had come. Mary heard him gruffly greeted by the sailor. She sat gingerly on the sofa that mocked the shade of her gown. Mrs. Spiller was neatly mended and buttoned. She had pricked fingers and hollow eyes; she induced melancholy, taking note of Mary's clothes. It was a pleasant day, they agreed, looking to the hideous roofs refracted by the window glass. The woman's

mind seemed undetachable from the sound of masculine voices in the room above. Yes, she got good wages. Yes, she gave herself enough to eat; she didn't know why she shouldn't; some people ate too much, her eyes met Mary's for one instant. Her husband had died five years ago, and her only child had gone in the same year. Her face hardened. There was a long pause. The creature was inhuman, Mary flushed; and the carpet hadn't been swept. They were startled by the sailor's voice hysterically calling, "Mary!" The woman blanched; they came to their feet.

"He doesn't mean me?" Mary Eastwood stared.

"No," the woman scorned, running to the stairs. Kendry met her half way up, his hand raised to reassure her. For Mary the sight of him was a refuge to be sighed over. He was joyously benign, smiling down to Mrs. Spiller; the walls, the carpet, the cabbage, diminished to his supporting background. He was beautiful, Mary angered at her humbleness.

"Go up to him," he laughed to Mrs. Spiller. Mary moved as to depart.

"Wait," Kendry mischievously whispered. They were to see Mrs. Spiller returning in tears, blindly feeling for the balusters. It was painful to Mary; the woman had no handkerchief; she mixed her inarticulate sobs, her blessings on Kendry, with the back of her hand across her face. She hadn't dreamt of anything like this. They never would forget Mr. Kendry. She—she—Kendry patted her on the shoulder and bade her to return to that man above who would be on his feet in another twenty-four hours. Now the public carriage seemed luxurious; they could escape out of that doleful region.

"Have you given them a fortune?" Mary said. "That place was so smelly."

"They didn't need a fortune. He had lost his nerve; it was just what I have come out of, only worse. I gave him a job, and there's a house with it, and he's going to marry her to-morrow. Love and a cottage, you see, square everything."

"Ah, I grant you," she said. He seemed to linger long over the pleasure his visit had given him. They crossed the dividing street and came into a broad avenue that took on some grace as they progressed. She could not see why he should gaze with

such sentimental abstraction at the houses to her so familiar and ugly, and forward to those blue hill tops across the Gate. "Then this is the resurrection of the idea," she finally said. "And your wavering was only loss of nerve. And you'll stay here. And it seems to you that the idea and I can never be reconciled."

"This was hardly the idea in operation; it was making amends." They turned into her street. "As to plans, I have none—beyond the day after to-morrow," he said. "I have a rather important engagement with another man then, and I'm afraid it distracts me. You are not happy, are you, Mary?" he softened, seeking her eyes. She kept them up to him till she had made a moment different from any that had gone before.

"You are begging the question about the idea," she presently said. He twinkled.

"And if I should go back to it—full blast?" he asked. Her mind worked keenly.

"It will prove that you were right and that I was too scornful," she quietly turned away, looking into the faces of two friends she passed without recognizing. It was the unsaying of her old attitude, the end of her condescension. Something of her mystery evanesced with it. He felt the difference in their years; suddenly it was left an isolated fact by her earnest of a harmony in their minds.

"My own concerns aren't worth talking about," he more compassionately said. "I shall be thinking of yours."

The driver cast a glance behind him. Kendry went on to say that wealth was merely relative and that the body politic eventually would undertake to regulate its ownership. She half listened while he enlarged upon that. She was preparing the scene for their tea—not in that great cold room to which her own coldness so often had contributed, but on the balcony upstairs, under an awning warmed by the afternoon sun, and screened by plants. It was small and there were many cushions, and Hal and her mother would not be there. His present impersonal note was suited to the ears of the person on the box. This she could, by a word, a glance, cause to strike as she should wish it to. Kendry went ahead and rang the bell for her. When the door opened he held out his hand.

"You're coming in," she commanded.

"I absolutely must be at my rooms in five minutes," he sorrowfully showed his watch. "I'm moving on a schedule that I can't alter. Your brother is waiting for me."

"Telephone him," she said; "he's unimportant."

"That's what he'll think," Kendry laughed. "I shall have to tell him that I must run off again, at once." He pressed her fingers; they were limp. "I shall be more human after Thursday—if I'm alive, with this rush," he responded to her unspoken charge. It was not enough. She was taking it for granted that there never would be more, never enough.

"Good-bye," she dully said. The dullness remained, hardly yet enlivened by its coming glimmer of cynicism, while he ran down and took his seat in the carriage. It was in her poise, not so erect. Her clothes seemed to deride her. His present delinquency accused him as he waved adieu. He hurried his driver down the hill.

"Poor, dear Mary," he murmured. "But—not till after Thursday."

CHAPTER XXII

A SIMILAR EXCURSION

Eastwood appeared to have risen at the sound of his steps. He sought Kendry's eye, noted his breathing, his color, his cheerful greeting. Kendry pounced on his agent's yellow envelope.

"Well?" Eastwood finally said.

"Do pardon my rush," Kendry looked up. "I dropped your sister at her house," he added. Eastwood studied him.

"You dropped her at our house?" he presently voiced.

"Yes, you don't mind my reading this a moment?" Kendry said. The letter rustled in the silence.

"You dropped *her*?" Eastwood repeated.

"At your house," Kendry genially half returned to him. "Sit down." Eastwood slowly buttoned his coat.

"I guess I'll mosey along about my own particular damned business," he addressed the door. "Something more on your table." Kendry picked up the card of Miss Marr. "I thought I heard something begin to drop," Eastwood went on without

turning, "but I guess I'm a little too deaf in one ear. So long!"

Kendry restrained a disposition to snap his fingers at the closed door. If a growing understanding of her brother added to a knowledge of the thorns in Mary's new dependent situation, that was not a matter for one who, till Thursday morning, must look upon himself as dead. On Ethel's card she had written: "I will wait." She had come to try to dissuade him from meeting Paulter; it was natural; nothing else could have brought her to call on him. He must go down to her in the reception-room. There was the Pole, for whom the yellow envelope accounted; there was a will to write, and there was his day of lonely preparation on the mountain.

He stopped on the soft carpet in the corridor. Ethel was within the curtains, looking out of the window, doubtless in the expectation of seeing him return. It was not the familiar blue serge, the straw hat; there was an effect of line, of richness, of not wanting attention, but of being proof against it that carried him back to his first days with Mary. Only, the lines were softer, firmer, the poise more pliant—the uninvited, the inevitable contrast to Kendry of greater strength, sounder health, plus youth. It touched his generosity, his compassion for Mary, his rebellion against forces in themselves so heartlessly material. The girl felt his presence; he saw her coming to him without preliminaries, her eyes supporting the appeal that palpably stood upon her lips. He would be kind, he would be appreciative, but he would be firm and he must contrive to make it short. From some unseen source there darted between them Georgiana Baine.

"Oh, here we *all* are," she cried with fine surprise. "I did want to see you both," she began.

"And we both want to see you," Kendry forced her watchfulness back to himself. "You didn't leave me your address. You're to inspect a family of orphans with us, at once," he led them down the stairs. "Probably Miss Marr will need your professional knowledge. It's that Polish tailor; he had already lived too long in a cellar. He has left a widow and five children."

If Ethel was proof against the surprise in his statement her mildness, her acquiescence did not go to the length of applauding his

dissimulation. Georgiana cast sidewise glances at her in the carriage. Georgiana was willing to bet that she had ridden in one twenty times as often as Ethel Marr, and her protest at the girl's ease added something to the pink spaces on her creamy cheeks. Georgiana's skirt hung stiffly out over her yellow shoes, her hat stood up on the back of her head as if aloof from a worldly wickedness she could not help knowing of by hearsay. They were polite, but she felt out of company. But she guessed she could hold her own.

"I hope it's quite clear to you," Kendry said to Ethel. "You are to determine what ought to be done for these people. Georgiana," he strained it a little, "is to give us her hygienic advice. I am to furnish the funds. We act entirely under your orders," Georgiana missed his eye, "and you have *carte blanche* absolute."

"Even if it's the Polish tailor's family on Union Street?" Ethel said, noticing their direction. "I've long known them by sight. You won't think I'm doing too much for them—you've counted on my recklessness?"

"I pay," he bowed. He saw her imagination warming.

"There's the oldest girl," she said, "you must notice her." Then with a breath: "I've dreamt of such an opportunity, but I've never had one." The two others felt themselves dwarfed to her beside the importance of the event. "You've still a chance to make reservations." But he had the huge satisfaction of answering only with the muscles about his eyes. Georgiana was saying something about soap.

Except for one who could look with Ethel's memories to the top of the adjacent hill, the Latin quarter vibrated with more cheerfulness than that plane Kendry had visited with Mary Eastwood. There were wider spaces, bits of triangularity, and a remoteness from the greater manufactories. In the language of the shop signs, in the goods displayed, the dressing of the women, the voices, still lingered unassimilated bits of Mexico, of Spain, and of Italy and France. The population was less dense, more prosperous; roughly it represented the wine of the country as against the whiskey and the beer. That perhaps had attracted Pinewsky to his cellar apartment, to which, after some feet of corridor, the

entrance was by winding cement steps. In the corridor there was a trail of leaves and petals by which they could have found their way. Ethel stopped.

"It will be the idea," she said. "It will be the oldest girl. But the others—one's heart can't turn away."

"It was on account of one's heart that one was begged to come here," Kendry said, repaid by her flush. Eagerly she led the way.

She stopped on the bottom step, with only the light from the cellar illuminating her. A girl of twelve looked up from a battered book. The far ceiling stretched from a meager skylight at the rear to a transom obscurely on the level of the sidewalk. The child sat with her feet on the rung of her rawhide chair. Her skin was olive, she had deep brown eyes and much hair, but her features were not yet beautiful. The brightly aureoled vision under the arch above the step stood fixed on the child while she arose on her patch of carpet and laid her book on the high table, flattened at her place. This was not the kind of visitor that ever had entered here before.

"My father has been buried this morning," she explained, with a foreign turn to her "r's" and "s's." "We are not——"

"I know," the vision said. "It is very clean here, but you are soon to live in a better place." The utterance was more resonant, more liquid than had come down those cold steps from any thin American throat the child remembered.

"My mother is been taken to the hospital," her own voice was encouraged to match the lady's. "Three of them are gone to the convent. He and I are keeping the house," she pointed to a screen. There were bolts of cloth piled at the end of the table; the wall behind her hung with patched and pressed old clothes. "He is asleep now," the lady's eyes brought forth the child's confidence. "He cried a long time. He says he is not strong enough. It is because he is lame."

"And when he wakes," the lady spoke, "he'll hear news—that you are to leave here; that you are to go to school." The child's eyes opened.

"You said——"

"You are to go to school; you are not to sew at night and hurt your eyes; you are

not to worry about the cost of what you eat; you are to think only of growing big and strong."

The child's lips parted. The room was growing so big, herself so small. Her hand made a little movement forward as if inclined to test the reality of this vision. The dimmer figure of Georgiana seemed actual enough, and when Ethel began her approach the quality of the child's face dawned on Kendry's wonder. The smile, if it started at the young lips, called up every further vibrant faculty of countenance, of limbs, of torso.

"What orchestration—what a temperament!" he murmured, heedless of Georgiana's weight upon his shoulder.

"You used once to pass here! You have spoken to me when I did not understand English!" the child cried. "You—you say I am going to the school?" the words frightened her.

"There is some one who—even if he should die," the lady's voice strangely put it, "will see that you are educated and given a chance to develop all the power you have. Do you like that?" The orchestra suddenly stilled. She turned to the screen.

"I—I couldn't leave *him*," she shook her head. "He is lame."

"We shall see about that," the lady said. "Your brother shall go to school, too; and there will be many books, and a fireplace, and beds upstairs, and the sun through the window in the morning. It will be in the country."

The child tried to bring back the smile against her fluctuating color. But her mind galloped to the finish. She shook her head.

"There is my mother—and three children. She—she is always very pale. I could not go. But—but—" she gasped, pointing to the screen, "he is so clever. I have a temper; sometimes I am bad because the houses make me feel like prisons," her eyes glistened, her small chest heaved. "But he—" she whispered, "he is always good." All the elements of her smile reassembled in the voice of prayer: "Would you take him? He is lame."

"Listen," the lady held the child's head: "all six of you shall go to a house among trees. And there shall be a dog, and there shall be a cow, and it shall come true very soon. Do you believe me?"

The child touched the lady's hands; they were warm, soft, real. A real horse and cart clattered by beyond the slit of light at the sidewalk.

"Oh—oh!—" her face lit up, her thought spread forth through all her fiber. "He—he—" then, diminuendo: "must I tell to him, yet—"

"Why not?" But the child appealed anxiously to the screen.

"If you—if you went away," she managed to say, "if you did not come again, it would make him never happy," she held back tears. She was lifted to the table. They both faced Kendry. The eyes of Ethel Marr attacked him across that cold space.

"Ask this gentleman, for me, for you, with all your might, if he won't come to see you, early—very early—*Thursday* morning—like a good gentleman, like a sane gentleman, so that we all shall be happy." His glance was not forbidding, but the child could not speak. He was thinking how Ethel Marr had magnified since that first day on the mountain, as if the sun had shone upon an opening blossom.

"If I don't come, little girl, some one else shall, and everything this lady says shall be true, upon my word of honor." The child started, from the intensity within the encircling arm.

"We never asked you for anything before; we may never beg of you anything again, but we do beseech you to come on *Thursday*—early." Kendry shook his head.

"I can't alter my engagement. Do we look honest?" he came to the child. She nodded from conviction. "Tell me something else you'd like to have," he avoided Ethel's eye. The child thought. Her short skirt had been tailored from some man's abandoned coat.

"Will there be a piano?" she trembled.

"Oh, not only a piano—but some one to teach you to play it." She laughed and gave him all her confidence.

"It is for him. I will sing in grand opera; he will play for my learning, and to be my manager," she laughed, with the prophecy ringing true in the laughter.

When the colossal beings moved out of the room they left the child warming the largest gold coin of the realm in her moistening palm.

"You might have said so beautifully that you'd come," Ethel spoke. But she did not wait for his answer. "Will you go to the country with them; will you look out for them?" she said to Georgiana.

"Lord, no," Georgiana breathed. "It's stupid enough in town, for me. Besides, I couldn't get on with that girl; she's like a theater." Kendry looked at his watch.

"You'd like to be driven to the ferry?" he asked them. Ethel unhappily sought his eye.

"Heavens, if you two want to drive there together, don't fuss about me," Georgiana's giggle ascended. It caused Ethel to push her toward the carriage step. Kendry said he must return to his rooms by the quicker electric car. The girl leaned out to him, mutely beseeching; forgetting Georgiana, perhaps forgetting herself. But he moved away.

He had withstood her. It seemed impossible, it seemed brutal; but it was true. He was not a live man; not yet—perhaps not ever. If she was magnificent; if Mary Eastwood, thinly diaphanous in the light that shone from Ethel Marr, was by so much more entitled to his generosity, his stepping to her rescue—they belonged together in one category. It would not do to think. Thinking might make him fatally yearn to live.

CHAPTER XXIII

KENDRY'S WILL

Toward eleven that evening the messenger who brought him a letter from Mary Eastwood would not wait for an answer. Kendry did not break the seal. The letter could contain nothing he should be able to answer prior to Thursday. But though he had a vision of its being found on his body and read by vulgar eyes, he could not add it to the heap of smoldering papers in his fireplace. He put it in his pocket. If it contained a feminine negation of her attitude in the afternoon, according to what she considered that to have been, then her attitude at their next meeting might be another negation, canceling the first. From another source there had been a communication:

"DEAR JACK: My life depends on you. I hope you will come direct to my room at not later than eleven to-night.

MARIE DE FONTENOT."

To which he had shrugged and tossed it into the flames. But he would go. Except for the provisions covering the future of the sailor and the Polish family his will had made no progress. He had dressed for the mountain. He took up his light marching kit. He would not return to his rooms. As soon as circumstances permitted he would cross the bay and disappear into the wilderness until the appointed hour.

Marie de Fontenoy peeped at him through the narrowest slit of the door before she stood behind it for his entrance. She wore a gown of purple brocade, with ornaments in the fashions of the seventies. Her false front stood memorially on her forehead; there were little bristles on her chin; her figure was of a corpulence drowning femininity. She locked the door, thrust a lighted cigar into her mouth, extended her hands with a cordiality that in China would have been considered immodest and hysterical.

"The perfumery is stronger than the cigar," Kendry said. "Of course, if you *will* be a joke, I can smile. You're a sort of walking pun on yourself. But I like to take my friends seriously."

"*Alors*," said Chan Kow, "seriously take me to where I shall not be coughing in a hangman's noose. They accuse me of those dollars, of that dead monkey you found on my floor. I am 'wanted.' But I am innocent; therefore I must sublime. Will you whisk me into Marin County in a horseless wagon?"

"I will," said Kendry. "I will consider the morality of the act after it is performed. But an automobile, at this hour——"

"Awaits!" Chan Kow lightly sang. "I took the liberty of ordering it in your name." He locked a portmanteau; he made no subtraction from the elaborate array of articles on his bureau; a drawer carelessly open was full of ribbons and laces. He touched a match to the alcohol beneath a pair of silver curling tongs. He jammed on a leather cap and tied a double veil over his face, hiding his eyes and his diamond earrings. The table was arranged with French newspaper and novels,

and an open box of chocolates. He gave the portmanteau into Kendry's hand. "*Mon cavalier!*" he explained.

"This is my last appearance in any such rôle as this, *ma belle Marie*," Kendry hid his discomfort. "Sabbee?"

"We meet again in Paris," Chan Kow nodded, "at the opera, as gentlemen. I, perhaps, with a dash of rouge on my cheek."

They left the room lighted, a needless fire in the grate, the alcohol burning under the tongs. A fat pug dog lay asleep at the foot of the bed, as unalert as if Chan Kow had drugged it. The great lady took Kendry's arm along the arcaded corridor, her bulk explaining her tottering gait on high heels; her jingle of gold bracelets, her pervading musk, her glint of rings at the end of her silk mitts excusing to the hotel world her want of comeliness. On the ground floor they avoided the open area where the lounging spaces were. They came out by a side entrance. The man who had brought the automobile saluted Kendry with recognition; other than him there were no interested spectators to so commonplace a departure from that large hostelry. They flew toward the ferry, the ugly details of the wide street lost in darkness deepened by rows of inadequate gas lamps and the glare of the headlights from the cable cars. The buildings softened against the sky of a mild night in the grateful surcease of the day's commotion. Chan Kow had settled himself in the rear seat, an appropriately characterless figure. Kendry did not speak until they had locked wheels on the deck at the stern of the ferry-boat and were safely in the stream. Chan Kow did not respond. With the colored lights of the water-front gleaming behind him and the illuminated outlines of the hill where, like a Buddhist tocsin echoing among Christian spires, he had spent so many profitable, sensual, dangerous years, Chan Kow was ingenuously snoring.

Kendry paced beneath the stars. The dark summits of all the mountains held in his thoughts. Dying would bring removal of all these boundaries, with such infinite diffusion of spirit over space as to make further consciousness seem improbable. But his reverie was not melancholy; he had asked for something to do and destiny had confronted him with Thursday morning.

In the face of dissolution all values altered. He believed himself content. He guided the car in the wake of the last passengers off the boat. In fifteen seconds they were out of sight of it. He went at thirty miles around broad curves into the deserted country road.

"I beg you to teach me the control of this monster," Chan Kow said, a few miles farther. He was exchanging his pointed slippers for a pair of boots. "Seeing me carried like this, as on a noisome cloud, would curl up the spirits of my ancestors. I shall ask to drop you in some convenient place; then I shall continue alone, till the 'devil' underneath us throws me into the ditch, which I understand is the inevitable end of enjoying this pleasure, as with many others. I hand you here a check on my Paris bank, to pay the owners."

He conservatively maneuvered under Kendry's direction, a determined, but not so apt a pupil as one might have expected.

"Now I will nap again till you have passed San Rafael," he yielded the wheel. "I have promised myself to deliver your friend Collins, including his great ears, to the Sheriff of Marin County before sunrise. I hope he is sleeping as soundly as this motion invites me to."

They echoed through the streets of sleeping San Rafael and presently ran steeply down into a region between the foothills of the sea-ridges and the long spread of marshes bordering the upper waters of the bay. The hills rose suddenly out of the flats, sleekly rounded in their folds, covered with grass, but mainly with no other vegetation than a rare clump of eucalyptus or an indigenous oak at some chance height, black and domed in the night. In the middle of a straight stretch of road Chan Kow pressed Kendry's shoulder.

"Let us halt and smoke."

"And discuss the effect of my being called into court and telling all I know about this," Kendry said. He shut off his spark. The stars and the two red points of their cigars stood out together. The other human sign intermittently was that of a shifting engine beyond the hills. "Did you murder that old man?" Kendry said. Chan Kow's interior seemed to have filled with smoke, awaiting this question. He cocked his feet on his portmanteau.

"Ting Lee went into the jewelry business with my capital," he said. "He always honestly paid me half of his profits. They became large. Paulter bought bullion and secretly shipped it to them from the East; Ting Lee manufactured a little jewelry and that ex-convict Kelly-Collins made many beautiful silver coins. I long suspected it; Paulter knew it. Paulter wanted to increase his returns; he debased some of the silver; you remember their quarrel. It was I who settled that, by sending back his bonds. But, because you had come to see me, Ting Lee and Paulter and Collins unceasingly suspected that I was under pressure to betray them. The man shot in the theater was one of my household they had made a spy of. The fatal stratagem of Ting Lee, following that, showed the decay of a once fertile brain. He presented me with a bottle of a liquor he greatly praised. He insisted on opening it for me; so that I brought him a circular tray with two glasses. He was too gracious—he even went so far as to say that the liquor was to celebrate the end of our first misunderstanding. For me it was then only to divert him with pretexts until the opportunity arrived for me to shift the tray. I drank and he suspected me until I began to show signs of suffering. Then he drank and my suffering suddenly ceased and we looked into each other's eyes, with his beginning to enlarge. While he writhed on the floor I composed a poem which it is a pity I cannot translate into French or English. Then I thought of the inopportuneness of that death—it's proving to the others that I knew what to expect from them. I did not wait for your visit; I could not seek you, for you had gone with Collins—I learned where. I took the first boat across the bay the next morning and had the honor of bringing home the laundry to Miss Marr. It was a pleasure to confirm one's opinion of so perfect a product of humanity. I said what caused her to persuade Paulter to go and release you from that death. Had I gone myself probably I never should have ridden in the *Champs Elysée*. My cigar is out."

"I hope," said Kendry, "that I now am saving your neck. Do you realize what it must have cost her pride to appeal to that man for me?"

"I believe I know what pain it would

have cost her not to succeed," Chan Kow said. "But you still live, and a mighty force beats within her breast—equal to all your powers of mind and body and soul—the marvel of the world. To which may your wisdom lead your appreciation."

"What an extraordinary composition you are, sir," Kendry sighed. "Why do you now risk your liberty, perhaps your life, pursuing Collins? With your standpoints what have you to gain beyond the petty vengeance of jailing this man?" Chan Kow exhaled at the North Star.

"Collins will be dreaming in one of those cañons," he said. "The moon will be shining through the holes in his window-shade. The cabin is off the road in dense brush and oaks. Collins will awake to a falsetto scream, a falling body against his door. He will have been a week without seeing a mortal. After a long silence he will open the door. On the step—petticoats—the age obscured by the folds, the beauty of the female hidden by a veil. If he does not shoot, he will stoop down to that veil. And I will bind him like a pig and leave him at the Sheriff's door, with the circular of the Treasury Department pinned on his breast, showing his likeness and his history——"

"Alive?"

"You are thinking what an uproar he will make, shouting my name while I am guiding this devil-go around the corner? But he will not have seen my face; he will have only felt my needle pumping through his skin, and the morphine will make him warm and happy, like that fat dog we left on the bed." He sighed comfortably and stretched his legs. "As you say, however, there is no satisfaction in all that, for mere enmity's sake—if it succeeds. But to me, now, a new experience is worth the risk of one's life. I have tasted poverty and wealth, slavery and domination, love and disillusionment, debauchery and asceticism, friendship and homicide, philosophy-to-optimism and philosophy-to-despair. For you, *mon brave*, and for that lovely coppery hair and morning eyes, it was left to show me what she calls your idea. If, as I think, you have invented it, that is because you were born in the Western Hemisphere, upside down. For you the idea is to build up the beautiful; for me it is to destroy the hideous. In either case it is a dedica-

tion of one's more lasting self to the great whole, asking no return but the satisfaction of one's spiritual intellect. It is a new religion without a god—happy thought! For no one can ever take its name in vain, or weakly shift responsibility on it, or suffer with fear of it, or seem to compromise with it by saying words. Exit Collins from a bettered world, or exit Chan Kow. I see signs of the moon. Have I said enough?" The steely-blue reflection from the zenith was deepening shadows on his great countenance framed in the veil. The man was at least seventy, Kendry looked at his hard flesh.

"You are stupendous," Kendry sighed. "If I could understand why you flee, being innocent, I should be at peace with you."

Chan Kow made no answer. When they were ready to start he said:

"Should you like to ride to your wedding in an automobile constructed in Chinatown?"

"I should probably ride to a broken neck," Kendry said, in English. "You Chinese are no mechanics."

"But long before Byzantium we were administering courts of law," Chan Kow smoked. "Hence I, a Chinaman, prefer not to ride in your mechanical car of justice."

They skirted the northeasterly end of the slopes that came down from the flanking summits next the mountain. The moon ascending silhouetting the line of eminences on the San Pablo shore, silvering the winding waterways of the marshes. They scuttled like some fiery incongruous insect with a hundred hasty legs. At length Chan Kow stopped him.

"Presently there is a cross-road, and a house. Shall we part here, you for your road to the mountain?"

"Why do you assume that I'm bound there?" Kendry said.

"From which of the two ladies have I a letter, begging me to dissuade you from this affair with Paulter?"

"It might be from either, if both knew," Kendry somewhat shortly said.

"Both do. I informed Miss Eastwood; it was but fair. But I have destroyed the letter. Do not suspect that I shall interfere. I shall be zig-zagging toward Paris, possibly infected with this mad motor-car disease." He put on a belt with a holster

and covered himself with an opera cloak. "If you kill Paulter, I trust to nature and the curve of that willow waist. If he kills you—*mon Dieu*, you have been young, well fed—and let us rejoice that your death will simplify the life of her who carries the torch of perfection." He alighted in his grotesque garb whose existence he seemed to have forgotten. "The greatest fact for me is that your father was my friend, that I am yours, and that perhaps you will become mine," he offered his hand. "Tonight—sleep! That is the secret. When you meet Paulter, let *him* talk. Your eye, not on his eye—that is romance, the theater. Your eye on the lower button of his waistcoat, your breathing full as may be—six shots and save one. A bad toothache is worse than the pain of giving up the ghost. No stimulants! Learn how much your pull deflects your aim."

"I am your friend," Kendry gripped him, spare and straight against the broad round-shouldered figure. "If I live, test me." The old man's eyes glowed with approval, with understanding, with fidelity. "The idea will test us both," he said. "The idea came out of your learning the uses of wealth, its formula. When you have learnt the uses of love, and have learned its formula; when you are as rich in love as now you are in money, then that little surplus aspiration that remains will grow and strengthen for the service of the idea. *Adieu!* If any man's god will make witness to me I will worship that god in your favor." He jerked forward and disappeared over a rise in the road, his veil blowing behind him, his ability to guide the machine at such a pace a matter for conjecture. Kendry turned off to the byroad toward the mountain.

Mary's note, then, had been to dissuade him. It justified his not opening it. At last he was alone, with nothing before him until Thursday at dawn. A day and two nights would evolve the matter of his will. At present he watched the long shadows of the eucalypti bordering the way, letting his mind restfully wander. Wandering, however, it sought no new fields; presently it gravitated to an ancient theme. There with unhampered activity it fastened upon a contrast of amber hair and chestnut, then on twenty other contrasts, less of chance and more of essence. But his will pre-

sided. He found a new balance—it was just, it was comprehensive, it was liberating. His fortune should be divided equally between Mary Eastwood and Ethel Marr, each to administer according to her light. Surely now he could sleep.

He climbed a steep hillside and came under the spreading gnarled branches of an oak that swept the ground. It was dark in the shadows. Its outlook, through the leaves, was only to other hillsides, other oaks and the stars beyond. He lay with his hands behind his head. The air was soft, dry, still. The solitude, the vacancy, were part of his mind. What he in the embodied spirit might have done for Mary Eastwood, for Ethel Marr, not even they could have foretold. What the money could restore to Mary, what it could hold forth for Ethel Marr, he foresaw. The solution was so exact, so auspicious, so poetic that it seemed to make superfluous the day before the dawn of Thursday. It was *the* solution. It made John Kendry superfluous too. It was the beginning of a loneliness.

CHAPTER XXIV

ETHEL'S PLAN

At the gate Ethel listened for sounds from Paulter. Apparently he was not about the house. There was a maturer shadow at her mouth. She glanced to her window and to the fence of wire and charred lath that divided the small garden from refuge beyond. The lamp on the set dinner table in the living-room limned her mother at the doorway, in her gray gown and in her shawl. The girl approached her with a bunch of violets.

"I ate on the boat; I was late and I wanted to be away from Georgiana Baine," she said to the relaxed face that would not look at her and would not respond. Her mother moved onto the veranda, drew up her shawl. The city was a distant glimmer. "I went to see Mr. Kendry," Ethel continued behind her, less with the freshness of her greeting. "I have promised to care for some orphans for him. I shall be busy. Where is Arthur?"

"He just went out," her mother colorlessly said. The girl let the violets fall to her side. She made her way to her room.

Some time elapsed before she returned in slippers and in a calico gown, her sleeves rolled up. She began clearing the table, changing the cloth, leaving the violets in a vase. Her mother's thin fingers gripped the doorposts.

"You didn't tell *me* you were going there; you didn't go to see him about orphans." The girl drew up as if to the lash upon wounded shoulders.

"Mother, you know why I went. Arthur isn't concealing anything from you. I hoped I could stop them. I didn't succeed." The hands left the doorposts to clasp each other.

"It will be Arthur—I know it will be Arthur," her mother moaned. "Why did you go to that man—why didn't you come to *him*? If you would say one word to Arthur!" The girl straightened her arms.

"Why haven't you said that word?" she approached her. "Why do you call on me when it is I who ought to look to you? I am your daughter; why have you let this man pursue me into our own house, when I loathe him and when he has brought us to this unbearable pass? Mother, why do you stand away from me so?"

A half smile, as if from the sweet taste of self, mixed with the bitterness of her mother's tone. "You'll try to lay it on me," she said. "You won't say the word that would keep him away from that man. You want him to be killed."

"Ah, what possible word can I say to him?" her daughter deepened.

"You could show him some condescension, some gratitude for all the things he has done for us——"

"Things against my will, against my begging him——"

"Then things he has done for me," Violet Marr took her opportunity. "*He* sometimes thinks of *me*. I have some value in his eyes; every day I have less and less in yours. He's much more like my son than you are like my daughter," she pressed the thin hair from her temples. The girl drew in her breath.

"Would you say that if you realized that it might be true?" she uttered with awe. "If *you* feel that way do you dream of its wretchedness for me? Mother!" she tried to compel the mouth that flickered between aggrivement and the pleasure it took in the effect it had produced. The girl stood

suspecting herself of a vitality, of a heart, opposed to one who sought to fasten on them; to fasten on them with feeble tendrils that pleading for mercy's sake not to be torn, mercilessly planned an aggregate that should crush her power to expand. The echo of their words horrified her. "Mother, I haven't been forgetting you today. You saw the violets; you turned away from me when I came with them. I think Mr. Kendry is going to marry Miss Eastwood. Nothing but my sense of being responsible for Arthur's hatred of him would have made me call there. Won't you give me your eyes, mother?" The gray gown passed in front of her; the once shapely hand took to smoothing a tiny wrinkle in the cloth.

"What did he say?"

"Georgiana Baine was there. But I said what he quite understood. He has taken too many affronts from Arthur; they've gone down too deep in him; he merely said that he would not break his engagement for Thursday morning." The fingers drew up the cloth.

"He *means* to kill him," her mother said between her teeth. Ethel stood behind her; the light shone through her mother's thin nostril; the room took on a foreignness, a hostility. Her mind went back to the reception-room where she so long had waited.

"Or else to *be* killed," she corrected. The pale blue eyes shot at her.

"I've seen him; *he* doesn't mean to be killed; he's planned it all out. He's not hot-blooded like Arthur; he's calculating like his father; he's cold, like your father, like you. Suppose Arthur does kill him?" she was inspired. "It will be for lack of one touch, one endearment, from you." The girl stared with widened eyes.

"Do you mean, mother, that you would have me marry him?" she said. Violet Marr again turned from her.

"If he *thought* you were going to, he'd stay away from the mountain, he'd do anything. Even without your actually saying you would," she heard her words, and flushed. The girl did not respond. Once after the heat of an angry passage between them the girl had told herself that there had been a degree of maturity beyond which her mother's mind never had passed. Now the truth of it was weighing on her.

Violet Marr smoothed the cloth. "I couldn't stand the scandal, the publicity of it," she began to moan. "I'm not like you." Her daughter was motionless. The tick of the clock became exasperating. "I know I shall never live through this—I know I shall die—up there alone," she began to sob. Ethel followed and put an arm about her.

"Mother," her changed voice came close to the older woman's ear, "you must tell Arthur that he can't live here any more. We haven't time to discuss it. He must understand that he is to leave our house and you and I are going to another part of the world; that he will never see us again; that it is needless for him to continue his quarrel with Mr. Kendry. Will you do the only thing that may save them both—the only thing that ever can make us happy together?" Her mother's shoulders worked to be free; the girl shuddered but withheld her. "Don't you see how you and I can come together again, in our own little home, away from him? I shall work; I shall be able to have you a servant. We can read; we'll go to the theater; we'll drive sometimes—you know you love those things. Mother—say you will, now, to-night." Her mother laid a finger on her open lips.

"He's coming," she panted. The girl clung to her with both arms.

"You can say yes or no, mother," she stifled a sob. She kissed the cheek as she had kissed it in the midnight terrors of young childhood. "I'll give you all my love, mother. Tell him. Say yes." There were steps on the veranda. Violet Marr extricated herself.

"He'll hear you," she whispered. The girl stood away from her. The light betrayed their agitation. Paulter examined them.

"What's up, mother?" he said. They were silent. Ethel did not acknowledge his presence. The new shadow deepened about her mouth. "What's up in our happy boarding-house?" his jocularly mixed with a touch of sarcasm. Ethel took the lamp.

"I'll tell you presently," she said, ignoring her mother's protest. She left them in semi-darkness while she appeared to be trimming all the other lamps, beyond the half-closed kitchen door. Paulter whistled

and ascended to change his clothes. When he brought down his own lamp to her she was washing the dishes, in her rubber gloves. Paulter stretched himself on the lounge, in his carpet slippers. His hair was oiled and pasted down over the top of the abrasion from Kendry's door. He waited, ready to wink reassurance to Mrs. Marr, but she would not meet him, and the work in the kitchen drew out.

"This don't phase *me*," he undertoned. Then he whistled and pretended to read a newspaper. He wanted to know what new thing had happened, but he could get on without saying so. They need not think he had been moping that day. He had been at the races; he had lunched with two affable ladies and his bets had paid for the lunch. If the ladies were not her kind, their responsiveness made up for it, and he knew what they were and they knew what he was, and they knew just how far any woman or any man could go with him. Violet Marr did not approve of the races and he never expatiated on them to her. She disliked tobacco smoke and he could point to a good many times when he had deferred to her in that. Now, however, he was about to see if there was a cigar left in his case, when Ethel reappeared. She tried to breathe as usual. She took strong hold of the back of a chair.

"I was begging my mother to ask you to live somewhere else," she said. "You came back before she could answer me." Paulter did not meet her forced gaze. He put his hands in his pockets and fixed on her mother.

"Well, ma, why don't you answer?" he said. They gave her time; she painfully blinked at the floor.

"I shall take no answer to mean no, mother," Ethel said. Paulter chuckled.

"I guess if she wanted me to go she'd find a way to let me feel it. Maybe she'll find out that you spent the afternoon with *him*, and tried to make somebody else take a job in the country so that *she'd* be out of the way. It's about time there was some man willing to look after you, and it ain't every man that will do it and take his pay in hard words." She did not flinch.

"You've been down to see Georgiana Baine."

"Yes," he rose to the challenge. "And if you knew as much as she does about

looking out for yourself she wouldn't have been able to blab. Oh, I size her up, don't worry?"

"Mother answers no," Ethel resumed, able to free herself from the chair. "She hasn't the courage to ask you to go. Now, I ask you to go. There is a hotel near the station. Will you go to-night?" He angrily felt his color change. "You are coming between me and my mother; you make me live under a cloud of self-consciousness; I'm like a plant in a cellar here. I want you to go. Will you oblige me?" The sofa was low and Ethel was tall, but his wish to show no perturbation kept him from altering her advantage. He pointed his finger.

"Say, who paid for those clothes you wore to-day?" he hoarsely said. "The money came in a letter from 'Mooseer de Prayless'—something. And who is he? He never saw Tahiti, and I can prove it. He's a Chinaman and his name is Chan Kow; and he wouldn't throw you money for nothing, would he? Who would? Why, his bosom friend, Jack Kendry; he paid for your clothes. And you went up to him to-day as much as to say: 'Well, here I am in 'em, and what next?' That's all. If she wants to chuck me out of her house, she can." He had missed his mark.

"Mr. Kendry isn't the kind of man who does that sort of thing," Ethel said.

"Oh, that amount wouldn't be a gnat-bite to him," Paulter sniffed.

"You miss the essence," her quiet cut him. "He wouldn't put me under such an obligation, against my knowledge, my wish. That would be more like you. Will you go now?" she gained in presence. Paulter tossed to the end of the sofa.

"Will I go," he said, "just so you can steal up there and be with him on Thursday morning and spoil the game? Say," he lowered, "I'm going to fill that guy so full of lead that he won't float on ice. If you don't want to marry him, why are you so pale?" Her hands came back to the chair.

"Then you refuse to go?" she ominously said. Her mother cried out as if in pain.

"I asked you to coax him," she said, "and you say everything you can to make him want to go to that man and be shot. You sha'n't drive him out of the house at midnight."

"Then, mother, I shall go myself," Ethel drowned her. "I shall never live with you until you are done with him. Good-bye." She was bareheaded, her slippers were thin; her throat was exposed. She started for the door. Her mother gasped her name. Paulter was before her.

"You stay here," he said, with the key of the locked door in his hand. He hurried to the door of the kitchen, his eyes upon her. She had made no effort to pass him; she might have seemed to less excited eyes more closely watching her effect on him than planning for herself. Paulter locked the windows; they could not be opened noiselessly. "You sit down and stay a while," he said. "Your mother says I don't pet you up enough. Well, I've said all the cold words I wanted to say. Now I'll be pleasant, whether you are or not." The girl, least agitated of the three, went to her mother.

"He's committing a crime," she stated. "I'm of age and no one has a right to deprive me of my liberty. I shall find a way to go. Do you realize the situation?" Her mother burst into tears.

"It's horrible," she made her way to the stairs. "Neither of you thinks of me. I won't stay to hear you quarrel—I can't stand it." She was without her lamp, but they heard her shut her door. It, too, the girl thought she heard, was being locked against her. That drew on her. Paulter laughed.

"Now, say," he whispered, "I know as well as you when a hen hatches a duck. If you knew how much I was on your side, you old handsome——" It brought her to remember how rarely her mother had left her entirely alone with him. She sought the piano. "Sure—whoop her up!" he praised the move, his eyes on the full softness of her throat. He threw himself into the armchair and searched for his cigar case. It was empty and while her fingers ran over the keys he glanced at the stairs. She began playing snatches from his whistling repertory of popular airs, mocking them with the grandeur of her accompaniment.

"I've just burnt up all the tobacco in the house," she collectedly said. "I'll send you the equivalent when I have left here. I was looking forward to this and

I didn't want you to be filling the house with smoke all night."

"Oh, it's all night," he cheerfully said. "You think I've got to smoke to live. Just watch me."

He feasted his eyes. It didn't need any Georgiana Baine or any coffee to keep him awake to-night, he chuckled, putting together the detached items of Georgiana's half confidences about Kendry. Not to smoke made him sleepy as a rule, but the man who couldn't sit, to any length of time, before that swaying waist, that tumbled hair, that clear browned skin of neck and arm—his name wasn't Paulter. His imagination, unsoothed by its habitual narcotic, warmed with the sight of her and with the advancing of the hour. Her mother's tread was no longer heard.

"This is like married life," he laughed. She leaned from the keys and tossed her head at him and smiled—actually smiled, he repeated to himself.

"Love in a cottage," she said, her hair a little more disordered, her knee rising with the pedal. Her eye, while, for lack of knowing the words, she hummed the vapid sentimental song of the moment, seemed to linger where she best could be aware of him. And the look about it was almost wicked. By God, the man silently slapped himself, women were strange beings! She broke into an air he was certain she never had heard sung on the stage; its invitation, its suggestion, if it had come to her, must have come through the music. He came to his feet.

"Say, you could just tie me up with a string and dangle me on your finger, if you wanted to," he emphasized, his knee against the piano stool. The girl jumped up and took the lamp.

"The oil's out," she laughed. He was ahead of her with the key to the kitchen. He gallantly took the lamp from her hand.

"The prima donna don't fill any lamps in this show," he said. He opened the door to the rear veranda, where the oil can was. The girl strolled back to the living-room. The can was empty. He heard her leisurely ascend the stairs. There was no more oil to be found. He heard Ethel lock herself into her room.

It made him dash around to beneath her window. She was just lighting her lamp.

"Going to bed?" he said.

"I shall stay here till you've fallen asleep for lack of tobacco," she closed the window and drew the shade. His disillusionment was as if she had thrown cold water down on him. He gave a hard laugh.

"Will I?" he said.

He hurried back to the kitchen. The lamp showed that there was no other oil can hidden there. He could hear her walking about in her room. There was no oil in any other lamp. There was no candle and no matches, save what he had in his pocket. He risked the ascent to his room—he could hear if she opened her window. There was neither tobacco nor lamp. If he slept, she was going to steal out. She must think he was easy! He would stay awake till Thursday morning, if necessary, and then she couldn't beat him up that steep trail. He chuckled his scorn.

He went alertly back to the kitchen. She had forgotten the oil stove—there was enough fuel in it to boil a little water. Coffee, of course! He searched the cupboards by its light. There was no coffee and there was no tea. All right. There was an Arthur Paulter. She'd have a chance to get acquainted with him.

He couldn't remember a shred of tobacco in any pocket; he couldn't recall where he had abandoned a half-smoked cigar. He came out on the gravel walk again. Her light burned. He was accustomed to late hours, and she wasn't, he reflected. She would read and that would make her eyes heavy. There was just one more thing he wanted to know. He stole back. He once had given her a pistol, the year when the pistol had come back to dispute the field with the revolver. It was his first and only gift. It had rather pleased her, but it had frightened her mother. In the new house they had agreed that it should remain untouched in a cupboard of its own.

It was gone. All right—he wasn't going to climb up a ladder to her window and have her say she had thought he was a burglar. He would settle himself for a test of endurance, and she should not have the satisfaction of hearing from him.

The moon was rising. It made the shadows of the living-room gloomy to one whose eye must not close. He placed a table across the foot of the stairs and piled it high with books in unstable equilibrium. He put on his overcoat and brought out a stool to the veranda. Even if he were foolish enough to risk running down to the village after cigars, the stores would be closed and deserted. On the stool, without a back, if he went to sleep he would fall, and that would awaken him.

But for some hours he had no further tendency toward sleep. He was not used to solitude, to self-contemplation; they made him melancholy, they brought a kind of fear. She was up there and he was out in the moral cold. He wasn't making good with her. He could have been at the Golden Bow-wow, in town, with a fat cigar in his teeth and a drink at hand and some one trying for all she was worth to make good with him. Instead he sat here with not even the old hen poking her head out to commiserate him. Here he was, going up against a man that would land him in a mahogany overcoat if he wasn't quick enough—and what was A. Paulter going to get out of that, either way? Say, had the two of them planned this out together? Was Kendry off in the woods somewhere? He put his pistol in his overcoat pocket. Let him come. He began pacing up and down the veranda, stopping at the sound of a night bird, a prowling dog. There was wearily no sign from above. Her light shone mysteriously on her white curtain.

(To be continued.)





DUCK ON DAVY—"Why don't yer ketch 'im, Skinny!"

Drawing by Worth Brehm.

PHOTOGRAPHING "PRAIRIE PIGEONS"

BY HERBERT K. JOB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



IN late April or early May, when the rich black soil has thawed at the surface, the settler of the northwest prairies goes forth to plow. The warm season is short, and his tillage vast, so he delays not for wind or storm. One day he is dark as a coal-heaver, when the strong winds which sweep almost ceaselessly over the prairie hurl upon him avalanches of black dust. Next day, perchance, in a driving storm of wet snow he turns black furrows in the interminable white expanse, his shaggy fur coat buttoned close around him. Then comes a day of warm sunshine, when, as he plows, he is followed by a troupe of handsome birds which some might mistake for white doves. Without sign of fear they alight in the furrow close behind him and, with graceful carriage, hurry about to pick up the worms and grubs which the plow has just unearthed. Often have I watched the plowman and his snowy retinue, and it appeals to me as one of the prettiest sights which the wide prairies can afford. No wonder that the lonely settler likes the dainty, familiar bird, and in friendly spirit calls it his "prairie pigeon."

It is indeed a beauty, a little larger than a domestic pigeon, with white plumage, save for the grayish mantle, as it were, on the back, the dark slaty head and neck which make it appear to wear a hood, and the black-tipped wings. It often passes very near, and one can see that the white breast and under parts have a beautiful, delicate rosy blush, which can be likened to that of the peach blossom. In reality

it is no pigeon at all, but a gull, one of several rosy-breasted gulls of the northern regions, the Franklin's gull, so named in honor of the arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin, or, as the earlier writers called it, the Franklin's rosy gull.

In Audubon's time few white men had penetrated "the great American desert" or seen this handsome rosy gull, which only recently Dr. Richardson had discovered in the "fur countries." Audubon himself had never met with it alive, and has no picture of it in his great work, describing it from the only two stuffed skins available, brought from the Saskatchewan country, probably by some explorer or fur-trader. But now the billowy prairies are settled, and thousands of farmers know well the bird which the indefatigable ornithologist was then unable to meet.

It is no wonder that this bird is of special interest in the region where it is known. Its tameness and familiarity are delightful, especially to those who are isolated on remote claims in the more newly settled parts. In abundance, too, it is one of the few species which could even suggest the numbers, at times, of the lamented wild or passenger pigeon, now all but extinct. In the cold days of spring in North Dakota I have seen the air fairly full of them, settling in acres upon the dark, cold prairie, as though a snow-storm were in progress. In one case this was within a few miles of where I afterward found an enormous breeding colony.

Another attractive element about this bird is its restlessness and mysteriousness. It is nearly always on the move. Faintly come the cries as of a distant flock of wild geese or a pack of hounds. Louder and



The prairie pigeons were rising with loud screams and wheeling to meet us, with the sun shining on their white plumage and rosy breasts.

louder grow the voices, and presently the undulating line appears and leisurely yet steadily sweeps by, whither bound who can tell. Often have I wished I could follow and learn their secret. But wherever I might drive I would see their lines still on the move. Where there is a marshy lake they may often be seen, at times in large numbers hovering over the rushes or grass, throwing up their wings to settle down, presently to come fluttering up again, parties frequently leaving to straggle over the prairie, and others arriving, probably passing to and from their distant breeding-ground.

Of these unique birds but very little has been known until within recent years, and most of the works on ornithology have almost no information to offer. They are now known to winter in the southern states, mostly west of the Mississippi River. In April, or as soon as the ice breaks up in the lakes, they appear in the Dakotas and surrounding regions, extending their migration, as a species, to the arctic regions. It was formerly supposed that they were altogether boreal, but less than thirty years ago they were discovered breeding in Manitoba, and more recently were found to do so in Minnesota and North Dakota.

Each spring, in May, all the rosy gulls of a wide region somehow agree to resort to a particular one of various marshy lakes for the purpose of rearing their young. Just how they decide the important question is not for us humans to know. At any rate, what they do select is a great area of grass, reeds, or rushes growing out of the water, and there, out of the abundance of dry stems, each pair builds a partly floating nest, side by side with others, thousands upon thousands of them. These great "cities" of the prairie pigeon present one of the most dramatic, spectacular sights in the bird-life of this continent, comparable in a way to the former breeding "roosts" of the real wild pigeon, and are well worth great effort on the part of any lover of wild life to see, offering particular sport to the hunter with the camera, as the game is both beautiful and readily approachable.

It is no easy matter to locate a colony, as the birds select a wild region and are liable to change their location from year to year, so that to ascertain from settlers

where they have resorted before does not assure finding them the next season. The distances over the prairie are so vast that one may easily miss the colony. This was my experience in North Dakota, where I drove and tramped during several seasons over hundreds of miles of territory before I found the desired bird-city, and more latterly, in another part of the "great plains," it proved no easy task to hunt the prairie pigeon with the camera to a successful issue.

This was out on the broken, rolling prairie country of western Saskatchewan where there are many lakes and where the rosy gull is nearly everywhere a common bird. Most of the lakes which we first visited were more or less alkaline, and had no grass or reeds favorable to the desired pigeon roost. Plenty of birds were flying about everywhere, but no one knew where they made their headquarters. Now and then we investigated a lake of the right sort, but the birds had not seen fit to locate there.

The ninth of June began as one of the many cold, lowering days of the wet season of 1905 on those bleak, wind-swept plains, when we started off on another cold drive in search of the elusive colony. The sky was dark with heavy masses of cumuli, and had a sinister, fallish aspect. The trail led for five miles over the irregular prairie and then up a billowy ridge. Out beyond us, almost as far as the eye could reach, extended a perfectly flat plain which in ages past had evidently been the bed of a very large lake. All that was left of it lay well out in the middle of the plain, a lake over a mile long, rather narrow, and in two arms, surrounded by a vast area of reeds. In the foreground a big bunch of cattle were feeding. As we drove nearer I noticed a few rosy gulls flying toward the lake, or hovering over the reeds. This showed that success was possible, though by no means assured, for again and again had similar good signs proved disappointing.

We were now within less than half a mile and the nearer we came the more birds were in evidence. Stopping the horse I got out my powerful stereo-binoculars, and took a good look. There was no longer room for doubt. By watching any one spot for a moment I could see gulls in



Some of the nests contained speckled eggs and little bits of fluffy life.



Franklin's gulls standing over their eggs. They seldom incubate in the presence of a stranger.

numbers rising and alighting; the reeds over a wide area seemed full of them. Handing the glasses to my friend, a thorough enthusiast, who had yet to behold this long-sought spectacle, I exclaimed, "Now you can shout; we have found it at last!"

Driving to the margin of the great marshy flat, where the prairie began to be wet, we halted. Near us began a solid area of reeds that extended out perhaps a quarter of a mile to the first open water. We could now hear the confused sound of the chattering of a multitude of gulls. With cameras strapped to our backs and long rubber boots pulled up, we started in, rather anxiously, to test the depth of water among the reeds. Very likely it might prove too deep to wade, and we had no boat. In exploring the North Dakota colony I had found the water out by the nests neck deep and a boat essential. But here, as we waded on and on, the water, much to our joy, was only up to the knees. Canvasbacks, redheads and other ducks kept flying out before us, and coots and grebes slipped off through the tangle that grew from the water, but we were not bothering that day over such "common" things; we were about to witness a sight so remarkable that we had no eyes for anything else. Though half way out the water had not increased in depth. We were approaching the nearest of the gulls, and they began to discover us. They were rising with loud screams and wheeling to meet us. The sunshine was now splendid, and their white plumage and rosy breasts flashed and sparkled. The first nests were at our feet at last, rude floating platforms of dead reed-stems, each with two or three large drab eggs heavily marked with black. It had seemed as though the whole colony must be a-wing, yet at almost every step new multitudes were startled and rose with tragic screams. We could see them rising away ahead and far along the strip of reeds on either side of us. In every direction, indeed, we were encompassed by thousands upon thousands of screaming, indignant, outraged birds. Those whose nests were at our feet darted at our heads with the most reckless abandon. The noise was tremendous, ear-splitting; conversation was next to impossible.

Here was material for a day's work,

and after we had rambled about in the colony as far as we cared to explore, without ever reaching the end of it, we set to work in earnest. My friend began by photographing nests with eggs, or with small young, for a few of them had begun to hatch. Conditions indicated that the first eggs had been laid about May twentieth, and thence on to the first of June. I began on flying birds, for I had brought out from shore my 5x7 reflex camera for this purpose. I set the focal-plane shutter at one six- to eight-hundredth of a second and took some general views showing the reed-tops and the clouds of birds. One direction was as good as another, as long as it was not toward the sun.

Then came snapshots at groups at fairly close range, and at single birds with the 22-inch single lens of the 11-inch doublet, which would give the bird large on the plate. If any one imagines these performances to be easy I should like to have him watch the bewildering maze of bird images that are darting across the ground-glass, and see when he would decide to snap. They are in all positions and distances, in focus and out of it. A good combination occurs for the veriest fraction of a second; to hesitate is to be lost to this opportunity. The irresolute one will stand there for no one knows how long, following and focusing, till fingers are blistered and neck almost broken, without taking a single picture. Or, if he carelessly snaps away at random he probably will get fourth-rate results.

It was amusing to watch my companion planted out in the reeds, his head under the focus-cloth, or adjusting the instrument, and the swarm darting about him like angry bees. If they had had stings he surely would not have escaped alive.

By one o'clock I had carefully exposed some three dozen plates, and we both waded back to the rig, untangled the stupid horse, ate lunch in comfort on the wagon-seat, despite the equally hungry mosquitoes, and then started in again for the afternoon's work. This time I carried my 4x5 long-focus instrument for tripod work, with two dozen plates. First I worked on nests with eggs and young. Then, having noticed that the beautiful birds kept alighting in open pools, sometimes quite a number at a time, I set up



Very much at home. (Picture taken about fifteen feet from the birds with a telephoto.)



The family swimming-pool among the reeds.

the tripod and camera among the reeds at the edge of one and, standing quietly behind the instrument partly under the focus-cloth, I had little trouble in photographing them as they swam gracefully and prettily about. Then I moved the camera to an area of nests where the reeds grew rather sparsely and opened up the view to the nearer nests. The birds soon became somewhat accustomed to me and would alight on their nests within twenty to a dozen feet, though I stood by the camera and was working the telephoto lens to good advantage. The main secret of success with this rather cumbersome yet very useful instrument is absolute rigidity, which can be secured by using a firm tripod, propping up the front of the camera with a stick or brace and sheltering it from the wind. The proper exposure in bright sunlight is about one-half second with the lens wide open. Sometimes one can secure just as good pictures by employing a single member of a large doublet, and enlarging the picture at home. Yet if the telephoto is handled rightly it will give very fine pictures, though there is a lack of depth of focus. The time was when I had almost given up in despair the securing of first-class pictures with this cumbersome arrangement, but my courage has revived, as during the season just passed I have secured with it some of my best pictures—particularly when it was used from a sheltered place, in concealment.

The day had now gone, like a pleasant dream, amidst the intoxicating delight of such enlivening scenes, surrounded by beautiful birds—in the air, on their nests, or feeding their young. Two weeks passed before I made the second visit to this great and noisy aggregation of bird life. As I waded out again among the reeds I hardly recognized the place. It was surprising in that short time how the reeds had grown. On that first day one easily overtopped the dead, broken stems beaten down by the winter's storms, and could see in all directions near and far with unimpeded view the hosts of beautiful, fluttering creatures. Now the lush green growth had arisen like a veritable forest, in whose depths one was completely buried and in danger that cloudy afternoon of getting lost without the aid of a compass. The one compensation was that the sharp spear-like points of the reeds

were now so high up that there was no longer the unpleasant likelihood whenever one stooped of receiving a thrust in the eyes.

Through such dense growth it was no easy matter to wade the quarter of a mile to the beginning of the colony. However, as I struggled slowly on various sights enlivened the journey. The brilliantly colored male yellow-headed blackbirds were giving the alarm to their duller-hued mates, who flew from their basket-nests suspended in the reeds, revealing the gaping mouths of their ever-hungry offspring. Now and then I came upon the floating, soggy nest of a grebe, with its dirty white eggs, or the neater and drier structure of the mud-hen or coot. Then came a pretty find—seven eggs of the redhead duck in a wicker basket-like nest.

Though the surroundings had changed, the birds had not. Effusive, noisy, solicitous as ever, they soon found me out, struggling amid the reeds, and poured forth the incisive torrent of their invective. Yet they hardly seemed as numerous, for many of them were gathering food for their young which were now nearly all hatched. Swarms of them, cunning little striped brownish balls of down, left the nests at my approach and swam off among the reeds. The whole place was literally alive with them.

It was really a beautiful sight to stand quietly in the reeds at the edge of one of the open pools and watch what occurred. The adult gulls kept dropping down into the water, and bands of youngsters would swim out from their places of concealment among the reeds to join them. The old gulls were not at all glad to see them; they swam vigorously after the chicks, pecked at them and drove them back under cover of the reeds. Perhaps they were afraid that I would hurt the little things, yet they themselves did not seem to fear my presence particularly, though they kept up their screaming all the time—perhaps from force of habit. I had the camera on the tripod, and was making brief-timed exposures on them, as the light was not strong enough for instantaneous work. It may have been that they were curious to know what I was doing, for they swam up within ten feet of me, seeming to be greatly interested in my photographic work. Now



and then a male ruddy duck, likewise curious, showed itself among the reeds. Then an American eared grebe would suddenly emerge from the depths among the gulls, but I had to snap quickly to get it on the plate before it plunged out of sight again.

Approaching night now drove me from the great prairie pigeon roost, but not without a wealth of exposed plates. Next morning I had to start upon the long two thousand five hundred mile journey homeward. During those three days of leisure, and many a time since, I have seemed to hear the appalling clamor of that host, and to see their fluttering thousands outlined against the billowy clouds, like flakes of snow, rose-tinted by the feeble, slanting rays of the setting sun.

These scenes and incidents in the life of this colony are typical of the nesting habits of the bird, wherever found, aside from minor local details. It should also be known as a matter of practical interest to the western farmer, that it is largely insectivorous. It has been ascertained to feed its young—in a Minnesota colony, as investigated by Dr. T. S. Roberts—largely upon the nymph of the dragonfly, and no doubt upon any other insects or larvæ locally available. Another favorite food, a little later in the season, is the dreaded grasshopper. As the roving flocks course over the prairie they do splendid work in helping to exterminate this pest, and as they never disturb the grain-fields deserve all possible protection.

THE LONG LABRADOR TRAIL

THE COMPACT WITH HUBBARD FULFILLED

BY DILLON WALLACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

XVI

TO WHALE RIVER AND FORT CHIMO

(Continued)



It was after dark Sunday night when my letter to Edmunds reached the Post. Earlier in the evening Edmunds and his man had crossed the river, which is here over half a mile in width, and pitched their camp on the opposite shore preparatory to starting up the river the next morning on a deer hunt, herds of which were reported to the northward by Eskimos. Mrs. Edmunds read the letter, and she and Mary were at once all excitement. They lighted a lantern and signaled to the camp on the other side and fired guns until they had a reply. Then, for fear that Edmunds might not understand the urgency of his immediate return, they kept firing at intervals all night, stopping only to pack the komatik box with the clothing and food that Edmunds was to bring to us. Neither of the women slept. With the thought of men starving out in the snow they could not rest. The floating ice in the river and the swift tide made it impossible for a boat to cross in the darkness, but with daylight Edmunds returned, harnessed his dogs, and was off to meet us as has been described.

We had left George River on October twenty-second, and it was the eighth of November when we reached Whale River, and in this interval the caribou herds that the Indians had reported west of the Koksoak had passed to the east of Whale River and turned to the northward. Fifty miles

inland the Indian and Eskimo hunters had met them. The killing was over and they told us hundreds of the animals lay dead in the snow above. So many had been butchered that all the dogs and men in Ungava would be well supplied with meat during the winter and numbers of the carcasses would feed the packs of timber wolves that infested the country or rot in the next summer's sun. Sam Ford had gone inland but was too late for the big hunt and only killed four or five deer. The wolves were so thick, he told us, that he could not sleep at night in his camp with the noise of their howling. One Eskimo brought in two wolf skins that were so large when they were stretched a man could almost have crawled into either of them. I saw wolf tracks myself within a quarter mile of the Post, for the animals were so bold they ventured almost to the door.

Edmunds is a famous hunter. During the previous winter, besides attending to his Post duties, he killed nearly half a hundred caribou to supply his Post and Fort Chimo with man and dog food, and in the same season his traps yielded him two hundred fox pelts—mostly white ones—his personal catch. This was not an unusual year's work for him. Mary inherits her father's hunting instincts. In the morning she would put her baby in the hood of her *adikey*, shoulder her gun and don her snowshoes and go to tend her traps. One day she did not take her gun, and when she had made her rounds of the traps and started homeward discovered that she was being followed by a big gray timber wolf. When she stopped, the wolf stopped; when she went on, it followed,



Fort Chimo—the farthest limit of white-man's habitation in all Labrador. Here Wallace and Easton spent Christmas and New Year's.

stealing gradually closer and closer to her, almost imperceptibly, but still gaining upon her. She wanted to run but she realized that if she did the wolf would know at once that she was afraid and would attack and kill her and her baby; so without hastening her pace, and only looking back now and again to note the wolf's gain, she reached the door of the house and entered with the animal not ten paces away. Now she always carries a gun and feels no fear, for she can shoot.

I took advantage of the delay at Whale River to partially outfit for the winter. Edmunds and his family rendered us valuable assistance and advice, securing for us, from the Eskimos, sealskin boots and, from the Indians who came to the Post while we were there, deer skins for trousers, koolatiks and sleeping bags; Mrs. Edmunds and Mary themselves making our moccasins, mittens and duffel socks.

The Eskimos were all away at their hunting grounds and it was not possible to secure a dog team to carry us on to Fort Chimo. Therefore, when Edmunds announced one day that he must send Sam Ford and the Eskimo servant over with the Post team for a load of provisions, I availed myself of the opportunity to accompany them, and, on the twenty-eighth of November, we said good-bye to the friends who had been so kind to us and again faced toward the westward.

The morning was clear, crisp and bracing; the temperature was twenty degrees below zero. We ascended the river some seven or eight miles before we found a safe crossing, as the tide had kept the ice broken in the center of the channel below, and piled it like hills along the banks.

I noted that the Whale River valley was much better wooded than any country we had seen for a long time—since we had left the head-waters of the George River in fact—and the Indians say it is so to its source. The trees are small, black spruce and tamarack, but a fairly thick growth. This "bush," however, is evidently quite restricted in width, for after crossing the river we were almost immediately out of it and the same interminable, barren, rocky, treeless country that we had seen to the eastward extended westward to the Koksoak.

That night was spent in a snow igloo.

The next day we crossed the False River, a wide stream at its mouth, but a little way up not over two hundred yards wide. At twelve o'clock a halt was made at an Eskimo tupek for dinner.

The people were as these northern people always are, most hospitable, giving us the best they had—fresh venison and tea. After but an hour's delay we were away again and at three o'clock, with the dogs on a gallop, rounded the hill above Fort Chimo and pulled into the Post, the farthest limit of white man's habitation in all Labrador.

We were welcomed by Mr. D. Mathewson, the Chief Trader, who has charge of the Ungava District for the Hudson's Bay Company, and Dr. Alexander Milne, Assistant Commissioner of the Company, from Winnipeg, who had arrived on the *Pelican* and was on a tour of inspection of the Labrador Coast Posts.

The Chief Trader's residence is a small building, and Mr. Mathewson was unable to entertain us in the house, but he gave orders at once to have a commodious room in one of the dozen or so other buildings of the Post fitted up for us with beds, stove and such simple furnishings as were necessary to establish us in housekeeping and make us comfortable during our stay with him. Here we were to remain until the Indian and Eskimo hunters came for their Christmas and New Year's trading, at which time, I was advised, I should probably be able to engage Eskimo drivers and dogs to carry us eastward to the Atlantic coast.

XVII

HOMEWARD BOUND AT LAST

Tighter and tighter grew the grip of winter. Rarely the temperature rose above twenty-five degrees below zero, even at midday, and oftener it crept well down into the thirties. The air was filled with rime, which clung to everything, and the sun, only venturing now a little way above the southern horizon, shone cold and cheerless, weakly penetrating the ever-present frost veil. The tide, still defying the shackles of the mighty power that had bound all the rest of the world, surged up and down, piling ponderous ice cakes in mountainous heaps along

the river banks. Occasionally an Eskimo or two would suddenly appear out of the snow-fields, remain for a day perhaps, and then as suddenly disappear into the bleak wastes whence he had come.

Slowly the days dragged along. We occupied the short hours of light in reading old newspapers and magazines, or walking out over the hills, and in the evenings called upon the Post officers or entertained them in our cabin, where Mathewson often came to smoke his after-supper pipe and relate to us stories of his forty-odd years' service as a fur trader in the northern wilderness.

One bitter cold morning, long before the first light of day began to filter through the rimy atmosphere, we heard the crunch of feet pass our door, and a komatik slipped by. It was Dr. Milne, away to George River and the coast on his tour of Post inspection, and our little group of white men was one less in number.

We envied him his early leaving. We ourselves could not start for home until after New Year's, for no dogs were to be had for love or money until the Eskimos came in from their hunting camps to spend the holidays. Everything, however, was made ready for that longed-for time. Through the kindness of Thevenet, who put his Post folk to work for us, the deer-skins I had brought from Whale River were dressed and made up into sleeping-bags and skin clothing, and other necessities were got ready for the long dog journey out.

Christmas eve came finally, and with it komatik loads of Eskimos, who roused the place from its repose into comparative wakefulness. The newcomers called upon us in twos or threes, never troubling to knock before they entered our cabin, looked us and our things over with much interest, a proceeding which occupied usually a full half hour, then went away, sometimes to bring back newly arriving friends, to introduce them. A multitude of dogs skulked around by day and made night hideous with howling and fighting, and it was hardly safe to walk abroad without a stick, of which they have a wholesome fear, as, like their progenitors, the wolves, they are great cowards and will rarely attack a man when he has any visible means of defense at hand.

Christmas afternoon was given over to shooting matches, and the evening to dancing. We spent the day with Thevenet. Mathewson was not in a position to entertain, as the Indian woman that presided in his kitchen partook so freely of liquor of her own manufacture that she became hilariously drunk early in the morning, and for the peace of the household and safety of the dishes, which she playfully shied at whoever came within reach, she was ejected, and Mathewson prepared his own meals. At Thevenet's, however, everything went smoothly, and the sumptuous meal of baked whitefish, venison, with canned vegetables, plum pudding, cheese and coffee—delicacies held in reserve for the occasion—made us forget the bleak wilderness and ice-bound land in which we were.

It seemed for a time even now as though we should not be able to secure dogs and drivers. No one knew the way to Ramah, and on no account would one of these Eskimos undertake the journey. As a last resort Thevenet promised me his dogs and driver to take us at least as far as George River, but finally Emuk arrived and an arrangement was made with him to carry us from Whale River to George River, and two other Eskimos agreed to go with us to Whale River. The great problem that confronted me now was how to get over the one hundred and eighty miles of barrens from George River to Ramah, and it was necessary to arrange for this before leaving Fort Chimo, as dogs to the eastward were even scarcer than here. Mathewson finally solved it for me with his promise to instruct Ford at George River to put his team and drivers at my disposal. Thus, after much bickering, our relays were arranged as far as the Moravian mission station at Ramah, and I trusted in Providence and the coast Eskimos to see us on from there. The third of January was fixed as the day of our departure.

Our going in winter was an event. It gave the Post folk an opportunity to send out a winter mail, which I volunteered to carry to Quebec.

Straggling bands of Indians, hauling fur-laden toboggans, began to arrive during the week, and the bartering in the stores was brisk, and to me exceedingly interesting. Money at Fort Chimo is unknown.

Values are reckoned in "skins"—that is, a "skin" is the unit of value. There is no token of exchange to represent this unit, however, and if a hunter brings in more pelts than sufficient to pay for his purchases, the trader gives him credit on his books for the balance due, to be drawn upon at some future time. As a matter of fact, however, the hunter is almost invariably in debt to the store. A "skin" will buy a pint of molasses, a quarter-pound of tea or a quarter-pound of black stick tobacco. A white arctic fox pelt is valued at seven skins, a blue fox pelt at twelve, and a black or silver fox at eighty to ninety skins. South of Hamilton Inlet, where competition is keen with the fur traders, they pay six dollars for white, eight dollars for blue (which, by the way, are very scarce there), and not infrequently as high as three hundred and fifty dollars or even more for black and silver fox pelts. The cost of maintaining Posts at Fort Chimo, however, is many times greater than at these southern points.

Here at Ungava the Eskimos' hunt is confined almost wholly to foxes, polar bears, an occasional wolf and wolverine, and of course during the season, seals, walrus and white whales. An average hunter will trap from sixty to seventy foxes in a season, though one or two exceptional ones I knew have captured as many as two hundred. The Indians who penetrate far into the interior bring out marten, mink and otter, principally, with a few foxes, an occasional beaver, black bear, lynx and some wolf and wolverine skins. There is a story of a very large and ferocious brown bear that tradition says inhabits the barrens to the eastward toward George River. Mr. Peter McKenzie told me that many years ago, when he was stationed at Fort Chimo, the Indians brought him one of the skins of this animal, and John Ford at George River said that some twenty years since he saw a piece of one of the skins. Both agreed that the hair was very long, light brown in color, silver tipped and of a decidedly different species from either the polar or black bear. This is the only definite information as to it that I was able to gather. The Indians speak of it with dread, and insist that it is still to be found, though none of them can say positively that he has seen one in a decade.

I am inclined to believe that the brown bear, so far as Labrador is concerned, has been exterminated.

New Year's is the great day at Fort Chimo. All morning there were shooting-matches and foot-races, and in the afternoon football games were in progress, in which the Eskimo men and women alike joined. The Indians, who were recovering from an all-night drunk on their vile beer, and a revel in the "Queen's" cabin, condescended to take part in the shooting-matches, but held majestically aloof from the other games. Some of them came into the French store in the evening to squat around the room and watch the dancing while they puffed in silence on their pipes and drank tea when it was passed. That was their only show of interest in the festivities. Early on the morning of the second they all disappeared. But these were only a fragment of the many that visit the Post in summer. It is then that they have their powwow.

At last the day of our departure arrived, with a dull leaden sky and that penetrating cold that eats to one's very marrow. Thevenet and Belfleur came early and brought us a box of cigars to ease the tedium of the long evenings in the snow houses. All the little colony of white men were on hand to see us off, and I believe were genuinely sorry to have us go, for we had become a part of the little coterie and our coming had made a break in the lives of these lonely exiles. Men brought together under such conditions become very much attached to each other in a short time. "It's going to be lonesome now," said Stewart. "I'm sorry you have to leave us. May God speed you on your way and carry you through your long journey in safety."

Finally our baggage was lashed on the komatik; the dogs, leaping and straining at their traces, howled their eagerness to be gone; we shook hands warmly with everybody, even the Eskimos, who came forward wondering at what seemed to them our stupendous undertaking, the komatik was "broken" loose, and we were away at a gallop.

Traveling was good, and the nine dogs made such excellent time that we had to ride in level places or we could not have kept pace with them. When there was a

hill to climb we pushed on the komatik or hauled with the dogs on the long bridle to help them along. When we had a descent to make, the drag—a hoop of walrus hide—was thrown over the front end of one of the komatik runners at the top, and if the place was steep the Eskimos, one on either side of the komatik, would cling on with their arms and brace their feet into the snow ahead, doing their utmost to hold back and reduce the momentum of the heavy sledge. To the uninitiated they would appear to be in imminent danger of having their legs broken, for the speed down some of the grades when the crust was hard and icy was terrific. When descending the gentler slopes we all rode, depending upon the drag alone to keep our speed within reason. This coasting down hill was always an exciting experience, and where the going was rough it was not easy to keep a seat on the narrow komatik. Occasionally the komatik would turn over. When we saw this was likely to happen we discreetly dropped off, a feat that demanded agility and practice to be performed successfully and gracefully.

It was a relief beyond measure to feel that we were at length, after seven long months, actually headed toward home and civilization. Words cannot express the feeling of exhilaration that comes to one at such a time.

We did not have to go so far up Whale River to find a crossing as on our trip to Fort Chimo, and we were fortunate to meet no very rough ice on the river. We reached the eastern side before dark. Sometimes the ice hills are piled so high here by the tide that it takes a day or even two to cut a komatik path through them and cross the river. We had very little cutting to do. Not long after dark we coasted down the hill above the Post, and the cheerful lights of Edmunds' cabin were at hand.

Here we had to wait two days for Emuk, and in the interim Mrs. Edmunds and Mary went carefully over our clothes, sewed sealskin legs to deerskin moccasins, made more duffel socks, and with kind solicitation put all our things into the best of shape and gave us extra moccasins and mittens. "'Tis best to have a-plenty of everything before you starts," said Mrs. Edmunds, "for if the huskies is huntin'

deer the women'll do no sewin' on seal-skin, an' if they's huntin' seals they'll not touch a needle to your deerskins, though you were a-freezin'."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"O, 'tis some o' their heathen beliefs," she answered. "They thinks 'twould bring bad luck to the hunters. They're believin' all kinds o' foolishness."

Emuk had never been so far away as George River, and Sam Ford was to be our pilot to that point, and to return with Emuk. The Eskimos do not consider it safe for one man to travel alone with dogs, and they never do it when there is the least probability that they will have to remain out over night. Another reason for this is that two men are always needed to build a snow igloo. It was therefore necessary for me at each point, when employing the Eskimo driver for a new stage of our journey, to engage a companion for him, that he might have company when returning home.

Our coming to Whale River two months before had made a welcome break in the even tenor of the cheerless, lonely existence of our good friends at the Post. In the score of years that they had lived in these dreary barrens, we were the first visitors from the far-off world that had ever come to them, and it was an event in their confined life.

"'Twill be a long time before we has folks come to see us again; aye, a long time," said Mrs. Edmunds, sadly adding: "I expects no one will ever come again."

When we said our farewells the women cried. In their Godspeed the note of friendship rang true and honest and sincere. These people had proved themselves in a hundred ways. In civilization, where the selfish instinct governs so generally, there are too many Judases. On the frontier, in spite of the rough exterior of the people, you find real men and women. That is one reason why I like the North so well.

We left Whale River on Saturday, the sixth of January, with one hundred and twenty miles of barrens to cross before reaching George River Post, the nearest human habitation to the eastward. Our fresh team of nine dogs was in splendid trim and worked well, but a three or four

inch covering of light snow upon the harder under crust made the going hard and wearisome for the animals. The frost flakes that filled the air covered everything. Clinging to the eyelashes and faces of the men it gave them a ghostly appearance; our skin clothing was white with it; long icicles weighted our beards, and the sharp atmosphere made it necessary to grasp one's nose frequently to make certain that the member was not freezing.

When we stopped for the night our snow house which Emuk and Sam soon had ready seemed really cheerful. Our halt was made purposely near a cluster of small spruce where enough firewood was found to cook our supper of boiled venison, hard-tack and tea, water being procured by melting ice. Spruce boughs were scattered upon the igloo floor and deerskins spread over these. After everything was made snug, and whatever the dogs might eat or destroy put safely out of their reach, they were unharnessed and fed the one meal that was allowed them each day after their work was done. Feeding the dogs was always an interesting function. While one man cut the frozen food into chunks, the rest of us, armed with cudgels, beat back the animals. When the word was given we stepped to one side to avoid the onrush as they came upon the food which was bolted with little or no chewing. They will eat anything that is fed them—seal meat, deer meat, fish, or even old hides. There was always a fight or two to settle after the feeding, and then the dogs made holes for themselves in the snow and lay down for the drift to cover them. When the animals were cared for we crawled with our hot supper into the igloo, put a block of snow against the entrance and stopped the chinks around it with loose snow. Then the kettle covers were lifted and the place was filled at once with steam so thick that one could hardly see his elbow neighbor. By the time the meal was eaten the temperature had risen to such a point that the place was quite warm and comfortable—so warm that the snow in the top of the igloo was soft enough to pack but not

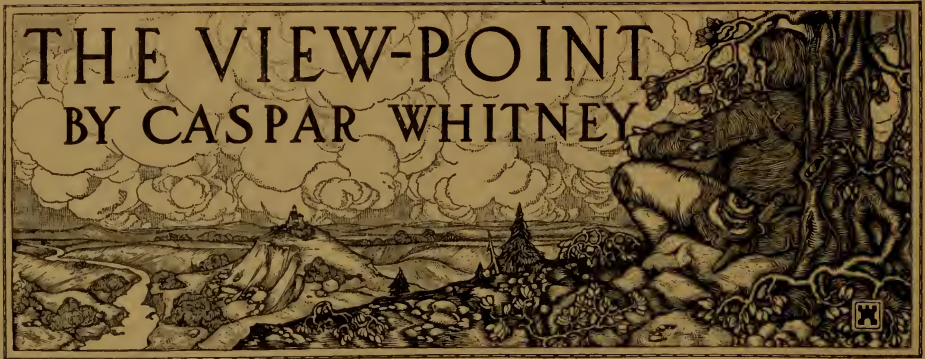
quite soft enough to drip water. Then we smoked some of Thevenet's cigars and blessed him for his thoughtfulness in providing them. Usually our snow igloos allowed each man from eighteen to twenty inches space in which to lie down, and just room enough to stretch his legs well. With our sleeping-bags they were entirely comfortable no matter what the weather outside. The snow is porous enough to admit of air circulation, but even a gale of wind without would not affect the temperature within. It is claimed by the natives that when the wind blows, a snow house is warmer than in a period of still cold. I could see no difference. A new snow igloo is, however, more comfortable than one that has been used, for newly cut snow blocks are more porous. In one that has been used there is always a crust of ice on the interior which prevents a proper circulation of air.

On the second day we passed the shack where Easton and I had held our five-day fast, and shortly after came out upon the plains—a wide stretch of flat, treeless country where no hills rise as guiding landmarks for the voyageur. This was beyond the zone of Emuk's wanderings, and Sam went several miles astray in his calculations, which, in view of the character of the country, was not to be wondered at, piloting as he did without a compass. However, we were soon set right and passed again into the rolling barrens, with even higher hills with each eastern mile we traveled.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, January ninth, we dropped over the bank upon the ice of George River just above the Post, and at three o'clock were under Mr. Ford's hospitable roof again.

Here we had to encounter another vexatious delay of a week. Ford's dogs had been working hard and were in no condition to travel, and not an Eskimo team was there within reach of the Post that could be had. There was nothing to do but wait for Ford's team to rest and get into condition before taking them upon the trying journey across the barren grounds that lay between us and the Atlantic.

(To be continued)



This is the season when good Americans neither shoot nor eat wild ducks.

**Working
to Save
the Bison**

One of the worthiest causes now before the public for support is preservation of the American bison, which in hardly thirty years decreased from numberless herds of thousands to about fifteen hundred individuals. For a long time it has been apparent to the intelligent that the day is fast approaching when the bison will become extinct unless by some unusual and united effort its rapidly diminishing numbers are restored through powerful protective measures. This realization has spurred to effort from time to time various organizations of sportsmen and some individual men; but none has made material advance and all together have had little effect on the real issue. The only practical results of the agitation were the establishment by sportsmen of small herds for their private estates. Several of our zoölogical gardens also have done excellent service through securing small herds and endeavoring to surround them with conditions conducive to breeding. One of the most intelligent workers along these lines is the Zoölogical Society of New York, which has gathered the largest number to be found in any zoölogical garden of the world and turned them out on a range which more nearly than that of any other enclosure approaches conditions of real wildness. Yet the breeding results on private estates, on rather extended ranges, and at the several zoölogical gardens have been about the same, and none too encouraging. The bison does breed in captivity and appears to live in health, but the calf is not a vigorous specimen. It is a weakling, in a word.

Those of us who have been watching these matters rather closely and with some in-

telligence have come to understand that under existing conditions it will be only a short period of years when herds confined within limited areas will gradually diminish into a weedy, degenerate remnant, and no doubt in time pass out of existence altogether. Thus, as I say, most of us have known for a long time that something of a big scope must be done to save the bison from extinction, but it remained for Ernest Harold Baynes to inaugurate a practicable working plan.

For several years Mr. Baynes sought to arouse enough public interest to permit of the formation of a national society for the protection and preservation of the bison, and last year success crowned his effort in the organization of the American Bison Society, of which Theodore Roosevelt is the honorary president and William T. Hornaday, the active president. In Mr. Hornaday Mr. Baynes found a sympathetic and active co-laborer in the worthy work, and it is very gratifying to record here that the results attendant upon their united efforts have given the Society an encouraging start.

**Out-trots
a Steer**

During its first year the work of the Society was largely educational. Scores of newspaper and magazine articles, many of them illustrated, were written and published mostly in the United States, but also in Canada and in Europe; the majority of the newspaper articles being syndicated and printed simultaneously in about twenty of the leading papers from New Hampshire to California. As supplementing this missionary service, Mr. Baynes spent a great deal of time on free lecture tours through-

out New England, New York and at Washington. In addition he also succeeded in breaking to yoke and to harness a pair of young bison taken from the Corbin herd in New Hampshire, and these he exhibited at many agricultural fairs and sportsmen's shows. Incidentally, Mr. Baynes writes me that these bison will be two years old in April of this year and that they have become more and more tractable and show speed, strength and endurance. He has made several attempts to match these bison in a speed contest with domestic steers of the same age, but with little success. One farmer, however, in Maine, who had broken a steer to sulky, and which enjoyed quite a local reputation for speed, agreed to a match at a half mile. The contest was held on the race track during the Central Maine Fair, and the bison won by about a quarter of a mile! All this may read as irrelevant to the legitimate work of bison preservation, yet the fact is that not only is it decidedly germane, but it indicates good judgment on the part of Mr. Baynes; because such exhibitions of the bison attract public attention and arouse popular curiosity and interest in the real work which the Society seeks to accomplish.

Many Uses
for the
Bison

Preserving the bison on sentimental ground is sufficient reason for the more intelligent of our people, but sentimental ground is not at all sufficient to the average American mind. And it is, therefore, with wisdom that Mr. Baynes has sought to extend the appeal which the bison has for many different kinds of people. For example, last summer he took up the question of buffalo wool. A small quantity was obtained just as it was shed by the animals, was carded at a factory and later spun and knitted into gloves which proved very warm and, so far as could be judged from a few months' wear, durable as well. Samples of this wool and yarn have been submitted to manufacturers, who all agree that the wool is of a very good quality, that for a while it would demand a high price as a novelty and later a very good price for general utility purposes where light colors are not required. Other men Mr. Baynes has found who are interested in the bison as a beef animal, and

still others who are inclined to give ear to the voice of the Society because they believe that by crossing the bison with certain breeds of domestic cattle, a valuable new breed may in time be evolved. Indeed some rather conservative scientific men have expressed the opinion that bison farms would prove profitable in any of the states included in the animal's former range.

Thus has Mr. Baynes sought to arouse public interest from as many points of view as possible, and especially through suggesting the commercial uses to which the animal might be put, he has succeeded in making widely known the existence of the Society and the movement it is fathering for the preservation of a dying race.

The Last
of a Dying
Race

That I choose my word (dying race) advisedly I will show by a list of the number of bison in the world, the basis of which figures are taken from the report of Dr.

Frank Baker, of the National Zoölogical Park at Washington, who in 1905 compiled a census from data which he had gathered in every case from the owners or persons in charge of the bison. In the first place I may say that with the exception of the herd near Great Slave Lake and a little herd in Yellowstone National Park, there are no examples of the American bison unconfined in all the world.

PURE BLOODS IN THE UNITED STATES

Flathead Indian Reservation, Montana (Michel Pablo).....	300
Austin Corbin Estate, Newport, N. H.....	170
Fort Pierre, S. D. (James Philip).....	108
Goodnight, Texas (Charles Goodnight).....	55
Kalispell (Mrs. A. D. Conrad).....	55
Pawnee, Okla. (G. W. Lillie).....	48
Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming (in captivity).....	39
Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming (running wild).....	20
Wild West Show, Missoula.....	32
New York Zoölogical Society Park, Bronx.....	31
Island Improvement Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.....	28
The Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.....	14
Denver City Park, Colorado.....	10
Washington National Zoölogical Park.....	14
Lincoln Park, Chicago.....	20
Belvidere, Kansas (F. Rockefeller).....	26
Cardigan, Minn. (J. J. Hill).....	16
Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden.....	16
Bliss, Okla., 101 Ranch.....	23
Bancroft, Iowa (C. G. Lenander).....	10
Ronan, Montana (Eaton Bros.).....	10
Philadelphia Zoölogical Gardens.....	8

1,053

To a small extent changes are always making in numbers and at times in the ownership of the smaller herds, but these

figures are substantially correct. There are also some small herds containing from two to six scattered throughout the country, making, say, about one hundred and thirty all told, and thus we get a total of one thousand one hundred and eighty-three pure blooded bison in the United States.

The effort making in several directions to cross the bison with cattle has resulted in a hybrid called catalo. Of these there are:

HYBRIDS IN THE UNITED STATES

26 in California (E. G. Molera)
13 in Minnesota
95 in Montana (Pablo)
12 in Oklahoma
29 in South Dakota
65 in Texas (Goodnight)
5 in Wyoming

245

Besides these there are about seventeen in scattered ownership, which would make a total of two hundred and sixty-two hybrids.

The Only Really Wild Bison

In Canada the principal herd is located in a large triangle, formed by the Great Slave and the Peace and the Hay rivers northwest of Lake Athabasca and south of

Great Slave Lake. These are called wood bison, but are in fact the old plains bison with a thicker, darker robe, and a fuller stern. The extreme cold of their natural reserve explains the warmer pelt, and a less harassed life answers, I suppose, for the heavier stern. This herd is variously estimated as containing from three to five hundred. Three or four years ago it was officially said to number six hundred. As only a stray Indian or so now and again penetrates the range of these animals, there is good cause for the wide difference of figures. Actually very little is known of the herd.

On my way to the Barren Grounds and the Arctic Ocean after musk-oxen in 1895, I made a side hunt for this herd of bison. At that time their number was estimated by the local Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company Factor at Fort Smith—the nearest post to their range—as being from two hundred and fifty to three hundred. I do not believe the number has decreased very much, nor is it likely to have increased since then, so I should say that three hundred very fairly represents the number of these animals yet alive. Their increase would be normal were it not for the wolves which kill the calves when an unusually heavy

snow has been followed by freezing sleet which puts the heavy bison at the mercy of the agile and ravenous wolves that run to the attack over the crust. At such times, which come usually once in every winter, it is impossible for the bison to defend their young and the natural increase is killed. This is the only real menace to the life of these bison.

It is now about ten years since the Canadian government established protection for this herd by a perpetual close season, but it was not at all necessary, for I believe I am correct in saying that none has ever been killed by a white man and only a comparative few by Indians. I know of only three white men that have penetrated to the actual wood bison range: Warburton Pike, Henry Toke Munn and myself. All three of us on our independent trips had an extremely hard experience and none of us scored. Both Pike and I after several weeks of hard tracking on starvation rations found the game; each of us had a view and each of us lost his chance through the Indian guide firing unexpectedly (to us) and prematurely at the moment when we were each starting to circle within range. In each case the herd "went out of the country," not again to be seen, though both of us hunted hard for days after. Munn made a hunt lasting something like two weeks, but though he got on tracks he did not have the good fortune (or the misfortune) to actually see bison. Before the government had protected the bison, a couple of other white men set out from the railroad to hunt them, but I believe never really got into the country. Thus it is easy to see that, even were there no protection, the danger of these animals being slaughtered by man is remote.

First Catch Your Wolf

There has been some talk in Canada of a wolf bounty with the idea of cleaning them out so as to insure the bison freedom from attack

during the severe storm periods which visit their section with regularity. It is a worthy thought, and I hope the Dominion government will spread such a law on record, but privately I confess to very great doubts as to its achieving any extended practical results. The wolf is a very canny gentleman and not easily to be caught by either art or by cajolery; in this particular coun-

try he is favored by a wilderness which is difficult in the extreme for travel, and so far removed from man's habitation as to make a trip unattractive and impracticable except the reward be considerable. For example, the point of departure for the wood bison country is Fort Smith, and Fort Smith is about five hundred miles of snowshoeing from the railroad. Then it would be necessary to take from the railroad your provisions for the entire trip, because the two Hudson's Bay Company posts en route, and especially Fort Smith, rarely in winter have more than enough for their own needs. From Fort Smith you would have about a week's stiff snowshoeing until you got into the bison country. You may go into this section only in winter, because you must travel over muskeg, and the muskeg of this region is practically impassable except when frozen and snowed upon.

Having got into the country the next step would be to catch the wolf, and I need not tell my knowing readers what that implies. In fine, the idea of protecting these bison by levying bounty on the wolves is well meant, but unfortunately I believe it is not feasible. It would require six to eight months and the provisions for the hunter, his party and his dogs, to make a trip of this kind—and it would take a great many wolves' scalps to cover even the expenses of that journey.

So I think we are safe in putting down the number of bison in that part of Canada as about three hundred.

PURE BLOODS IN CANADA

Athabasca section.....	300
Banff.....	38
Winnipeg.....	11
Toronto.....	2

HYBRIDS IN CANADA

351

7 in Alberta and 24 in Ontario; 31 in all.

The Remnant Thus it is demonstrated that in the United States we have 1,053 pure blooded bison of which all but 20 are in captivity. In Canada are 351 pure blooded animals of which 300 are in the wild state, making a total of 1,404 pure blooded American bison left out of the countless thousands that but little more than a quarter of a century ago covered great areas of the western prairie. Nothing like it ever has been recorded in the world of animal life. It reads like a fairy tale.

In Europe there are about 107 pure blooded examples of the American bison, of which number England has 32, Germany 44, Hungary 10, France 1, Netherlands 12, and Russia 8, and there are about 20 hybrids in Europe, of which England has 15 and Russia 5.

How You Can Help

With these figures and facts in view none will deny the worthiness or the timeliness of the cause for which the American Bison Society stands, viz.: the "permanent preservation and increase of the American bison."

Now, although fairly successful results have attended the efforts of the officers and Board of Managers of this Society to raise money, yet the sum realized is not commensurate with either the effort of these gentlemen or with the cause they represent. The truth is that the Society has been and is very much handicapped for money. It needs money badly. It will be to the everlasting disgrace of us Americans if the bison is permitted to pass into extinction, and now there is not longer the excuse of no practicable method, for here stands ready a Society with the organization and the impulse, and the plan for carrying out protective measures on a thorough-going working basis. It is therefore now within the means of every citizen of this country to lend aid in this good work—and that aid may be rendered by joining the American Bison Society. The fee is a very small one (Five Dollars) and may be remitted to the Treasurer, Clarke Williams, 26 Nassau St., New York, or to the Secretary, Ernest Harold Baynes, Sunset Ridge, Meriden, N. H., or to the President, William T. Hornaday, New York Zoölogical Park, New York.

The Society has money enough to begin its work, but it will be stopped unless more money is raised, either through this measure of increased membership or through the contributions of those who indorse the splendid work and can afford to help through substantial donations. One hundred dollars is a very small sum to a very great number of our well-to-do American citizens, yet if a given number of them could be smitten by an acute attack of Americanism and, as a symptom, forward that sum to one of the gentlemen I have named—the Society would be placed beyond financial embarrassment.

Federal Aid Needed

The scheme of the Society is to establish herds under as natural conditions as possible on government land in different parts of the country. One manner of doing this is to buy bison from private herds and present them to the Federal government to be maintained and protected by the government on ranges in the forest reserves or elsewhere set apart and fenced for this purpose, with money appropriated by Congress.

Last year the Zoölogical Society of New York offered twenty of its herd to the government on the understanding that if the gift was accepted a range should be fenced off at Federal expense on the Wichita Reservation. The gift was accepted under these conditions, and it is a very great pleasure to be able to record that Congress took sufficient time from its pursuit of personal interests to appropriate \$15,000 for fencing this range and for building the necessary corrals and sheds. This range will be ready for occupancy shortly, and by the autumn we should have working the first practical effort for preserving the bison.

With such ends in view the American Bison Society is trying to induce the New York Legislature to put apart some State land in the Adirondacks and appropriate a sufficient sum of money, something like \$12,000, I believe, for the purchase and support of a small herd in that section. The idea is to foster a scheme for establishing and maintaining State herds on public lands, and the plan is to be put before the legislatures of such states as have considerable public land suitable for the purpose. The wisdom of this course is beyond question.

Forest Reserves a Refuge for Game

For a long time all thinking American citizens have felt convinced that the surest method of protecting the remaining examples of our American wild fauna is to make game refuges of all the forest reserves. This plan has been put before Congress several times and indorsed by the

President and urged and supported by some of our broadest minded and most earnest Americans, but so far Congress has been too absorbed in paying off personal grudges to take time for anything of a popular economic interest such as this. The day is coming, however, when Congress must yield to the demand of the people, and it is the duty of every American citizen to vote only for such men as will listen to the voice of the people and not place private crusades above economic questions in his service at Washington.

Every schoolboy nowadays knows the importance to this country of forest preservation and of the protection and preservation of our remaining wild animals. Included in this latter question is the present very earnest move for the protection of our bison, and if every individual will do his share success is assured. And to do his share in this matter is a part of good citizenship.

I hope I do not appeal in vain when I ask every reader of this magazine to send in his membership fee to the American Bison Society, and to make his state and national representatives know in no uncertain terms of its being his will that the splendid and comprehensive plans for forest preservation be indorsed, that forest reserves be made also national game reserves, that the bill of George Shiras, 3d, which has for its purpose the Federal control of the laws governing migratory game be passed when next it comes up, and that more protection be given the upland plover. All such matters are not sentimental questions. They are questions that concern very closely national economics. Two of them, the forestry and the protection of the plover, are especially close to the farmer, for denudation of forest land touches the water supply, and loss of the plover means taking from the agricultural districts one of the most indefatigable hunters of the weevil and of the grasshopper and other crop-destroying insects.

Let us all get together in one strong united effort to have these measures not only brought to the attention of Congress, but put through.

CAMP EQUIPMENT

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

CHAPTER VII

GRUB (*Continued*)

DESICCATED FOODS

AS I mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, modern desiccation of foods has helped the wilderness traveler to some extent. I think I have tried about everything in this line. In the following list I shall mention those I think good, and also those particularly bad. Any not mentioned it may be implied that I do not care for myself; but am willing to admit that you may.

Canned Eggs. The very best thing of this kind is made by the Bakers' National Egg Co. of St. Louis. It is a coarse yellow granulation and comes in one pound screw-top tin cans. Each can contains the equivalent of five dozen eggs, and costs, I think, only \$1.00. A tablespoon of the powder and two of water equals an egg. With that egg you can make omelets and scrambled eggs which you could not possibly tell from the new laid. Two cans, weighing two pounds, will last you all summer; and think of the delight of an occasional egg for breakfast! The German canned eggs are rather evil tasting, do not beat up light, and generally decline sullenly to cook.

Soups. Some of the compressed soups are excellent. The main difficulty is that they are put up in flimsy paper packages difficult to carry without breaking. Also I have found that when you take but two kettles, you are generally hungry enough to begrudge one of them to anything as thin as even the best soup. However, occasionally, a hot cupful is a good thing, and I should always include a few packages. The most filling and nourishing is the German army ration called *Erbswurst*. It comes in a sausage-shaped package which is an exception to the rule in that it is strongly constructed. You cut off an inch and boil it. The taste is like that of a thick bean soup. It is said to contain all the elements of nutrition.

We have tried them all, and have decided that they can be divided into two classes: those that taste like soup and the dish-water brand. The former comprise pea, bean, lentil, rice and onion; the latter, all others.

The green pea and lentil make really delicious soup.

Bouillon capsules of all sorts I have no use for. They serve to flavor hot water, and that is about all.

Desiccated Vegetables come in tablets about four inches square and a quarter of

an inch thick. A quarter of one of these tablets makes a dish for two people. You soak it several hours, then boil it. In general the results are all alike, and equally tasteless and loathsome. The most notable exception is the string beans. They come out quite like the original vegetable, both in appearance and taste. I always take some along. Enough for twenty meals could be carried in the inside pocket of your waistcoat.

Julienne, a mixture of carrots and other vegetables cut into strips and dried. When soaked and boiled it swells to its original size. A half cupful makes a meal for two. It ranks with the string beans in being thoroughly palatable. These two preparations are much better than canned goods, and are much more easily carried.

Potatoes, saxin, saccharine and crystallose I have already mentioned.

QUANTITY

That completes the most elaborate grub list I should care to recommend. As to a quantitative list, that is a matter of considerably more elasticity. I have kept track of the exact quantity of food consumed on a great many trips, and have come to the conclusion that anything but the most tentative statements must spring from lack of experience. A man paddling a canoe or carrying a pack all day will eat a great deal more than would the same man sitting a horse. A trip in the clear, bracing air of the mountains arouses keener appetites than a desert journey near the borders of Mexico. If either party were to depend on the other party's list, it would be woefully surprised. The variation is really astonishing.

Therefore, the following figures must be experimented with rather cautiously. They represent an average of many of my own trips.

ONE MONTH'S SUPPLIES FOR ONE MAN ON A FOREST TRIP

- 15 lb. flour (includes flour, pancake flour, corn-meal, in proportions to suit).
- 15 lb. meat (bacon or boned ham).
- 8 lb. rice.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. baking powder.
- 1 lb. tea.
- 2 lb. sugar.
- 150 saccharine tablets.
- 8 lb. cereal.
- 1 lb. raisins.
- Salt and pepper.
- 5 lb. beans.
- 3 lb. or $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. *Erbswurst*.
- 2 lb. or $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. dried vegetables.
- 2 lb. dried potatoes.
- 1 can Bakers' eggs.

ONE MONTH'S SUPPLIES FOR ONE MAN ON
PACK-HORSE TRIP

15 lb. flour supplies (flour, flapjack flour, cornmeal).
 15 lb. ham and bacon.
 2 lb. hominy.
 4 lb. rice.
 1 lb. baking powder.
 1 lb. coffee.
 1 lb. tea.
 20 lb. potatoes.
 A few onions.
 2 lb. sugar.
 150 saccharine tablets.
 3 lb. pail cottolene, or can olive oil.
 3 lb. cream of wheat.
 5 lb. mixed dried fruit.
 Salt, pepper, cinnamon.
 3 cans evaporated cream.
 1 gal. syrup or honey.
 5 lb. beans.
 Chilis.
 Pilot bread (in flour cask).
 6 cans corn.

6 cans salmon.
 2 cans corned beef.
 1 can Bakers' eggs.
 1 doz. Maggi's soups.
 1 doz. dried vegetables
 —beans and Julienne.

These lists are not supposed to be "eaten down to the bone." A man cannot figure that closely. If you buy just what is included in them, you will be well fed, but will probably have a little left at the end of the month. If you did not, you would probably begin to worry, about the twenty-fifth day. And this does not pay. Of course if you get game and fish you can stay out over the month.

CHAPTER VIII

HORSE OUTFITS

We have now finished the detailing of your wear and food. There remains still the problem of how you and it are to be transported. You may travel through the wilderness by land or by water. In the former case you will either go afoot or on horseback; in the latter you will use a canoe. Let us now consider in detail the equipments necessary for these different sorts of travel.

RIDING SADDLES

You will find the Mexican or cowboy saddle the only really handy riding saddle. I am fully aware of the merits of the

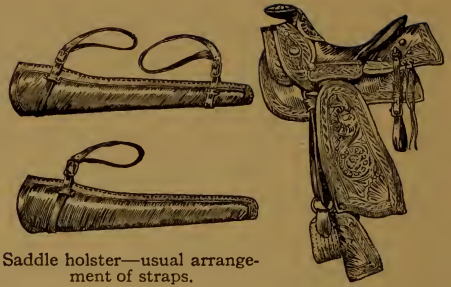


Sawbuck saddle.



Riding saddle.

McClellan and army saddles, but they lack what seems to me one absolute essential, and that is the pommel, or horn. By wrapping your rope about the latter you can lead reluctant horses, pull firewood to camp, extract bogged animals, and rope wild stock. Without it you are practically helpless in such circumstances. The only advantage claimed for the army saddle is



Saddle holster—usual arrangement of straps.

its lightness. The difference in weight between it and the cowboy saddle need not be so marked as is ordinarily the case. A stock saddle, used daily in roping heavy cows, weighs quite properly from thirty-five to fifty pounds. The same saddle (of lighter leather throughout), made by a conscientious man, need weigh but twenty-five or thirty, and will still be strong and durable enough for all ordinary use. My own weighs but twenty-five pounds, and has seen some very hard service.



Under side of pack saddle.

The stirrup leathers are best double, and should be laced, never buckled. In fact, the logic of a wilderness saddle should be that it can be mended in any part with thongs. The stirrups themselves should have light hood tapaderos, or coverings. They will help in tearing through brush, will protect your toes, and will keep your feet dry in case of rain. I prefer the round rather than the square skirts.

In a cow country you will hear many and heated discussions over the relative merits of the single broad cinch, crossing rather far back, and the double cinches, one just behind the shoulder and the other on the curve of the belly. The double cinch is universally used by Wyoming and Arizona cowmen, and the "center fire" by Californians and Mexicans—and both with equally heated partisanship. Certainly as it would be difficult to say which are the better horsemen, so it would be unwise to attempt here a dogmatic settlement of the controversy.

For ordinary mountain travel, however, I think there can be no doubt that the double cinch is the better. It is less likely to slip forward or back on steep hills; it need not be so tightly cinched as the "center fire," and can be adjusted, according to which you draw the tighter, for up



Shape of collar pad—for pack saddles.

Proper way of arranging straps on holster and saddle.

or down hill. The front cinch should be made of hair. I have found that the usual cord cinches are apt to wear sores just back of the shoulder. Webbing makes a good back cinch. The handiest rig for attaching them is that used by the Texan and Wyoming cowmen. It is a heavy oiled latigo strap punched with buckle holes passing through a cinch ring supplied with a large buckle tongue. You can reach over and pull it up a hole or so without dismounting. It differs from an ordinary buckle only in that, in case the rig breaks, the strap can still be fastened like an ordinary latigo in the diamond knot.

SADDLE BAGS AND SADDLE BLANKETS

On the right hand side of your pommel will be a strap and buckle for your riata. A pair of detachable leather saddle bags are handy. The saddle blanket should be thick and of first quality, and should be surmounted by a "corona," to prevent wrinkling under the slight movement of the saddle.

QUIRTS

A heavy quirt is indispensable, both for your own mount, if he prove refractory, but also for the persuasion of the pack-horses.

SLING SHOTS

When with a large outfit, however, I always carry a pea shooter or sling shot. With it a man can spot a straying animal at considerable distance, generally much to the truant's astonishment. After a little it will rarely be necessary to shoot; a mere snapping of the rubbers will bring every horse into line.

BRIDLES

The handiest and best rig for a riding bridle can be made out of an ordinary halter. Have your harness-maker fasten a snap hook to either side and just above the corners of the horse's mouth. When you start in the morning you snap your bit and reins to these hooks. When you arrive in the evening you simply unsnap the bit, and leave the halter on.

RIATA, SPURS

Rope and spurs will be necessary. I prefer the Mexican grass rope with a brass hounda to the rawhide riata, because I am used to it. I once used a linen rope with weighted hounda that was soft and threw well. The spurs will be of good steel, of the cowboy pattern, with blunt rowels. The smaller spurs are not so easy to reach a small horse with, and are apt to overdo the matter when they do. The wide spur leathers are to protect the boot from chafing on the stirrups.

SCABBARDS

There remains only your rifle to attend to. The usual scabbard is invariably slung too far forward. I always move the sling strap as near the mouth of the scabbard as it will go. The other sling strap I detach from the scabbard and hang loopwise from the back latigo ring. Then I thrust the muzzle of the scabbarded rifle between the stirrup leathers and through this loop, hang the forward sling strap over the pommel—and there I am! The advantage is that I can remove rifle and scabbard without unbuckling any straps. The gun should hang on the left side of the horse, so that after dismounting you need not walk around him to get it. A little experiment will show you how near the horizontal you can sling it without danger of its jarring out.

PACK OUTFITS

So much for your own riding horse. The pack outfit consists of the pack saddle, with the apparatus to keep it firm; its padding, the kyacks, or alforjas—sacks to sling on either side, and the lash rope and cinch with which to throw the hitches.

PACK SADDLES

The almost invariable type of pack saddle is the sawbuck. If it is bought with especial reference to the animal it is to be used on, it is undoubtedly the best. But nothing will more quickly gouge a hole in a horse's back than a saddle too narrow or too wide for his especial anatomy. A saddle of this sort bolted together can be taken apart for easier transportation by baggage or express.

Another and very good type of pack rig is that made from an old riding saddle. The stirrup rigging is removed, and an upright spike bolted strongly to the cantle. The loops of the kyacks are to be hung over the horn and this spike. Such a saddle is apt to be easy on a horse's back; but is after all merely a makeshift for a properly constructed sawbuck.

APAREJOS

I shall only mention the aparejos. This rig is used for freighting boxes and odd-shaped bundles. It is practically nothing but a heavy pad, and is used without kyacks. You will probably never be called upon to use it; but in another chapter I will describe one "sling" in order that you may be forearmed against contingencies.

PADS

We will assume that you are possessed of a good sawbuck saddle of the right size for your pack animal. It will have the

double cinch rig. To the under surfaces tack firmly two ordinary collar pads by way of softening. Beneath them you will use two blankets each as heavy as the one you place under your riding saddle. This abundance is necessary because a pack "rides dead"—that is, it does not favor the horse as does a living rider.

BREASTING AND BREECHING

The almost universal saddle rigging in use the West over is a breast strap of webbing fastened at the forward points of the saddle, and a breech strap fastened to the back points of the saddle, with guy lines running from the top to prevent its falling too far down the horse's legs. This, with the double cinch, works fairly well. Its main trouble is that the breech strap is apt to work up under the horse's tail, and the breast strap is likely to shut off his wind at the throat.

Mr. Ernest Britten, a mountaineer in the Sierras, has, however, invented a rig which in the nicety of its compensations, and the accuracy of its adjustments, is perfection. Each who sees it becomes a convert and hastens to alter his own outfit.

The breasting is a strap (a) running from the point of the saddle to a padded ring in the middle of the chest. Thence another strap (b) runs to the point of the saddle on the other side, where it buckles. A third strap (c) in the shape of a loop, goes between the fore legs and around the front cinch.

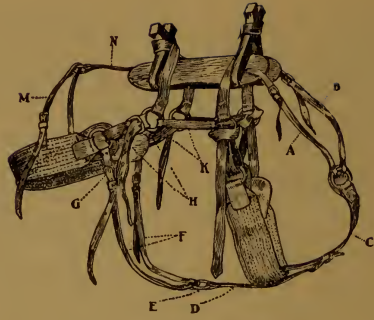
The breeching is somewhat more complicated. I think, however, with a few rivets, straps and buckles you will be able to alter your own saddle in half an hour.

The back cinch you remove. A short strap (d), riveted to the middle of the front cinch, passes back six inches to a ring (e). This ring will rest on the middle of the belly. From the ring two other straps (f, f) ascend diagonally to the buckles (g) in the ends of the breeching. From the ends of the breeching other straps (h) attach to what would be the back cinch ring (k). That constitutes the breeching rig. It is held up by a long strap (m) passing from one side to the other over the horse's rump through a ring on top. The ring is attached to the saddle by a short strap (n).

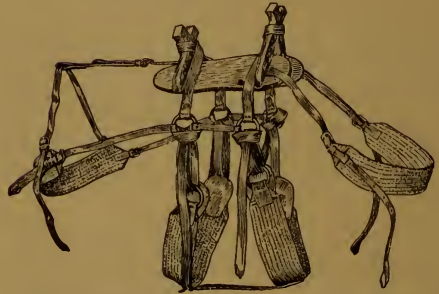
Such a rig prevents the breeching from riding up or dropping down; it gives the horse all his wind going up hill, but holds firmly going down; when one part loosens, the other tightens; and the saddle cinch, except to keep the saddle from turning, is practically useless and can be left quite loose. I cannot too strongly recommend you, both for your horse's comfort and your own, to adopt this rigging.

KYACKS

The kyacks, as I have said, are two sacks to be slung one on each side of the horse. They are provided with loops by



Mr. Ernest Britten's pack rig.



Ordinary and inferior pack rig usually employed.

which to hang them over the sawbucks of the saddle, and a long strap passes from the outside of one, across the saddle, to a buckle on the outside of the other.

Undoubtedly the best are those made of rawhide. They weigh very little, will stand all sorts of hard usage, hold the pack rope well, are so stiff that they will protect the contents, and are so hard that miscellaneous sharp-cornered articles may be packed in them without fear of injury either to them or the animal. They are made by lacing raw hides, hair out, neatly and squarely over one of the wooden boxes built to pack two five-gallon oil cans. A round, hardwood stick is sewn along the top on one side; to this the sling straps are to be attached. After the hide has dried hard, the wooden box is removed.

Only one possible objection can be urged against rawhide kyacks; if you are traveling much by railroad, they are exceedingly awkward to ship. For that purpose they are better made of canvas.

Many canvas kyacks are on the market, and most of them are worthless. It is astonishing how many knocks they are called on to receive and how soon the abrasion of rocks and trees will begin to wear them through. Avoid those made of light material. Avoid also those made in imitation of the rawhide with a stick along the top of one side to take the sling straps. In no time the ends of that stick will punch through. The best sort are constructed of OO canvas. The top is made of a

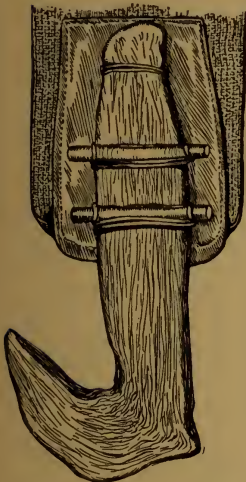
half-inch rope sewn firmly to the hem all around. The sling straps are long, and riveted firmly. The ends are reinforced with leather. Such kyacks will give you good service and last you a long time. When you wish to express them, you pack your saddle and saddle blankets in one, telescope the other over it, and tie up the bundle with the lash rope.

LASH ROPES

The lash rope is important, for you will have to handle it much, and a three months' trip with a poor one would lose you your immortal soul. Most articles on the subject advise thirty-three feet. That is long enough for the diamond hitch, and for other hitches, with a very small top pack, but it will not do for many valuable hitches on a bulky pack. Forty feet is nearer the ticket. The best is a Manila $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch or $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch. If you boil it before starting out, you will find it soft to handle. Parenthetically: do not boil your water, or it will kink. The boiling does not impair its strength. Cotton rope is all right, but apt to be stiff. I once used a linen rope; it proved to be soft, strong, and held well, but I have never been able to find another.

CINCH HOOKS

The cinch hook sold with the outfit is sawn into shape and strengthened with a bolt. If you will go out into the nearest oak grove, however, you can cut yourself a natural hook which will last longer and hold much better. The illustration shows the method of attaching such a hook.



Natural cinch hook of oak.

So you have your horses ready for their burdens.

PICKET ROPES

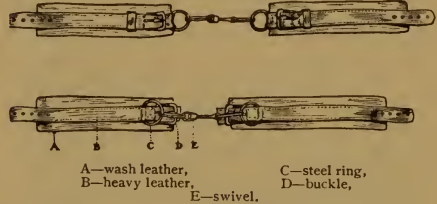
Picket ropes should be of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rope and about 50 feet long. The bell for the bell horse should be a loud one, with distinctive note not easily blended with natural sounds, and attached to a broad strap with safety buckle.

HOBBLES

Hobbles are of two patterns. Both consist of heavy leather straps to buckle

(To be continued.)

around either front leg and connected by two links and a swivel. In one the strap passes first through the ring to which the links are attached, and then to the buckle. The other buckles first, and then the end is carried through the ring. You will find the first mentioned a decided nuisance, especially of a wet or frosty morning, for the leather tends to atrophy in a certain position from which numbed fingers have



Hobbles—wrong (upper) and right sort.

more than a little difficulty in dislodging it. The latter, however, are comparatively easy to undo.

Hobbles should be lined. I have experimented with various materials, including the much lauded sheepskin with the wool on. The latter when wet chafes as much as raw leather; and when frozen is about as valuable as a wood rasp. The best lining is a piece of soft wash leather at least two inches wider than the hobble straps.

With most horses it is sufficient to strap a pair of these around the forelegs and above the fetlocks. A gentle animal can be trusted with them fastened below.

But many horses by dint of practice or plain native cussedness can hop along with hobbles nearly as fast as they could foot-free, and a lot too fast for you to catch them single handed. Such an animal is an unmitigated bother. Of course if there is good staking you can picket him out, but quite likely he is unused to the picket rope, or the feed is scant.

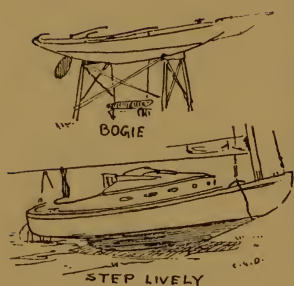
SIDE LINES

In that case it may be that side lines, which are simply hobbles by which a hind foot and a forefoot are shackled, may work. I have had pretty good success by fastening a short, heavy chain to one foreleg. As long as the animal fed quietly, he was all right; but an attempt at galloping or trotting swung the chain sufficiently to rap him sharply across the shins.

Very good hobbles can be made from a single strand unraveled from a large rope, doubled once to make a loop for one leg, twisted strongly, the two ends brought around the other leg and then thrust through the fibers. This is the sort used generally by cowboys. They are soft and easily carried, but soon wear out.

CHOOSING THE FIRST YACHT

BY C. G. DAVIS



lately out of school, we'll say, accumulates a hundred dollars, he feels pretty well off—until he canvasses the various yacht yards and beaches where small boats haul out over winter.

THE selection of the first yacht is naturally a very difficult undertaking for the novice, and he would be wise to let some one experienced in such matters do it for him. Very likely an old craft, with

holes and cracks filled with putty and shining with a coat of new paint, is far more attractive to him than a much better boat looking grimy and worn. Try not to be deceived by paint, but make your selection to suit your price, to fit the conditions the boat is to be used for and above all with a view to her soundness.

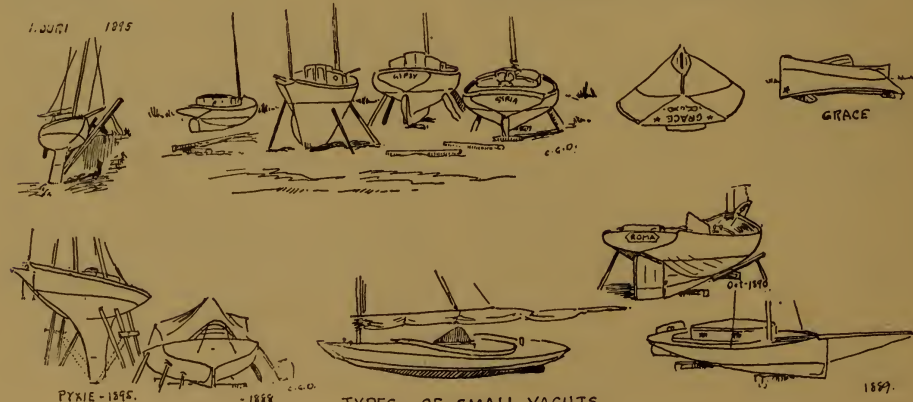
It is often very difficult to console one's ambition with one's pocketbook.

When a young man,

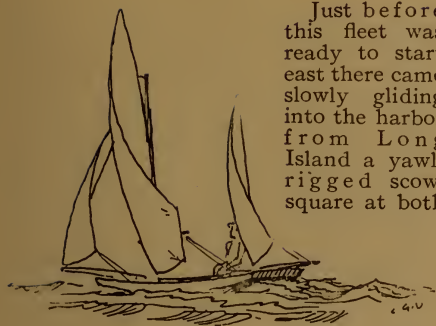
Some diminutive little cutter with the cutest of skylights and a real windlass takes the eye and fills the soul with longing. But when the grizzly guardian of the beach announces the price is six hundred dollars the disappointment fails to hide behind the outward mask of indifference. Search the beaches as one may, it seems as if nothing but flat-bottomed scows and the plainest of small cat-boats are on the eligible list.

Yachts these days must be round-bottomed affairs—the deeper the keel the more yachtie they are; flat-bottomed boats are held in mild contempt as poor makeshifts for a floating home, and an imitation, such as a skip-jack, is not even considered. But many a poor beginner has had to resort to this kind of craft for his first venture.

Where racing is concerned and room inside is no object flat-boats have often proved themselves superior to their round-sided deeper sisters. I recall one instance of this. It was in the summer of 1890. The fleet of the Corinthian Navy had assembled in Echo Bay at New Rochelle for a cruise on Long Island Sound. A more variegated fleet would be hard to collect in one harbor. There was the large roomy sloop *Charles Wilde* with a harum-scarum crew of about twenty; the pompous little cutter *Roamer*, with her diminutive "Admiral" and his crew of one Swede; the trim little cutters *Beth* and *I. O.*; the cat *Uno*, along with some half dozen similar felines; the St. Lawrence sailing skiff *Germania*, and a periauger-rigged, double-ended little affair called the *Unique* that turned turtle the moment Jones got aboard and gave him an unexpected bath.



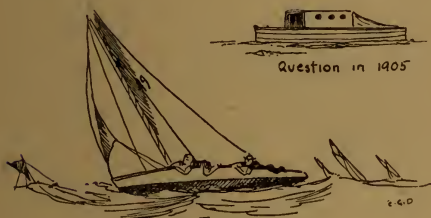
TYPES OF SMALL YACHTS.



"The Bouncer" 1890

ends and almost flat on the bottom, with the name *Bouncer* painted on the stern. She was greeted with cheers and cat-calls of: "Where did you get that barn door?" "Look at the packing-box coming in!" "Which way are you heading, Tom?" (Thomas Clapham of Roslyn was sailing her).

But when the starting gun was fired and the fleet started off for Black Rock, the *Bouncer* went fully two feet to any other boat's one, and the last seen of her was a speck of white on the horizon ahead. That



"The Question" 1895

night there was a panic in the fleet: "Beat a cutter—pooh! How could a miserable square scow beat a deep sea-going cutter!" It was voted a trick of some kind that could probably never be repeated—but it was and many times over. She skimmed over the top of the water instead of plowing through it, and her extreme beam, carried the full length, gave great sail-carrying power.

Rowboats and small duck boats have been built on this principle for ages, but yachtsmen seemed to look with disgust on anything so simple for a yacht. They expected speed in the round-bottom or any expensive shape, just as though the expenditure of money would insure it.

In 1895 when this feeling was at its height, L. D. Huntington, Jr., of New Rochelle, built a narrow, shallow, arc-bottomed boat called the *Question*, for the popular 15-ft. class then known as half raters—a term brought by the English boat *Spruce IV*, when she came over to

race the *Ethelwynne* for the cup now known as the Seawanhaka Cup.

Question was 24 ft. on deck, 14 ft. 4 ins. on the water-line, 5 ft. beam, and the hull, exclusive of skeg, only drew 3 in., with a free-board a mid-ships of almost 6 in. and she carried 225 square ft. of sail, nearly all of which was in her mainsail—her jib being a tiny triangle of about five square feet, just enough to class her as a sloop. There were boats of every conceivable shape against her, but when it blew hard the little scow beat them all, outdistancing boats four and five times her size when going to windward.

However, in spite of their speed and safety, a young, ambitious yachtsman cannot help feeling ridiculous every time he passes another yacht in a scow-shaped craft, and so is anxious to buy a round-bottom yacht.

A boat to delight a boy's heart, and about the only cheap kind, is an 18-ft. old style plumb-ended center-board cat-boat. Such boats can be picked up for anywhere from \$50 to \$150, but are becoming scarcer



DELTA



COOT-1895



1889



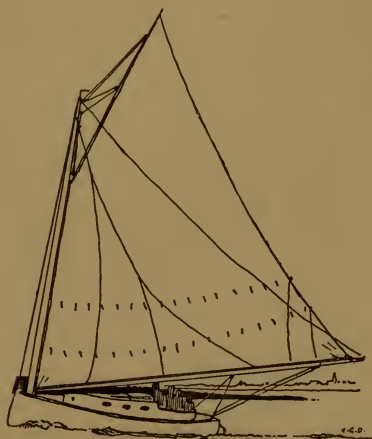
1889



1889



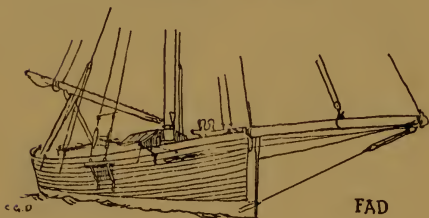
1889



A Cape Cod Cat-Boat



A Keel Cat-boat



May - 31 - 1692



A Centerboard Catboat.

each year, having been succeeded by boats with overhanging ends. A fine little open cat-boat can be bought for about \$300, and for \$400 to \$500 a little 20-ft. cabin cat can be built new. By diligent search great bargains are often found where a \$500 boat can be got for \$200, but such opportunities have to be hunted up—they don't often present themselves.

The 20-ft. Cape Cod cat with a 9 or 10 ft. beam is one of the stiffest small boats afloat.

They seldom capsize, though they sail from port in all kinds of weather, over treacherous bars where the breakers are huge and beat back in the teeth of nor'-westers, loaded down with lobsters and lobster pots. Familiarity with their boats and a dauntless courage have a great deal to do with such deeds, but after all the boat must be there to stand it. Their high freeboard is one of the chief advantages, being fully double that of a boat of similar size built for use about New York waters.

A little cutter would be an appropriate selection for the yachtsman who does his sailing on deep, exposed bodies of water. They cost more, as they have very heavy keels of lead or iron bolted on to their wooden keels, but one has the satisfaction of knowing that the boat cannot capsize. No matter how far over she may heel, she is bound to come up again. All that is needed is to keep the slide and skylight shut tightly so no water can get below.

If the angle becomes uncomfortable, clew up the topsail, or, if that sail is not set, lower the mainsail and reef it. A cutter will stand any amount of punishment. That is the reason they always look so shippy; everything about a cutter is built with a solidity not often seen on a sloop.

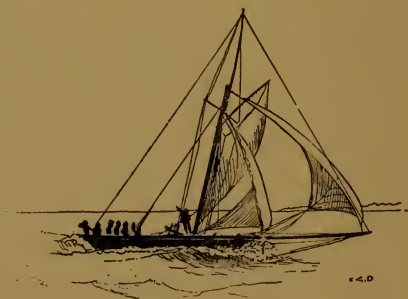
The hull itself is heavy planked, well braced and well kneed. The deck fittings are stout. The skylight slide, etc., being made strong to resist the water when the yacht is dragging them under. The iron-work, rigging and spars are all heavy.

They may not pull on their tillers like a Cape Cod cat, but the heavy displacement gives them a slow, shiplike stateliness of action. When they round up to their moorings they don't bounce and splash one or two seas and then stop dead, but cut clean and forereach many times their length against wind and sea—due to their great momentum and narrow knife-like model.

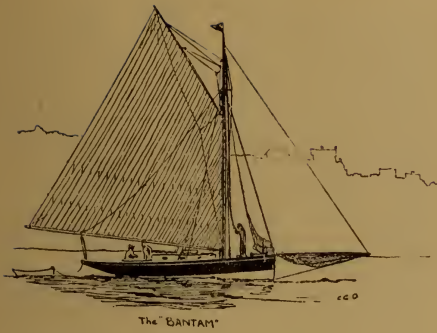
I have been scudding up the Hudson River in an open cat-boat under the peak of a mainsail and seen a cloud of white canvas coming up the river astern; now hidden in a bank of white mist as a squall of rain overtook her, now in sight again, growing larger and larger rapidly until she came up abreast of us and disappeared in short order ahead. But what a sight for



The Coquette



The Cypress



a yachtsman's eyes in the few moments she was near us!

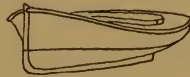
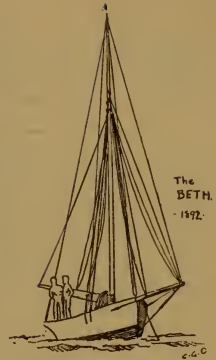
The *Coquette*, I believe her name was. A long, thin, black hull, with glistening copper bottom, straight bowsprit, short lower mast, wide spreaders and tall thin topmast. A mahogany skylight with shining brass rods, companion slide and a cosy little mahogany-trimmed cockpit in which two oilskin-clothed men were as comfortable as could be. And we three were cruising for two weeks in a leaky, open, \$75 cat-boat! "Oh, well," we would sigh, "we can't all be rich." But how we would yearn for such a yacht! That is what keeps a yachtsman ambitious.

A practical builder's glance over a boat is of more value than a day's inspection by the amateur. He will know just where to look for structural weakness and he will see and understand many little signs that the novice would never notice. If, however, he can not get any experi-

enced judgment and the selection devolves upon himself let him try and remember some of the following hints:

Boats are naturally built so their curves all run in true, fair lines. So stand at one end and look along the deck edge; if the hull is strained it will show a hump. The keel line should show a fair straight line, or sweep, according to the model. In the old style of straight-keel boat you will find many where the keel is arched up in the middle or "hogged" as we call it; this shows the backbone of the boat is weak or has been strained all out of shape and is anything but a desirable investment. If it is a keel boat this hogging will not be so likely to occur, as the additional stiffness given by the false keel and iron or lead ballast prevents it.

In many of the modern fin-keel type where the keel is extremely short and deep, you will find the ends have sagged, giving an S-shaped sheer. This occurs mostly in the frail, lightly built racers where everything is sacrificed to obtain a light hull, even to putting in spruce deadwood. Sometimes sagging is caused by the boat being improperly blocked up when laid up for the winter.



Sound Hull



Strained Hull.

Examine the ends of the planking where they are fitted into the rabbet. Straining will often show by the top or bottom edges of the planking having crowded forward out of place. If the top edge projects it shows the boat has hogged, that is the two ends have dropped. If the lower edge projects it shows the middle has sagged. Both are a sign of weak construction. Another sign of weak construction is the seam between the edges of the planking. You will often see a boat where the putty keeps roughing up along the seams, particularly about the chain-plates where the strain of the mast comes. This shows the planks move.

To test the soundness of a plank, jab the point of your knife into it. Do this particularly just above the water-line. If

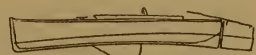


Sagged

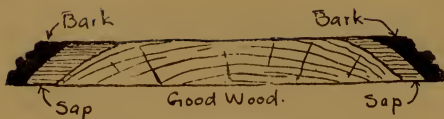
Hogged.



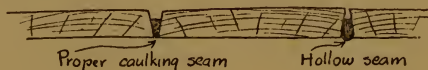
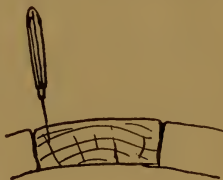
Sound Hull



Strained Hull.



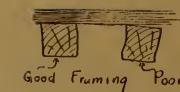
there is a rotten spot, it will be punky and soft. Another way is to bore with an auger and see if the chips come out brittle and sound or are black and punky. If you can hear or feel the bit cutting it's a sign the wood is strong; if it cuts soft the wood is otherwise. Always jab the point of your knife a few times near the edges of the boards, for there is where the sap will be. Sometimes the planking will be so crooked that to cut it out requires a wide board; and some builders will cut the plank so it includes much of the blue wood containing sap under the bark at the edge of the plank. This, of course, is bad. If she is a keel boat examine the bolts that hold her ballast on, and the iron floors if there are any. Tap them with a light hammer, for sometimes under a scale of rust you will find the floors are eaten away. If she is a center-board boat examine the connection that hangs the board, and if possible have a look at the board itself.



Look carefully along the garboard seam between the planking and keel clear up to the bow and stern. This seam along under the bottom in particular will open quite wide in a weak boat. See that the centerboard slot is parallel and not pinched together in the middle so the board will bind.

Get inside the boat and see if the frames fit flat against the plank and are not touching on one edge only. The truer they fit the better the job of course.

If the planking is copper riveted see that the nails used are in proportion to the size of timber and not little bits of things. See that the riveting over the "burrs" has left them in good condition and that they were nearly driven through the washer or "burr." If clinched, see that the nails when they were bent over on the ends did not break or split the frames. While inside, examine the seams of her planking to see if they are close together and do not show cotton sticking through.



not cut too short and



If they are wider inside than out, condemn the boat—you can never keep it tight.

CONTROLLING THE HIND QUARTERS OF YOUR HORSE

BY F. M. WARE

NO art in this country is more generally misunderstood or more scantily appreciated than that of *la haute école*—a science which is to ordinary riding what a collegiate education is to the kindergarten course; an art upon which all genuine horsemanship depends, and upon which, in however imperfect shape it may appear, the management of all horses under saddle must and does rest. That this study should be looked upon so generally with contempt in America is not to be wondered at perhaps for two reasons—first, that its intricacies have never been favorably considered in England, after whose tastes so many of our modern fashions are patterned, and second, that through the national char-

acteristics of impetuosity and impatience of detail our people are not mentally calculated to actively take up a pursuit which requires in the highest degree patience, dexterity, self-control and willingness to learn from the demonstration of others, or to sift forth from the bushels of chaff written upon the subject the kernels of knowledge which are so generally concealed that without the assistance of an expert, who will charge roundly for his services, they are impossible to find.

For another thing, the physical structure of many equestrians prevents their ever acquiring the secureness of seat, perfectness of balance and ready flexibility of pose without which no advance beyond narrow

limits in this fascinating pursuit is possible. Without this perfect seat no such accomplishment as "good hands" is possible—so absolutely does the latter acquirement depend upon the former, and therefore recruits who are likely to attain success are few indeed.

The average equestrian looks upon a horse as an animal with two ends, one of which you steer to either hand or backward, while the other must perforce keep out of the way, and it is the animal's business to arrange that this shall be done expeditiously. It never occurs to such riders to go further into the matter, and the average hunting man or frequenter of the bridle path has no use for any methods which, as he thinks, entail more trouble upon himself. He has taken his regular outings at either pursuit in just this fashion, and he has succeeded in getting the exercise and achieving the ends at which he aimed; nor has he been injured in the process. Therefore to him all further investigation is as leather and prunella, and he begins by scoffing at its necessity and ends by ridiculing its usefulness; nor has he any patience with those who advocate the advantages of a proceeding which he will not acknowledge has any merits and of which he resolutely and ignorantly refuses to avail himself; ignoring the fact that, if a hunting man, he never opens a gate (as the very "hardest" of us sometimes must) that he does not roughly execute quite unconsciously a complicated "high-school" movement—the reverse pirouette; or that, if a road-rider, he never puts his horse into a canter before that most adaptable beast has voluntarily assumed the collection of forces which his careless rider neglects; has diagonally aligned his body in the same way; and has, of his own volition and at *his* time and place taken up a gait which should have been begun only at the rider's correct indication. The equestrian may fancy in such cases that *he* is the master, and is really riding his horse, but that self-assertive quadruped knows better, and thoroughly understands that he is carrying his burden, not being managed by it. It is just this sense which it would seem should lead us all to undertake this study, and to master as many of its simpler and absolutely logical directions as will benefit us in our daily experience and lead ours to be the guiding hand in an outing in which one of the two must be the master, even if the fact is not conspicuously evident.

Roughly speaking, *la haute école* may be defined as "The science of absolutely controlling and directing the movements of the hind quarters of the horse." Perhaps some people would add to this that it included first "the placing and maintaining under all circumstances of the horse in perfect balance or equilibrium," and this statement may be included in the definition, since it is so absolutely, as are all

other effects, the result of the control of the hind legs. Without this no balance can ever be perfect, and rarely even good, but all horses must hang upon the hands with a weight proportionate to their individual physical structure, and the lengths to which they can without personal discomfort respond to our efforts to prevent it. Properly balanced, no horse can pull or refuse his rider's demand in any way; without it he has always the ability and very often the will to refuse to obey directions of his rider, and to successfully resist any efforts to compel him to submit. This balance accrues to his advantage in various ways, and we neglect our duty to our dumb dependents in not more regularly striving to perfect it. We place a burden upon his back—a burden not of one weight, nor carried in one position or balance, but a sadly unsteady one, and often very heavy, and then we make no attempts, beyond the most primitive efforts, to explain to him how he may carry it most comfortably and enduringly. This singular negligence, however, is apparent in the way most of us sit and stand and even lie; so that perhaps it is not so very odd that we overlook in the equine connection the regulations which are vitally important in the human. Every horse is better for learning his balance, and like Kipling's ship that "found herself" he will ever after prove the more enduring whether in daily use or turned out to take his ease at pasture.

In harness only shall we find the thoroughly trained high-school horse not likely to be useful. His balance, acquired with much effort after diligent rehearsal, and maintained by constant practice, has always been accomplished with the bits in his mouth which forced response to the efforts of the hind quarters guided by the indications of the rider's legs and heels. When now he is thus bridled and finds no demands upon the hind legs by any signal which he has already been taught he is quite at sea and fails to answer pleasantly to his driver's demands. When furthermore he is required to over-balance himself by pulling from his shoulders at from 600 to 1,200 lbs. of weight in the shape of vehicle and occupants, he is further confused, and makes usually a most inferior beast for the purpose, while, through missing the guidance of the rider's legs, he wanders about in the most awkward fashion once he is between the shafts. There is, however, for ordinary purposes, no slightest need for carrying instruction so far as this, and like every other science, the merit of this consists in its reasonable use and not its abuse. No rational man (or woman) desires to go capering about the public streets or parks at the Spanish trot or the traverse, or to perform in either public or private any of the other stunts of *la haute école* which are useful merely to show to what perfection the equilibrium of the subject has been brought. There

are many feats which stop short of this and yet enter or should enter into the details of daily riding which are neither difficult of accomplishment nor elaborate in detail.

La haute école is, however, even more than this—it is a perfect system of calisthenics for the horse, and by it many an awkward and misshapen brute may be converted into a nimble, agile hack, handsome and truly proportioned to the eye in every outline. It is in this connection that it appeals to us all, for we have all seen horses which, but for this angularity and that defective curve, would have suited us to perfection; and this very development could have been brought about by a course of high-schooling which yet need never have entered into the graduate class, and could perfectly well have been carried out by ourselves. Beauty is a matter of harmonious curves, and while these may be produced in the naturally true-made horse by sufficient flesh, the outline is greatly assisted by proportionate muscular development; and this can be effected not only in the neck and forehead, but in the shoulders, body, loin and hind quarters.

Furthermore, the rider *must* in all these performances retain his proper seat, position and balance as he needs to in no other connection; and he must correct hourly and daily any eccentricities of either. The horse will not allow any departure from the "real thing," but prove, if he is to advance in proficiency, as exacting to his master as that gentleman is to him. In short, this science teaches a man to really ride as no other effort, however long continued, will do, and thereby furnishes another and most irrefutable argument of the advantage to be gained from the study.

The idea is general that the work is undertaken for the purpose of suppling the horse—though nothing can be more absurd. All resistance comes originally from the hind quarters, and it seems strange to observe riders persisting for months in efforts to "flex the neck" of a horse, when if turned loose he can and will demonstrate most plainly that he is embarrassed by no stiffness of that member by promptly turning it far round and scratching his back with his teeth! How much suppling does any animal need that can do that? and can you by the most persistent efforts ever render him supple enough to go through the same act? Turn him loose and he will go through pirouettes, gambades, caprioles, volts, the Spanish trot, and forty other things you can find no name for, in the sheer lightness of his heart; but you will have to be quite an expert and stick to your job persistently to make him volunteer a tithe of them once he is embarrassed by your weight.

Not every horse, however, can by any means be either regarded as a fit subject for development along the lines of high-school education nor as likely to be worth the

trouble after he is thus worked upon—and it is to this fact nearly as much as to any other that the distrust and contempt in which the art is held by many equestrians is due. Not only must the animal be well made and fairly proportioned, but he must be sound, especially in the hocks and loins, and of a structure likely to so remain under the stress of his exertions in the acquirement of supreme balance; while again he must be well made about and below the knee, that, when his training is finished he is not found to be either over in the knees, nor about to be afflicted by this disfiguring deficiency—which, by the by, almost invariably originates from improper or careless shoeing which injures or bruises the heels, and causes the attitude to be assumed which finally results in permanent disfigurement. The prevention of this state of affairs is obvious, and in the bare foot or the "tip" properly put on we have the means to that end.

If there is weakness anywhere in the physical structure or malformation of certain parts, the animal cannot without much pain yield and collect himself; nor will he do so, but vigorously resist attempts to coerce him. No horse with a short, thick neck, narrow jaws, or a ewe neck can bend that member properly; nor will hocks far behind him, a weak, bent, or curved hind leg, unsound hocks, a very light loin, or a very loose coupling over the hips, allow of any strain being placed upon them which is more severe than that of average locomotion which they so arrange as to allow for the deficiencies which make themselves felt at once if any other style of progress is essayed. Such horses must usually carry weight from 150 lbs. to over 200 lbs. possibly—and when under collection the strain upon the hind quarters is very acute. There is every reason why a subject upon which this method is about to be tried should be handsome; not only from the fact that his accomplishments and his beauty will mutually augment the admiration he excites, but because the mere possession of physical beauty proves practically that the animal is harmoniously proportioned, naturally well balanced, graceful and agile—otherwise we should not be impressed by him in this respect. The further reason for the necessity of a forehead that is handsome and elastic is that, as no horse ever at any pace places his foot upon the ground in advance of his own nose, the erect carriage of the neck and perpendicular position of the head, so much admired in the trained high-school horse, has a practical value and necessity in that by this carriage and by none other is assured the collected and rather shortened stride which is absolutely essential if equilibrium is to be maintained, and if the quick changes and abrupt curves of the various "airs" are to be unerringly and promptly executed. We shall see as we go on that while various shapes, attitudes,

poses, etc., are held by saddle-horse fanciers in esteem merely because they are graceful and characteristic, there is always a practical reason and actual necessity for such acquirements far more genuine and important than the mere gratifying of a fad or fleeting fancy.

Classes are offered at the various horse shows held throughout the country for high-school horses, so-called, and no events have done more to improve the science they assumed to foster than these ill-conceived exhibitions of "how *not* to do it." Executors have unquestionably meant well, and have fancied that the forced caperings and plungings were the finest developments of *la haute école*; nor were spectators generally better informed, but assumed in rather contemptuous fashion that the mere circus tricks displayed afforded the finest examples of the art of Baucher and his confrères. Nothing could be more grotesque or farther from the truth, nor have we ever yet found judges with either the knowledge to discriminate against such farces or the courage to turn the contestants out of the ring and to withhold the ribbons. To show how rare is the knowledge and the skill required to properly graduate a horse in these accomplishments, it is safe to say that there have never been over six men in all America who could certainly accomplish the feat, and not over fifteen horses who were thoroughly *au fait* at every step, or could be carried properly through every phase from the *piaffer* to the trot and canter backward. A stream of animals has been sent in from the West, trained by force to a few tricks, and we see them in the circus once in a while, but such freaks are no more like an educated high-school horse than plain water is like a cocktail. It is a fair test, and the only fair test, to ask any rider or trainer (in the horse-show arena or out of it) to put his horse into the *piaffer*—strictly speaking a "trot-in-place"—and to do this at once. If either he or his mount fails at this test there is no need of further investigation, because if the horse cannot properly *piaffer* he is not in balance at all, and can do nothing properly; and because the *piaffer* is the evidence of balance so perfect as to make anything else possible it is the foundation upon which the whole performance and education rests, and a most practical and necessary movement; one which, while not necessarily performed with the high play of knees and hocks, and the measured cadence so much admired and so beautiful to see, should be possible to any horse which pretends to any proficiency—possible with perfect balance, light mouth and nimble action—merely a "trot-in-place," *i.e.*, without advancing or retreating.

Naturally not all riders will care to acquire special proficiency, but one may go as far as one likes, or as one's seat and balance will allow, and with none but the

best results. Even the most persistent scoffers unwittingly use certain methods of *la haute école*, although in crude form; and even in the rush of a steeplechase field or the clash of a polo game these elementary principles are curiously evident. Watch the field swing into a turn; notice the increased pressure of the outside legs of the riders, and the shift of the bit to make the horses change the lead to the inner leg. They will tell you "it saves ground," and so it does for the soundest of reasons. In the same way as the flying field, or a hunting field for that matter, approach a fence you will see the legs of the riders closing—stealing back, if response is not prompt—the "hard men" taking their horses "between legs and hands" to insure the utmost collection and best balance possible at the pace they are traveling. Again the polo player as he throws his eager pony back upon his haunches while going at full speed executes with his high hand and his closed legs a quite complicated high-school feat known as the "halt at the gallop." Now one and all of these equestrians would sneer at these so-called "tricks" if performed by an exponent of the art, and yet crudely utilize them every day of their lives—and that is the only important thing about this art, that it and its principles are thoroughly practical, are in universal if unconscious use, and that as it is the pinnacle of all horsemanship, so also is it its sure and necessary foundation.

A saddle-horse should "traverse" to either hand, should "pirouette" and "reverse," change its lead and the canter as naturally as it walks and trots; nor is it a really decent hack until it can do all these things. The worst of it, and the discouraging feature of horse-handling of any sort, is that once so trained not one man in a hundred can comfortably ride him, and not one man in a thousand is willing to pay for either the time or the skill required to thoroughly finish a horse. We—the buying public—prefer our horses "in the raw" apparently, and naturally purveyors are not going to take any more time with the animals than will suffice to make them acceptable to the prospective purchaser. Hence the latter, in most cases, passes his life bumping about upon half-fledged creatures spoiled in the making, and with no more appreciation of the delights within his reach, or of what a genuine, first-class, balanced hack is like than a primary scholar has of trigonometry. He need never bother his head with the ultimate requirements of the science—the "airs and graces"—for they mean nothing, and were never intended to accomplish anything but to afford evidence of nimbleness, agility, true balance and the perfect accord of man and beast. The A B C includes such apparently simple, yet generally neglected accomplishments as making a horse stand still; progress only when you signal and at the pace you intend; turn when you guide

and where you guide, by legs as well or more than by hands; carry himself lightly and in hand at all paces; step in measured cadence, if naturally loose-jointed and sprawling the more to be collected and balanced; carry always a perpendicular face, a closed mouth and a pliant one, and a well-arched neck; walk fast and free; trot square and regularly; canter on either lead, and change at rider's will from a walk (preferably) or from a trot (generally and unfairly compelled, and resulting not in a balanced and collected canter, but in a disheveled hand-gallop); stop quickly at any pace, and halt at the walk and canter; traverse freely to either hand; back straight and freely; turn freely on the fore-feet ("reverse pirouette") as in opening and closing a gate, and as quickly on the hind feet ("pirouette"), etc.—all simple things to teach and simple for the rider to learn, yet all important parts of *la haute école* and from which all the exhibition tricks are compounded and upon which they are founded.

These maneuvers require two-handed riding, and the double bridle with bit and tridon. One hand is necessary for soldiers, police, paralyzed people, and those who are satisfied "they know it all;" two hands will find themselves, at times, very full. No bridle but the double bridle will answer, because none other is constructed on intelligent principles, or will give the necessary indications clearly and powerfully. No martingale of any kind is to be used, nor is any needed upon an animal of the shape and with the temper necessary to make a saddle horse. Such things are useful for raw colts, or as a "lubber's device" for controlling grown horses. In later papers various methods, ways and means will be discussed.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

The English papers have begun to notice the International Horse Show, billed to occur in London, June 7-13th, and sportsmen who have just returned from the other side report that all they have ever heard of the function has been through the American dailies, and that in England and on the Continent not only is nothing generally known about the matter, but no interest whatever is felt in any exhibition now or at any time along the lines proposed by those who are trying to work up interest in the show. That such an enterprise can ever prove popular in London, or any foreign country, *i.e.*, on the lines of our National Show, is much to be doubted. Englishmen are nothing if not conservative, and the fashions and customs sanctioned by generations of approval are quite good enough for

them; while, least of all, will they fancy any display which, to filch a morsel of their own slang, is sure to "wipe their eye," in the harness classes (at least) in all matters of appointment, and (if carried out in every particular, as it is done in America) in every detail of their management and up-to-dateness. No classes in the English shows are really popular, except those for hunters—and in a few localities, the breeding divisions. The harness classes are crude in the extreme, and but sparsely filled; the saddle divisions contain numbers of animals which we should class as distinctly "harnessy," and a thoroughbred or two of indifferent manners for which the strain is notorious. At Richmond, or any of the shows, the harness events are hardly featured; the appointments (from our viewpoint) shocking; the whole thing informal, rather crude and very amateurish, except for the hunter classes, which are fine and generally decided over a course that "wants a bit of doing." Again, the public that really fancies horses and patronizes shows for that reason is no larger than our own—and that is very small indeed—while the mobs of pushing, gawking social climbers and "stargazers," who make our shows profitable, are not developed, or wholly wanting, in the older and more sedate mother country; and, indeed, they are likely to be drawn forth in numbers by only one means—that of the King taking interest enough in the affair to show himself for a few moments, in person. Lacking this, with all the attractions of the London season claiming both attendance and tribute, the International Horse Show seems likely to fare rather poorly in point of patronage from that general public whose presence or absence after all it is which makes or mars all such functions.

Exhibitors from this country will be few. Messrs. Vanderbilt and McGrann, an odd dealer or two (possibly) and the list is about complete. There are to be three sessions per day—10 to 1—2 to 6—8 to 10:30—it means a lot of entries and a lot of classes to keep those hours full for six days. Will the response in the harness and saddle classes be strong enough to fill up? Hunters, ponies, draughts and breeding classes should be good, but will they attract even the sparse horse-show enthusiasts to the seat of action thrice daily for six long—and possibly very hot—days? (for after the cold winter over there, the summer is likely to be unusually fervid). To sum up, the undertaking is going to cost somebody a pot of money to prepare and to carry through, and it is heartily hoped that the response of the British public will warrant the outlay and recoup the sponsors of the exhibition.

MAKING THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

LAWN MAKING

FEW home-makers will go to the expense of employing a professional lawn-maker. But the amateur who undertakes to make his own lawn will be likely to score a failure unless he thinks out his work carefully before beginning it, and goes at it intelligently, rather than in the haphazard fashion which characterizes the work of many amateurs.

A lawn, to be pleasing, must have a smooth, even surface. It can be perfectly level, or it can slope evenly from the house to the street. A level lawn is easiest to make, unless there happens to be a good deal of soil about the house, from the excavations of the cellar. In this case it is an easy matter to secure a slope. Unless a house stands well above ground, on a good foundation of stone, I would advise a level lawn.

Go over the ground with spade and hoe and cut down all knolls. The soil thus obtained should be used in filling hollows. But do not undertake to fill any depression of the surface by simply dumping loose soil into it. Put in a little, work it over until mellow, and then beat it down thoroughly. Then put in some more, and repeat the beating process, and keep on doing this until the surface is even. It is very necessary that this part of the work should be carefully done. If it is not the soil will settle and your lawn will have little inequalities all over its surface and be anything but satisfactory.

After having leveled the ground, the surface of it should be scarified in some manner, to prepare it for the reception of seed. Some persons go over it with the hoe, making little cuts all over the surface, following this operation with an iron rake, to pulverize the soil. This does very well where the grounds are small, but is a somewhat tedious task on large grounds. I would advise using a harrow drawn by one horse. Go over the ground thoroughly one way, and then cross-harrow it. Do not have the harrow teeth set to cut deeply into the soil. This is unnecessary, as all you want to do is to prepare the surface for the seed. If there are any bits of sward or clods after harrowing is completed, pulverize them with the iron rakes.

If harrowing is not feasible, the spade can be resorted to as a leveling tool. Or a garden cultivator can be used with a fair degree of success, unless the soil is grassy. Manure should be applied liberally, and can be done most effectively

when the process of leveling is going on, for then it becomes thoroughly mixed with the soil. I could advise chemical fertilizers, bone dust, or guano, because with these we get no weed seeds.

Get the very best grade of lawn mixture for seeding, and use it liberally. I believe in thick sowing. This way you are not obliged to wait a year for a good sward. Sow the seed on a very still day if you want an even "catch." I would advise sowing from one side, and then cross-sowing. It is a good plan to sow just before a rain, if possible, as this will imbed the seed in the soil and prevent it from being blown away. If the season is a dry one it is well to roll or beat down the soil after sowing to make it compact enough to retain moisture until germination can take place.

Don't begin to use the lawn-mower too early in the season on new lawns. Let the plants get a good start before you begin to interfere with them. When mowing is begun have the cutter-knives set so that they will not cut low, but just clip off the tops of the plants. Many a lawn is ruined by shaving the sward while it is in its "stooling-out" period. Keep watch for weeds. Whenever one is seen pull it up. It will not be an easy task a little later when the grass becomes thick and matted.

ROCKERIES

Rockerries, when well constructed, add much to the attractiveness of the home grounds. But a formally built rockery, —one laid up with prim precision— is one of the most depressing things it has ever been my fortune to see. It is a constant source of annoyance to the owner and of amusement to the visitor, because its formality makes it a burlesque on the real thing. A rockery of nature's making is always wild and rough in outline—but artistic. It is the hardest thing in the world to successfully imitate nature's way of doing things, but that is what we must do if we would make the rockery in any way satisfactory. The most pleasing one I ever saw was made before the maker got ready to make it. This may seem like a somewhat paradoxical statement, but nevertheless it is a true one. He drew the stones from which he planned to build it, and dumped them down carelessly. His only thought at the time was to get the stones unloaded. When all the material was on the ground, and he was ready to set about the work of construction, he took observations, and it occurred to him that the heap of stones left

just as thrown off the wagon was really a good deal more like a natural rockery than anything he could build. And he had the good sense to leave it just as it was—big stones and little stones, hard-heads and boulders—all indiscriminately mixed. The result was that when he had filled the cracks and crevices with earth and planted wild plants and vines there he had a really pleasing imitation of nature's handiwork. It would not have been that if he had carried out his original plan.

Therefore, if you propose to build a rockery, let me advise you to simply throw the stones together in an utterly aimless way, and let it go at that. And plant in it only wild things, such as you find growing where the stones are dug. Use this earth to fill in between the stones. Don't have it in the front yard. Put it in a secluded portion of the grounds. The very idea of a rock-garden suggests seclusion and aloofness from the public view.

WATER GARDENS

Aquatic gardening is getting to be somewhat of a fad of late. The probabilities are that it will speedily become something more than a fad, for it is a phase of gardening which has great possibilities in it. Those who are so situated that they can have the needed water supply will find that a tank or pond of lilies and other water-loving plants can be made extremely ornamental. It can be stocked in April and May, and will give very pleasing results the first season.

In making the tank or pond, excavate the ground to the depth of at least two feet and a half. (The size of it must be determined largely by the size of your grounds. I would not advise one less than thirty feet square. If you have room for a larger one, by all means build it, for there are so many desirable water-loving plants that a small tank will oblige you to leave out many kinds you would like to grow.)

If the soil at the bottom of the tank or pond is a stiff clay it may not be necessary to use cement there. Many ponds artificially supplied with water are simply "puddled" at the bottom. That means that before water is let into them the clay is mixed to the consistency of thick paint and smoothed over the soil. Of course this will not make the bottom entirely water-tight, but it will be so nearly so that it will not be necessary to turn on the pump oftener than twice a week to keep it full. In loose, light soils it will be necessary to cement the entire bottom. It is a good plan to lay down small stones and run cement between and over them, making a smooth, level floor. About the edge, a wall should be laid up in stone and cement, taking care to have it water-tight. In one corner of the bottom a pipe should be set in cement, through which the water can be

let off in fall. Let the upper end of this pipe—which should be not less than two inches across—come flush with the cement of the bottom. Fit it with a plug, which can be removed when you desire to let the water off. It will be necessary to drain the pond before winter sets in to prevent injury to the cement from freezing, unless you cover it with boards and bank it in such a manner as to keep out frost.

After the cement has hardened fill the bottom of the tank with muck to the depth of four or five inches. In this many of our native aquatics can be planted.

If you have a windmill on the premises it will be an easy matter to connect it with the well or other source of water by a small pipe, through which the tank can be kept supplied with water. Possibly there is a brook which can be diverted from its original channel and made to supply the necessary water.

The expense of building a tank is not large. If well constructed it will last for years. In it can be grown nearly all kinds of our native water lilies. These you can purchase from several leading florists, who grow them for the express purpose of stocking ponds and tanks of the kind described. They also grow many kinds of foreign plants adapted to water, such as the Egyptian lotus, with its immense foliage and large very fragrant flower, and the regia. I would advise you to procure their catalogues, in which you will find not only a full description of the plants they have for sale, but many exceedingly valuable hints about their culture.

From what has been said about drawing off the water in fall, the reader may be at a loss to understand what becomes of the plants growing in it during summer. I will explain: Most of the lilies and plants of that character are not planted directly in the soil in the bottom of the pond. They are put into boxes of earth two feet across and perhaps a foot in depth, and dropped into the water where you want them to grow. If given a good rich soil they will make a vigorous growth and do quite as well as if planted directly in the muck beneath them. In fall, when the water is let off, they are taken from the pond in their boxes and placed in some shed, cellar, or other spot where they will be free from frost. It will not matter if they get dry. The roots will be all the better for that, for they will be getting a complete rest during their winter storage.

Of course the plants put directly into the soil can not be removed, and it is not necessary that they should be. The tank is filled with leaves. These are tramped down well above the muck. After that a covering of boards goes on, and this is well banked with snow. In this manner the plants growing in the soil at the bottom of the tank are well protected from cold. Sometimes some of our native lilies are planted in the soil and left in the tank

over winter, with good results. But, as a general thing, this class of plants is wintered in the cellar, as explained above.

Let me add for the benefit of those who may have some idea of making a water garden, that any one can be reasonably sure of success in the culture of the plants adapted to this phase of gardening. In fact they will take care of themselves after you get them planted. If you want something out of the common, something unique and altogether delightful that will add a most attractive feature to the country home grounds, have a water garden.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The Best Canary. (C. W. S.)—The best singers, among canaries, are found in the strain known as St. Andreasberg. These are selected, while young, with reference to their vocal abilities, all ordinary birds being rejected. The "chosen few" are given especial training by men skilled in this business. Their song, when developed, is wonderfully soft and sweet and includes trills, runs, and what are called "water-bubble" notes, in great variety. American dealers import them in November. The supply is always limited, therefore they bring a good price. One never tires of these birds, whose song is as superior to that of the ordinary canary as that of the mocking-bird is to the chatter of an English sparrow.

Coal Ashes for Walks. (B. T.)—Coal ashes make an excellent foundation for walks and drives. Excavate the path or drive to the depth of eight inches. Mix unsifted ashes with about one-third coarse sand. Put four inches of this mixture in the bottom of the excavation, pounding it down as firmly as possible. Set up bricks on their side along each side of the path, allowing them to rest on the filling of ashes and sand, and fill in with coarse gravel. This will give you a hard, dry walk which will last indefinitely. The brick edging will prevent grass from growing out into the walk and make a much neater job of it than is possible where gravel and sward meet each other. If gravel is not readily obtainable, the entire filling can be made of ashes; but an upper layer of gravel is advisable, because it will allow water to run off quickly.

Flower Beds on the Lawn. (C. H. K.)—Don't cut up your lawn—anyway that part of it between house and street—with flower beds. They rob it of that effect of breadth and dignity which an unbroken sweep of sward ought to impart to the house lot. Especially are beds out of place on small lawns. Have your beds at the sides, or at the rear.

Ornamenting a Driveway. (W. M.)—This correspondent has a strip of ground ten feet wide and one hundred feet long on one side of his driveway, and wants to

know how he had better plant it. There are several ways by which such a strip could be made charming. First, by setting it out with hardy shrubs, putting large-growing kinds at least ten feet apart, to allow for future growth, and small ones about six. Set about four feet from back of strip. The smaller kinds can be arranged in front of the larger ones in such a manner as to fill all breaks or gaps, if thought best. In front of these can be set such low-growing hardy perennials as phlox subulata, achillea and coreopsis lanceolata, with hyacinths, tulips and other early spring-flowering bulbs between them. Or summer-flowering plants like the gladiolus and dahlia can be worked in among the shrubs, and annuals can be given a place in the foreground. A fine hardy border can be made by planting perennials like delphinium, hollyhock, peonies and others of that class, giving the tall-growing kinds a place in the rear and graduating the plants according to size toward the driveway. This can be done so as to secure a most charming effect if one studies the size and habits of the plants used before putting them out. Or there can be a combination of shrubs, perennials, annuals and bulbs.

A Bay Window. (Mrs. K. M. T.)—If you are going to have a bay window built for the accommodation of plants rather than for looks, build it more like a porch than anything else—a porch with posts at the corners only, and enclosed with sash. Let the woodwork be as light as possible that it may not interfere with the free admission of light. Have all the sash space you can. Let the cornice be narrow, and let the roof project only enough to shed rain well. Let the sash begin about two feet from the floor. Ceil the space below, outside and in with matched lumber used over ordinary boards, with two or three thicknesses of building paper between. Let the floor be of good matched boards, lined with sheathing paper. Of course there should be a thick wall under it. Use good-sized glass bedded in putty and held in place with strips of wood, rather than putty, as the latter, when exposed to outside influences, will soon peel off. If you have proper facilities for warming it, or can arrange for them, do not make your plant room less than eight by twelve feet in size and about nine feet high. You will find that your collection will soon fill a room of this size, and the chances are that you will wish you had built it larger. Have the end sashes in two sections, with the upper ones hung from the top on hinges, so that they can be swung outward for ventilation in summer. If the plant room opens off the living room or parlor I would advise having a large opening between, fitted with glass doors, as this will allow the occupants of the dwelling to get a full view of the plants at all times.

MR. JOHN BURROUGHS ON FAKE NATURAL HISTORY

BY HAROLD S. DEMING

THERE is an article from the pen of Mr. John Burroughs in THE OUTING MAGAZINE for February, 1907, under the heading "Fake Natural History—Gold Bricks for the Editors." Three-fourths of this article is devoted to two "Briartown Sketches" by me in HARPER's for October, 1905, and May, 1906. Mr. Burroughs announces these sketches to be "sham" and "false," not "records of genuine observations made in field and wood" but "blundering caricatures" built of "a tissue of falsehoods" which substitute the "invention" of a fakir for the honest observations of the true nature student whose spirit he skillfully simulates.

If the reader is interested to turn to the "Briartown Sketches," which have called forth from Mr. Burroughs this unqualified denunciation, it will perhaps be easier for him to understand the nature of this attack. The Briartown Sketches are not treatises upon natural history. They do not attempt to generalize upon plant or animal life. They do not pretend to present results of prolonged scientific research, but are just what they appear to be, outdoor sketches, written not from the point of view of the scientific naturalist at all, but composed by casting together into pleasant descriptive form a series of observations made by an interested onlooker at the doings of birds and other creatures.

Even in accredited text-books upon natural history, where the statements take the form of generalizations assumed to be founded only upon observations repeatedly verified, some erroneous statements certainly appear. In the very nature of the work of even the highly skilled field naturalist there is always some possibility of error; and because of this, few naturalists, I think, would hold any general statement as to the exact habits of a given animal as final, and not subject to modification by later observations. In the notes to later editions of works like Nuttall's Ornithology it is not uncommon to find this or that statement by the author questioned, and on good grounds. If, then, even in well-known text-books errors appear, and are justly criticized afterward, it will surprise no one if in these Briartown Sketches errors crop out. For in the preparation of a scientific text-book every care is taken by a skilled naturalist of wide experience to verify each statement made; while in these outdoor sketches the state-

ments rest upon the observations—some of them upon the isolated observations—of a "countryman" rather than of a "naturalist."

If, therefore, some naturalist of experience had, upon reading these sketches, seen fit to criticize this or that fact as seemingly carelessly recorded, too loosely described even for the purpose of an outdoor sketch, or so at variance with the reports of others as probably to have been stated from faulty observation or recollection, the criticism would not only have been legitimate, but such as the writer of the sketches would have been grateful for.

But this is not the attitude of Mr. Burroughs. He does not question, in a critical spirit, the accuracy of one or many statements, but denounces the sketches in their entirety as intentionally faked up, invented, falsified, fact upon fact, from beginning to end.

It would be impracticable to catalogue all the statements which Mr. Burroughs condemns as invented; and it would be impossible to furnish direct proof of the truth of all those statements. Clearly many of them, as individual incidents or facts, depend solely upon my word. But it is not necessary to prove or disprove all these statements in order to test Mr. Burroughs' capacity as a fair judge and critic of the recorded observations of other men. An examination of Mr. Burroughs' article itself,—of its "quotations" from the Briartown Sketches, of its reasoning, of its misstatements as to facts of natural history easily within the ken of many,—will furnish test enough.

Though to the ordinary eye it would seem clear enough that these are not scientific monographs, but literary sketches, Mr. Burroughs is unwilling to permit in them any latitude of descriptive phrase; but has demanded of them an exactness of statement and a nicety of description like that in a scientific treatise. Yet, if the reader will place the Briartown Sketches side by side with Mr. Burroughs' article, he will notice that Mr. Burroughs himself, in his versions of my statements, certainly shows no scientific exactness. My statements are there in cold type, unchanging. They were facts under Mr. Burroughs' observation. If the reader will contrast his own impression of them with the impression which Mr. Burroughs gives of them in his article, the result will need little

comment. Not only does Mr. Burroughs pick out isolated statements and phrases and treat them apart from the context, omitting when he speaks of one statement any mention of another explaining it; he goes farther, he puts unfair construction upon passages as a whole, and as a result attacks not what I have said, but what he reports me to have said; and in one instance at least he invented an extraneous circumstance which threw a false light on what I did say.

To illustrate: Mr. Burroughs declares that I could not possibly have identified a crow on various occasions as being the same crow, for "every crow," he writes, "looks like every other crow, and *even if*" (the italics here and elsewhere are mine) "one had a bell upon some particular individual or some conspicuous mark," it would be impossible to trace his wanderings. Would the reader suppose from this that the crow in question had any distinguishing mark? Yet the Briartown Sketches twice calls attention to "Crusoe's" ragged, injured-looking right wing. Did Mr. Burroughs overlook this fact?

Again: Mr. Burroughs invents a locality for my sketches, which he states to have been written in New Jersey, and upon that assumption which he has invented bases "proof," by reference to the flora of New Jersey, that I invented certain facts.

Seemingly reporting the gist of my words in another place, Mr. Burroughs writes: "We see the female . . . (hummer) . . . while her mate brings her bits of rotten wood. . . . He makes a heap of the material beside him, while she . . . *converts it into a kind of pulp* for use in her nest . . . Fancy pulp made from rotten wood! It were as easy to make pulp from ashes or common soil." Here are the words of the sketch: ". . . both hurried to a rotten stump near by, and . . . plucked off bits of the pulpy wood and brought them to the maple. After a little, the female bird, perching on the maple branch, began to work over the pulp already collected. . . . With deft bill she shredded the *fibers* in the rotting wood, sorted her material, and set about building a nest. She built it in layers, the first one fastened to the rough maple bark by innumerable fiber ends, each succeeding layer *woven* into the one below." Later on in the sketch I referred in a general way to this nest as being built of "*woven fibers* and wood pulp." Could any fair-minded reporter of what I said represent me as having described the hummer as *manufacturing* wood pulp, like a hornet? Is not Mr. Burroughs over-eager to convict me of "grossly and stupidly misrepresenting" facts? My written words were facts under his observation. Has he represented them with overmuch care?

If the reader will apply to Mr. Burroughs' versions of my statements the "test of the

parallel column," he will find for himself plenty of illustrations of the distorted impression of another man's observations which Mr. Burroughs appears willing to give to the public when he is denouncing that other man as a bungling misreporter and inventor of facts. A goodly share of his attacks are not upon what I actually said but upon his perversions of what I said. I shall have occasion to allude to some other instances of this.

Some of his dogmatic generalizations from which he has deduced the falsity of my "invented" statements will perhaps surprise the reader, if he has ever taken a country vacation in New England in the summer. For instance, he lays down this rule as to the race of kingbirds: "As a matter of *fact*, the kingbird only attacks its enemies when they appear in the vicinity of its nest." Has Mr. Burroughs never seen a kingbird pursue a hawk or crow as far as his eye could follow them on some late August day when kingbirds' nests are empty? I venture to say that the reader has. It is worth mention in passing that Mr. Burroughs misreports me as having made the kingbirds "attack . . . a great blue heron."

Again, Mr. Burroughs writes that I "should be told that red-shouldered blackbirds do not nest in colonies of 'countless pairs,' but singly—a pair or two in one locality." Therefore I lied when, in writing of a broad marsh bordering a lake, I put in one of my sketches these words: "In the alders almost countless pairs of red-winged blackbirds built their nests." To begin with, would a fair critic transmute my description above into one of a "colony" (such as herons build)? But waiving that, if Mr. Burroughs has never seen more than a couple of pairs of redwings nesting in one "locality," I feel sure that there are plenty to agree with me that this can go to prove no more than that Mr. Burroughs' experience with redwings has been rather limited, much too limited for him to generalize with assurance as to every group of redwings in the union.

In THE OUTING MAGAZINE for December last Mr. Burroughs states that "the nests (of humming birds) are *always* neatly thatched with lichens;" and with this as his scientific premise, he *deduces* the result that I lie when I write that I saw on a grapevine a hummer's nest thatched with bits of grapevine bark. If he will look in "Birdcraft," by Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, a well-known writer, he will find record of a hummer's nest, in a tall spruce, "covered with small flakes of spruce bark, instead of the usual lichens." This accords ill with the omniscience of Mr. Burroughs as to humming birds.

Humming birds, Mr. Burroughs declares, nest in May or early June, and in New Jersey—the locality which he invented for my sketches—near the middle of May. Therefore he deduces that I lie when I re-

port a nest as newly built when the wood lilies and meadow lilies were in bloom. And, exclaims Mr. Burroughs sarcastically, "In this sketch the wild grapevines are in bloom also and mingle their perfume with that of the lilies!" In my sketch the reader will find, in the course of a general description of the colors and perfumes of a summer noon, this phrase: "Each stir of air among the grapevines, bringing me the blended fragrance of leaf and bloom, set the branches overhead weaving new shadowy designs on the grass." I wrote not of blooming grapevines, but of a summer breeze bringing its burden of mingled odors through the natural arbor of wild grape. But adopting Mr. Burroughs' version, if he will turn to Gray's Manual of Botany, he will find that the blossoming seasons of wood lilies, meadow lilies, and grapevine overlap in June. That is certainly true for Massachusetts, near the southern border of which my sketches were in fact written. And a number of witnesses could corroborate me in the statement that in northern Connecticut hummers sometimes nest in late June and early July, as the hummers of which I wrote did. Reference to "Birdlore" for May, 1901, will disclose a report of a hummer's nest as newly built about the 21st of July in Englewood, New Jersey. Truly, it looks as if hummers, lilies and grapevine were violating the laws which Mr. Burroughs had appointed for them. For the matter of that, few persons, I think, will question the fact that individual pairs of many of our common birds may now and then be found nesting, or individual patches of many of our common flowers be found blooming, "out of season."

When Mr. Burroughs turns his attention to my report of having found a crow's treasure heap of bright trifles, he is moved to declare a general law of nature broad enough to include all animals. He denounces my statement as a palpable invention, "preposterous and not worthy of a moment's credence. What purpose," queries Mr. Burroughs, "could the habit" of collecting bright objects "serve in the economy of" a crow's life? "None." "That tame crows will carry away bright objects and hide them is no proof that wild crows will do the same." (Nor would it, Mr. Burroughs, appear to be an appropriate argument for the contrary conclusion.) "*The wild creatures have no traits or habits that are not directly related to their needs,*" says Mr. Burroughs. Taking the italicized sentence as an enunciation of an incontrovertible law of science, Mr. Burroughs deduces the result that my report of the crow's treasure is a deliberate lie. Does the Australian bower bird build its bowers and ornament them with bright feathers and little heaps of whitened bones to meet an "economic" need in its life? And does the clipping of the wings and the taming of a crow born wild create

within it new needs, non-economic, leading it to steal, hide, and then secretly visit (as more than one tame crow is known to have done) various bright objects?

How can even a naturalist of Mr. Burroughs' long experience lay down the law as to what every individual wild creature in this world will do, and hold such a mighty generalization fit basis from which, as if by geometry, to deduce that any one who differs with him is a liar?

Another example of Mr. Burroughs' willingness to construe the statements of another man into deliberate lies can be noted in what follows: "Our Briartown observer has preternaturally sharp eyes. This crow's nest was forty feet from the ground in a tall pine, and yet this writer claims he could tell the kind of food the mother bird brought her young." Some persons I have questioned did not think it preternatural to judge of a large worm or insect at forty feet through clear air. And it might occur as an afterthought to Mr. Burroughs that a field glass has its appropriate uses. Moreover, if any one has seen crows, at close range, feed certain food to their young, it is possible to infer with moderate sureness that other crows feed like things to their young on other occasions; and a statement to that effect would seem proper enough in an outdoor sketch.

Among the food which the crow brought I mentioned dobsons. "How the crow could get dobsons (*the larvæ of the dragonfly*) is a mystery," says Mr. Burroughs. "When I have sought them for bass bait I have had to wade in the creek and turn over heavy stones for them." The solution of the mystery is this: Mr. Burroughs is a bit rusty in his entomology. He is at pains to tell the reader that the dobson is the larvæ of the dragonfly, but he is evidently speaking of that other dobson known to fishermen as the hellgramite. If he will look in a manual of entomology he will find his bass bait labeled *Corydalis cornutus*, and will see that it develops into a large insect very different from the "dragonfly." In the same entomology he will find that the real larvæ of the dragonflies (*Odonata*), the creatures of which I wrote (which are also popularly called dobsons), throng every shallow lake and pool. Crows and even slender-billed sandpipers can easily capture them in the shallows along the shore.

My statement that a certain humming bird's nest did not drain dry after a rain sends Mr. Burroughs into an ecstasy of contemptuous incredulity. "How long would a race of birds that built such watertight nests survive?" he cries. "A bird's nest will not hold water as well as a boy's straw hat—not even the mud-lined nest of the robin." I wrote not of a race of birds, but of a single very tiny nest, so unhappily tucked away in the corrugations of the

bark on a broad branch, that it did not drain. How long would a race of birds survive if it built nests so carelessly that a mere breeze would shake them down? Yet Mr. Burroughs has doubtless seen here and there a nest so built. How long would a race of birds survive in which the would-be parents hanged themselves in loops from the building nests? Yet many have seen occasionally such catastrophes.

In brief, Mr. Burroughs' method of attack may be thus summed up: Apart from the bad names he calls me, his article consists mainly of three elements. First, he makes unfair, distorted versions of many of my descriptive statements, and then, displaying to the reader the perversions which he himself has created, scoffs at them as clumsy fabrications of mine. Secondly, he lays down dogmatically the law as to the things which every individual member of a given species of animal will (or apparently can) do, wherever found in this broad land—and many of his "laws" it takes no scientific naturalist to recognize as at variance with common experience—then from these "laws" which he himself

has made, he deduces the conclusion, which he then asserts as a fact, that my statements inconsistent therewith are deliberate lies. Thirdly, as to my other statements whose verity he denies, his process is simpler. He says in effect: "I don't believe you; therefore, you lie." But Mr. Burroughs is not omniscient. That he has not seen a certain thing does not make it *impossible* that another man should see it.

Mr. Burroughs' position is untenable. The Briartown Sketches are not the product of a morbid imagination; they are based upon actual observations honestly made and honestly recorded. I may have misobserved or through faulty recollection misreported; and I have no wish to deprecate fair criticism of any of my statements. But, as we have seen, Mr. Burroughs' article is not only not fair criticism, it is not criticism at all, but a blend of faulty logic, frequent misstatements and heated temper, strangely out of tune with the good sense and kindness which so distinguish his writings when he is not in this curious bellicose mood.

ON THE CARE OF TACKLE

BY LOUIS RHEAD

LONG before the opening season for trout fishing, when the cold wind blows and the snow lies deep, some nameless influence is working to arouse the angler once again; no matter how absorbed in business cares, memories of the past rise in his imagination—and he has no choice but to look over his fly book, tackle and rods. The spell is on—recollections of brave fights won and disappointments entirely forgot—almost hourly he dreams of future pleasures, wherein the love of the art is above the greed of prey—not the picnicking duffer, but the real true fisherman, I mean, whose love is broad and takes nature to him as a tender brother; who sees in every tree, though so lightly clad, a message of joy—of sunshine, wind and rain.

In the pursuit of angling as a pleasurable recreation, the important thing is to have good tackle in thorough repair, and with a little care, at odd times during the winter, the expected pleasure will be assured. We all have some particular rod we like better than the rest. I have for some seasons past chosen a steel rod from others lighter, better and more expensive. My tenderness for it I cannot explain, except perhaps that I can cast a longer distance and can treat it with the utmost brutality, yet it remains sound and true. I have had it in

use ten years; during that time it has been enameled twice, and is still as good as new.

All rods should have the greatest care, be they of solid wood, split bamboo, or steel. We are not all inclined to send them to the rod maker every season for examination and repair; we would rather do that ourselves, at odd times. Scrape the rough places carefully with the sharp edge of a piece of broken glass, then revarnish with good coach or piano varnish laid thinly on with a camel-hair brush. Examine carefully, that no crack or opening is seen in the bamboo and that the silk is not frayed or untied. If the latter, some fine red silk twist carefully wound will replace the frayed parts. If the thin part of the tip shows weakness, extra ties can be wound over it, and if the guides are loose, they should be retied; also the ferrules, if only slightly loose, should be taken out, reset and reglued—then true casting is made more sure. Personally, I think the plated or silver mountings are a mistake. I do not keep mine polished bright, for the reason that the flash in the act of casting scares both trout and bass, especially on bright sunny days and low water. The time is near I hope when makers will produce a rod with mountings of a somber color. When the varnish is thoroughly

dry the rod can be placed back in its case, and is ready for use when the time comes.

Next in importance to the rod is the reel, of which there are numberless varieties—but all should be tested and put in good working order before the angler starts on his trip. The click is apt to loosen, the spool not act with freedom and ease, and often a screw is loose. All these should be attended to and made to work smoothly and the revolving parts thoroughly cleaned and then oiled. Most important of all, see that the reel fits tight on the butt; a reel is no good if it wobbles in the socket, or the ring is not tight and firm.

I remember an instance that gave considerable annoyance. After casting for a time there rose a large bass in the opposite direction. I immediately changed the rod to cast left-handed. He took the fly just at the moment my reel dropped in the water, and darted up stream. I was standing on a rock in comparatively deep water. I checked the line with my thumb, and tried to lift the reel by the line, which to my disgust unwound and would not hold it. I then dropped the line in the water and played the fish, and landed him. After considerable difficulty and wasted time I got things to rights again, but always took good care after that experience that my reel was secure.

In the proper care of lines one is apt to balk. It is too much trouble to unwind and dry every time one returns from a hard day's fishing, and the most we do is to re-wind parts to test if any kinks are there. A silk unvarnished line is the worst to kink, so that it is always advisable after the season is over to take the lines from the reels and wind them on a large wheel. A careful and prudent brother angler has devised a unique plan of winding his lines round a bicycle wheel, after the tire has been removed. Placing the bicycle upside down he works the pedals and winds it through an oiled rag. This softens the lines and keeps them moist and pliable, as well as prevents cracking. I refer to the oiled trout and salmon lines—plain silk or linen need only to be well dried before winding. Even the best and most expensive lines become weak and worthless through want of proper care and attention—it is impossible to prevent mildew or rot, unless a line is put away for the winter in ship-shape order. The sloven who throws his flies, leaders and lines all in a heap, with the idea of arranging them on arrival at the river, finds himself very miserable and ill-tempered—especially when in the company of friends who are kept waiting till his tackle is fit for work. Such trouble would be obviated if done comfortably by the winter fireside.

Both leaders and flies, if properly cared for, will last two or three seasons. The best and finest gut is expensive and hard to get perfect. If the angler can tie a strong knot neatly, the frayed parts may

be cut away and the remainder tied together just as good as new. Gut should always be soaked in water before testing its strength, then taken out singly, thoroughly examined that no cracks or frays may be there, and then stretched till thoroughly dry (being held fast at each end by two pins or thin wire nails), when they may be wound and replaced in the round tin boxes ready for use. They should be kept in a cool damp place, air tight if possible, to keep them from rotting. More fish are lost on defective leaders than on any other part of the tackle, so that extra care should be taken to have leaders perfectly strong.

We buy new flies every year, so that they accumulate, and many are not used at all. It is necessary, therefore, to look them over at least two or three times during the winter months, to prevent, if possible, the pesky little moths making short work of the feathers. This can be avoided by a plentiful supply of fine moth powder scattered thickly between each leaf. I have seen twenty-five dollars' worth of flies utterly destroyed by moths in one winter, and I seldom see a book of flies without signs of moths in them. Only a little care and attention and this can be prevented. If the fly book is placed in a tin box or glass jar with a tight cover, there need be no powder used and the unpleasant odor is done away with. The late W. C. Harris claims that fish have the sense of smell in a comparatively large degree; but we cannot tell if a fish would fight shy at the smell of moth powder. Outside of the tackle there are numberless little things of great importance to keep in order: the landing nets, creels, wading or hip boots, should be well dried before being put away for the winter. Even with the best of care, rubber boots can not be made to last over one season's constant use.

I have said nothing about the bait fisherman's outfit, as each individual has his own way of providing articles for his use, such as minnow buckets and traps, floats and sinkers, measure and scales—all have to be packed away and placed where they can be found when wanted. The true angler has his chest made specially for his purpose—to him angling is a passion of which every detail is of interest. And again, there are others whose pocketbook is conveniently full, that everything missing or out of order can quickly be replaced with new. The economical angler is twice blessed in that he has the joy of making one fly kill a dozen trout, added to his zest of fishing. How imitably amusing is Andrew Lang in his "Confessions of a Duffer," wherein he describes his utter inability to use even a semblance of care over his tackle.

So, the moral is, *look well to your tackle*. To land any game fish is not easy, but the angler may be well assured the fun is greater and success surer if tackle is in proper trim.

“What fitter symbol for this divine uplift of the year than this bird (the lark) whose ecstasy in song makes the very word Spring an intoxication in our ears? It is but a symbol of the divine Joy which is Life: that most ancient Breath, that Spirit whose least thought is Creation, whose least glance is that eternal miracle which we, seeing dimly and in the rhythmic rise of the long cadence of the hours, call by a word of out-swelling, of measureless affluence, the Spring.”

—FIONA MACLEOD.



"STEADY, BOY—STEADY!"

Drawing by E. V. Naderhny.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



Vol. L



Number 2

MAY, 1907

THE SLUMS OF PARIS

BY VANCE THOMPSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRIBAYEDOFF



IN the gray hour—just before the cats slink home—you see an old man going along the street. There is a huge basket on his bent spine. Nose to earth, he hobbles along, fumbling with a crooked stick in the muddy gutters. He is old and ragged and foul—some *Père la Chiffe*, Father-the-Rag, creeping home to his cabin in the outer slums, perhaps, the *cité doré* by the fortifications. The cracked lantern he carries makes a crazy light about him as he goes—a gnome, you would say, dancing after a Jack-o'-Lantern.

Un biffin, quoi?

For he and all his kind, *meré la chiffe* and all the ragpickers, have been driven out of the age-old slums of the city. Broad new avenues have let sunlight and honesty into the black quarters. Then the old inhabitants fled. They found shelter in the clusters of hovels near the fortifications—cities they are called in the quarries—where they could. But the old slums remain—the black pits of Paris; nor have they

changed so much as you might fancy. In them hides a poverty which is like no other in the world, for in the midst of sullen resignation it has red moments of revolt; and always it is tinged with a kind of savage gayety. Even so it was in the long ago. The rogues and beggars are those with whom Villon foregathered in his day—these pale, little men, wicked as spiders, but with a sort of feudal courage and chivalry in them. As you shall see, for at the moment it is our business to go down into the black pits—to visit, too, the outer slums, circling the great, heart-shaped city—and have speech with the men and the little women.

Years ago when I did not know Paris as I do now, I used to go police-conducted through this underworld; and that was ludicrous. And with others it became a habit. The great folk of earth took to “slumming in Paris”; grand dukes dipped their *ennui* in these black waters; hectic women of society sought a “shudder” in the dens of *Père Lunette* or *Fradin*; excursions were organized as to the Catacombs or the sewers. Any one who will may follow



Little waifs of the slums.



A four-cent restaurant, where the inmates manage to have a good time despite their poverty.



The Flea Market, just outside the fortifications, where old junk is disposed of.

this road, without peril, or, for that matter, profit. In the first place the very men you want to see on such a pilgrimage fly all to cover at the sight of the *rousse*—the police; and then what the police shows you is a little too artificially slummy. Such a trip the Empress Catharine made across the naked Ukraine steppes, where all along the horizon thoughtful courtiers had erected cardboard villages, churches, farms, to show her how rich and populous her land was. You and I will fare better alone. At times we may cut the grand ducal trail, but we shall foregather with those they never knew. For instance, my friend, "La Boule" —

They call him "La Boule" by reason of his bullet-head; he is bald, almost beardless; he is short, swollen out with bad alcohol—a dirty little man in a ragged coat too long for him, an old red handkerchief, broken shoes, a checkerboard cap. Once he was a lawyer. He was in prison for ten years. At present, in addition to being a drunkard—which takes up a deal of time—he writes begging letters and engages timidly in bloodless crime. It would be sheer madness to boast of his acquaintance; but he is a useful man on our down-going journey to-night.

Taking off his absinthe—we are *chez Barabbe*, where I had told him to meet me—he says: "I would suggest the 'Dog that Smokes.'"

I

ROUND THE MARKETS

Barabbe's is a restaurant near the Central Markets. It is not too disreputable. There come the night workers for the comfort of a dram; and, toward dawn, men in evening dress, prattling women of the half-world, come there to breakfast on a famous onion soup. *Chez Barabbe* you may meet any one—cut-throat or ambassador. And the old head-waiter is the best-known man in Paris. You were never really a student in Paris, if you never borrowed a *louis d'or* from Frédéric—some thirsty morning. So I pay, tipping grandly, for the sake of old days; and "La Boule" and I go out into the night. Now turn to the right, or turn left, you are in the slums. Old, old streets, narrow and obscure, the Rue Pirouette, the Rue Mondéhour, the Rue de la Grande

Truanderie, the Rue Ve la Petite Fruanderie (that is, the streets of vagabondage big or little), one and all are much as they were four hundred years ago when other rogues slunk through them, other painted girls laughed from the windows. At least there are fragments left. The Boulevard Sebastopol has cut the old quarter in two. And then in the tangle of streets, amid the old houses, humid and black and crooked, tall new apartment houses rise here and there. New Paris is making its way into the slums; slowly, very slowly. The Rue de Venise, with houses almost touching overhead, is as solid as any street of Genoa, and has all the mystery of old-world things. The figures that pass you sweat grease and alcohol; once they were women. And yonder is the mansion of Law, he who blew South Sea Bubbles; swarmed over now with thieves, beggars, human parasites; it is a lodging house. But we are going to the "Dog who Smokes."

It is too early yet to visit the dens where the vagabonds of Paris, the night-errants and criminals and mendicants come to dance and drink and take their pleasure, or to sleep. It is eleven o'clock, a cloudy evening. The great halls of the markets have begun to take on an air of life—electric lights flare here and there in the huge iron sheds; the first vegetable wagons are coming in from the country; the "strong men" with loads on their heads pass; women scream to each other.

The first floor of the *Chien qui Fume* is an ordinary wine shop, with tables and a long zinc counter. A staircase, so narrow your shoulders touch both walls, leads to the restaurant above stairs. There are a number of little rooms for those who would be private. Thieves of the richer sort are the only customers. "La Boule" and I eat our oysters below stairs, at a table near the bar. Near us three bulky fellows stand drinking, typical men of the market, wearing huge white sombreros, loose blue blouses.

"*Tiens, le père l'Affamé,*" says "La Boule"; Father Starvation is a withered little man, thirsty and active. When they don't call him Father Starvation, they call him the Hermit of the Halles. He is one of the hundreds who pick up a mysterious living round the markets, dining on carrots, sleeping under carts; in fifty years he



Thieves engaged in twisting stolen objects out of shape to prevent recognition.

has never journeyed so far as the Rue de Rivoli. A philosopher.

"When one's well off in a place, why leave it?" he says.

As it grows later the streets fill; women come out; the beggars come home from the boulevards; from farther away—from the suburbs and outskirts—come the little men who have made a *coup*, emptied a pocket or a villa; "La Boule" has finished his oysters and we begin our night journey. As we turn into the Rue Pirouette the lighted belfry of St. Eustache gives the hour: midnight. That street is dark. You can hardly make out the figures that pass, men or women. The air is heavy with the odors of fish, of decaying vegetables—underfoot the pavement is gluey with dead things; your boots crunch on snail shells. At No. 5 there is a low archway; it leads to the Cour du Heaume, a vast court, surrounded by a gallery set on pillars of wood; five centuries ago it was a sumptuous palace—this moldy building; then a "Court of Miracles"; this night it is filled with empty hand carts, with ladders, baskets, the refuse of the markets; only against one wall a half-dozen old hags lie huddled—sleeping away the hours until they can find work at the markets. Further on, the Rue Pirouette is lighter. Women stand in the doorways—the eternal women of the underworld.

They offer you the effrontery of their eyes.

They wear no hats, these women; the glory of each of them is her huge casque of hair, yellow, red or black—built high on the head.

The "little men" in the wine shops look out as we pass, "La Boule" and I; they are drinking absinthe, playing cards, eating snails; most of them are young; they are sallow and lean and wicked; it is in their horoscope to die in a jail or under the guillotine or in a wild brawl of knives. We shall meet them yonder in the "Angel Gabriel," in the "Cave of the Innocents" and many another den to-night; and they are worth studying—these bandits of Paris. From without the "Ange Gabriel" is as banal as any other of the dirty wine shops of the town. And indeed unless one is an old Parisian, given to slumming, there is no way of telling the peaceable tavern from the den of murder and spoil. I could take you

into a "zanzi" over near the Morgue that you would fancy was quite the most desperate place in Paris; yet this tavern of the *Flèche Notre Dame*—in an old house of the street of the Cloister—is as peaceable as need be. But it has a bad look, with its blood-red front. Go in and you find fellows in blood-stained blouses drinking. Grewsome, but harmless. These men are the *Morguers*. Between two operations—when they have "made the toilet" of some poor devil found knifed in the street or afloat in the Seine—they stroll over to the *Flèche* to wet their throats and chase the microbes. They come familiarly in, their blouses blood-marked, their hands humid from the handling of corpses, bringing with them an odor of phenic acid. And they pledge old Père Rochefort, the landlord, in the good gray wine of Bar-le-Duc. Harmless, as I said. But the "Ange Gabriel" for all its banal look, has a history of crime and bloodshed. It had its hour of notoriety. Fame came to it with the *Casque d'Or*. She got her name from the mass of yellow hair that crowned her. And the "little men" fought for her—Manda, Lecca and many another, of whom some are dead and some in New Caledonia—with pistols and knives.

She it is who stands swaying in the doorway.

A low, narrow room, a zinc counter running the full length; on the wall, painted by some artist fallen into the slums—a fantasy of pigs that sprawl and grin and eat. The sullen man behind the bar is the proprietor; unquestionably he is "in" with the police; but he protects his clients until their time is ripe. And they know it and do not much care; for nowhere are they safe. The rooms on the floor above are crowded. In the smoky atmosphere you make out many tables, crowded all. A poor devil of a violinist stands on a chair in the corner, scraping out a dance tune. Voices take up the chorus—a lugubrious noise. About all these people who sit there, drinking, howling the melancholy waltz, there is a look of kinship. The men are slender, but stout of shoulder; they wear felt hats, tipped down, or broad-vizored caps; their clothes are of old corduroy, or—for the prosperous—of flaring checked cloth. The faces are as of brother and brother; each has the hard features,



The Rue Pirouette—the wickedest street in Paris, where the “Ange Gabriel” saloon and other low joints exist.

the heavy jawbone, the large mouth with thin red lips—the face of the Gaul; and each has the yellow pallor—the color of impure wax—which is the mark of the slums. They are all young. Hither they have come from all the outlying quarters of Paris, Belleville, Ménilmontant, Charonne—for this week-end's debauch. Lads of a band; they are the knife men of Paris. They have gained and deserved the names of Apaches.

Les Apaches—

They work in gangs; in the underworld their associations are complete and distinct; fame has come to them—to the gang of Bébert of Montparno, of Gégène of the Courtille, the Green Cravats, the Costands of the Villette, the Monte-en-l'air of the Batignolles. Against these bands the police war in vain. They wage their battles in open day—for some *môme* that Bébert has stolen from Gégène. A band comes down from the heights of Belleville or of Charonne and raids a peaceful quarter—a home-going cab is surrounded, the passenger stabbed through the window and robbed. They prey on the public. Band wars upon band. There are nightly duels on the fortifications or under the bridges—when the “Beau Totor” meets “Poigne d'Acier,” knife to knife, in a savage and not unloyal way. Young all; from sixteen to twenty-two, rarely older. Where do they come from? Everywhere. They grow on the pavements of Paris, along the gutters. Foundlings or deserted children; sons perhaps of that laboring class which is on the edge of crime and beggary. The life of the Apache is short; but for every one sent to the jail or the guillotine two stand ready at the door of the slums. They used to haunt the den of the Père Lunette; but now, “La Boule” tells me, it is a police trap; they are safer at the Angel. When they have money it is here they come. They eye the visitor with quick side glances and talk in whispers to their “little women.” They are almost girls, the “little women”; they are sallow, with carmined lips and *casques* of hair. Others plaster the hair down on each side of the face with sugared water; but this fashion is going out.

Always in a doorway some *Casque d'Or* is swaying—

Will you look at her a moment, before we go down into the blacker pits?

She is the real Parisienne; she and not Mimi of that fabulous Latin quarter, invented by the novelists; she and not the little milliner, blond and blithe as a canary bird, of whom Mürger sang. She is the daughter of a workingman. When she was little I saw her carrying a basket through the streets of the suburbs; humming a tawdry song of the wine shop or the fair, she passed; a child of the Villette, of Saint-Ouen, of Grenelle or of the Place d'Italie. Then she gained eighteen *sous* for fourteen hours' toil in shop or factory. Her home life in cellar or garret may not be looked upon—hunger, drunkenness, blows, shame; she knew every suffering.

And when love came to her, love itself was sad; sad as the songs sung in the wine shop when day is done—mournful songs, stupid and vile.

How old was she?

Not twenty as you think; she was fifteen; and her husband, her *petit homme*, was not much older. They met one evening, home-coming from the shop. All round them was the sinister Parisian twilight; behind them the dim bulk of the fortifications and, further still, the tall chimneys of the factories, with smears of smoke.

“*Tu m'aimes?*”

“*Oui, je t'aime, mon p'tit homme.*”

A poor love, banal as a song of the wine shop; a poor love that led by devious ways; so she stands here swaying in a doorway—with drunken eyes and crimson lips, an incarnation of hate and violence—a bird of prey and of the night.

II

WHERE MISERY DANCES AND SLEEPS

They amuse themselves in the underworld. A grim kind of pleasure—song and dance and alcohol. On the left bank of the river, as on the right, they dance, the sinister little men with the red neckerchiefs and the hatless girls—the rouge melted in strange, dirty arabesques on their cheeks; suburban rangers and urban rogues. In the Latin quarter the most notable *bal* is that of the *Mille-Colonnes*. It is a ribbon of light this Rue de la Gaîté, which runs through the streets, all tranquil, dull, almost somber, near the Montparnasse sta-



A Montmartre night-resort where broken-down artists and "has-beens" of every sort congregate.

tion. There, between the Avenue du Maine and the Boulevard Edgar Quinet, at two steps from the cemetery, shine endlessly the bars, the cafés, the wine shops—"Riolet's" and many another—Jasmin's concert hall and the Babino; a crowd swarms—among the vagabonds a few honest working folk, students. Better this night, the *Bal Octobre*.

The steepest, narrowest street in Paris; a few faint lights in the blackness of it; the Rue de la Montagne Sainte-Geneviève. One sign flares up: BAL. An ordinary wine shop, a bit lighter than its neighbors. At the back of the bar a door—guarded now by two policemen—opens into the dance hall. The *patron*, a big man with a good-natured face, gives us welcome. Judging me by my tailor, he leads me into a little side room with a window giving on the ball room—"the observatory for swells," says he, smiling. He tells me of the grand dukes who have sat there, looking out on the dancing mob and, with just pride, of the visit the King of England made him. And what is to be seen? A great rectangular room, lit by gas jets on ceiling and wall; on a platform at the back a rudimentary orchestra blaring a waltz; and over the discolored floor the vehement little men who swing the girls—too young, all of them. Over them like a cloud sways an odor of rancid humanity, intensified by outrageous perfumery. And the *père Octobre* points out his choice clients—Frisé du Boul' Mich' and the Tondou of the Place Maub'. Admiringly he says: "Ah, the *Frisé* has his little talents!" A second-story man, a *monte-en-l'air*, of note. They drink and dance. The cost is *deux rondo la suée*, two cents a dance. And thus it goes all night; with somber fervor, silently, under the eyes of the two policemen at the door. Toward dawn perhaps a quarrel. Nothing fatal. The "little men" have been stripped of their weapons.

The most dangerous quarter is that of the Gobelins. There in the Avenue de Chaisy is the Bal d' Alcazar; the "Alca" in affectionate slang; and there, too, they dance, dance, drinking the "little glasses"; somber and strenuous, the people of the underworld take their pleasure.

Caveau des Innocents, No. 15 in the old street of that name. It has gone two o'clock in the morning. Nothing remark-

able on the ground floor, a shabby restaurant; above, straw ticks are spread on the floor and men and women sleep, pellmell, covered with gray blankets—peasants mostly who have driven in to the markets; for four cents they have a dish of soup or a glass of wine, and four hours of the straw sack. This is merely poverty, or a mild kind of thrift. Anyway it smells worse than crime.

"Phew! La Boule, let us go," and we descended into the caves. As we go down the narrow stairs puffs of hot, foul air come up to us. There are four cellars, with great arches. On coarse wooden benches sit the clients, packed like herrings, each with glass of beer or wine or shum. Through the cloud of smoke the four lights overhead wink like fireflies. The proprietor, a young fellow full of health and wine and jest, has come down with us; he makes place for us at one of the heavy oak tables—the surface cut deep with names and dates.

"Ay, and there are famous ones," says he, "look!"

Cut deep in the oak in huge letters: PRANZINI. Ay, a famous murderer. And beneath it: "To Nenesse for life."

A piano clangs away; a barytone sings—white little songs of spring and mother and "La Marjolaine"; these deserters, victims, rebels of life, are sentimental; even the worst of us can't go on knifing fat citizens all the time; the violent girl may love a rose; one and all lift their drink-roughened voices in the maudlin choruses.

There comes a time when even the night-errant goes to sleep; penniless, he sleeps under the bridges or on the slopes of the fortifications, or, furtively, in the Bois or the streets; with two cents, or four, he can have shelter. On the other side of the boulevard there are lodging dens in such sinister streets as that of Venise, the Beaubourg, and especially the Rue Simon-le-Franc.

There is the Golden Eagle, in the vast old mansion of the Lords of la Reyme; and, curious among all, the Senate where senile misery gathers. Ah, this cohort of old thieves, old drunkards, old mendicants! Peer down on them from the cellar steps—a mass of dirty rags and old beards in which something stirs and groans. The Senate is



Some typical Paris loafers in front of the famous "Ange Gabriel." Many night brawls and murders occur here.

the last half on the journey. Lean brown hands are stretched up to us; and there are voices that beg and voices that curse and voices that moan in that fetid cellar. It is not good to be here. Nor in the Rue Simon-le-Franc; for this is "Burglars' Row," and in these dark shops the "receivers" deal in stolen goods, and new faces are not welcome. And we do not linger near the "Hotel des Rupens" at the corner; at this hour of night there are safer places. *Gros Salé* makes his home there, and *Pincelbe*, and other men of the dark lantern.

Le Père Lunette, too famous as a night shelter, this wretched den of the Place Maubert is so closely watched now by the police that it has lost much of its old *clien-tage* of crime; only wretchedness seeks refuge there now. It has long been a show-place of the slums. More than one king has come to stare at the tawdry painting on the walls—a grim dance of death, a skeleton with the head of General Boulanger leads the rout, and after him caper all the men once famous—Zola, Freycinet, Garibaldi, Rochefort, Louise Michel—capering down to the same grave that waits for the beggar man, drunk in the corner. Oh, he has his grim humor, the Latin outcast! Hiccoughing, in rags, red-eyed, monstrous with disease, the starvelings and pariahs lie heaped together—a pretty sight to set before the king who comes seeking amusement in a world not his own.

"Eh, La Boule?"

"One gets his pleasure where he can," says "La Boule"; his tolerance is large.

The foulest slum in Paris runs from the Place Maubert to the Porte St. Devis, taking in all the quarter of the markets. Now these slum dwellers know all the miseries—the heart turns in you at sight of them; but, as well, they have all the vices and not one virtue save that of gayety and, perhaps, a kind of feudal comradeship. In a cold hate for "the others" they are all brothers. The vermin of humanity—a hideous swarm that bides and stings and devours and dies; always wretched.

Fradin's, No. 43 Rue St. Devis; an old building of four stories; a hotel without beds; the guests sleep on the benches or

propped up against the tables, on the floor, under the stairs, in every available foot of room. At the door a crowd of men stop us. They stand in the mud of the gutter, their hands in their pockets, waiting for Providence to send them four cents. Bent creatures, so degraded that not even their voices are human.

"*Quatre ronds, mon prince!*"

Without a word of thanks they shuffle into the refuge, a vast hall, sweating filth like all the others. Père Fradin, a short, big-shouldered man in a blue blouse, meets the newcomers; in return for the four cents that each one pays he gives them a ticket good for a bowl of soup or a glass of wine; with that they may sit or lie where they will and sleep. Père Fradin has a story of his own. He strokes his huge mustache—as of a Gaulish chieftain—and talks of his past. He was chef in the kitchens of the Maréchal MacMahon and of Dom Pedro of Brazil; but this pays better—the greasy soup he feeds to seven or eight hundred vagabonds nightly. We pick our way over the bodies that cumber the floor. Those who wake hold out a begging hand mechanically; but they do not speak, and in a second fall back into brutish sleep. This floor and the two upper ones swarm with sordid folk, sleeping all. They lie in all postures, thick, indistinguishable. Some picture like that you may have seen: it represents the night after a battle—a shadowy scene. There are two cellars. The upper cellar has wooden benches. Everywhere the sleepers lie.

We start down to the sub-cellar. So foul an odor came never from the pit of hell. It smites one in the face like a decaying hand. On the earth they sleep, and against the sweating stones of the wall and the staircase; and it is black down there save for the flickering irony of a little lamp. A living charnel house.

"Bah!" says Père Fradin, "they have nothing to complain of—some of them have been coming here for ten years."

I have had enough of it; quite, quite enough. And they are men and women, those dim things rotting there in infamous sleep—shapeless things, corroded with misery, monstrous!

What grim mocker said that all men were brothers?



A colony of paupers and rag pickers at work.

Sulphur-colored hints of daylight in the sky; I leave the cab at the fortifications; this is the cité Jeanne d' Arc, an inclosure formed by low huts and sheds. The home of Père la Chiffe. Piles of rags, of bones, old tins, corks, bottles, broken china, papers, all the refuse of the great city. Round these piles men, women, children crowd, digging with iron crooks into the multiple filth. One old man gives a little cry. It is like the squeak of a rabbit. He has fished a mutton bone out of the mass. The wandering street dogs had not gnawed it clean. Grunting he sits down and with an old knife begins to scrape the bone. A few pieces of flesh he gets and bits of marrow, and eats them with an idiotic smile. A huge woman comes toward him. Bloated, clothed in multitudinous rags, her gray and dirty hair hanging loose, she waddles down on him, cursing. With his little squeak the old man gets to his feet and hobbles off; then the woman laughs. The cabins are of wood; the roofs are broken; the beds are such rags as those the half-naked children sort; yet in them live as honest a folk as any in the slums. For they work, the rag pickers. They form a world apart. They have no point of contact with the rest of the world. At night they prowl the streets; their days are passed in the *cités*. A world apart.

Said Père la Chiffe: "*Moi, je suis né dans le chiffon—j'ai vécu dans le chiffon—je mourrai dessus—voilà.*"

"Ay," said he, "I was born in the rags and I've lived in the rags and I'll die in 'em—ay!"

Of course the city of Paris has shelters for the poor, as he may know who pays the poor-tax; in work-houses and poor-houses you will find many of our slum dwellers—they come and go; but the public formal charity touches but the rim of the city's wretchedness. There are hospitals to die in, and jails; and a guillotine to end it all. Oh, Paris is not negligent! The poor are always poor, says the proverb. And then it is a mathematical law: out of every thousand just so many are eternally foredoomed to sleep on empty bellies and lie cold o' nights; and another proportion—exactly determined by omniscient science—is predestined to rot and kill and die by "Charlot's" hand. Paris has only her due percentage. And with her two hundred thousand who go the black road, all is not as bad; here and there along the way lights shine—there is a little warmth—a piano jangles a dance tune, and they sing:

"*Tu m'aimes?*"

Oui, je t'aime, mon p'tit homme."

A MAY MORNING

BY MATILDA HUGHES

A touch of frost in the morning air,
A sudden sense that life is fair;
The glad, wild note of a happy bird
From the tall bare boughs of the poplar heard,
Ere he shakes his wings to mount on high
A glorious stretch of wind-swept sky,
And a heart that catches the lilt and swing
And the joy that is life and love and Spring.



THE SERENADERS.

Drawing by F. V. E. Ivory.

SAS-KATCH-E-WAN

THE MISSOURI OF THE NORTH

BY EMERSON HOUGH

PERHAPS you may have heard of the celebrated divine who could move a congregation to tears simply by repeating the word "Mesopotamia." It was in the sound. Some words have individuality of their own. You cannot twist "Mesopotamia" to mean anything but a sleepy, sun-kissed land. You could not, for instance, endow those soft vowel sounds with the rugged quality of another unmistakable word—Saskatchewan!

Sas-katch-e-wan! Spoken as though it came always from the full ridged chest of a tall red-man, thin in the flank, hard in the leg—spoken as though with the exhalation of lungs full of rugged northern air. What word in the glossary of rivers surpasses this in the virility of its sheer sound? It reeks of kinnikinnick and dried white fish and smoked breasts of wild geese, and service berry and pemmican. You cannot avoid seeing dog sledges or help hearing the honk of wild fowl, or refrain from noting the blown breath of men running in the cold, when you hear the mere name, wild, mysterious, of this river, one of the trails of the young men.

A few rivers you and I may have seen, perhaps, yet not so many as we shall see. The Mississippi, two thousand miles of it, from the sea to the falls of that reverend liar Father Hennepin; three hundred miles north of that to the trickles among the wild rice fields; the yellow sea of its lower flood, where it breaks into wide swells beyond the many channels of the sea marshes of the Gulf—we have seen all that. We have seen perhaps four thousand miles of the Missouri, seen its source and its midwaters, and its eventual outlet in the Gulf; a strange stream and one full of romance. The Ohio, the Arkansas, the Red, the Platte—great American streams full of

history, full of destiny—all these we may have seen, beginning and end, front and back and all between. But these, our own ways, our old ways, are old indeed to-day, and the history which they write to-day is that of commerce and not of adventure. To-day they are paths of old men.

Let us have rivers for young men, men thin in the flank and hard of leg. All America to-day wheezes with fat. Lo! we cry, we of this America, behold our most amazing fat, our bulk, our immensity!—thinking of no better thing to boast than bigness. Yet this Saskatchewan, with the wilderness still in its legs, youth still in its eye, could tell us that bulk is not strength, but its opposite, that it spells coming weakness. Wherefore, let us who do not care for rose leaves, or turbots' tongues, or for the stealing of other people's millions, get us to Saskatchewan.

For there is still upon this continent another Missouri. It rises in the snow and ends in the ice, and in its crooked arms it holds an empire. Few men now know the Saskatchewan throughout all its length. Two hundred and thirty-six years ago it was that the Hudson's Bay Company began to know it, studying it in the speech of the wild tribes who came down with cargoes of furs. These red-men, the Salteurs, the Assiniboines, the Crees, the Piegans, the Slaves, told the white men of a vast, meandering waterway, leading deliberately out toward the west, running backward and forward, east and west, north and south, with the open and obvious purpose of showing all corners of a new empire to men in search of empire. That was the Missouri of the North, and from the first it has been competitor of our Missouri.

Once came a race between these rivers. When Lewis and Clark were crossing our

continent by way of the Missouri, the men of hard-legged Simon Fraser were racing up the Saskatchewan trying to beat us to the coast and take away from us that West, now so much richer than Thomas Jefferson dreamed. The Scotchman started a little late. In the winter, when our men were at the mouth of the Columbia, Fraser was more than a thousand miles northeast of them, snowbound far up in the mountains. He had gone up the Saskatchewan beyond Edmonton, and thence swung straight west toward the Peace River Pass—the same pass toward which four railroads are reaching to-day. It was next spring before he could cross this pass and seek for the west-bound waters.

Old Simon would have done far better could he have gone down the Wood River, or the Canoe River, and so struck the point of the Big Bend of the Columbia, where Steinhof and Barnes and myself last spring saw the mountain gorges opening out toward the heads of the Peace and Saskatchewan. But Simon went across by the Tête Jaune Cache and got upon a bold water which he thought was the Columbia, but which was not, being the stream later called after him, the Fraser. Rivers thereafter were not named in his day. The Indians warned him not to try to run the Fraser, but old Simon paid no heed to that, being bound to find the mouth of what he thought was the Columbia. And so he built Fort St. James and Fort Fraser and Fort George—the latter still there if you want to make a trip for giant moose—and deliberately fastened his grip upon that country. But it was spring of 1808 when he learned that he had long ago lost his race with the young Virginians, and lost the empire of the northwest coast. Lewis and Clark were by that time back home, and America was growing wild over her newly discovered empire on both sides of the Rockies. So now Fraser went back east again, ascended his wild rivers to the wild mountains, crossed the mountain pass which has lain for a hundred years unused, tramped east over the muskegs to the north arm of the Saskatchewan, and so followed it down to Lake Winnipeg. Then he came down that lake to the Portage of the Prairies, and so got down through the Rainy Lake waters to Lake Superior, and thence back to Fort William on the Great

Lakes, where he had first got word of the intention of these same young Virginians. That hard, historic journey of Simon Fraser over the country which Saskatchewan traverses, was one of the hero journeys of the world. It almost deserved to win. Verily I believe that since then the ghosts of Clark and Fraser have shaken hands in their graves and have said that neither was beaten, and that river equaled river, and that both were meant to be the pathways of the young men.

The story of Simon Fraser is but one of the many stories of Saskatchewan. Through many years it remained mysteriously unknown, highway only of the furs. Bull boats and flat boats, York boats and Northwest canoes laden with furs alone coming down, supplies going up, parted this flood, yellow far to the east in its fifteen hundred miles of length, blue toward the west, and green where it emerges from the ice. We did not yet concern ourselves with fields of wheat below this river, or with exhaustless forests for the maws of coming pulp mills north of it. Saskatchewan was still unexploited. The nets came up full of fish in all the lakes along it. Its plains were tenanted by the buffalo and antelope. The plover circled about the uplands; the painted wild fowl streamed across; and the wind blew always fresh and keen enough to wash away a strong man's sins. On the Saskatchewan a man did as he pleased. There were little churches with crosses at the mouths of the great rivers where the furs came down, and one might there confess and be absolved. So for a hundred years Saskatchewan lay at our doors, the very sign and symbol of a wilderness. No doubt its real discovery was due to the finding of gold far down on the Yukon. The movement toward Alaska by one or another way was the beginning of the end of all the mysteries of the far North. Of course the Hudson's Bay Company knew all about it, but the Hudson's Bay Company, finger on lip, was gum-shoeing around with a big secret on its soul for more than two centuries. "Whisper!" said the Hudson's Bay Company, and so all was done in whispers.

Speaking of its physical aspects, what does the average man to-day know about this historic river? Can you without studying a map tell offhand where it rises,

or where it finds its mouth? How long is it? How big is it, this Missouri of the North? It is well enough to know some of these things of a river now so swiftly coming into notice. For twenty years you have been able to ride by rail to its source. For two years you have been able to take trains to a part of its lower waters. But even yet these lower waters are little known to most folk. A friend of mine, a man of average intelligence and education, told me the other day that of course the Saskatchewan River emptied into Lake Superior through the Rainy Lake region. Questioned closely, he was of the belief that its sources were somewhere in the musk-ox country of the arctics! The truth about the Saskatchewan is that it is a Missouri tilted up and running eastward instead of south. It is the backbone of the most wonderful waterway of all the world.

Strangely related, too, with our own backbone river, is this Missouri of the North—the Swift-flowing Water, as the red-man's name for it means. The Saskatchewan drains the whole of the upper Rockies, from the Athabaskan waters to the Missouri, hence its head waters lead down to ours. The old voyageurs trafficked freely between the two. The two forks of the Saskatchewan resemble the upper sources of our river, the Yellowstone and the main Missouri. The south fork of the Saskatchewan is made by the Red Deer and the Bow, and again the Bow receives the Little Bow and the Belly Rivers from the southward, and so we come in direct touch with the St. Mary's waters on this side of the line, with the Swift Current, with the Milk River, which is ours for most of its course.

The Blackfeet knew no national line, and traded from the Yellowstone to the north arm of the Saskatchewan. I have often heard my friend, Joe Kipp, of the Blackfeet nation, tell of a starving march he once made in the winter from the Saskatchewan to the Milk River; how nearly they came to perishing; how they ate owls and eagles, and how at last they rejoiced when they found a half dead, starving bull out on the prairies. I have listened to old John Monroe, of the Piegiens, tell how he killed grizzlies far out to the east on the plains of the Saskatchewan, with no better arms than the old Hudson's Bay fuque and

heavy knife—once with the bow and arrows, when he was on horseback and the bear pursuing him.

From John Monroe I heard of his father, Hugh Monroe, old Rising Wolf of the Blackfeet, a Hudson's Bay man from his youth. Hugh Monroe was the son of a British Army officer and of a daughter of the distinguished La Roche family of Montreal, émigrés, bankers, large land-owners, aristocrats. When only fifteen years of age, Hugh Monroe harkened to the call of Saskatchewan, and followed the fur brigades far toward its source. It was he who was perhaps the first white man to cross from the Saskatchewan to the Missouri. He joined a great band of Blackfeet, who followed up the lower sources of the former river and went south along the eastern edge of the Rockies, sometimes close to the foothills, sometimes fifty miles out on the prairies, flat as a floor, and covered then with buffalo. Presently they came to the Sun River and the Mussel-shell, and the Judith, and the Marias, and the Missouri.

That party of Blackfeet numbered eight hundred lodges, or about eight thousand persons, a splendid savage cavalcade, in a splendid savage day, and one that has had few parallels. They were bound south to sample the trade of the white men then coming up the Missouri, and Hugh Monroe went a'ong, though then but a boy, to learn their language, to dissuade them from the American trade, and to bring them back to the Saskatchewan with their furs in the coming season. It was again rivalry of river against river—Saskatchewan against Missouri; the Northwest Company against the American Fur Company; Canada against the United States. That was in 1813, and soon everybody of any consequence knew all about both of these great swift-flowing rivers which took hold upon the fur-bearing hills.

It was, by the way, this same Hugh Monroe who, in the opinion of a few men studious in early western history, was the first white man to set eyes on the Great Salt Lake of Utah. He left no written history, but once at least left his name on the country. At the head of the beautiful Two Medicine Valley of Montana, not far from the pass of the Great Northern railroad, there is a noble mountain called Ris-

ing Wolf Mountain—the mountain called Mah-quee-a-pah, or “Wolf-Gets-Up,” after this early adventurer. When I talked with his son, John Monroe—who speaks five languages all at once—it was in his smoke-fragrant teepee, in sight of this noble mountain, and I digress now for sake of a little matter of justice which ought to be set right so far as possible. In one of its illustrated folders some years ago the Great Northern railroad printed a photograph of this noble mountain, with the subtitle of “Hough’s Mountain.” This is an inaccuracy that is little less than a sin. The members of the Blackfeet tribe who were with me on a winter hunt in that country some years previous had given names, now geographically accepted, for most of the peaks in that part of the Rockies, and because I killed a sheep on one mountain there they named it after me; but this is across the cañon from the mountain called Mah-quee-a-pah, or Rising Wolf. He would be a very poor sort of man who would wish to change nomenclature so old and just as that.

Old Hugh Monroe, who died some years since, after a life which could not now be duplicated on this globe, passed his later years in what is now Montana. His son John, old and gray and feeble when I last saw him, had wandered all over the country between these two great rivers. His last wife was a Cree woman, born north of the Saskatchewan. That river had led his father, his wife and himself down to our own mountains. There is no romance so keen as that of these great early water trails.

The southern arm of the Saskatchewan runs pretty much all over the pair of Canadian provinces and past several cities. It passes Calgary and Banff, and shows the railway the road up the mountains to a point opposite the wild Kicking Horse stairway on the west slope of the Rockies. You can see all this, a series of wonderful mountain pictures, by rail to-day on the Canadian Pacific railway. The northern arm remains more remote. The two streams diverge into a wide loop, and both so ramify and wander that literally there is Saskatchewan within touch almost anywhere you go west of Winnipeg Lake. And when you touch Saskatchewan you are within reach of all North America.

Knowledge of the wonderful extent and efficacy of the old waterways of the North has now almost passed out of mind, but there is no study more curious and interesting.

The false mouth of the Saskatchewan is in the northwestern corner of Lake Winnipeg, but the true mouth, in Hudson’s Bay, is at about the fifty-seventh parallel of latitude. After passing through Lake Winnipeg it is called for a part of its length “Katchewan.” Then, picking up more northern streams, it is called the Nelson River, which of course it is not, no matter what the geographies say. It is Saskatchewan, the Swift-flowing Water, the link between the Rockies and Hudson’s Bay.

One of the many lakes strung on the lower thread of Saskatchewan is Sturgeon Lake, where was located the old Cumberland House, from which men departed both to the Missinnippian and Athabaskan streams—the center of a tremendous geography. By means of a chain of lakes and connecting streams the voyageur got west to the Athabaskan system, or east to Hudson’s Bay. As Dr. Coues remarks: “We have brought our traveler from the Red River of the North by water up to Cumberland House; we could bring him down to this place from the Rocky Mountains. In fine, we are here in the focus of a vast network of waters whose strands radiate in every direction. A canoe could start from this house, and with no portage of more than a day’s length, could be launched on the Arctic Ocean, Hudson’s Bay, Gulf of St. Lawrence or Gulf of Mexico, and without much greater interruption, could be floated on the Pacific Ocean!”

We in America followed down the Ohio, up the Mississippi and the Missouri, the Platte, the Arkansas and the Red. Thus the men of Canada followed the rivers of the North, and most of all, the Saskatchewan. In those splendid unknown years, what adventurous keels plowed those upper floods! How many feet, red and white and brown, made the little tracking paths along these shores!

Many early men passed up the Missouri of the North at one time or another—Mackenzie, later knighted for his daring, who started west from Fort Chippewayan and reached the Pacific June 22, 1793, the



The fur brigade tracking up the Athabasca River.

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first man to cross the American continent, and the first to trace an arctic river down; Fraser and Thompson, and both the Henrys, Alexander the uncle and Alexander the nephew; McDonald, Hearne, Harmon, Tanner—scores of those who wrote or who did not write, save as they helped to blazon over all the North the cabalistic letters H. B., or X. Y., or N. W., for one or other of the great companies which combed that country for its furs.

Mackenzie is not more useful to us than Fraser, and he not so good as the astronomer, map-maker, and naturalist, David Thompson; nor the latter so useful in some ways as the younger Alexander Henry, the coarsest, most literal and most matter-of-factly informing of all the "Northers." Henry is not very interesting, having no imagination and small conscience, but he kept a precise and literal diary day by day, which few of these others did; so he is useful as giving us both a general and a specific knowledge of the country along the Saskatchewan.

On Monday, August 8, 1808, Henry left the mouth of the Pembina River—he had been trading in all northern Minnesota, and knew the country west as far as the Missouri—and took boat to the foot of Lake Winnipeg, where he joined a brigade of canoes that had come from Fort William on Lake Superior via the old Rainy Lake water trail. A rough voyage brought them on August 20th to the mouth of the Saskatchewan. The Northwest men were the hustlers of the fur trade. They despised York boats, the heavy craft of the H. B. Company, and prided themselves on their own swifter canoes.

West of Lake Winnipeg our voyageurs note many wild pigeons, many wild fowl, many moose, elk and antelope, or "cabrie," as Henry calls them. On August 29th they see tracks of the grizzly bear, as well as those of black bears. The grizzly once ranged almost as far to the east as the buffalo. Without doubt or question Henry knew bears, and he saw the grizzly often in Minnesota. By September 5th they were far to the west. "Now," says Henry, "we may be said to enter the Plains." Sandbars and willow patches appear; there are buffalo crossings, and now they see buffalo swimming the river.

A month out from the Red River they

are near Battle River, in a splendid buffalo range, and in good grizzly country also. There are many "red deer," by which Henry means elk, and this is a fine beaver country. As to the Indians whom they have been meeting, they were to the east Salteurs and Assiniboines. Now they meet Crees and Sarcees, and many "Slaves," by which they mean the Blackfeet, Piegans, Bloods, etc., the latter not always very friendly. Their brigade reaches Fort Vermillion on September 14th, having been absent since May 10th, journeying to Fort William on Lake Superior, and back again. Henry wintered at Fort Vermillion, and in June of the next year was himself back at Fort William. It must have been a splendidly regular schedule after all, that of this tremendous, matter-of-fact voyaging, for in the next fall Henry arrived at Vermillion again on September 13th, precisely his date on the preceding year! The journey from Fort William to Vermillion required about two months.

But we are interested in Saskatchewan as part of the transcontinental trail, wherefore we may use this same man as well as any other in following it to the Rockies. He left Edmonton on September 29th, and on October 3d was within sight of the Rockies. Two days later he reached the already ancient trading post, the Rocky Mountain House, near the mouth of the Clearwater. Leaving here February 3d by dog sled it took him just a week to arrive at the lower end of that singular and beautiful mountain valley known as the Kootenai Plains, where the Saskatchewan rests gently for a time before sallying forth on its long journey east to Hudson's Bay. A great mountain wall came down close to one side of the valley; there were mountains ahead and all around, but our traveler set about crossing the Rockies in the dead of winter as though it were a matter of course, which indeed it was to those old timers. He passed up the Kootenai Plains to the place where the river forks, head of navigation for even the lightest canoe. Beyond that it meant snowshoes, and the voyageur followed the lower arm of the dwindled river and began to climb.

He gives us no very great story of his ascent of the mountains, but the pass does not seem to be very difficult. On Febru-

ary 9th, as he calmly remarks, he sees what he presumes to be "the highest source of the Saskatchewan"—there hidden beneath the snow. A half mile from its apparent end in a rock wall he leaves it and enters a pine-covered forest; and so, with very little ado about it, he makes the summit. "We went on about two hours through the thick woods," he says, "and at nine o'clock came to a small opening, where three small streams of the Columbian waters joined." So there he was at the crest of the Rockies. And I would rather have been Alexander Henry than than John D. Rockefeller now.

Henry reached the summit February 9th. We may therefore now figure the entire Saskatchewan schedule somewhat thus: Red River (from near Winnipeg) to Fort Vermillion, thirty-five days; to Edmonton, three days; to Rocky Mountain House, six days; to the summit, nine days—or say about fifty-three days in all, a trifle less than two months of travel by sail, paddle, pole, cordelle, horse, dog and snowshoe. It took hardy men to do that, but the journal figures it thus. The average must be over twenty miles per day at a low estimate.

On this trip our voyageur did not go down into the valley of the Columbia, although some of his Indians went on over the perfectly well-known trail which David Thompson had often used, that from Howse Pass down the Blaeberry Creek, which empties into the Columbia near Moberly on the C. P. R. to-day. This point is farther up the Columbia than Beavermouth, where my own bear-hunting party struck the Big Bend of the Columbia last May. For a time I tried to figure out the old localities by means of David Thompson's early maps. These maps show a river coming down from the Howse Pass into the Columbia River at a big lake or widening of the stream. There is no such lake on the Big Bend excepting Timbasket Lake, and there is no river that enters Timbasket Lake except the Middle River, which heads off somewhere toward the Howse Pass. When I first saw our secret valley up the Middle River, I thought we might be on the old Thompson trail, but there is no historical warrant for thinking that any of these old travelers crossed any summit and came down our valley. I do not know

where the Middle River heads, and cannot learn about it from any man or any map or any writing. Some day I am going to find out, and some time, perhaps, find the "highest source" of the Saskatchewan from that side of the Divide. The Howse Pass lies fair for the head of the Blaeberry, but that does not enter the Columbia anywhere near Timbasket Lake. Neither does the Wood River nor the Canoe River, which enter at the head of the Big Bend. It was above this point that the old voyageurs crossed west after coming through the old Peace River Pass, toward which four railroads are now crowding. So I suppose that our valley is about as virgin as most valleys in the Rockies to-day. It lies between the two main paths which lead from the heads of the Saskatchewan and the Peace, down to the Pacific Ocean, by way of the Columbia and the Fraser. It must run up to a glacier-topped range at its head, which not even Simon or David or Alexander of old found it necessary to tackle.

Those early men did not travel for sport or adventure so much as they did for business. Their story is always of fur. All Europe had its eyes on the furs of western America. La Vallière, Parabère, Pompadour—imperial mistresses for three generations, looked to Saskatchewan for their sables and their ermines and their otter robes. The nobles of Louis XIV. trafficked with the merchants of Canada for furs. The courtiers of the regent, the new-made nobility of John Law, looked to Canada for their winter finery. The young macaroni of old London wore a hat of beaver that grew on Saskatchewan. The Swift-flowing Water ran toward Europe, toward Paris, toward London, then as it does to-day.

The conquest of all this new land of furs was at first Gallic. The thin edge of the wedge of civilization west of Superior was French. Volatile, unstable, migratory, the Frenchman of that day was by all odds the best advance guard in the wilderness. Picards and Normans erected the early settlements of old France all along the Great Lakes—the fortress to repel invasion; the chapel to shrive one of one's sins; the little fields to keep the women busy. All around these swept the vast forests, full of fur, full of the sins of the flesh. The local commandant, smug, far from France, owner of a dozen wives, reared in peace his

swarms of dusky offspring—"Bois Brulès" they were called, in tribute to their complexion—wielders of paddles later in their lives, perhaps, alongside the sons of some godly Father who had found no sin in learning a savage language in the most practical fashion, since the Pope was far away in Rome.

Back from all these little settlements—gay, insouciant centers of a gay, insouciant age, when perhaps they got more out of life than we do in our own anxious times—ranged always these new men, the *Coueurs des Bois*, runners of the forest, half-breeds or renegade French, able as Indians with paddle, or rifle, or trap, more able to endure large privations and hardships, more patient, more mercurial and merry than any savage, stronger to bear heavy burdens, less moody, more tenacious—more useful than any other breed for the subduing of the wilderness. These *Coueurs des Bois* were part white and part savage in their look and garb. They wore the breech cloth and the tunic, though the latter might be of cloth. Their caps were knitted of red worsted, their blanket coats were of many colors. Their moccasins were of hide, their leggings of buck, fringed *au sauvage*. In heavy weather they wore a hooded surtout of blue cloth—the *capôte* or "capoo" as it was called, with a belt of scarlet wool, carrying a heavy knife, the latter comprising axe, hammer, skinning knife, table knife, jack-knife and weapon all in one.

From these men, the gayest, most generous, most wasteful and most licentious gentry any part of this continent ever knew, came the later *engagès* or *mangeurs du lard*—"pork eaters"—of the later fur trade. It was these *coueurs* of Greysolon d'Lhut and his partner Grosseilliers who extended the fur trade west of Superior and founded Fort de la Reine, near where Winnipeg arose later. It was they who established New Albany and Post Nelson on Hudson's Bay, and in 1686 they had taken away from England all her fur posts in the North excepting that of Nelson.

It was the French who first learned of Saskatchewan; and it was the French who won in the West, until the English conquered in the East, and in 1763 by the Treaty of Paris exacted thecession of all that immense realm which had been won

by La Salle and by the French fur traders beyond Superior.

Meantime the Hudson's Bay Company had its own serene way until 1766, when private traders pushed west beyond the Great Lakes. In 1783 these banded together as the Northwest Company, soon to prove more enterprising, more daring and more able than the old Hudson's Bay Company, and it is with these that the practical history of Saskatchewan begins. For now the Saskatchewan becomes a known and beaten trail, and one full of picturesque incident, whose total would make the most romantic history ever written in the world. The Northwest Company wore no gum shoes. Its boots were full of hobnails, and it cared not who heard where it trod.

The men of the Northwest Company used great canoes in their trade, birch bark craft thirty feet in length, four feet wide, two feet and a half deep, capable of carrying down stream or on the lakes at least three thousand pounds in cargo, or say sixty-five "pieces" of ninety pounds each. Similar boats carried all the trade goods up the rivers (thirty "pieces" or less, sometimes, to the load on Saskatchewan), as well as the supplies of the outlying posts—cloths, beads, prints, mirrors, weapons, powder and lead, and above all, whiskey. Only it was not whiskey, but high wine or alcohol, diluted after arrival on the spot where needed. As the years went on the dilution became less. The *Salteurs*, far to the east and accustomed to strong drink, rebelled at too much water. The more innocent Blackfeet, far to the northwest, would accept more dilution, and trade for this thin fire-water their furs, their horses, their robes, their women. The record of the fur trade of the Northwest Company is one of a continual debauch, and the *voyageurs*, the half-breeds and the natives were sometimes joined by their *bourgeois* in the universal *boisson*, or drinking match, which preceded and ended every trade.

But with the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company were many abler and more sober-minded men, leaders, resident traders, factors, and finally perhaps partners, such men as Donald MacTavish, drowned with Alexander Henry in the Columbia finally. These strong characters were content to spend their lives in the wilderness, to take native women for

their wives, to subsist on the hard fare of the country—meat, fresh or salted, pemmican, white fish, smoked meat of wild fowl. Gardens were rare on the Saskatchewan; a hen was a priceless thing; fruit was unknown, save as the service berries or thorn apples could be called fruit. Yet men of brains and commanding qualities lived thus and led in a brutal merchandising which was for years little better than thievery. They took a boat load of furs for a few kegs of diluted high wines—one hundred and twenty beaver, one record says, for two blankets, two gallons of watered whiskey, and one pocket mirror. Joe Kipp told me that in his time whiskey on the Saskatchewan brought sixty-five dollars for a little keg, and quicksilver—for the mysterious Saskatchewan is full of fine gold along its bars—cost ten to twenty dollars per pound.

Yet these resident traders, the kings of the Saskatchewan, were the aristocrats of their land and day. They curiously show the power of the wilderness over civilized man. I have remarked on the birth and breeding of old Hugh Monroe, one of the most remarkable, though one of the least-known discoverers of a century now passed. He was a gentleman bred, but the woods called him when he was still a boy, and he never came back. He took with him the old La Roche dueling pistols, which had defended the family honor many a time in France. Perhaps they defended life in some forgotten fight on the plains of Saskatchewan, but they never returned to Montreal. Others of the better bred men who went West came back from time to time, engaging in revelries at the settlements of the East, spending their money like water in prodigality and licentiousness, to make amends for their years of solitude and privations.

Such, then, were the leaders of the trading posts and the fur brigades who conquered the Saskatchewan; such, too, the voyageurs, the common canoemen, squat, short, brawny, sinewy, strong as wild asses and of small intellectuality. One can see them now, these hardy travelers, passing westward and northward in their great canoes, high in bow and stern, at each extremity a brown-faced, grizzled man for steersman. There are four paddlers or polesmen on each side when the current

stiffens. When the wind comes fair astern a blanket sail is rigged. When a portage must be made, out go these voyageurs, waist deep, holding their thin-skinned craft off the rocks that it may not be injured. Laughing and singing, each slings on his back his "piece" of ninety pounds, more usually two of these pieces, and so off over the rocks, or knee-deep through the mud. At paddle or portage, the "pipe," or interval of rest, as long as it takes to smoke a pipe, is religion of the labor union of that day. The distance between pipes or pauses on a long portage was usually about a third of a mile.

Thus, paddling, poling, sailing, carrying, the voyageurs learned every bend and riffle of the Saskatchewan, and all its shores as well; for when, far out on the plains, the current became too strong and steady, each of the paddlers slung his pack strap across his shoulder, and fastened himself like a draft beast to the sixty-foot towing line. For more than a thousand miles along Saskatchewan they towed, slipping, stumbling, wet, weary, beset with all manner of pests, yet laughing and merry, going at a trot to the very head of the water where it comes out of the snow, across a continent of vast adventuring.

Once a voyageur, always one. A wife in every tribe, a little finery out of one's wages for each, a "debt" like an Indian, if one wished to trap for a season, a little trinket now and then for the purchase of the smiles of some new girl here or there—Susanne Duchesne of Mo'reaw' or Ah-ta-kà-pi of the Sarcees at Fort Augustus—it was a merry life, that of the voyageur. Sickness and rheumatism came at last, and finally the end. But when one was old was time enough for repentance, and meantime at every post along the water trail there were little chapels and priests to whom one might confess.

Such was a wild commerce which enriched many families—a commerce which presently was to purchase a large portion of Manhattan Island; for it was Astor who bought out the old Northwest Company south of the Canadian line, and began to turn brown furs into brown stone, and to found an aristocracy as proud, perhaps, as that once the aim and mark of all the belles of Mo'reaw' and old Quebec!

These men, who mapped the Mackenzie

and the Peace and the Athabasca, the Finlay and the Liard and all the arms of old Saskatchewan, saw all of a bold, brave life of which you and I to-day read covetously, wishing we had been young when they were young, when the world was but beginning, when Saskatchewan was a household phrase at every hearthstone of the East and every tepee fire in all the West. They waged not war, but commerce. They did not exterminate, but mingled their blood with the savage tribes. And after later days had come along the Saskatchewan, the larger and more just souls of these leaders, seeing that civilization had caught up with them, and brought a new code of morals, did what they could to set right what civilization now called wrong. They gave millions of acres of land scrip to the half-breed children of the old fur trade, descendants of the men who made the trails. And later white men came, shrewd trading Yankees or others, and got this half-breed scrip for a song, and robbed of their birthright the descendants of the men who really won Saskatchewan.

Yes, if you seek romance, or love adventure, scratch in the sands along Saskatchewan. Its story still is there. Saskatchewan to-day speaks of the wild rose, typical flower of the frontier—the same flower your mother gathered when she came to Iowa or Kansas, before you, my friend, went East to live in a Flatiron on Manhattan, and be ironed out to smoothness and nothingness. Saskatchewan shall speak to you to-day of vast, white mountains—oh, so beautiful are those mountains! It shall show you still its wild, wide plains—ah, so wonderful are these plains! It can show you still the passing harrow of the wild fowl high on the sky, and offer you the brilliant note of the curlew, and the splash of the beaver at its work, and the track of the great moose in the bog. If the smell of tepee smoke be now less, it will give you sod house fire and drying nets, and dog harness, and snowshoes, and ox gads and—ah, well, coal smoke now, and the reek of towns!

Not long ago a friend of mine rounded up a horse band in North Dakota, crossed the line and broke north to see what he could see. He turned up at Red Deer and then started westward to discover a continent for himself. He followed the north arm

of the Saskatchewan, and at last traced it up and through the eastern front of the Rocky range. Here, to his surprise, he discovered a vast, wide, level valley, fenced all about by snow-capped mountains. Ah, it was the Kootenai Plains, as new to him as it was to Thompson and Henry a hundred years ago! He saw trees thick as his leg growing in the old trail at the Rocky Mountain House. The wanderer built him a little rail fence from the edge of the mountain to the edge of the river at the lower end of this valley, and so had a horse ranch made to order; and there he is to-day, in Paradise.

The white man has indeed come to the Saskatchewan. In 1906 these buffalo plains raised thirty million bushels of wheat, and each year now adds a half million or a whole million of acres under plow. Soon there will be ten million acres of wheat standing in the bull wallows along the Saskatchewan. Soon there will be two hundred million bushels of wheat to sell annually. Soon this Missouri of the North will be sending to Great Britain twenty times as much wheat as she can use to-day. Wheat has come to take the place of fur.

The old words of our treaties with the red-man ran: "So long as the waters shall run or the grass shall grow." There is no more solemn phrase to be found in the measuring of time. We come to that same phrase in the measuring of the future. Where does the water come from—have you not asked your mother that?—have you not made inquiry of your father asking where it goes? As for this icy drop of Saskatchewan, it passes through a country still belonging to the young men. The story of a young world lies along its shores. And while we may be young—why not? If we may still run and exult, then why not? And even if we be old, will not the winds of Saskatchewan, as of yore, wash out a strong man's sins? Why should not our young men dream dreams?

For myself, who could never quite learn to love the boulevards, I most love to dream the dreams of the ghosts of Clark and Fraser, shaking hands on the shores of the Saskatchewan, and admitting that, river against river, one Missouri against the other, neither adventurer had the better of the other, but that both joined in winning a mighty victory for the world.

LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

OLD SOLDIERS*

BY LLOYD BUCHANAN



THEY are a whimsical lot—these old soldiers of ours. Until you have lain through the wet nights with them on outpost and shared their bacon and coffee in the field you can never know their quaint humor and their curious philosophy of life. But I will put down here a few yarns, in the hope of showing a phase of life in the ranks that every man does not know. Some of these things I heard or saw myself. Others were told over the pipes in the mess, simply, as one officer tells tales of the service to another. That is the merit of them—they are true.

In Chickamauga, in '98, a sergeant was detailed as orderly for the commanding general. He was a bright, neat chap, but young—dreadfully young—with only four years' service behind him.

Now, in a certain regiment of regular cavalry in camp there was a grizzled veteran, a medal of honor man, who had fought and suffered in many winter campaigns and burning desert marches. The sight of this baby orderly preyed on his mind. He troubled over it for two days and a night. Then he arrayed himself in his full regimentals, pinned his medal of honor on his breast, and marched to the commanding general's tent.

What did he want? He wanted to see the general. What was his business? It was purely private. They looked at the medal on his coat and the ragged scar on his forehead. After a decent period—as is always compatible with the dignity of generals—they admitted him to the tent of the Great Presence.

The general looked up from his papers. He was a gray old man, with a kindly eye, and his face, like the sergeant's, was worn with the wind and sun.

"What do you want, Sergeant?" he asked.

The sergeant saluted with the stiffness that was the fear of all recruits.

"My rights, sorr," he answered shortly.

The general's eyes twinkled.

"What are your rights?" he asked.

"Giniral, sorr, a while back ye detailed a sergeant—orderly. Sorr, he is but a rookie, no more. I am the oldest sergeant in your throops. This medal I won at Wounded Knee. I was with you, sorr, afther Gironomo—ye'll be maybe remembering' me, Giniral, in Throop B av th' old Sicond. If ye care, sorr, to see me discharges, I can show ye here me actions an' campaigns—an' they be not a few, though it's me as says it. An' ivery discharge 'ixcillint,' barrin' wan 'very good,' w'ich, excusin' yer pris'nce, sorr, was give me be old Captain Darrow of the Sixth, aftherwards dismissed the sarvice. An' Giniral, I think ye'll agree that it's me rights that I be detailed as yer orderly, ahead of any rookie in yer command."

The general smiled. He knew himself something of the bitterness of neglected "rights."

"Very well, Sergeant," he said, "you shall be detailed at once."

Two days went by. The sergeant, once more in spotless array, with his medal of honor on his coat, appeared before the general.

"What is it now, Sergeant?" asked the great man kindly.

The veteran saluted as stiffly as before. His expressionless gray eyes were fixed on an invisible object two feet above the general's head.

"Giniral," he answered, "I have th' honor to rayquest that I be relayved an' ordered back to me throop, which, in me absence, is goin' rotten with a bunch of

*More Old Soldier yarns will appear in future issues.

green rookies. All I wanted here, sorr, was me rights. I have thim now."

I lay on my blanket in Jolo after a hard day's hike. The dusk was thickening. From over the way came the pop of burning bamboo and the smell of coffee, where the troop cooks were preparing supper.

"Flynn!" called one of them in a loud voice, to one of the "kitchen police," "Flynn!"

From the shadows came a weary answer: "Here!"

"Flynn, was it you or was it Flaherty got the last bucket o' wather?"

"Nayther of us," came the answer, while the troop snickered audibly; "we both got it together."

"Is thot so?" roared the undismayed cook; "thin half o' yez go an' get another wan."

A captain and aide-de-camp sat with me over a bottle of Burgundy and a dozen dry rice-birds in the club in Manila. Our talk had turned to the men of the service—the bronzed, blue-shirted fellows who bear hardship so cheerfully and prosperity so sadly.

"You remember the Taraca hike in Mindanao?" he asked. "I ran across a funny old cock of a sergeant the day we started out—in the Twenty-third. The column was to move at seven in the evening. I dropped in at Tom Blank's for tiffin that day. Tom was in my class, you know.

"He and I were swapping lies after chow, when there came a knock at the door. The boy announced that a soldier wanted to see the captain, so out goes Tom.

"I got busy on a pile of old New York papers and didn't think any further of the thing until in a few moments I heard Tom and somebody in the joy of a furious discussion—you know how you can hear all through a nipa shack? Tom was roaring and ramping—and the other chap was roaring and ramping right back. For a time Tom seemed winning, through sheer force, but at last he weakened a bit, and then shook and succumbed. The other voice conquered. There was a period of peace. Then the whole works began again—rose, swelled, and died—Tom died—as before, and back he comes, looking very upset and grouchy.

"'What's the matter, Tom?' I said, 'your tailor called?'"

"'Oh, hell, no!' he growled, 'it's that blank fool Sergeant Flynn.'"

"'What's the matter with him?' I asked.

"'The ass!' said Tom, 'he's an old man—twenty years' service—had dysentery, and fever. He's not fit for the field. This hike's going to be a stinker. So I gave orders for him to stay behind in charge of quarters. And the blame fool just found out and came to see me about it.'"

"'Hm! What did he want?'"

"'Want? He wanted to go. Said he'd never been left behind from his company on a hike in his life. Said he had fought Apaches and Spaniards and Filipinos for thirty years, and he wasn't going to be called cold-footed at this time of his life. Delicately reminded me that he was hiking when I was chewing rubber rings in a coach. And he simply said he was going anyhow—that I couldn't disgrace him by keeping him back.'"

"'What did you say?'"

"'Oh, I stuck out at first. I told him he was sick and damaged, and besides, I wanted a good man in quarters—specially since the niggers have taken to stealing rifles. But it was no go. So at last I offered to compromise. I said that he could go and try, and carry his rifle and belt but that he must let the pack train tote his pack with the kitchen stuff.'"

"'Didn't that satisfy him?'"

"'Not a bit. The fool said he had never let anybody carry any of his pack before—and he wasn't going to begin now. How would he look being carted around in a baby carriage, he asked politely, in front of a lot of hump-backed rookies? He was going—and he was going to carry his own stuff.'"

"'How did you settle it?'"

"'Settle it? I ordered and threatened and promised—and heaven knows what! But it was no go. I couldn't budge him. So we compromised.'"

"'Compromised?'"

"'Yes. Compromised. The dashed old fool's going—and he's going to carry his own stuff.'"

Not in a thousand years will blood forget blood, even in this great nation of ours.

The column had been winding all morning through open country. Now it was approaching close woodland and high grass. The captain of the company acting as advance guard knew that trouble was probably lying ahead. He called to him his pet sergeant—the man he had been saving through all the day for the time when a “best” man was needed.

“Sergeant O’Hara,” he said, “I want you to pick out from the company any six men you choose and go ahead as a point. You can have anybody you want—only choose the best you know. I think we will be fired on from those low hills.”

Sergeant O’Hara’s eyes searched the company.

“Sullivan!” he called, “McCarty! O’Donnell! Moriarty! McGinniss!” He hesitated. His glance wandered uneasily up and down the line. Big, honest Swedes, burly Teutons, lanky Yankees, there were in plenty. But where—oh, yes, there on the left of the line—that bright-eyed, pug-nosed, red-headed little beggar, nodding and imploring attention with his twisted-up face. The sergeant’s brow cleared.

“Lynch!” he called with a sigh of relief. “This is him, sorr,” he added, turning to the captain.

FEAR

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A LONG line of cut-unders, buckboards and private carriages is drawn up daily, during the season, to meet the steamer which brings to Bar Harbor passengers from the New York and Boston trains. On such occasions there is a great deal of noise, disputes between drivers, loud repartees, snorting of horses, whistling of launches and small steamers coming into and putting out from the wharf, fights among dogs, fights among boys, children screaming with joy over the expected arrival of parents, laughter, barking, tooting, pawing of horses, grating of wheels against carriage bodies, collisions, oaths, etc., etc.

One day in August, five years ago, among the carriages was a spick-and-span, rubber-tired runabout, drawn by a handsome bay mare and driven by a very small groom (a boy of fifteen) in gray whipcords. This smart outfit belonged to the Admiral, who

was returning from New York, where he had been to attend a hastily summoned meeting of railroad directors. The Admiral in middle life had retired from the navy and turned to business, and, later, finance, with extraordinary success. He enjoyed a reputation along these lines only less than that which he had won for himself during the Civil War as a fighter. His nickname, “Fighting Jack,” is a synonym for the terms “recklessness,” “daring,” “courage.” To look into his rugged, bushy-browed face, and cold, quiet eyes, you would know him at once for a fighter beyond fighters. It was history that when a lieutenant he had fought his gunboat until the water entered the muzzles of his cannon, and had then, leaving his colors flying, swam through a boisterous sea to a less beriddled consort and served a gun through the remainder of the engagement. His name stood high, too, for moral courage. And fathers pointed him out to their boys as a man to admire and emulate.

The boat was late. The Admiral’s groom stood by the head of the Admiral’s fine bay mare, whistling and executing an occasional double shuffle with his feet. He was a good groom, clever with horses, sure to get on in stable life, and consequently conceited. Unfortunately he was a native of Bar Harbor, and known by the other little boys with whom he had been brought up to have failings. So his overweening and self-satisfied attitude, which might have inspired respect in other surroundings, attracted to him from his old playmates jeers, mingled with envy and spite. They knew that he would stand up to a dangerous horse, but not to a violent boy even smaller than himself. Consequently one of these little loafers, goaded by spite, passing close to the groom, trod on his toes, and called him the uncalled-for, to which epithet he added “purse-proud” and “lily-livered.” The groom drew a quick breath through his nose, sniffled and turned white. A close observer would have noticed that he was trembling all over, but not as one might tremble from rage. Fear had him.

“Lemme alone,” he said, “I got the hoss to look after.”

“Hoss nothin’!” said his adversary.

He stood motionless for a few seconds, glaring upward into the groom’s eyes.

Then, with an oath, very horrid from the lips of one so young, he clenched his fist and drew it back as if to strike. The groom averted his face and broke ground. The tormentor pursued. The groom turned and ran with a grunt of fear. He was followed by jeers and cat-calls, and was only saved from a pommeling by the sudden whistling, from behind Bar Island, of the expected boat. The groom sneaked back to his place at the head of the bay mare, which during all the pandemonium had stood like a lamb. She was a handsome creature, apparently without nerves, full of interest in all that was going on, but staunch, sensible and fearless.

The Admiral landed from the boat, nodded to the groom, climbed into the runabout, and took the reins. The groom sprang in beside him, and the bay mare started up the wharf at a brisk trot. Turning into Cottage Street, by the post office, the mare overreached. The sharp, metallic click of her own shoes frightened her. She made half a dozen insane plunges, snorted with terror, and ran. The runaway bore down on two dogs, who with bristling manes and erect tails were circling each other, growling and preparing to fight. Diverted by the alarming clatter of the mare's hoofs and the cries of pedestrians the dogs sprang apart. One of them stuck his tail between his legs and fled howling under a fence. The other sprang at the mare's head, rolled in the dust, passed uninjured under hoofs and wheels, picked himself up and pursued the runaway with joyous barks.

Meanwhile the fighting Admiral had turned sick and white. He was being run away with. He who had walked unconcerned among hailing grapeshot was unmanned by a horse's velocity and the sight of a hard macadam road. He made a violent effort for clear vision and self control. All that he saw was a heavy express wagon emerging from Holland Avenue at right angles to his course, and threatening collision and disaster. The self control he had struggled for consisted in dropping the lines and rising to his feet.

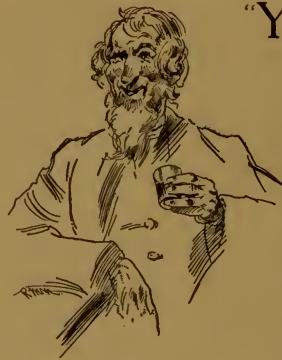
"Don't jump, you goat," cried the groom in a clear voice.

The Admiral sprang from the runabout and bit the dust. The groom caught up the reins, steered clear of the express cart,

rounded into Eden Street on two wheels, and succeeded in stopping the mare. Courage, resolve, triumph shone on the groom's face; but three weeks later, when the battered Admiral first opened his eyes in consciousness, the groom was summarily discharged for having called the Admiral a "goat."

EZRA BOGG'S MOOSE HUNT

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL



"Take th' same, Jim—
thanky!"

"YEP," sighed old Ez, as he bunched a forkful of chewing and elevated it into the gap in his features, "I've seen 'em. An' I can say that jedgin' by what I see of 'em they're tough customers. I hain't a-hankerin' to renew my acquaintance

with 'em—they're a trifle too devilish for your uncle Ezra, says I."

The speaker relapsed into the depths of his chair and chewed reminiscently at his cud. We, who sat on either hand, hitched our chairs surreptitiously nearer and glanced at each other knowingly. Dave Cotton was getting his tongue loosened to propel an inquiry when signs of recurring animation on Ezra's part made him pause.

"You git one of them big fellers with fire in his eyes and froth on his teeth about ten jumps behind an' a man 'll go some, I tell ye. Me 'n Bill Fikes was huntin' up on the Winnebigash——"

"Hol' on, Ez," broke in George Tolliver. "What sort of a nightmare be you talkin' about, anyhow?"

The narrator eyed his interrupter briefly. "Didn't I tell you at the start?" he asked.

"Not to be noticeable, you didn't," said George, shaking his head emphatically.

"Well, I was referrin' to moose, boys—kind of a cross betwixt a Bengal tiger an' a camel with the jumpin' toothache—always mad enough to eat a kag o' spikes. As I was sayin', Bill an' me was perambulin' through them woods when all of a sudden Bill puts his hand agin my vest an' shoves me back about five foot.

"S-s-s!" he says, kinder low an' spooky. "What in th' dickens do ye see?" says I.

"Covey o' moose," says Bill, tremblin' so his keys rattled.

"Jest then one o' th' critters give a cough that sounded like tearin' a clapboard off'n a house an' I located 'em. There was three of 'em—a bull, a cow an' a calf. When th' cow got a whiff o' Bill's tobacker she peeled back her upper lip an' showed about sixty-seven of th' meanest lookin' teeth I ever laid eye on. I says to Bill:

"Let's pull our freight."

"Bill snorted like a little gasoline boat in disgust.

"Pull nuthin," he says, 'why, them animiles can go seventy mile an hour with their legs broke. Can you beat that?'

"I said no, I couldn't, but that bein' et by a moose in a lonesome neighborhood didn't appear as pleasin' as it might.

"Pshaw!" says Bill, 'I'll show ye a trick I got from th' Injuns back in th' '70's. I'll scare them moose into nervous posterity or I hain't Bill Fikes.'

"Bill peeled his coat an' passed it to me. Then he tied a red bandanner round his head an' took his fur cap in his front teeth.

"Now see 'em hit th' high spots," says he.

"Good-bye, Bill, ye died brave," says I, squeezin' his hand warmly.



"Shoves me back about five foot."

"Bill stuck his thumbs into his ears, leaned over an' started fer them critters yellin' like a Piute grave robber bit by a rattlesnake. He was a terrifyin' object an' fer 'bout a secont he had them moose a-guessin', I tell ye. But jest then th' bull pawed up a wagonload of dirt an' let out a beller that purty nigh loosened th' fillin' in my hind teeth.

"Beware, Bill," says I, 'he's pointed your way.'

"Bill emitted another choice combination of whoops, an' jest then that infarnel beast made a forty-foot leap an' grabbed my pore pardner with his fangs. Bill give a yelp an' I swarmed up a tree like a Dago pursued by th' invitation committee o' th' Black Hand."

The narrator paused and thoughtfully switched his cud to his left cheek. In the suspense that ensued he glanced tentatively at the barkeeper, who was perusing the evening paper and did not look up. After hemming a few times, Lem Burton clutched his chin in his hands and asked:

"Do moose bite? That'd make 'em carnivorous, wouldn't it, Ez?"

"Make 'em *what*?" ejaculated Ezra, bristling up. "Carnivorous or no carnivorous, I tell ye that moose stood there a-holdin' my devoted pardner in his teeth an' lookin' as mad as a pug dog that has dug up a hornets' nest. An' Bill was originatin' a line o' talk that blame nigh set th' bushes afire, too.

"Jest then th' critter got his eye on me, an' he come a-rippin' over my way, luggin' Bill along like a cat would a mouse. Bill seen me about fifty feet up th' tree an', after callin' me some o' th' nicest names he could think of, he says:

"Come down here an' grab 'im."

"Grab 'im yourself—I don't want 'im," says I.

"That made Bill mad, an' he hit the moose on th' nose with his fist. Of course that insulted th' critter an' he begun tryin' to connect Bill's skull with th' tree.

Bill managed to miss most of th' time, but once in a while h'd foul it an' th' way he'd refer to me in those instances was a caution. I had a notion to go down an' kick him once, but got another not to.

"All to once Bill's suspenders give way an' he come sailin' up onto my limb.



"He come sailin' up onto my limb."

"'Was it hot at th' seashore this year?' says I, kinder grinnin' at him.

"Bill snorted an' tried to hit me in th' eye, but missed an' almost fell off'n th' limb."

Ezra dropped his chin on his shirt bosom and studied the floor. After a furtive glance toward the bar he sighed, and resumed:

"Me'n Bill sot there on that limb fer jest four days, eatin' nothin' but woodpecker stew an' tobacker. When we got down to ground agin Bill was so bowlegged that he never outgrewed it—hangin' to that limb was what done it."

The speaker yawned and combed his whiskers with his fingers. After a moment's delay Lem Burton fidgeted uneasily and remarked:

"Where was th' moose?"

Ezra squinted at the questioner with every indication of surprise and annoyance.

"Moose?" said he, "why, he went to sleep an' walked off. Moose always walk in their sleep, ye know, so all we had to do was wait fer him to git to sleep. An' besides that he was thunderin' thirsty—hadn't had a drink o' nothin' fer four hull days—any o' you fellers knows what it is to be thirsty an' not have nothin' to drink.

Of course, me 'n Bill was—eh? Thirsty? Why, yes, just a trifle that way. Take th' same, Jim—thanky!"

FEATHERED WARRIORS

BY E. D. MOFFETT

IN an Indiana town last summer a cat was prevented from robbing a jaybird's nest by a joint attack of the male and female birds. The nest was in a tree, a large white oak, and was built in the topmost branches. The cat is a tom and is a notorious bird hunter; he makes his home at an East Washington Street livery barn. The attack and rout of the cat was witnessed by a resident of the street, north of which stands the oak.

When first observed the cat was reconnoitering, and stealthily approaching the tree. The jays were apparently busy with their housekeeping and failed to see the approach of their enemy. He stood at the roots of the tree a few moments alert and quiet except for the slow movements of his tail back and forth, and then began his long climb. It was slow work, but he never left the body of the tree. He knew by experience that if the birds caught sight of him they would have him at a disadvantage—he meant to take them by surprise.

The cat got within ten feet of the nest when the jays first saw him. They acted together and instantly. With a harsh scream of rage they darted down, one on either side, and struck him with such force that he was knocked from the body of the tree, but catlike caught on a limb ten feet below, where he made a stand. But for a moment only; the two feathered furies struck him again and he started down the tree to escape. The jays struck him twice more before he reached the ground. Then he ran for safety to the back porch of a residence a hundred feet distant.

But the jays were not satisfied. They flew to the porch and made another savage attack from opposite points. It was enough; the cat, completely routed, ran to the barn for shelter. The bluejays, chattering viciously, flew back to their home in the top of the oak.



There is much "local color" on the Banks.

Photograph by Byron.

THE CAROLINA BANKS

BY THOMAS CLARKE HARRIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE three hundred and odd miles of North Carolina's shore line are fringed with a string of narrow banks of loose white sand, which is constantly shifted by the winds and heaped into fantastic ridges and hillocks. Here, apart from the turmoil and convulsions of daily and modern life, live a few hardy,

hospitable fishermen with their families, whose homes, nestled among the sandhills, are quite picturesque in their rude simplicity. The tide of industrial progress and civilization has passed, leaving them anchored in one of the few unexplored and unadvertised corners of our great and progressive country.

In this simple, restful and lonely stretch of coast, the chief concerns of life are the taking of fish and oysters. The former supplying the principal food of the inhabitants, while the latter are sold to trading vessels, and subsequently go forth to all the world in gaily decorated tins.

The blue waters of the restless Atlantic, the calmer waters of the sounds, the fish, oysters, game and the snow-white sandhills about their homes, form all the visible horizon in the life of the average "Banker," unless being a restless spirit, he has wandered into some of the adjoining interior countries.

Currituck Sound, near Norfolk, Va., is noted for its fine ducking shores, while at Albemarle Sound, which is next to it, there are extensive shad and herring fisheries, employing steamboats and machinery. The fishery at Avoca has a record of over 500,000 herring at one haul of the seine. These, for the most part, are salted and shipped in barrels, but the shad are packed in ice and shipped fresh.

In Croatan Sound, next to Roanoke Island, we meet with salt water and here the oyster begins to be found.

Indeed, all the sound waters south of this point are filled with the "luscious bivalves," and the coast-line vessels do an extensive trade in oysters, which they buy from native tongers or dredgers, and market in Norfolk and Baltimore.

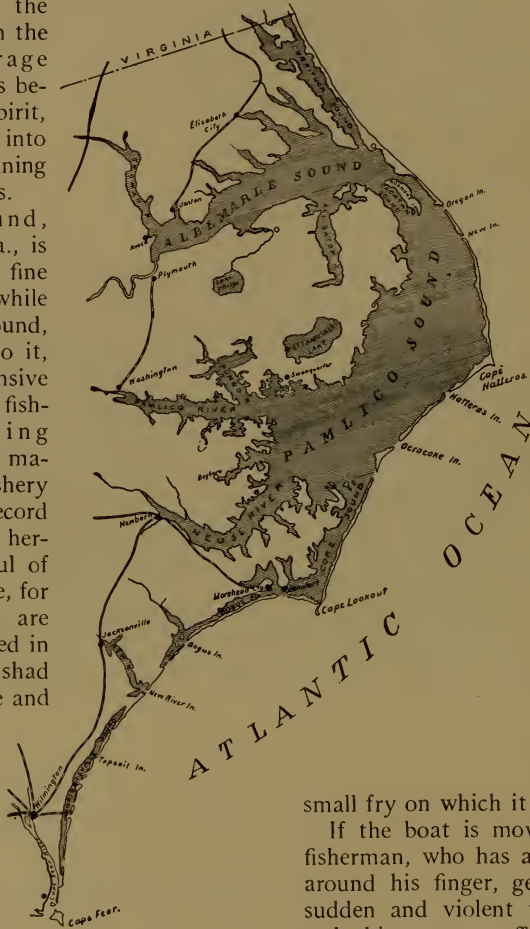
Pamlico Sound extends from Roanoke Island to the mouth of Neuse River and joins Core Sound. This makes a body of

water some seventy-five miles long and from twenty to thirty miles wide, that abounds in fish of almost every kind known to the Atlantic seaboard, and in the autumn and winter months, duck, brant, swan and geese may be found in incredible numbers, for the numberless bays, creeks, marshes and rivers that fringe the shores are all filled with the favorite foods of these wild fowl. But should you prefer fishing,

there is every opportunity in trolling for bluefish and Spanish mackerel. We tack back and forth a mile or two outside the breakers, with one hundred feet of stout line trailing over the stern. The hook is pretty strong, with a shank about six inches long that passes through a cylinder of white wood or bone endwise, and the tackle bobs about at a lively rate on top of the waves. It greatly resembles the antics of some small fish, and is seized by the bluefish or mackerel, which evidently mistakes it for some member of the

small fry on which it feeds.

If the boat is moving briskly and the fisherman, who has a turn or two of line around his finger, gets a good bite, the sudden and violent tug on the line will wake him up most effectually, and perhaps cut him painfully. The line often slips through the fingers, and the fish may gain many yards of slack before recovered; sometimes it will even spring several feet into the air in an effort to escape, and often does tear away in mad rushes, but a steady pull and close attention to the line will usually land it in the boat, where it flops around and snaps viciously with steel-trap





Sheepshead fishing has a special attraction for the women.

jaws that are armed with dangerous teeth.

The tyro must be cautious in extracting the hook or he may get a painful wound. If the fish are feeding in that vicinity, the sport is likely to be fast and furious. The boat will tack back and forth with the flock of screaming gulls, and the sportsman needs tough hands or stout gloves to withstand the strain and friction of his line, or his

fingers will be cut and bleeding before he has fairly begun. If several men are fishing, the boat will soon be alive with the struggling and snapping captives, and it is not uncommon to take several hundred pounds of fish in an hour or two.

Bluefish and Spanish mackerel are both fine eating and as game as any fish we have, and the Pompano are taken on this coast, but for real, live sport, troll for bluefish or

mackerel a few miles outside the breakers in a lively breeze. Perhaps the fly caster, who is accustomed only to quiet brooks or still ponds, will not enjoy it, for the muscular exertion is extreme, and sea-sickness is apt to attack him who has not his sea legs on.

Still, or bottom fishing, from the wharves or a boat anchored in deep water, is always in season and never fails to produce results. Sheephead are usually taken about the wharves or any old piling or wreckage, where they are said to congregate to feed on the barnacles which thickly cover such objects.

The usual tackle is a stout hand line with a lead sinker, heavy enough to resist the drift of the tide. At intervals above the sinker are attached from one to four hooks, which are baited and lowered until the sinker rests on the bottom and it is not uncommon to haul up four victims at once. In this way fish of some sort may be caught all the year around.

At times a school of small sharks will begin to take the bait, and their presence is noted by the immediate disappearance of other fish. Occasionally a shark of the shovel-nose variety, as much as nine or ten feet long, is seen. Contrary to the usual superstition of landmen, these sharks never attack people outside of the tropics. The writer has bathed in the surf with several of the big fellows swimming about, but noise, such as shouting or laughing, will always drive them away.

During February and March the fishermen at Beaufort keep a sharp lookout for whales. On some high sandhills near by a watcher is posted in his tiny hut of thatch, who signals to his comrades if he sees one "blow."

The bomb gun used by the Beaufort fishermen is a peculiar weapon. It is like a very short and heavy single-barrel shotgun, measuring one and a quarter inches inside the bore and having a barrel about two feet long. The skeleton stock is of cast iron of the regular shape, and the gun complete weighs about fifty pounds.

The projectile or bomb is the novel feature and consists of a piece of iron pipe fitting inside the barrel. It is welded into a sharp, three-cornered point and is fitted at the rear with a short piece of smaller pipe screwed into the bomb proper. The short

piece carries the fuse, intended to burn one or two seconds. Its exposed end is covered with beeswax, while the whole is secured by a covering of gum-packing, having three blades of the same material, like the feathers of an arrow. The gun is a muzzle-loader and is charged with three or four drams of powder and the bomb is pushed down on it, without a wad. When ready for a shot, the bomb projects some six inches outside the muzzle and its fuse is ignited by the charge in the gun, which melts the beeswax covering. The bomb carries some six or eight ounces of rifle powder which, if exploded fairly inside the body of the whale, usually proves effective.

The recoil of the whale gun, so loaded, is something terrific and usually kicks the shooter overboard. The gun is not lost, being previously secured to the boat by a stout lanyard, and the hunter is expected to take care of himself. It is never fired at a distance of more than thirty or forty feet and the harpooner endeavors to throw his weapon at the same time, so as to make fast to the whale, which otherwise would be lost as it sinks immediately it is killed.

In early spring (which is February down there) it is not uncommon to see the baleen or whalebone whale (*Baleena Mysticetus*) near the coast. They appear to be feeding northward and are sometimes killed in the bight just below Cape Lookout. The fishermen of Beaufort and Morehead City will not hesitate to attack the whale, going out to sea ten or fifteen miles in their sailboats to do so, and nearly every season one or more is profitably killed. The oil and whalebone find a ready sale at high prices.

Another peculiar industry followed by some of the residents of the Banks, is the raising of wild horses commonly known as Banker ponies. These little horses are free to roam everywhere and get their living from the marsh, often wading far out into the sounds, where the tall grass grows.

Everywhere along the Sound side of the Banks may be seen growing wild the yeopon, or native tea. It is an evergreen, botanically known as *Ilex Cassine* and is the same genus as the *maté* or Paraguay tea of South America. By the Bank folks it is often used in place of ordinary tea or coffee. The yeopon also possesses valuable me-

dicinal properties and was the source of the "black drink" of the southern Indians, who considered it a panacea for all ills.

A few old windmills still stand with their four great canvas-covered arms slowly turning to the wind.

Since these Banks form an effectual barrier to the ocean waves, and as many

they cannot become a more kindly race or show more strongly the sterling qualities of the original colonies.

To one who has lounged in the footprints of the pioneers on these sunny shores, outside the sorry fences of fashionable society, there will remain in his memory a soft, sweet haze of shifting light and shade; a



Only the shallowest boats can cruise around the Banks.

rivers are depositing their constant streams of sediment, it is merely a question of time when the sounds, becoming more and more shallow, will finally appear as marshes and then dry land. When that age appears, it is likely that the denizens of the Banks will have changed considerably also, but to whatever they may develop in the future

taste of gentle breezes from the tumbling surf, an ether of *dolce far niente* wherein we dream and are glad.

The local history of these shores tells of a character, notorious for his piratical crimes, one Edward Teach, commonly called "Black Beard." He flourished



A mighty fine home for a very little trouble.

about 1715 and was so daring that he defied the government, and in a ship of forty guns spread terror along the coast.

Finding itself unable to resist his power, the Colonial Government deemed it proper that the King's pardon should be issued to all pirates who, within a limited time, should surrender themselves to any of the Colonial governors. Teach, with twenty of his men, took advantage of the opportunity, but his habits were not suited to a life of peace and industry and he soon spent his ill-gotten wealth in licentious living.

Fitting out a sloop at a place which now bears his name, within Ocracoke Inlet, called Teach's Hole, he again sallied forth on piratical adventures, and so great were his depredations that the Assembly of Virginia offered a reward of one hundred pounds for his capture.

Lieutenant Maynard, with two small coasting vessels, sailed from Hampton Roads on the 17th of November, 1718, to capture Teach. He found him at his usual place of rendezvous, near Ocracoke Inlet, and the attack immediately began.



A few old windmills still wave their arms above the Banks.

Teach, with horrible oaths, boasted that he neither asked nor gave quarter.

At one broadside nineteen of Maynard's men were killed. To protect them from such a murderous fire, Maynard ordered his men below and assumed the place of steersman himself. When the pirates boarded his vessel the lieutenant called up his men and a deadly hand-to-hand combat ensued.

During the *melée* the two commanders met, and Teach fell covered with blood.

Eight of his fourteen men were killed and the other six so wounded that they could no longer fight. After the battle Maynard sailed up to the town of Bath with the head of Teach on the bowsprit of his vessel.

Such was the end of a man whose valor was worthy of a better cause, and whose name is given to a place well known to every sailor on these shores. To this day, like the legends of Captain Kidd, superstition still connects his name with heaps of buried treasure in the vicinity of Ocracoke.



THE SOWER.

Photograph by R. K. Sallows.

BAR 20 RANGE YARNS

VIII—ROPING A RUSTLER

BY CLARENCE EDWARD MULFORD

DRAWING BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

I

RUSTLERS ON THE RANGE



R. BUCK PETERS rode into Buckskin one bright October morning and then out the other side of the town. Coming to himself with a start, he looked around shamefacedly and retraced his course. He was very much troubled for, as foreman of the Bar 20, he had many responsibilities, and when things ceased to go aright he was expected not only to find the cause of the evil but also the remedy. That was why he was paid seventy dollars a month and that was what he had been endeavoring to do. As yet, however, he had only accomplished what the meanest cook's assistant had done. He knew the cause of his present woes to be rustlers (cattle thieves) and that was all.

Riding down the wide, quiet street, he stopped and dismounted before the ever-open door of a ramshackle, one-story frame building. Tossing the reins over the flattened ears of his vicious pinto, he strode into the building and leaned easily against the bar, where he drummed with his fingers and sank into a reverie.

A shining bald pate, bowed over an open box, turned and revealed a florid face, set with two small, twinkling, blue eyes, as the proprietor, wiping his hands on his trousers, made his way to Buck's end of the bar.

"Mornin', Buck. How's things?"

The foreman, lost in his reverie, continued to stare out the door.

"Mornin'," repeated the man behind the bar. "How's things?"

"Oh!" ejaculated the foreman, smiling. "Purty cussed."

"Anything new?"

"Th' C 80 lost another herd last night."

His companion swore and placed a bottle at the foreman's elbow, but the latter shook his head. "Not this mornin'—I'll try one of them vile cigars, however."

"Them cigars are th' very best that—" began the proprietor, executing the order.

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed Buck with weary disgust. "Yu don't have to palaver none. I shore knows all that by heart."

"Them cigars——"

"Yas, yas; them cigars—I know all about them cigars. Yu gets them for twenty dollars a thousand an' hypnotizes us into payin' yu a hundred," replied the foreman, biting off the end of his weed. Then he stared moodily and frowned. "I wonder why it is?" he asked. "We punchers like good stuff an' we pays good prices with good money. What do we get? Why, cabbage leaves an' leather for our smokin', an' alcohol an' extract for our drink. Now, up in Kansas City we goes to a sumptuous lay-out, pays less an' gets bang-up stuff. If yu smelled one of them K. C. cigars yu'd shore have to ask what it was, an' as for th' liquor, why, yu'd think St. Peter asked yu to have one with him. It's shore wrong somewhere."

"They have more trade in K. C.," suggested the proprietor.

"An' help, an' taxes, an' a license, an' rent, an' brass, cut-glass, mahogany an' French mirrors," countered the foreman.

The proprietor grinned out the window: "Here comes one of your men."

The newcomer stopped his horse in a cloud of dust, playfully kicked the animal

in the ribs and entered, dusting the alkali from him with a huge sombrero. Then he straightened up and sniffed: "What's burnin'?" he asked, simulating alarm. Then he noticed the cigar between the teeth of his foreman and grinned: "Gee, but yore a brave man, Buck."

"Hullo, Hopalong," said the foreman. "Want a smoke?" waving his hand toward the box on the bar.

Mr. Hopalong Cassidy side-stepped and began to roll a cigarette: "Shore, but I'll burn my own—I know what it is."

"What was yu doin' to my cayuse afore yu come in?" asked Buck.

"Nothin'," replied the newcomer. "That was mine what I kicked in th' corrugations."

"How is it yore ridin' th' calico?" asked the foreman. "I thought yu was dead stuck on that piebald."

"That piebald's a goat: he's been livin' off my pants lately," responded Hopalong. "Every time I looks th' other way he ambles over an' takes a bite at me. Yu just wait till this rustler business is roped an' branded, an' yu'll see me eddicate that blessed scrap-heap into eatin' grass again. He swiped Billy's shirt th' other day—took it right off th' corral wall, where Billy'd left it to dry." Then, seeing Buck raise his eyebrows, he explained: "Shore, he washed it again. That makes three times since last fall."

The proprietor laughed and pushed out the ever-ready bottle, but Hopalong shoved it aside and told the reason: "Ever since I was up to K. C. I've been spoiled. I'm drinkin' water an' slush (coffee)."

"For Gawd's sake, has any more of yu fellers been up to K. C.?" queried the proprietor in alarm.

"Shore; Red an' Billy was up there, too," responded Hopalong. "Red's got a few remarks to shout to yu about yore pain-killer. Yu better send for some decent stuff afore he comes to town," he warned.

Buck swung away from the bar and looked at his dead cigar. Then he turned to Hopalong: "What did yu find?" he asked.

"Same old story: nice wide trail up to th' Staked Plain—then nothin'."

"It shore beats me," soliloquized the foreman. "It shore beats me."

"Think it was Tamale José's old gang?" asked Hopalong.

"If it was they took the wrong trail home—that ain't th' way to Mexico."

Hopalong tossed aside his half-smoked cigarette: "Well, come on home; what's th' use stewin' over it? It'll come out all O.K. in th' wash." Then he laughed: "There won't be no piebald waitin' for it."

Evading Buck's playful blow he led the way to the door and soon they were a cloud of dust on the plain. The proprietor, despairing of customers under the circumstances, absent-mindedly wiped off the bar and sought his chair for a nap.

The Bar 20 contained about five hundred square miles of land. It was an irregular ellipse in shape, about thirty miles in length and seventeen in width. The eastern boundary was sharply defined by the Pecos River; the others, where the encroaching desert turned back the cattle. Surrounding it were three other ranches of about the same size, and others lay in the adjacent territory wherever grazing land was to be found. The immediate ranches were the Three-Triangle, the C 80 and the Double-Arrow; the others, the O-Bar-O, the Barred-Horseshoe and the Cross-Bar-X.

For several weeks cattle had been disappearing from the ranges and the losses had long since passed the magnitude of those suffered nine years before, when Tamale José and his men had crossed the Rio Grande and repeatedly levied heavy toll on the sleek herds of the Pecos Valley. Tamale José had raided once too often, paced the outfit of the Bar 20 into Mexico and died as he had lived—hard. His band had been wiped out of organized existence and the survivors were content to sit in pulque saloons and sip mescal as they dilated on the prowess of their former leader. Prosperity and plenty had followed on the ranches and the losses of nine years before had been forgotten until the fall round-ups clearly showed that rustlers were again at work.

Despite the ingenuity of the ranch owners and the unceasing vigilance and night rides of the cow punchers, the losses steadily increased until there was promised a shortage which would permit no drive to the western terminals of the railroad that year. For two weeks the banks of the Rio Grande had been patrolled and sharp-eyed men searched daily for trails leading southward,

for it was not strange to think that the old raiders were again at work, notwithstanding the fact that they had paid dearly for their former depredations. The patrols failed to discover anything out of the ordinary and the searchers found no trails. Then it was that the owners and foremen of the four central ranches met in Cowan's saloon at Buckskin and sat closeted together for all of one hot afternoon.

The conference resulted in riders being dispatched from all the ranches represented, and one of the couriers, Mr. Red Connors, rode north, his destination being far-away Montana. All the ranches within a radius of a hundred miles received letters and blanks and one week later the Pecos Valley Cattle-Thief Elimination Association was organized and working, with Buck as Chief Ranger.

One of the outcomes of Buck's appointment was a sudden and marked immigration into the affected territory. Mr. Connors returned from Montana with Mr. Frenchy McAllister, the foreman of the Tin-Cup, who was accompanied by six of his best and most trusted men. Mr. McAllister and party were followed by Mr. You-bet Somes, foreman of the 2-X-2 of Arizona, and five of his punchers; and later on the same day Mr. Pie Willis, accompanied by Mr. Billy Jordan and his two brothers, arrived from the Panhandle. The O-Bar-O, situated close to the town of Muddy Wells, increased its payroll by the addition of nine men, each of whom bore the written recommendation of the foreman of the Bar 20. The C 80, Double-Arrow and the Three-Triangle also received heavy reinforcements and even Carter, owner of the Barred-Horseshoe, far removed from the zone of the depredations, increased his outfits by half their regular strength. Buck believed that if a thing was worth doing at all that it was worth doing very well, and his acquaintances were numerous and loyal. The collection of individuals that responded to the call were noteworthy examples of "gun-play" and their aggregate value was at par with twice their number in cavalry.

Each ranch had one large ranch-house and numerous line-houses were scattered along the boundaries. These latter, while intended as camps for the out-riders, had been erected in the days, none too remote,

when Apaches, Arrapahoes, Sioux and even Cheyennes raided southward, and they had been constructed with the idea of defense paramount. Upon more than one occasion a solitary line-rider had retreated within their adobe walls and had successfully resisted all the cunning and ferocity of a score of paint-bedaubed warriors and, when his outfit had rescued him, emerged none the worse for his ordeal.

On the Bar 20, Buck placed these houses in condition to withstand siege. Twin barrels of water stood in opposite corners, provisions were stored on the hanging shelves and the bunks once again revealed in untidiness. Spare rifles, in patterns ranging from long range Sharps and buffalo guns to repeating carbines, leaned against the walls, and unbroken boxes of cartridges were piled above the bunks. Instead of the lonesome out-rider, he placed four men to each house, two of whom were to remain at home and hold the house while their companions rode side by side on their multi-mile beat. There were six of these houses and, instead of returning each night to the same line-house, the out-riders kept on and made the circuit, thus keeping every one well informed and breaking the monotony. These measures were expected to cause the rustling operations to cease at once, but the effect was to shift the losses to the Double-Arrow, the line-houses of which boasted only one puncher each.

It was in line-house Number Three, most remote of all, that Johnny Redmond fought his last fight and was found face down in the half-ruined house with a hole in the back of his head, which proved that one man was incapable of watching all the loopholes in four walls at once. There must have been some casualties on the other side, for Johnny was reputed to be very painstaking in his "gun-play," and the empty shells which lay scattered on the floor did not stand for as many ciphers, of that his foreman was positive. He was buried the day he was found and the news of his death ran quickly from ranch to ranch and made more than one careless puncher arise and pace the floor in anger. More men came to the Double-Arrow and its sentries were doubled. The depredations continued, however, and one night a week later Frank Swift reeled into the

ranch-house and fell exhausted across the supper table. Rolling hoof-beats echoed flatly and died away on the plain, but the men who pursued them returned empty handed. The wounds of the unfortunate were roughly dressed and in his delirium he recounted the fight. His companion was found literally shot to pieces twenty paces from the door. One wall was found blown in and this episode, when coupled with the use of dynamite, was more than could be tolerated.

When Buck had been informed of this he called to him Hopalong Cassidy, daredevil and gun expert; Red Connors, a twin of the first named in warlike attributes, and Frenchy McAllister, who was a veteran of many ranches and battles. The next day the three men rode north and the contingents of the ranches represented in the Association were divided into two squads, one of which was to remain at home and guard the ranches; the other, to sleep fully dressed and armed and never to stray far from their ranch-houses and horses. These latter would be called upon to ride swiftly and far when the word came.

II

MR. TRENDLEY ASSUMES ADDED IMPORTANCE

That the rustlers were working under a well-organized system was evident. That they were directed by a master of the game was ceaselessly beaten into the consciousness of the Association by the diversity, dash and success of their raids. No one, save the three men whom they had destroyed, had ever seen them. But, like Tamale José, they had raided once too often.

Mr. Trendley, more familiarly known to men as "Slippery," was the possessor of a biased conscience, if any at all. Tall, gaunt and weather-beaten and with coal-black eyes set deep beneath hairless eyebrows, he was sinister and forbidding. In his forty-five years of existence he had crowded a century of experience. Unsavory rumors about him existed in all parts of the great West. From Canada to Mexico and from Sacramento to Westport his name stood for brigandage. His operations had been conducted with such consummate cleverness that in all the accusations there was

lacking proof. Only once had he erred, and then in the spirit of pure deviltry and in the days of youthful folly, and his mistake was a written note. He was even thought by some to have been concerned in the Mountain Meadow Massacre; others thought him to have been the leader of the band of outlaws that had plundered along the Santa Fé Trail in the late '60's. In Montana and Wyoming he was held responsible for the outrages of the band that had descended from the Hole-in-the-Wall territory and for over a hundred miles carried murder and theft that shamed as being weak the most assiduous efforts of zealous Cheyennes. It was in this last raid where he had made the mistake, and it was in this raid that Frenchy McAllister had lost his wife.

When the three mounted and came to him for final instructions, Buck forced himself to be almost repellent in order to be capable of coherent speech. Hopalong glanced sharply at him and then understood; Red was all attention and eagerness and remarked nothing but the words.

"Have yu ever heard of Slippery Trendley?" harshly inquired the foreman.

They nodded, and on the faces of the younger men a glint of hatred showed itself. Frenchy wore his poker countenance.

Buck continued: "Th' reason I asked yu was because I don't want yu to think yore goin' on no picnic. I ain't shore it's him, but I've had some hopeful information. Besides, he is th' only man I knows of who's capable of th' plays that have been made. It's hardly necessary for me to tell yu to sleep with one eye open and never to get away from yore guns. Now I'm goin' to tell yu th' hardest part: yu are goin' to search th' Staked Plain from one end to th' other, an' that's what no white man's ever done to my knowledge.

"Now listen to this an' don't forget it: Twenty miles north from Last Stand Rock is a spring; ten miles south of that bend in Hell Arroyo is another. If yu gets lost within two days from th' time yu enters th' Plain, put yore left hand on a cactus some time between sun-up an' noon, move around until yu are over its shadow an' then ride straight ahead—that's south. If yu goes loco beyond Last Stand Rock, follow th' shadows made before noon—

that's th' quickest way to th' Pecos. Yu all knows what to do in a sand-storm, so I won't bore yu with that. Repeat all I've told yu," he ordered, and they complied.

"I'm tellin' yu this," continued the foreman, indicating the two auxiliaries, "because yu might get separated from Frenchy. Now I suggests that yu look around near th' Devil's Rocks: I've heard that there are several water holes among them, an' besides, they might be turned into fair corrals. Mind yu, I know what I've said sounds damned idiotic for anybody that has had as much experience with th' Staked Plain as I have, but I've had every other place searched for miles around. Th' men of all th' ranches have been scoutin' an' th' Plain is th' only place left. Them rustlers has got to be found if we have to dig to hell for them. They've taken th' pot so many times that they reckons they owns it, an' we've got to at least make a bluff at drawin' cards. Mebby they're at th' bottom of th' Pecos," here he smiled faintly, "but wherever they are, we've got to find them. I want to holler 'Keno.'

"If yu finds where they hangs out, come away instanter," here his face hardened and his eyes narrowed, "for it 'll take more than yu three to deal with them th' way I'm a-hankerin' for. Come right back to th' Double-Arrow, send me word by one of their punchers an' get all th' rest yu can afore I gets there. It'll take me a day to get th' men together an' to reach yu. I'm goin' to use smoke signals to call th' other ranches, so there won't be no time lost. Carry all the water yu can pack when yu leaves th' Double-Arrow an' don't depend none on cactus juice. Yu better take a pack horse to carry it an' yore grub—yu can shoot it if yu have to hit th' trail real hard."

The three riders felt of their accouterments, said "So long," and cantered off for the pack horse and extra ammunition. Then they rode toward the Double-Arrow, stopping at Cowan's long enough to spend some money, and reached their destination at nightfall. Early the next morning they passed the last line-house and, with the profane well-wishes of its occupants ringing in their ears, passed on to one of nature's worst blunders—the Staked Plain.

III

HOPALONG'S DECISION

Shortly after noon, Hopalong, who had ridden with his head bowed low in meditation, looked up and slapped his thigh. Then he looked at Red and grinned.

"Look ahere, Red," he began, "there ain't no rustlers with their headquarters on this God-forsaken sand-heap, an' there never was. They have to have water an' lots of it, too, an' th' nearest of any account is th' Pecos, or some of them streams over in th' Panhandle. Th' Panhandle is th' best place. There are lots of streams an' lakes over there an' they're right in a good grass country. Why, an' army could hide over there an' never be found unless it was hunted for blamed good. Then, again, it's close to th' railroad. Up north a ways is th' south branch of th' Santa Fé trail an' it's far enough away not to bother anybody in th' middle Panhandle. Then there's Fort Worth purty near, an' other trails. Didn't Buck say he had all th' rest of th' country searched? He meant th' Pecos Valley an' th' Davis Mountains country. All th' rustlers would have to do if they were in th' Panhandle would be to cross th' Canadian an' th' Cimarron an' hit th' trail for th' railroad. Good fords, good grass an' water all th' way, cattle fat when they are delivered an' plenty of room. Th' more I thinks about it th' more I cottons to th' Panhandle."

"Well, it shore does sound good," replied Red reflectively. "Do yu mean th' Cunningham Lake region or farther north?"

"Just th' other side of this blasted desert: anywhere where there's water," responded Hopalong enthusiastically. "I've been doin' some hot reckonin' for th' last two hours an' this is th' way it looks to me: they drives th' cows up on this skillet for a ways, then turns east an' hits th' trail for home an' water. They can get around th' cañon near Thatcher's Lake by a swing to th' north. I tell yu that's th' only way out'n this. Who could tell where they turned with th' wind raisin' th' devil with th' trail? Didn't we follow a trail for a ways, an' then what? Why, there wasn't none to follow. We can ride north till we walk behind ourselves an' never get a peek at them. I am in favor of headin' for th' Sulphur Spring Creek district. We

can spend a couple of weeks, if we has to, an' prospect that whole region without havin' to cut our water down to a smell an' a taste an' live on jerked beef. If we investigate that country we'll find something else than sand-storms, poisoned water holes an' blisters."

"Ain't th' Panhandle full of nesters (farmers)?" inquired Red doubtfully.

"Along th' Canadian an' th' edges, yas; in th' middle, no," explained Hopalong. "They hang close together on account of th' War-whoops an' they like th' trails purty well because of there allus bein' somebody passin'."

"Buck ought to send some of th' Panhandle boys up there," suggested Red. "There's Pie Willis an' th' Jordans—they knows th' Panhandle like yu knows poker."

Frenchy had paid no apparent attention to the conversation up to this point, but now he declared himself. "Yu heard what Buck said, didn't you?" he asked. "We were told to search th' Staked Plain from one end to th' other an' I'm goin' to do it if I can hold out long enough. I ain't goin' to palaver with yu because what yu say can't be denied as far as wisdom is concerned. Yu may have hit it plumb center, but I knows what I was ordered to do, an' yu can't get me to go over there if yu shouts all night. When Buck says anything, she goes. He wants to know where th' cards are stacked an' why he can't holler 'Keno,' an' I'm goin' to find out if I can. Yu can go to Patagonia if yu wants to, but yu go alone as far as I am concerned."

"Well, it's better if yu don't go with us," replied Hopalong, taking it for granted that Red would accompany him. "Yu can prospect this end of th' game an' we'll be takin' care of th' other. It's two chances now where we only had one afore."

"Yu go east an' I'll hunt around as ordered," responded Frenchy.

"East nothin'," replied Hopalong. "Yu don't get me to wallow in hot alkali an' lose time ridin' in ankle-deep sand when I can hit th' south trail, skirt th' White Sand Hills an' be in God's country again. I ain't goin' to wrastle with no cañon this here trip, none whatever. I'm goin' to travel in style, get to Big Spring by ridin' two miles to where I could only make one on this stove. Then I'll head north along

Sulphur Spring Creek an' have water an' grass all th' way, barrin' a few stretches. While yu are bein' fricasseed I'll be streakin' through cottonwood groves an' ridin' in th' creek."

"Yu'll have to go alone, then," said Red resolutely. "Frenchy ain't a-goin' to die of lonesomeness on this desert if I knows what I'm about, an' I reckon I do, some. Me an' him 'll follow out what Buck said, hunt around for a while an' then Frenchy can go back to th' ranch to tell Buck what's up an' I'll take th' trail yu are scared of an' meet yu at th' east end of Cunningham Lake three days from now."

"Yu better come with me," coaxed Hopalong, not liking what his friend had said about being afraid of the trail past the cañon and wishing to have some one with whom to talk on his trip. "I'm goin' to have a nice long swim to-morrow night," he added, trying bribery.

"An' I'm goin' to try to keep from hittin' my blisters," responded Red. "I don't want to go swimmin' in no creek full of moccasins—I'd rather sleep with rattlers or copperheads. Every time I sees a cottonmouth I feels like I had just sit down on one."

"I'll flip a coin to see whether yu comes or not," proposed Hopalong.

"If yu wants to gamble so bad I'll flip yu to see who draws our pay next month, but not for what yu said," responded Red, choking down the desire to try his luck.

Hopalong grinned and turned toward the south. "If I sees Buck afore yu do, I'll tell him yu an' Frenchy are growin' water-melons up near Last Stand Rock an' are waitin' for rain. Well, so long," he said.

"Yu tell Buck we're obeyin' orders!" shouted Red, sorry that he was not going with his bunkie.

An hour later they searched the Devil's Rocks, but found no rustlers. Filling their canteens at a tiny spring and allowing their mounts to drink the remainder of the water, they turned toward Hell Arroyo, which they reached at nightfall. Here, also, their search availed them nothing and they paused in indecision. Then Frenchy turned toward his companion and advised him to ride toward the Lake in the night, when it was comparatively cool.

Red considered and then decided that the advice was good. He rolled a ciga-



"He swung his rifle out over a forked limb and let it settle in the crotch."

Drawing by Frank E. Schoonover.

rette, wheeled and faced the east and spurred forward. "So long," he called.

"So long," replied Frenchy, who turned toward the south and departed for the ranch.

The foreman of the Bar 20 was cleaning his rifle when he heard the hoofbeats of a galloping horse, and he ran around the corner of the house to meet the newcomer, whom he thought to be a courier from the Double-Arrow. Frenchy dismounted and explained why he returned alone.

Buck listened to the report and then, noting the fire which gleamed in his friend's eyes, nodded his approval to the course. "I reckon it's Trendley, Frenchy—I've heard a few things since you left. An' yu can bet that if Hopalong an' Red have gone for him he'll be found. I expect action any time now, so we'll light th' signal fire." Then he hesitated: "Yu light it—yu've been waiting a long time for this."

The balls of smoke which rolled upward were replied to by other balls at different points on the plain and the Bar 20 prepared to feed the numbers of hungry punchers who would arrive within the next twenty-four hours.

Two hours had not passed when eleven men rode up from the Three-Triangle, followed eight hours later by ten from the O-Bar-O. The outfits of the Star-Circle and the Barred-Horseshoe, eighteen in all, came next and had scarcely dismounted when those of the C 80 and the Double-Arrow, fretting at the delay, rode up. With the sixteen from the Bar 20 the force numbered seventy-five resolute and pugnacious cow punchers, all aching to wipe out the indignities suffered.

IV

A PROBLEM SOLVED

Hopalong worried his way out of the desert on a straight line, thus cutting in half the distance he had traveled when going into it. He camped that night on the sand, and early the next morning took up his journey. It was noon when he began to notice familiar sights and an hour later he passed within a mile of line-house Number Three, Double-Arrow. Half an hour later he espied a cow puncher riding

like mad. Thinking that an investigation would not be out of place, he rode after the rider and overtook him, when that person paused and retraced his course.

"Hullo, Hopalong," shouted the puncher as he came near enough to recognize his pursuer. "Thought yu was farmin' up on th' Staked Plain."

"Hullo, Pie," replied Hopalong, recognizing Pie Willis. "What was yu chasin' so hard?"

"Coyote—damn 'em, but can't they go some? They're gettin' so thick we'll shore have to try strychnine an' thin 'em out."

"I thought anybody that had been raised in th' Panhandle would know better 'n to chase greased lightnin'," rebuked Hopalong. "Yu has got about as much show catchin' one of them as a tenderfoot has of bustin' an outlawed cayuse."

"Shore; I know it," responded Pie, grinning. "But it's fun seein' them hunt th' horizon. What are yu doin' down here an' where are yore pardners?"

Thereupon, Hopalong enlightened his inquisitive companion as to what had occurred and as to his reasons for riding south. Pie immediately became enthusiastic and announced his intention of accompanying Hopalong on his quest, which intention struck that gentleman as highly proper and wise. Then Pie hastily turned and played at chasing coyotes in the direction of the line-house, where he announced that his absence would be accounted for by the fact that he and Hopalong were going on a journey of investigation into the Panhandle. Billy Jordan, who shared with Pie the accommodations of the house, objected and showed very clearly why he was eminently better qualified to take up the proposed labors than his companion. The suggestions were fast getting tangled up with the remarks, when Pie, grabbing a chunk of jerked beef, leaped into his saddle and absolutely refused to heed the calls of his former companion and return. He rode to where Hopalong was awaiting him as if he was afraid he wasn't going to live long enough to get there. Confiding to his companion that Billy was a "locoed sage hen," he led the way along to the base of the White Sand Hills and asked many questions. Then they turned toward the east and galloped hard.

It had been Hopalong's intention to carry out what he had told Red and to go to Big Spring first, and thence north along Sulphur Spring Creek, but to this his guide strongly dissented. There was a short-cut, or several of them for that matter, was Pie's contention, and any one of them would save a day's hard riding. Hopalong made no objection to allowing his companion to lead the way over any trail he saw fit, for he knew that Pie had been born and brought up in the Panhandle, the Cunningham Lake district having been his back yard, as it were. So they followed the short-cut having the most water and grass and pounded out a lively tattoo as they raced over the stretches of sand which seemed to slide beneath them.

"What do yu know about this here business?" inquired Pie as they raced past a chaparral and on to the edge of a grassy plain.

"Nothin' more 'n yu do, only Buck said he thought Slippery Trendley is at th' bottom of it."

"What!" ejaculated Pie in surprise; "him!"

"Yore on. An' between yu an' me an' th' devil, I wouldn't be a heap surprised if Deacon Rankin is with him, neither."

Pie whistled: "Are him an' th' Deacon pals?"

"Shore," replied Hopalong, buttoning up his vest and rolling a cigarette. "Didn't they allus hang out together? Onewatched that th' other didn't get plugged from behind. It was a sort of yu-scratch-my-back-an'-I'll-scratch-yourn arrangement."

"Well, if they still hangs out together I know where to hunt for our cows," responded Pie. "Th' Deacon used to range along th' head-waters of th' Colorado—it ain't far from Cunningham Lake. Thunderation!" he shouted, "I knows th' very ground they're on—I can take yu to th' very shack!" Then to himself he muttered: "An' that doodlebug Billy Jordan thinkin' he knowed more about th' Panhandle than me!"

Hopalong showed his elation in an appropriate manner and his companion drank deeply from the proffered flask. Thereupon they treated their mounts to liberal doses of strap-oil and covered the ground with great speed.

They camped early, for Hopalong was almost worn out from the exertions of the past few days and the loss of sleep he had sustained. Pie, too excited to sleep, and having had unbroken rest for a long period, volunteered to keep guard, and his companion eagerly consented.

Early the next morning they broke camp and the evening of the same day found them fording Sulphur Spring Creek, and their quarry lay only an hour beyond, according to Pie. Then they forded one of the streams which form the head-waters of the Colorado, and two hours later they dismounted in a cottonwood grove. Picketing their horses, they carefully made their way through the timber, which was heavily grown with brush, and, after half an hour's maneuvering, came within sight of the further edge. Dropping on all fours, they crawled to the last line of brush and looked out over an extensive bottom. At their feet lay a small river, and in a clearing on the farther side was a rough camp, consisting of about a dozen lean-to shacks and log cabins in the main collection, and a few scattered cabins along the edge. A huge fire was blazing before the main collection of huts and to the rear of these was an indistinct black mass, which they knew to be the corral.

At a rude table before the fire more than a score of men were eating supper and others could be heard moving about and talking at different points in the background. While the two scouts were learning the lay of the land, they saw Mr. Trendley and Deacon Rankin walk out of the cabin most distant from the fire, and the latter limped. Then they saw two men lying on rude cots and they wore bandages. Evidently Johnny Redmond had scored in his fight.

The odor of burning cowhide came from the corral, accompanied by the squeals of cattle, and informed them that brands were being blotted out. Hopalong longed to charge down and do some blotting out of another kind, but a heavy hand was placed on his shoulder and he silently wormed his way after Pie as that person led the way back to the horses. Mounting, they picked their way out of the grove and rode over the plain at a walk. When far enough away to insure that the noise made by their horses would not reach the ears of

those in the camp, they cantered toward the ford they had taken on the way up.

After emerging from the waters of the last forded stream, Pie raised his hand and pointed off toward the northwest, telling his companion to take that course to reach Cunningham Lake. He himself would ride south, taking, for the saving of time, a yet shorter trail to the Double-Arrow, from where he would ride to Buck. He and the others would meet Hopalong and Red at the split rock they had noticed on their way up.

Hopalong shook hands with his guide and watched him disappear into the night. He imagined he could still catch whiffs of burning cowhide and again the picture of the camp came to his mind. Glancing again at the point where Pie had disappeared, he stuffed his sombrero under a strap on his saddle and slowly rode toward the lake. A coyote slunk past him on a time-destroying lope, and an owl hooted at the foolishness of men. He camped at the base of a cottonwood and at daylight took up his journey after a scanty breakfast from his saddle-bags.

Shortly before noon he came in sight of the lake and looked for his friend. He had just ridden around a clump of cottonwoods when he was hit on the back with something large and soft. Turning in his saddle, with his Colt ready, he saw Red sitting on a stump, a huge grin extending over his features. He replaced the weapon, said something about fools and dismounted, kicking aside the bundle of grass his friend had thrown.

"Yore shore easy," remarked Red, tossing aside his cold cigarette. "Suppose I was Trendley, where would yu be now?"

"Diggin' a hole to put yu in," pleasantly replied Hopalong. "If I didn't know he wasn't around this part of the country I wouldn't a rode as I did."

The man on the stump laughed and rolled a fresh cigarette. Lighting it, he inquired where Mr. Trendley was, intimating by his words that the rustler had not been found.

"About thirty miles to the southeast," responded the other. "He's figurin' up how much dust he'll have when he gets our cows on th' market. Deacon Rankin is with him, too."

"Th' devil!" exclaimed Red in profound astonishment.

"Yore right," replied his companion. Then he explained all the arrangements and told of the camp.

Red was for riding to the rendezvous at once, but his friend thought otherwise and proposed a swim, which met with approval. After enjoying themselves in the lake they dressed and rode along the trail Hopalong had made in coming for his companion, it being the intention of the former to learn more thoroughly the lay of the land immediately surrounding the camp. Red was pleased with this, and while they rode he narrated all that had taken place since the separation on the Plain, adding that he had found the trail made by the rustlers after they had quitted the desert, and that he had followed it for the last two hours of his journey. It was well beaten and an eighth of a mile wide.

At dark they came within sight of the grove and picketed their horses at the place used by Pie and Hopalong. Then they moved forward and the same sight greeted their eyes that had been seen the night before. Keeping well within the edge of the grove and looking carefully for sentries, they went entirely around the camp and picked out several places which would be of strategic value later on. They noticed that the cabin used by Slippery Trendley was a hundred paces from the main collection of huts and that the woods came to within a tenth part of that distance of its door. It was heavily built, had no windows and faced the wrong direction.

Moving on, they discovered the storehouse of the enemy, another tempting place. It was just possible, if a siege became necessary, for several of the attacking force to slip up to it and either destroy it by fire or take it and hold it against all comers. This suggested a look at the enemy's water supply, which was the river. A hundred paces separated it from the nearest cabin and any rustler who could cross that zone under the fire of the besiegers would be welcome to his drink.

It was very evident that the rustlers had no thought of defense, thinking, perhaps, that they were immune from attack with such a well-covered trail between them and their foes. Hopalong mentally accused them of harboring suicidal inclinations and returned with his companion to the horses. They mounted and sat quietly for a while

and then rode slowly away, and at dawn reached the split rock, where they awaited the arrival of their friends, one sleeping while the other kept guard. Then they drew a rough map of the camp, using the sand for paper, and laid out the plan of attack.

As the evening of the next day came on they saw Pie, followed by many punchers, ride over a rise a mile to the south, and they rode out to meet him.

When the force arrived at the camp of the two scouts they were shown the plan prepared for them. Buck made a few changes in the disposition of the men and then each member was shown where he was to go and was told why. Weapons were put in a high state of efficiency, canteens were refilled and haversacks were somewhat depleted. Then the newcomers turned in and slept while Hopalong and Red kept guard.

V

THE CALL

At three o'clock the next morning a long line of men slowly filed into the cottonwood grove, being silently swallowed up by the darkness. Dismounting, they left their horses in the care of three of their number and disappeared into the brush. Ten minutes later forty of the force were distributed along the edge of the grove fringing on the bank of the river and twenty more minutes gave ample time for a detachment of twenty to cross the stream and find concealment in the edge of the woods which ran from the river to where the corral made an effective barrier on the south. Eight crept down on the western side of the camp and worked their way close to Mr. Trendley's cabin door, and the seven who followed this detachment continued and took up their positions at the rear of the corral, where, it was hoped, some of the rustlers would endeavor to escape into the woods by working their way through the cattle in the corral and then scaling the stockade wall. These seven were from the Three-Triangle and the Double-Arrow and they were positive that any such attempt would not be a success from the view-point of the rustlers.

Two of those who awaited the pleasure of Mr. Trendley crept forward and a rope

swished through the air and settled over a stump which lay most convenient on the other side of the cabin door. Then the slack moved toward the woods, raised from the ground as it grew taut, and, with the stump for its axis, swung toward the door, where it rubbed gently against the rough logs. It was made of braided horsehair, was half an inch in diameter and was stretched eight inches above the ground.

As it touched the door, Lanky Smith, the Bar 20 rope expert, Hopalong and Red stepped out of the shelter of the woods and took up their positions behind the cabin, Lanky behind the northeast corner where he would be permitted to swing his right arm. In his gloved right hand he held the carefully arranged coils of a fifty-foot lariat, and should the chief of the rustlers escape tripping he would have to avoid the cast of the best roper in the southwest. The two others took the northwest corner and one of them leaned slightly forward and gently twitched the tripping rope. The man at the other end felt the signal and whispered to a companion, who quietly disappeared in the direction of the river and shortly afterward the mournful cry of a whip-poor-will dirged out on the early morning air. It had hardly died away when the quiet was broken by one terrific crash of rifles, and the two camp guards asleep at the fire awoke in another world.

Mr. Trendley, sleeping unusually well for the unjust, leaped from his bed to the middle of the floor and alighted on his feet and wide awake. Fearing that a plot was being consummated to deprive him of his leadership, he grasped the Winchester which leaned at the head of his bed and, tearing open the door, crashed headlong to the earth. As he touched the ground, two shadows sped out from the shelter of the cabin wall and pounced upon him. Men who can rope, throw and tie a wild steer in thirty seconds flat, do not waste time in trussing operations, and before a minute had elapsed he was being carried into the woods, bound and helpless. Lanky sighed, threw the rope over one shoulder and departed after his friends.

When Mr. Trendley came to his senses he found himself bound to a tree in the grove near the horses. A man sat on a stump not far from him, three others were

seated around a small fire some distance to the north and four others, one of whom carried a rope, made their way into the brush. He strained at his bonds, decided that the effort was useless and watched the man on the stump, who struck a match and lit a pipe. The prisoner watched the light flicker up and go out and there was left in his mind a picture that he could never forget. The face which had been so cruelly, so grotesquely revealed was that of Frenchy McAllister, and across his knee lay a heavy caliber Winchester. A curse escaped from the lips of the outlaw; the man on the stump spat at a firefly and smiled.

From the south came the crack of rifles, incessant and sharp. The reports rolled from one end of the clearing to the other and seemed to sweep in waves from the center of the line to the ends. Faintly in the infrequent lulls in the firing came an occasional report from the rear of the coral, where some desperate rustler paid for his venture.

Buck went along the line and spoke to the riflemen, and after some time had passed and the light had become stronger, he collected the men into groups of five and six. Taking one group and watching it closely, it could be seen that there was a world of meaning in this maneuver. One man started firing at a particular window in an opposite hut and then laid aside his empty gun and waited. When the muzzle of his enemy's gun came into sight and lowered until it had nearly gained its sight level, the rifles of the remainder of the group crashed out in a volley and usually one of the bullets, at least, found its intended billet. This volley firing became universal among the besiegers and the effect was marked.

Two men sprinted from the edge of the woods near Mr. Trendley's cabin and gained the shelter of the storehouse, which soon broke out in flames. The burning brands fell over the main collection of huts, where there was much confusion and swearing. The early hour at which the attack had been delivered at first led the besieged to believe that it was an Indian affair, but this impression was soon corrected by the volley firing, which turned hope into despair. It was no great matter to fight Indians; that they had done many times

and found more or less enjoyment in it; but there was a vast difference between brave and puncher and the chances of their salvation became very small. They surmised that it was the work of the cow men on whom they had preyed, and that vengeful punchers lay hidden behind that death-fringe of green willow and hazel.

Red, assisted by his inseparable companion, Hopalong, laboriously climbed up among the branches of a black walnut and hooked one leg over a convenient limb. Then he lowered his rope and drew up the Winchester which his accommodating friend fastened to it. Settling himself in a comfortable position and sheltering his body somewhat by the tree, he shaded his eyes by a hand and peered into the windows of the distant cabins.

"How is she, Red?" anxiously inquired the man on the ground.

"Bully; want to come up?"

"Nope. I'm goin' to catch yu when yu lets go," replied Hopalong with a grin.

"Which same I ain't goin' to," responded the man in the tree.

He swung his rifle out over a forked limb and let it settle in the crotch. Then he slewed his head around until he gained the bead he wished. Five minutes passed before he caught sight of his man and then he fired. Jerking out the empty shell he smiled and called out to his friend: "One."

Hopalong grinned and went off to tell Buck to put all the men in trees.

Suddenly an explosion shook the woods. The storehouse had blown up. A sky-full of burning timber fell on the cabins and soon three were half consumed, their occupants dropping as they gained the open air. One hundred paces makes fine pot-shooting, as Deacon Rankin discovered when evacuation was the choice necessary to avoid cremation. He never moved after he touched the ground and Red called out, "Two," not knowing that his companion had departed.

Eleven o'clock found a wearied and hopeless garrison and shortly before noon a soiled white shirt was flung from a window in the nearest cabin. Buck ran along the line and ordered the firing to cease and caused to be raised an answering flag of truce. A full minute passed and

then the door slowly opened and a leg protruded, more slowly followed by the rest of the man, and Cheyenne Charley strode out to the bank of the river and sat down. His example was followed by several others and then an unexpected event occurred. Those in the cabins who preferred to die fighting, angered at this desertion, opened fire on their former comrades, who barely escaped by rolling down the slightly inclined bank into the river. Red fired again and laughed to himself. Then the fugitives swam down the river and landed under the guns of the last squad. They were taken to the rear and, after being bound, were placed under a guard. There were seven in the party and they looked worn out.

When the huts were burning the fiercest, the uproar in the corral arose to such a pitch as to drown all other sounds. There were left within its walls a few hundred cattle whose brands had not yet been blotted out, and these, maddened to frenzy by the shooting and the flames, tore from one end of the inclosure to the other, crashing against the alternate walls with a noise which could be heard far out on the plain. Scores were trampled to death in each charge and finally the uproar subsided in sheer want of cattle left with energy enough to continue. When the corral was investigated the next day there were found the bodies of four rustlers, but recognition was impossible.

Several of the defenders were housed in cabins having windows in the rear walls, which the occupants considered fortunate. This opinion was revised, however, after several had endeavored to escape by these openings. The first thing which occurred when a man put his head out was the hum of a bullet, and in two cases the experimenters lost all need of escape.

The volley firing had the desired effect and at dusk there remained only one cabin from which came opposition. Such a fire was concentrated on it that before an hour had passed the door fell in and the firing ceased.

There was a rush from the side and the Barred-Horseshoe men who swarmed through the cabins emerged without firing a shot. The organization that had stirred up the Pecos Valley ranches had ceased to exist.

VI

THE SHOWDOWN

A fire burned briskly in front of Mr. Trendley's cabin that night and several punchers sat around it occupied in various ways. Two men leaned against the wall and sang softly of the joys of the trail and the range. One of them, Lefty Allen of the O-Bar-O, sang in his sweet tenor, and other men gradually strolled up and seated themselves on the ground, where the fitful gleam of responsive pipes and cigarettes showed like fireflies. The songs followed one after another, first a lover's plea in soft Spanish and then a rollicking tale of the cow towns and men. Supper had long since been enjoyed and all felt that life was indeed well worth living.

A shadow loomed against the cabin wall and a procession slowly made its way toward the open door. The leader, Hopalong, disappeared within and was followed by Mr. Trendley, bound and hobbled and tied to Red, the rear being brought up by Frenchy, whose rifle lolled easily in the croch of his elbow. The singing went on uninterrupted and the hum of voices between the selections remained unchanged. Buck left the crowd around the fire and went into the cabin, where his voice was heard assenting to something. Hopalong emerged and took a seat at the fire, sending two punchers to take his place. He was joined by Frenchy and Red, the former very quiet.

In the center of a distant group were seven men who were not armed. Their belts, half full of cartridges, supported empty holsters. They sat and talked to the men around them, swapping notes and experiences, and in several instances found former friends and acquaintances. These men were not bound and were apparently members of Buck's force. Then one of them broke down, but quickly regained his nerve and proposed a game of cards. A fire was started and several games were immediately in progress. These seven men were to die at daybreak.

As the night grew older man after man rolled himself in his blanket and lay down where he sat, sinking off to sleep with a swiftness that bespoke tired muscles and weariness. All through the night, however, there were twelve men on guard, of whom three were in the cabin.

At daybreak a shot from one of the guards awakened every man within hearing and soon they romped and scampered down to the river's edge to indulge in the luxury of a morning plunge. After an hour's horseplay they trooped back to the cabin and soon had breakfast out of the way.

Waffles, foreman of the O-Bar-O, and You-bet-Somes strolled over to the seven unfortunates who had just completed a choking breakfast and nodded a hearty "Good morning." Then others came up, and finally all moved off toward the river. Crossing it, they disappeared into the grove and all sounds of their advance grew into silence.

Mr. Trendley, escorted outside for the air, saw the procession as it became lost to sight in the brush. He sneered and asked for a smoke, which was granted. Then his guards were changed and the men began to straggle back from the grove.

Mr. Trendley, with his back to the cabin, scowled defiantly at the crowd that hemmed him in. The coolest, most damnable murderer in the West was not now going to beg for mercy. When he had taken up crime as a means of livelihood he had decided that if the price to be paid for his course was death, he would pay like a man. He glanced at the cottonwood grove, wherein were many ghastly secrets, and smiled. His hairless eyebrows looked like livid scars and his lips quivered in scorn and anger.

As he sneered at Buck there was a movement in the crowd before him and a pathway opened for Frenchy, who stepped forward slowly and deliberately, as if on his way to some bar for a drink. There was something different about the man who had searched the Staked Plain with Hopalong and Red; he was not the same puncher who had arrived from Montana three weeks before. There was lacking a certain air of carelessness and he chilled his friends, who looked upon him as if they had never really known him. He walked up to Mr. Trendley and gazed deep into the evil eyes.

Twenty years before, Frenchy McAllister had changed his identity from a happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care cow puncher and become a machine. The grief which had torn his soul was not of the kind which seeks its outlet in tears and wailing; it had turned and struck inward and now his deliberate

ferocity was icy and devilish. Only a glint in his eyes told of exultation and his words were sharp and incisive; one could well imagine one heard the click of his teeth as they bit off the consonants: every letter was clear-cut, every syllable startling in its clearness.

"Twenty years and two months ago to-day," he began, "you arrived at the ranch-house of the Double-Y, up near the Montana-Wyoming line. Everything was quiet, except, perhaps, a woman's voice, singing. You entered, and before you left you pinned a note to that woman's dress. I found it, and it is due."

The air of carelessness disappeared from the members of the crowd and the silence became oppressive. Most of those present knew parts of Frenchy's story and all were in hearty accord with anything he might do. He reached within his vest and brought forth a deerskin bag. Opening it, he drew out a package of oiled silk and from that he took a paper. Carefully replacing the silk and the bag, he slowly unfolded the sheet in his hand and handed it to Buck, whose face hardened. Two decades had passed since the foreman of the Bar 20 had seen that precious sheet, but the scene of its finding would never fade from his memory. He stood as if carved from stone, with a look on his face that made the crowd shift uneasily and glance at Trendley.

Frenchy turned to the rustler and regarded him evilly. "You are the hellish brute that wrote that note," pointing to the paper in the hand of his friend. Then, turning again to the foreman, he spoke: "Buck, read that paper."

The foreman cleared his throat and read distinctly:

"McALLISTER: Your wife is too damn good to live.
TRENDLEY."

There was a shuffling sound, but Buck and Frenchy, silently backed up by Hopalong and Red, intervened, and the crowd fell back, where it surged in indecision.

"Gentlemen," said Frenchy, "I want you to vote on whether any man here has more right to do with Slippery Trendley as he sees fit than myself. Any one who thinks so, or that he should be treated like the *others*, step forward. Majority rules."

There was no advance and he spoke

again: "Is there any one here who objects to this man dying?"

Hopalong and Red awkwardly bumped their knuckles against their guns and there was no response.

The prisoner was bound with cowhide to the wall of the cabin and four men sat near and facing him. The noonday meal was eaten in silence and the punchers rode off to see about rounding up the cattle which grazed over the plain as far as eye could see. Supper time came and passed and busy men rode away in all directions. Others came and relieved the guards and at midnight another squad took up the vigil.

Day broke and the thunder of hoofs, as the punchers rounded up the cattle in herds of about five thousand each, became very noticeable. One herd swept past toward the south, guarded and guided by fifteen men. Two hours later and another followed, taking a slightly different trail so as to avoid the close-cropped grass left by the first. At irregular intervals during the day other herds swept by, until six had passed and denuded the plain of cattle.

Buck, perspiring and dusty, accompanied by Hopalong and Red, rode up to where the guards smoked and joked. Frenchy came out of the cabin and smiled at his friends. Swinging in his left hand was a newly filled Colt .45, which was recognized by his friends as the one found in the cabin, and it bore a rough "T" gouged in the butt.

Buck looked around and cleared his throat: "We've got th' cows on th' home trail, Frenchy," he suggested.

"Yas?" inquired Frenchy. "Are there many?"

"Six drives of about five thousand to the drive."

"All th' boys gone?" asked the man with the newly filled Colt.

"Yas," replied Buck, waving his hand at the guards, ordering them to follow their friends. "It's a good deal for us; we've done right smart this hand. An' it's a good thing we've got so many punchers: thirty thousand's a big contract. I hope almighty hard that we don't have no stampedes on this here drive. Thirty thousand locoed cattle would just about wipe up this here territory. If th' last herds go wild they'll pick up th' others, an' then there 'll be th' devil to pay."

Frenchy smiled again and shot a glance at where Mr. Trendley was bound to the cabin wall.

Buck looked steadily southward for some time and then flected a foam-sud from the flank of his horse. "We are goin' south along th' Creek until we gets to Big Spring, where we'll turn right smart to th' west. We won't be able to make more 'n twelve miles a day, though I'm goin' to drive them hard. How's yore grub?"

"Grub to burn."

"Got yore rope?" asked the foreman of the Bar 20, speaking as if the question had no especial meaning.

Frenchy smiled: "Yes."

Hopalong absent-mindedly jabbed his spurs into his mount, with the result that when the storm had subsided the spell was broken and he said "So long" and rode south, followed by Buck and Red. As they swept out of sight behind a grove Red turned in his saddle and waved his hat. He could see a tall, broad-shouldered man standing with his feet spread far apart, swinging a Colt .45, and Hopalong swore at everything under the sun. Dust arose in streaming clouds far to the south and they spurred forward to overtake the outfits.

Buck Peters, riding over the starlit plain, in his desire to reach the first herd, was so completely lost in reverie that he failed to hear the muffled hoof-beats of a horse which steadily gained upon him, and when Frenchy McAllister placed a friendly hand on his shoulder he started as if from a deep sleep.

The two looked at each other and their hands met. The question which sprang into Buck's eyes found a silent answer in those of his friend. They rode on side by side through the clear night, and together drifted back to the days of the Double-Y.

After an hour had passed, the foreman of the Bar 20 turned to his companion and then hesitated:

"Did—did—was he a cur?"

Frenchy looked off toward the south and, after an interval, replied: "Yas." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "Yu see, he never reckoned it would be that way."

Buck nodded, although he did not fully understand, and the subject was forever closed.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

BY DAVID HENRY DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON



OWN from the mountains, and on through the beautifully wooded valleys of the foothills to the sea, flows the little River of Dreams.

Long, long years ago, before the foot of the white man ever profaned its mossy banks the Indians gave it its musical name; but I am not going to tell you what that is, for fear you may journey there uselessly. For you may not fish upon the River of Dreams now; it is no longer a part of nature's wilderness. From its source to its mouth, and for a space of a mile from each shore, it belongs to Standard Copper, Amalgamated Oil, Consolidated Medicines, and United Chewing Gum. It has become a part of their system, their playground, and the public is not allowed to get in, either on the ground floor or any other floor.

But, should you chance to have for a friend a member of the System, and should you be so fortunate as to occupy a place in his regard of the cash value of one thousand dollars, he may invite you to spend seven days with him at his club, for which privilege the by-laws of that institution require him to send his check to the treasurer for the above-mentioned amount. And you may well believe you are high in the good graces of your friend, for he may issue but one such invitation in the course of the year. Thus, you see, those who fish on the River of Dreams belong to the chosen people.

Davis Pherry, the man who, many years ago, first gave to mankind the priceless boon of Pherry's Lightning Pain-Killer, and William Emery, who cut down and sold, at a very fair profit, half the standing

pine on the lower peninsula, were the first of the system to discover the beauties of the River of Dreams. First and foremost of those beauties were the speckled ones, for, as a matter of fact, the beauties of nature did not appeal to them with half the force of their love for fishing, and when they found that the little river fairly swarmed with trout and salmon, they made haste to acquire by purchase, and other means, the river from its source to its mouth and all the fish in the river, and the forest for a mile on either side, and the guides who lived upon its banks, and the atmosphere above the river as high up as it might extend. Then they let in a few of their friends on the ground floor, shut the door and nailed it shut, and the River of Dreams was erased from the map of the government domain.

It was an ideal stream for a fisherman of wealth. Too deep to wade, and with the forest on either side coming close down to the banks and holding its interlaced fingers of underbrush over the icy waters, ready to snatch the flies from the leaders of the poacher who essayed to fish from the bank, it could only be fished successfully from a canoe poled by two expert guides who knew the channel thoroughly, and asked and received five dollars apiece for a day of their services. Here was too good a thing to allow to go to waste; the public would never appreciate it, and *they* would; hence arose that little coterie of disciples of wealth who owned and controlled the little wilderness and all that dwelt therein.

Strange fishermen they, the members of this little club. Expert fly-casters every one of them, with an excellent knowledge of the likely haunts of the trout or salmon

and the ability to drop a fly within a few inches of a chosen spot, and to hook and land the fish after the strike was made; yet not one among them could handle a canoe, either with pole or paddle. They had never learned because they had never had to: they had always been able to hire some one to do it for them.

The guides, whom they had acquired along with the river and forest and atmosphere, were mostly French-Canadian half-breeds and quarter-breeds, and with them they had acquired the right to six days of their labor; but, when they endeavored to acquire the seventh day's labor also, they found, much to their surprise, that it was the one thing that they did not have money enough to buy. With all their millions of money, their influence and their pull they could not get those simple wood-folk to work on Sunday. They never had, neither had their fathers or grandfathers. It had never been done, and they would not do it now. Hence, it became a custom among the fishermen of the System to rest upon the seventh day, and, as time went on, they gradually came to believe that the universal rule against Sunday fishing was of their own making. They even incorporated it among their by-laws and took great pride in its existence and enforcement, and to give it a greater moral effect they even tacked on a penalty of a hundred dollar fine for any one caught violating it.

One Sunday morning Emery arose with the lark, or some other early-rising bird, and wandered down to the shore of the great pool. He was in a very wicked frame of mind. The run of salmon was a week overdue, and the trout had been wary and



"Drew forth the joints of a light trout rod."

shy about taking anything in the way of a fly not made in nature's laboratory. The night before, as he stood on the bridge near the club, he had noticed that the trout were beginning to jump again most vigorously, and he was longing to get one on his line. As he emerged from the wooded path that led to the shore of the big pool where the canoes were drawn up on the gravel beach, he came upon Pherry, seated on the bottom of an upturned canoe and carefully putting together a six-ounce trout rod.

Emery's brows corrugated into a forbidding frown, and

Pherry's face turned a beautiful salmon-pink under his broad fishing hat.

"Breaking the law, eh, Pherry? It's my duty to report you for this and to see that you get soaked for a hundred."

Pherry grinned sheepishly, but went on joining his rod carefully.

"No, I haven't broken the law—yet. I haven't caught any fish—yet. But you just wait until I've rigged up this old stick and you'll see something."

"So you're *going* to break the law, are you?" said Emery, his six feet of virtuous indignation towering above the little fat man huddled over his work on the canoe.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I'm only going to practice casting a bit," returned Pherry sweetly.

"Practice casting!" snorted Emery. "Practice casting! You, the best fly-caster on the river, with your trunkful of medals, to come down here on Sunday morning to practice—and at this unearthly hour, too. Oh, bosh!" Then, after a pause, he went on. "What I want to know is whether you intend to break the law or not?"

Pherry went on carefully threading his

line through the guides and when he got to the tip answered quietly, "I'll answer that question *when you tell me what's the matter with your left knee.*"

It was Emery's turn to get red, and he did it with a vengeance.

"My left knee?" he stammered.

"Yes, sir, your left knee. What makes you walk stiff-legged?"

"I—er—er—Oh, my *left* knee. Oh, yes I—I thought you said my right knee at first. Well, my left knee is a little stiff to-day—it's a little rheumatism I guess. Makes me walk a little stiff-legged, you see."

"Why, it's as stiff as a *rod*," said Pherry, carefully selecting a trout-fly from his book.

"Oh, not so very bad, just a little touch, I guess. It'll soon be gone."

Pherry attached his fly carefully to his leader, wetting the knot in his mouth, then he flicked it tentatively out over the water.

"And that lump on your leg—on your hip; that looks like a *real* swelling."

Emery started to reply, stopped, coughed and started again; then he laughed a bit foolishly and, reaching under the waistband of his trousers, drew forth the joints of a light trout rod with the reel in place on the butt. Pherry smiled and nodded approvingly.

"That's the way I brought mine down," he said, as he made a long cast into a bunch of foam.

Emery began to put his rod together. "I noticed last night that the trout were beginning to jump, and——"

"So did I."

"I thought I'd just sneak down here early and land a few."

"Exactly."

"Before any of the rest of the boys were up."

"Same here."

Emery finished assembling his rod and stepped into one of the canoes.

"Not going out in a boat, are you?" asked Pherry.

"Not I," replied Emery. "I don't care to land in the Devil's Track this morning. I just thought I'd stand in the stern and cast out into the pool."

Pherry reeled in his line and carefully attached a new fly; then he stepped gingerly out to the edge of a large, flat rock

and began to cast. Behind him was a bare, sandy beach, at least fifty yards in width; plenty of room for the back-cast, with no chance for entanglements. Emery watched the little fat man admiringly as he sent his two-yard leader, with its three flies attached, in gradually lengthening casts out over the placid waters of the pool. The man who held all records for distance and accuracy casting went on quietly lengthening his line at each cast, dropping his flies with absolute accuracy at the very spots his quick eye picked out as most desirable. Emery made a few perfunctory casts, but his mind was lost in admiration of his companion's uncanny skill.

And then something happened that brought his heart to a standstill and bleached his face to a grizzly gray. His three flies were floating idly on the surface, where he had left them at his last cast, when his eye caught a ripple, a slight break of the surface of the water, and one of the flies disappeared. For one brief moment he held his breath, while he tightened his grip on his rod. Then he struck. In another instant his rod bent into a graceful bow, while the reel gave a wild shriek, as of mortal fear.

"Must be a four-pounder," ventured Pherry indolently, as the song of the reel caused him to turn his head.

Emery, never taking his eye off his line, which was still running out with lightning rapidity, hissed through his set teeth, "Pherry, drop your rod; get in this canoe and push her out. *I've hooked a big salmon on this six-ounce fly-rod!*"

Pherry dropped his rod and ran for the boat. A forty-pound salmon on a six-ounce trout rod! An elephant on a clothes-line! As he reached the boat he paused. The voice of Emery smote in tones of thunder on his ear.

"You frozen idiot! Get into this boat and push her off or I'll lose this fish—and kill you!"

"But—but I can't pole a canoe!" spluttered Pherry as he tumbled over the stern and picked up the pole.

"You'll pole this one all right, or I'll throw you overboard," said Emery grimly. "Easy now; keep your head. I've only got fifty yards of trout line on this reel; the rest is a lot of old rotten little perch line I put on for a filler. If I can keep him

on the trout line I may land him; but if he ever gets to sawing that perch line through the tip, he's a goner. Hold the canoe where she is—steady now. I've only got ten feet of line to get in, and then I'll be able to do business with him."

Slowly and carefully, inch by inch, Emery coaxed the great fish toward the boat, his eyes glued on the little knot where the line was spliced. It came to the tip of the rod, caught an instant—an eternity—and slipped through! Pherry, in the stern, breathed a prayer of thanksgiving. Slowly the knot traveled down the length of the rod toward the reel—and safety.

"Now you see the advantage of trumpet guides," said Emery triumphantly. "Where would you be with your ring guides and that knot? I tell you there's nothing like——"

"Look out!" shrieked Pherry in agony.

But Emery *was* looking out. The big fish had made a rush, and he had let it go. It was the only thing to do, and as it was headed up stream and toward the sheer granite wall on the upper side of the pool he knew he had line enough to let it have its run.

"Check him! Check him!" screamed Pherry in a spasm of fear, as the reel fairly screamed in its efforts to keep up with the fast-running line.

"Check nothing! You pay attention to your end of the boat. I'm handling this fish. Push her along now; I want to get back some of that line I lost."

When the great fish found his rush obstructed by the smooth wall of rock he very promptly went to the bottom and sulked. Emery was very glad to have him do this, for it gave him a chance to get back some of his lost line. Clumsily and laboriously, with many useless exertions, Pherry poled the canoe slowly toward the sulking salmon, while Emery carefully reeled in the frail line until the knot that marked the danger line once more disappeared under the glistening surface of the varnished trout line.

"Raise him! Raise him!" whispered Pherry, as he stopped exhausted at his work.

"You attend to your own business," growled Emery. "Pole me up closer; I want all the line I can get on my reel. Pole me over to the right—to the right, I said, you idiot! Oh, you absolute imbecile! Not that way, he'll—now you've done it!"

Pherry had done his best to get the canoe placed right, but had only succeeded in getting the boat directly over the fish, which promptly made another rush, this time down stream, and carrying the line under the canoe. Emery, by a quick turn of the rod switched the line under the bow of the canoe just an instant before it tightened. A fraction of a second later and it would have been too late.

"Check him! Check him!" wailed the Pain-killer, struggling manfully to send the canoe after the flying fish; for when a forty-pound salmon starts down stream it's policy to follow him without delay.

"Get after him! Get after him!" bel-lowed Emery. "Get a hustle on yourself,



"Reel in—reel in, you asinine imbecile!"

you inanimate jelly-fish! What do you think I have on this reel—a wire hawser? How do you think I'm going to check a whale with a cotton thread? Push her along you driveling idiot; you're not mixing pills with that pole, you're supposed to be pushing a canoe!"

Pherry was beginning to lose his temper as his breath began to give out. He was doing the best he could, but he felt sure that the man with the rod was making a mess of *his* end of the business. So he panted back:

"Do you want him to get *all* your line? Put on your drag and check him down, you chump, or you'll—there, thank your lucky stars, he's turned! Reel in! Reel in, you asinine imbecile! He's coming straight at you! Now's your chance to get him on your good line again!"

But Emery was making his multiplier fairly hum in his frantic efforts to recover his line. In fact, so intent was he on his task that he forgot all about the little knot until reminded of it by a vicious snub as the knot struck the agate tip. Pherry wailed dolorously:

"Now you've done it, you unbaked lobster! You've broken a strand of that department-store fish line! Now you never *will* land him!"

It was only too true. The little three-ply twisted perch line had parted a strand and the frayed end was journeying slowly and laboriously, with many twistings and turnings, toward the reel, as Emery, with face set and muscles tense with excitement, slowly and carefully reeled in. At last, the danger line passed, he rapidly recovered his slack line, and once more got the feel of his quarry. Both men heaved a sigh of relief.

And now the fish began a series of short but vicious rushes, which Emery checked very cleverly before the frayed portion of the line had a chance to get off the reel. Pherry stood in the stern, pole in hand, shouting more or less intelligent directions, while the canoe, unnoticed by both men, drifted slowly toward the fast water at the outlet of the pool. The fish was tiring fast, that was evident, and with careful judgment he could be brought to gaff. He was evidently safely hooked, and it was now simply a question of tiring him out. Twice Emery had him within sight, and

each time both men exclaimed in one breath:

"Forty pounds, if he's an ounce!"

Again and again the big man reeled him in, only to lose what he had gained by a game rush on the part of the fish. But at last the rushes grew rapidly shorter, each a little weaker than the one before, and at last, Emery reeling in with extreme caution, the great fish came slowly alongside the canoe and turned on his side, still beating the water weakly with his broad tail. Emery brought him close to the boat and, watching him like a hawk, waited expectantly for the gaff.

But Pherry was used to having his guide perform that task for him, and simply sat entranced, waiting for some invisible hand to gaff the fish.

Suddenly both men became aware of a slight, quickly recognized movement of the canoe. They were entering the rapids!

Pherry jumped about wildly and plunged his pole to the bottom and tried to check the canoe. But to snub a canoe in a strong current and not have her turn broadside to the full force of the stream is not a task for a novice, and, as the boat began to wobble uncertainly, Emery hissed behind his set teeth:

"Drop that pole, you antediluvian goat; pick up that gaff and land this fish before he gets his wind. Quick, now, do as I tell you!"

"But we're in the rapids! We'll be carried down over the falls and into the Devil's Track and upset!" cried Pherry, struggling wildly with the pole, trying to set the canoe's nose against the current.

"What if we are?" howled Emery. "Pick up that gaff and land this fish!"

"But I'd rather lose the fish than drown. Take the gaff and land him yourself while I try to hold the boat. We'll never get him into the canoe if we get into the rough water below!"

"You pot-bellied dispenser of pain-killer!" howled Emery in despair, as the big salmon showed evident signs of reviving; "take that gaff and land this fish or I'll throw you overboard!"

Pherry gazed for one brief instant at the six-foot pillar of wrath towering over him, and then, in sheer desperation, dropped his pole and grabbed the gaff. The splash of the pole as it fell into the water beside



"Pherry gazed for one brief instant at the six-foot pillar of wrath towering over him."

the big fish caused the salmon to turn quickly. Pherry, observing the danger signal, made a wild dive with the gaff, but he was too late. The big fish was rested; his tired muscles had gained renewed energy; his muddled head had cleared, and like a flash he was off, straight up stream, with the canoe drifting rapidly in the opposite direction. Emery did his best to check him, but, as though he realized that his only chance for freedom had come, the salmon kept on. The reel screamed and shrieked in despair as the line cut the water with swishing strokes; the frayed joint of the line shot from the spool, dove through the guides, caught and tangled itself at the tip; there was a sharp snap—and the fish was gone!

Pherry sank to the bottom of the canoe in despair.

"Oh, if you'd only done as I told you to——" he began; but catching the baleful glare of Emery's eyes, he stopped short. That individual started to speak, but no words came. Then he deliberately jumped

overboard, gave the canoe a vicious shove, and in a voice smothered with profound disgust said:

"Get to h—— out of this, you——!" the rest was unintelligible. The canoe, with the wild-eyed, terror-stricken Pherry grasping a gunwale in either hand, shot into a shallow reach of rapids, hung broadside on a boulder, then slowly filled and sank, spilling the panic-stricken Pherry out. Fortunately there was a scant six inches of water at the spot—he would have drowned in a foot—and the little man struggled spluttering to his feet. As he felt his footing firm beneath him his terror vanished and anger took its place. He shook his chubby fists at Emery, standing waist-deep in the current a few rods above him, and howled:

"You miserable lumber-jack, I'll have you expelled from the club for this. You're no fisherman, anyway. You handle a reel like an Italian organ-grinder!"

"Yes, and you handle a pole like a monkey on a stick! If I'd had a real man in

the stern of that canoe I'd have landed that forty-pounder all right!"

"If I'd had a *fisherman*——" such an accent Pherry put on that word—"in the bow of that canoe, that fish wouldn't be getting his breath in the big pool now."

"You ought to get back to the pill-counter where you came from," retorted Emery hotly. "Think of it! A forty-pound salmon on a six-ounce fly-rod, lying practically dead within a foot of you, and you without sense enough under your number seven hat to gaff him! What were you waiting for? Did you think he was going to jump into the boat?"

"Well, how did you expect me to hold the boat and gaff him at the same time? I'm no professional guide, and I never claimed to be."

The cold water, in which Emery stood to his waist, was rapidly cooling his temper, and he said, more kindly:

"Well, we practically had him landed anyway. If it hadn't been for an accident we'd have had him in the boat."

"Yes, that's so," assented Pherry, his teeth chattering in the cold morning air. "It's just like killing a duck and then losing him in the grass. It's a satisfaction to know that we had him practically landed. But the question is now, how are we going to get ashore?"

"The reef runs across here," said Emery, wading toward the shivering Pherry. "There's

only five feet of water on it in the deepest part. We can wade it all right."

"Yes, *you* can; but I'm only five feet four, and I can't breathe under water. I tried it once, and I know I can't."

Emery laughed good-naturedly and said, "Well, get on my back, and I'll carry you across. I've packed two hundred pounds all day long for weeks at a time in my younger days, and I guess I can manage an extra fifty for a few yards."

Emery crouched down while the little fat man climbed on his back. Then he struck off carefully through the fast water.

"Say, Emery."

"Well?"

"I've been thinking it over, and I guess we'd better not mention this affair at all."

"Just what I've been thinking."

"The boys will only believe the funny part of it, and give us the laugh when we tell 'em about landing a forty-pound salmon on a six-ounce trout rod."

"And we'd be fined a hundred apiece for fishing on Sunday."

But that same night at dinner the members of the club, as they sat around the table, made the night resound with uproarious laughter. And the next day the club treasury was the richer by two checks for one hundred dollars each, one of which bore the name of Emery, and the other the well-known signature of Davis Pherry.



"He shook his chubby fists at Emery."

THE LONG LABRADOR TRAIL

THE COMPACT WITH HUBBARD FULFILLED

BY DILLON WALLACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

XVIII

CROSSING THE BARRENS



ON Tuesday morning, January sixteenth, we swung out upon the river ice with a powerful team of twelve dogs. Will Ford and an Eskimo named Etuksoak, called by the Post folk "Peter," for short, were our drivers. The dogs began the day with a misunderstanding amongst themselves, and stopped to fight it out. When they were finally beaten into docility one of them, apparently the outcast of the pack, was limping on three legs and leaving a trail of blood behind him. Every team has its bully, and sometimes its outcast. The bully is master of them all. He fights his way to his position of supremacy, and holds it by punishing upon the slightest provocation, real or fancied, any encroachment upon his autocratic prerogatives. Likewise he disciplines the pack when he thinks they need it or when he feels like it, and he is always the ringleader in mischief. When there is an outcast he is a doomed dog. The others harass and fight him at every opportunity. They are pitiless. They do not associate with him, and sooner or later a morning will come when they are noticed licking their chops contentedly, as dogs do when they have had a good meal—and after that no more is seen of the outcast. The bully is not always, or, in fact, often the leader in harness. The dog that the driver finds most intelligent in following a trail and in answering his commands is chosen for this important position, regardless of his fighting prowess.

This morning as we started the weather was perfect—thirty odd degrees below zero and a bright sun that made the hoar frost sparkle like flakes of silver. For ten miles our course lay down the river to a point just below the "Narrows." Then we left the ice and hit the overland trail in an almost due northerly direction. It was a rough country and there was much pulling and hauling and pushing to be done crossing the hills. Before noon the wind began to rise, and by the time we stopped to prepare our snow igloo for the night a north-west gale had developed and the air was filled with drifting snow.

Early in the afternoon I began to have cramps in the calves of my legs, and finally it seemed to me that the muscles were tied into knots. Sharp, intense pains in the groin made it torture to lift my feet above the level of the snow, and I was never more thankful for rest in my life than when that day's work was finished. Easton confessed to me that he had an attack similar to my own. This was the result of our inactivity at Fort Chimo. We were suffering with what among the Canadian voyageurs is known as *mal de roquette*. There was nothing to do but endure it without complaint, for there is no relief until in time it gradually passes away of its own accord.

This first night from George River was spent upon the shores of a lake which, hidden by drifted snow, appeared to be about two miles wide and seven or eight miles long. It lay amongst low, barren hills, where a few small bunches of gnarled black spruce relieved the otherwise unbroken field of white.

The following morning it was snowing

and drifting, and as the day grew the storm increased. An hour's traveling carried us to the Koroksoak River—River of the Great Gulch—which flows from the northeast, following the lower Torngaret mountains and emptying into Ungava Bay near the mouth of the George. The Koroksoak is apparently a shallow stream, with a width of from fifty to two hundred yards. Its bed forms the chief part of the komatik route to Nachvak, and therefore our route. For several miles the banks are low and sandy, but farther up the sand disappears and the hills crowd close upon the river. The gales that sweep down the valley with every storm had blown away the snow and drifted the bank sand in a layer over the river ice. This made the going exceedingly hard and ground the mud from the komatik runners.

The snowstorm, directly in our teeth, increased in force with every mile we traveled, and with the continued cramps and pains in my legs it seemed to me that the misery of it all was about as refined and complete as it could be. It can be imagined, therefore, the relief I felt when at noon Will and Peter stopped the komatik with the announcement that we must camp, as further progress could not be made against the blinding snow and head wind. Advantage was taken of the daylight hours to mend the komatik mud. This was done by mixing caribou moss with water, applying the mixture to the mud where most needed, and permitting it to freeze, which it did instantly. Then the surface was planed smooth with a little jack-plane carried for the purpose.

That night the storm blew itself out, and before daylight, after a breakfast of coffee and hardtack, we were off. The half day's rest had done wonders for me, and the pains in my legs were not nearly so severe as on the previous day. January and February see the lowest temperature of the Labrador winter. Now the cold was bitter, rasping—so intensely cold was the atmosphere that it was almost stifling as it entered the lungs. The vapor from our nostrils froze in masses of ice upon our beards. The dogs, straining in the harness, were white with hoar frost, and our deerskin clothing was also thickly coated with it. For long weeks these were to be the prevailing conditions in our homeward march.

Dark and ominous were the spruce-lined river banks on either side that morning as we toiled onward, and grim and repellant indeed were the rocky hills outlined against the sky beyond. Everything seemed frozen stiff and dead except ourselves. No sound broke the absolute silence, save the crunch, crunch, crunch of our feet, the squeak of the komatik runners complaining as they slid reluctantly over the snow, and the *oo-isht-oo-isht, oksuit, oksuit* of the drivers, constantly urging the dogs to greater effort. Shimmering frost flakes, suspended in the air like a veil of thinnest gauze, half hid the sun, when very timidly he raised his head above the southeastern horizon, as though afraid to venture into the domain of the indomitable ice king who had wrested the world from his last summer's power and ruled it now so absolutely.

With every mile the spruce on the river banks became thinner and thinner, and the hills grew higher and higher, until finally there was scarcely a stick to be seen and the lower eminences had given way to lofty mountains which raised their jagged, irregular peaks from two to four thousand feet in solemn and majestic grandeur above our heads. The gray basaltic rocks at their base shut in the tortuous river bed, and we knew now why the Koroksoak was called the "River of the Great Gulch." These were the mighty Torngarets, which farther north attain an altitude above the sea of full seven thousand feet. We passed the place where Torngak dwells in his cavern and sends forth his decrees to the spirits of Storm and Starvation and Death to do destruction, or restrains them, at his will.

In the forenoon of the third day after leaving George River we stopped to lash a few sticks on top of our komatik load. "No more wood," said Will, "This'll have to see us through to Nachvak." That afternoon we turned out of the Koroksoak valley into a pass leading to the northward, and that night's igloo was at the headwaters of a stream that they said ran into Nachvak Bay.

The upper part of this new valley was strewn with boulders, and much hard work and ingenuity were necessary the following morning to get the komatik through them at all. Farther down the stream widened. Here the wind had swept the snow clear of the ice, and it was as smooth as a piece of

glass, broken only by an occasional boulder sticking above the surface. A heavy wind blew in our backs and carried the komatik before it at a terrific pace, with the dogs racing to keep out of the way. Sometimes we were carried sidewise, sometimes stern first, but seldom right end foremost. Lively work was necessary to prevent being wrecked upon the rocks, and occasionally we did turn over, when a boulder was struck side on. There were several steep down grades. Before de-

ture, and with his legs spread before him, but still holding desperately on, he skimmed along after the komatik. The next and last evolution was a "belly-gutter" position. This became too strenuous for him, however, and the line was jerked out of his hands. I was afraid he might have been injured on a rock, but my anxiety was soon relieved when I saw him running along the shore to overtake the komatik where it had been stopped to wait for him below.



Wallace approaching Makkovik, the last Moravian station on his southern trail.

scending one of the first of these a line was attached to the rear end of the komatik, and Will asked Easton to hang on to it and hold back, to keep the komatik straight. There was no foothold for him, however, on the smooth surface of the ice, and Easton found that he could not hold back as directed. The momentum was considerable and he was afraid to let go for fear of losing his balance on the slippery ice, and so, wild-eyed and erect, he slid along, clinging for dear life to the line. Pretty soon he managed to attain a sitting pos-

This valley was exceedingly narrow, with mountains lofty, rugged and grand rising directly from the stream's bank, some of them attaining an altitude of five thousand feet or more. At one place they squeezed the brook through a pass only ten feet in width, with perpendicular walls rising high above our heads on either side. This place is known to the Hudson's Bay Company people as "The Porch."

In the afternoon Peter caught his foot in a crevice, and the komatik jammed him with such force that he narrowly escaped



A brief stop to breathe the twelve dogs on the trip down the George River

a broken leg and was crippled for the rest of the journey. Early in the afternoon we were on salt water ice and at two o'clock sighted Nachvak Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and at half-past four were hospitably welcomed by Mrs. Ford, the wife of George Ford, the agent. This was Saturday, January twentieth. Since the previous Tuesday morning we had had no fire to warm by and had been living chiefly on hardtack, and the comfort and luxury of the Post sitting-room, with the hot supper of Arctic hare that came in due course, were appreciated. Mr. Ford had gone south with Dr. Milne to Davis Inlet Post and was not expected back for a week, but Mrs. Ford and her son Solomon Ford, who was in charge during his father's absence, did everything possible for our comfort.

The injury to Peter's leg made it out of the question for him to go on with us, and we therefore found it necessary to engage another team to carry us to Ramah, the first of the Moravian missionary stations on our route of travel, and this required a day's delay at Nachvak, as no Eskimos could be seen that night. The Fords offered us every possible assistance in securing drivers, and went to much trouble on our behalf. Solomon personally took it upon himself to find dogs and drivers for us, and through his kindness arrangements were made with two Eskimos, Taikrauk and Nikartok by name, who agreed to furnish a team of ten dogs and be on hand early on Monday morning. I considered myself fortunate in securing so large a team, for the seal hunt had been bad in the previous fall and the Eskimos had therefore fallen short of dog food and had killed a good many of their dogs. I should not have been so ready with my self-congratulation had I seen the dogs that we were to have.

Nachvak is the most God-forsaken place for a trading post that I have ever seen. Wherever you look bare rocks and towering mountains stare you in the face; nowhere is there a tree or shrub of any kind to relieve the rock-bound desolation, and every bit of fuel has to be brought in during the summer by steamer. They have coal, but even the wood to kindle the coal is imported. The Eskimos necessarily use stone lamps in which seal oil is burned to

heat their igloos. The Fords have lived here for a quarter of a century, but now the Company is abandoning the Post as unprofitable, and they are to be transferred to some other quarter.

"God knows how lonely it is sometimes," Mrs. Ford said to me, "and how glad I'll be if we go where there's some one besides just greasy heathen Eskimos to see."*

The Moravian mission at Killinek, a station three days' travel to the northward, on Cape Chidley, has deflected some of the former trade from Nachvak, and the Ramah station more of it, until but twenty-seven Eskimos now remain at Nachvak.

Early on Monday morning not only our two Eskimos appeared but the entire Eskimo population, even the women with babies in the hoods, to see us off. The ten-dog team that I had congratulated myself so proudly upon securing proved to be the most miserable aggregation of dog-skin and bones I had ever seen, and in so horribly emaciated a condition that had there been any possible way of doing without them I should have declined to permit them to haul our komatik. However, I had no choice, as no other dogs were to be had, and at six o'clock—more than two hours before daybreak—we said farewell to good Mrs. Ford and her family and started forward with our caravan of followers.

We took what is known as the "outside" route, turning right out toward the mouth of the bay. By this route it is fully forty miles to Ramah. By a short cut overland which is not so level the distance is only about thirty miles, but our Eskimos chose the level course, as it is doubtful whether their excuses for dogs could have hauled the komatik over the hills on the short cut. An hour after our start we passed a collection of snow igloos, and all our following, after shaking hands and repeating *Oksunae*, left us—all but one man, Korganuk, by name, who decided to honor us with his society to Ramah—so we had three Eskimos instead of the more than sufficient two. Though the traveling was fairly good, the poor starved animals crawled along so slowly that with a dog-trot we easily kept in advance of them, and not even the extreme cruelty of the heathen drivers,

* I have just heard from Dr. Grenfell, the missionary, that Mrs. Ford died on board ship on her way to civilization.

who beat them sometimes unmercifully, could induce them to do better. I remonstrated with the human brutes on several occasions but they pretended not to understand me, smiling blandly in return, and making unintelligible responses in Eskimo. Before dawn the sky clouded,

and by the time we reached the end of the bay and turned southward across the neck, toward noon, it began to snow heavily. This capped the climax of our troubles and I questioned whether our team would ever reach our destination with this added impediment of soft, new snow to plow through. From the first the snow fell thick and fast. Then the wind rose, and with every moment grew in velocity. I soon realized that we were caught under the worst possible conditions in the throes of a Labrador

winter storm—the kind of storm that has cost so many native travelers on that bleak coast their lives. We were now on the ice again beyond the neck. Perpendicular cliff-like walls shut us off from retreat to the land, and there was not a possibility of shelter anywhere. Previous snows had

found no lodgment into banks, and an igloo could not be built. Our throats were parched with thirst, but there was no water to drink, and nowhere a stick of wood with which to build a fire to melt snow. The dogs were lying down in harness and crying with distress, and the Eskimos had

continually to kick them into renewed efforts. On we trudged, on and endlessly on. We were still far from our goal. All of us, even the Eskimos, were utterly weary. Finally frequent stops were necessary to rest the poor toiling brutes, and we were glad to take advantage of each opportunity to throw ourselves at full length on the snow-covered ice for a moment's repose. Sometimes we would walk ahead of the komatik and lie down until it overtook us, frequently falling asleep in the brief in-



Paul Schmidt and his family, who gave Wallace such a warm welcome at Ramah.

terim. Now and again an Eskimo would look into my face and repeat "*Oksunae*" (Be strong), and I would encourage him in the same way. Darkness fell thick and black. No signs of land were visible—nothing but the whirling, driving, pitiless snow around us and the ice under our feet.

Sometimes one of us would stumble on a hummock and fall. I wondered whether the Eskimos knew where they were, and if they did how they could know and keep their direction. It was an unfathomable mystery to me. I wondered whether we were not going right out to sea, and how long it would be before we should drop into open water and be swallowed up. There was no fear attached to this—it was just a calculation in which I had only a passive interest.

The thirst of the snow-fields is most agonizing and can only be likened to the thirst of the desert. The snow around you is tantalizing, for to eat it does not quench the thirst in the slightest; it aggravates it. If I ever longed for water it was then.

Hour after hour passed and the night seemed interminable. But somehow we kept going, and the poor crying brutes kept going. All misery has its ending, however, and ours ended when I least looked for it, or had given up looking for it. Unexpectedly the dogs' pitiful cries changed to gleeful howls and they visibly increased their efforts. Then Korganuk put his face close to mine and said: "Ramah! Ramah!" and quite suddenly we stopped before the big mission house.

XIX

ON THE ATLANTIC ICE

The dogs had stopped within a dozen feet of the mission house, but it was barely distinguishable through the thick clouds of smothering snow which the wind, risen to a terrific gale, swirled around us as it swept down in staggering gusts from the invisible hills above. A light filtered dimly through one of the frost-encrusted windows, and I tapped loudly upon the glass.

At first there was no response, but after repeated rappings some one moved within, and in a moment the door opened and a voice called to us, "Come, come out of the snow. It is a nasty night." Without further preliminaries we stepped into the shelter of the broad, comfortable hall. Holding a candle above his head, and peering at us through the dim light that it cast, was a short, stockily built, bearded man in his shirt sleeves and wearing hairy sealskin trousers and boots. To him I

introduced myself and Easton, and he, in turn, told us that he was the Reverend Paul Schmidt, the missionary in charge of the station.

Mr. Schmidt's astonishment at our unexpected appearance at midnight and in such a storm was only equaled by his hospitable welcome. His broken English sounded sweet indeed, inviting us to throw off our snow-covered garments. He ushered us to a neat room on the floor above, struck a match to a stove already prepared, and in five minutes after our entrance we were listening to the music of a crackling fire and warming our chilled selves by its increasing heat.

Our host was most solicitous for our every comfort. He hurried in and out, and by the time we were thoroughly warmed told us supper was ready and asked us to his living-room below, where Mrs. Schmidt had spread the table for a hot meal. Each mission house has a common kitchen and a common dining-room, and besides having the use of these the separate families are each provided with a private living-room and a sleeping-room.

It is not pleasant to be routed out of bed in the middle of the night, but these good missionaries assured us that it was, and treated us like old friends whom they were overjoyed to see. "Well, well," said Mr. Schmidt, again and again, "it is very good of you to come. I am very glad that you came to-night, for now we shall have company, and you shall stay with us until the weather is fine again for traveling, and we will talk English together, which is a pleasure for me, for I have almost forgotten my English, with no one to talk it to." It was after two o'clock when we went to bed, and I verily believe that Mr. Schmidt would have talked all night had it not been for our hard day's work and evident need of rest.

When we arose in the morning the storm was still blowing with unabated fury. We had breakfast with Mr. Schmidt in his private apartment and were later introduced to Mr. Karl Filsehke, the store-keeper, and his wife, who, like the Schmidts were most hospitable and kind. At all of the Moravian missions, with the exception of Killinek, "down to Chidley," and Makkovik, the farthest station "up south," there is, besides the missionary who de-



Nachvak is the most God-forsaken place for a trading post in all Labrador.

votes himself more particularly to the spiritual needs of his people, a storekeeper who looks after their material welfare, and assists in conducting the meetings. In Labrador these missions are largely, though by no means wholly, self-supporting. Furs and blubber are taken from the Eskimos in exchange for goods, and the profits resulting from their sale in Europe are applied toward the expense of maintaining the stations. They own a small steamer, which brings the supplies from London every summer and takes away the year's accumulation of fur and oil. Since the first permanent establishment was erected at Nain, over one hundred and fifty years ago, they have followed this trade.

During the day I visited the store and blubber house, where Eskimo men and women were engaged in cutting seal blubber into small slices and pounding these with heavy wooden mallets. The pounded blubber is placed in zinc vats, and when the summer comes is exposed in the vats to the sun's heat, which renders out a fine, white oil. This oil is put into casks and shipped to the trade.

In the depth of winter seal hunting is impossible, and during that season the Eskimo families gather in huts, or igloo-soaks, at the mission stations. There are sixty-nine of these people connected with the Ramah station, and I visited them all with Mr. Schmidt. Their huts were heated with stone lamps and seal oil, for the country is bare of wood. The fuel for the mission house is brought from the south by the steamer.

The Eskimos at Ramah and at the stations south are all supposed to be Christians, but, naturally, they still retain many of the traditional beliefs and superstitions of their ancestors. They will not live in a house where a death has occurred, believing that the spirit of the departed will haunt the place. If the building is worth it, they take it down and set it up again somewhere else. Not long ago the wife of one of the Eskimos was taken seriously ill, and became delirious. Her husband and his neighbors, deciding that she was possessed of an evil spirit, tied her down and left her, until finally she died, uncared for and alone, from cold and lack of nourishment. This occurred at a distance from the station, and the missionaries did not

learn of it until the woman was dead and beyond their aid.

Once Dr. Grenfell visited Ramah and exhibited to the astonished Eskimos some stereopticon views—photographs that he had taken there in a previous year. It so happened that one of the pictures was that of an old woman who had died since the photograph was made, and when it appeared upon the screen terror struck the hearts of the simple-minded people. They believed it was her spirit returned to earth, and for a long time afterward imagined that they saw it floating about at night, visiting the woman's old haunts.

The daily routine of the mission station is most methodical. At seven o'clock in the morning a bell calls the servants to their duties; at nine o'clock it rings again, granting a half hour's rest; at a quarter to twelve a third ringing sends them to dinner; they return at one o'clock to work until dark. Every night at five o'clock the bell summons them to religious service in the chapel, where worship is conducted in Eskimo by either the missionary or the storekeeper. The women sit on one side, the men on the other, and are always in their seats before the last tone of the bell dies out. I used to enjoy these services exceedingly—watching the eager, expectant faces of the people as they heard the lesson taught, and their hearty singing of the hymns in Eskimo made the evening hour a most interesting one to me.

It is a busy life the missionary leads. From morning until night he is kept constantly at work, and in the night his rest is often broken by calls to minister to the sick. He is the father of his flock, and his people never hesitate to call for his help and advice; to him all their troubles and disagreements are referred for a wise adjustment. I am free to say that previous to meeting them upon their field of labor I looked upon the work of these missionaries with indifference, if not disfavor, for I had been led to believe that they were accomplishing little or nothing. But now I have seen, and I know of what incalculable value the services are that they are rendering to the poor, benighted people of this coast.

They practically renounce the world and their home ties to spend their lives, until they are too old for further service or their



A typical native house south of Sandwich Bay.

health breaks down, in their Heaven-inspired calling, surrounded by people of a different race and language, in the most barren, God-cursed land in the world. When their children reach the age of seven years they must send them to the church-school at home to be educated. Very often parent and child never meet again. This is, as many of them told me, the greatest sacrifice they are called upon to make, but they realize that it is for the best good of the child and their work, and they do not murmur.

Phillipus Inglavina and Ludwig Alasua, two Eskimos, were engaged to hold themselves in readiness with their teams of twelve dogs for a bright and early start for Hebron on the first clear morning. On the fourth morning after our arrival they announced that the weather was sufficiently clear for them to find their way over the hills. Mrs. Schmidt and Mrs. Filsehke filled an earthen jug with hot coffee and wrapped it, together with some sandwiches, in a bearskin to keep from freezing for a few hours; sufficient wood to boil the kettle that night and the next morning was lashed with our baggage on the koma-

tik; the Eskimos each received the daily ration of a plug of tobacco and a box of matches, which they demand when traveling, and then we said good-bye and started. The komatik was loaded with Eskimos, and the rest of the native population trailed after us on foot. It is the custom on the coast for the people to accompany a komatik starting on a journey for some distance from the station.

The wind, which had died nearly out in the night, was rising again. It was directly in our teeth and shifting the loose snow unpleasantly. We had not gone far when one of the trailing Eskimos came running after us and shouted to our driver to stop. We halted, and when he overtook us he called the attention of Phillipus to a high mountain known as Attanuek (the king), whose peak was nearly hidden by drifting snow. A consultation decided them that it would be dangerous to attempt the passes that day, and to our chagrin the Eskimos turned the dogs back to the station.

The next morning Attanuek's head was clear, the wind was light, the atmosphere bitter cold, and we were off in good season.

We soon reached "Lamson's Hill," rising three thousand feet across our path, and shortly after daylight began the wearisome ascent, helping the dogs haul the komatik up steep places and wallowing through deep snow-banks. Before noon one of our dogs gave out, and we had to cut him loose. An hour later we met George Ford on his way home to Nachvak from Davis Inlet, and some Eskimos with a team from the Hebron mission, and from this latter team we borrowed a dog to take the place of the one we had lost. Ford told us that his leader had gone mad that morning and he had been compelled to shoot it. He also informed me that wolves had followed him all the way from Okak to Hebron, mingling with his dogs at night, but at Hebron had left his trail.

At three o'clock we reached the summit of Lamson's Hill and began the perilous descent, where only the most expert maneuvering on the part of the Eskimos saved our komatik from being smashed. In many places we had to remove the dogs before letting the sledge down steep places, and it was a good while after dark when we reached the bottom. Then, working

the komatik over a mile of rough boulders from which the wind had swept the snow, we at length came upon the sea ice of Saglak Bay, and at eight o'clock drew up at an igloosoak on an island several miles from the mainland.

This igloosoak was practically an underground dwelling, and the entrance was through a snow tunnel. From a single seal-gut window a dim light shone, but there was no other sign of life. I groped my way into the tunnel, bent half double, stepping upon and stumbling over numerous dogs that blocked the way, and at the farther end bumped into a door. Upon pushing this open I found myself in a room perhaps twelve by fourteen feet in size. Three stone lamps shed a gloomy half light over the place and revealed a low bunk covered with sealskins extending along two sides of the room, upon which nine Eskimos—men, women and children—were lying. A half inch of soft slush covered the floor. The whole place was reeking in filth and was infested with vermin, and the stench was sickening.

The people arose and welcomed us as Eskimos always do. Our two drivers, who



The Moravian hospital and station at Okak, the largest Eskimo village in Labrador.

followed me with the wood we had brought, made a fire in a small sheet-iron tent-stove kept in the shack by the missionaries for their use when traveling, and on it we placed our kettle full of ice for tea, and our sandwiches to thaw, for they were frozen as hard as bullets.

At Ramah I had purchased some dried caplin for dog food for the night. The caplin is a small fish, about the size of a smelt or a little larger, and is caught in the neighborhood of Hamilton Inlet and south. They are brought north by the missionaries to use for dog food when traveling in the winter, as they are more easily packed on the komatik than seal meat. The Eskimos are exceedingly fond of these dried fish, and they appealed to our men as too great a delicacy to waste upon the dogs. Therefore, when feeding time came, seal blubber, of which there was an abundant supply in the igloo, fell to the lot of the animals, while our drivers and hosts appropriated the caplin to themselves. The bag of fish was placed in the center, with a dish of raw seal fat alongside, with the group surrounding it, and they were still banqueting upon the fish and fat when I, weary with traveling, fell asleep in my bag.

It was not yet dark the next evening when we came in sight of the Eskimo village at the Hebron mission, and the whole population of one hundred and eighty people and two hundred dogs, the former shouting, the latter howling, turned out to greet us. Several of the young men, fleet of foot than the others, ran out on the ice, and when they had come near enough to see who we were, turned and ran back again ahead of our dogs, shouting "Kabloonot! Kabloonot!" (outlanders), and so, in the midst of pandemonium, we drew into the station, and received from the missionaries a most cordial welcome.

Here I was fortunate in securing for the next eighty miles of our journey an Eskimo with an exceptionally fine team of fourteen dogs. This new driver—Cornelius was his name—made my heart glad by consenting to travel without an attendant. I was pleased at this because experience had taught me that each additional man meant just so much slower progress.

No time was lost at Hebron, for the weather was fine, and early morning found us on our way. At Napartok we reached

the "first wood," and the sight of a grove of green spruce tops above the snow seemed almost like a glimpse of home.

It was dreary, tiresome work, this daily plodding southward over the endless snow, sometimes upon the wide ice field, sometimes crossing necks of land with tedious ascents and dangerous descents of hills, making no halt while daylight lasted, save to clear the dogs' entangled traces and snatch a piece of hardtack for a cheerless luncheon.

Okak, two days' travel south of Hebron, with a population of three hundred and twenty-nine, is the largest Eskimo village in Labrador and an important station of the Moravian missionaries. Besides the chapel, living apartments and store of the mission, a neat, well-organized little hospital has just been opened by them and placed in charge of Dr. S. Hutton, an English physician. Young, capable and with every prospect of success at home, he and his charming wife have resigned all to come to the dreary Labrador and give their lives and efforts to the uplifting of this bit of benighted humanity. The only other member of the hospital corps was Miss S. Francis, a young woman who has prepared herself as a trained nurse to give her life to the service.

We had now reached a section where timber grows, and some of the houses were quite pretentious for the frontier—well furnished, of two or three rooms and far superior to many of the houses of the outer coast breeds to the south. This, of course, is the visible result of the century of Moravian labors. Here I engaged, with the aid of the missionaries, Paulus Avalor and Boas Anton with twelve dogs to go with us to Nain, and after one day at Okak our march was resumed.

It is a hundred miles from Okak to Nain, and on the way the Kiglapait Mountain must be crossed, as the Atlantic ice outside is liable to be shattered at any time should an easterly gale blow, and there is no possible retreat and no opportunity to escape should one be caught upon it at such a time.

We had not reached the summit of the Kiglapait when night drove us into camp in a snow igloo. The Eskimos here are losing the art of snow-house building, and this one was very poorly constructed, and

with a temperature of thirty or forty degrees below zero, very cold and uncomfortable.

When we turned into our sleeping-bags Paulus, who could talk a few words of English, remarked to me: "Clouds say big snow maybe. Here very bad. No dog feed. We go early," and pointing to my watch face indicated that we should start at midnight. At eleven o'clock I heard him and Boas get up and go out. Half an hour later they came back with a kettle of hot tea and we had breakfast. Then the two Eskimos, by candle-light, read aloud in their language a form of worship and sang a hymn. All along the coast between Hebron and Makkovik I found morning and evening worship and grace before and after meals a regular institution with the Eskimos, whose religious training is carefully looked after by the Moravians.

By midnight our komatik was packed. "Ooisht! ooisht!" started the dogs forward as the first feathery flakes of the threatened storm fell lazily down. Not a breath of wind was stirring and no sound broke the ominous silence of the night save the crunch of our feet on the snow and the voice of the driver urging on the dogs.

Boas went ahead leading the team on the trail. Presently he halted and shouted back that he could not make out the landmarks in the now thickening snow. Then we circled about until an old track was found and went on again. Time and again this maneuver was repeated. The snow now began to fall heavily and the wind rose. No further sign of the track could be discovered, and short halts were made while Paulus examined my compass to get his bearings.

Finally the summit of the Kiglapait was reached, and the descent was more rapid. At one place on a sharp down grade the dogs started on a run and we jumped upon the komatik to ride. Moving at a rapid pace the team, dimly visible ahead, suddenly disappeared. Paulus rolled off the komatik to avoid going over the ledge ahead, but the rest of us had no time to jump, and a moment later the bottom fell out of our track and we felt ourselves dropping through space. It was a fall of only fifteen feet, but in the night it seemed a hundred. Fortunately we landed on soft snow and no harm was done, but we had a good shaking up.

The storm grew in force with the coming of daylight. Forging on through the driving snow, we reached the ocean ice early in the forenoon and at four o'clock in the afternoon the shelter of an Eskimo hut.

The storm was so severe the next morning that our Eskimos said that to venture out in it would probably mean to get lost, but before noon the wind so far abated that we started.

The snow fell thickly all day, the wind began to rise again, and a little after four o'clock the real force of the gale struck us in one continued, terrific sweep, and the snow blew so thick that we nearly smothered. The temperature was thirty degrees below zero. We could not see the length of the komatik. We did not dare let go of it, for had we separated ourselves a half dozen yards we should certainly have been lost.

Somehow the instincts of drivers and dogs, guided by the hand of a good Providence, led us to the mission house at Nain, which we reached at five o'clock and were overwhelmed by the kindness of the Moravians. This is the Moravian headquarters in Labrador, and the Bishop, Right Reverend A. Martin, with his aids, is in charge.

Sunday was spent here while we secured new drivers and dogs and waited for the storm to blow over.

During the second day from Nain we met Missionary Schmidt returning from a visit to the natives farther south, and had a half hour's chat on the ice.

That evening we reached Davis Inlet Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and spent the night with Mr. Guy, the agent, and the following morning headed southward again, passed Cape Harrigan, and in another two days reached Hopedale mission, where we arrived just ahead of one of the fierce storms so frequent here at this season of the year, and which held us prisoners from Thursday night until Monday morning.* Two days later we pulled in at Makkovik, the last station of the Moravians on our southern trail.

(To be continued)

* Since writing the above I have learned that a half-breed whom I met at Davis Inlet, his wife and a young native left that point for Hopedale just after us, were overtaken by this storm, lost their way and were probably overcome by the elements. Their dogs ate the bodies, and a week later returned, well fed, to Davis Inlet. Dr. Grenfell found the bones in the spring. D. W.



LOOKING FOR THAT BETTER PLACE.

Photograph by H. M. Albaugh.

JOHN KENDRY'S IDEA

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

CHAPTER XXV

THE VEILED LADY



HEY listened. The moonlight was a narrow strip between thick redwoods, through which the road from the level of the marsh had become a winding lane.

"Now what's a bloomin' motor doin' up 'ere, this time o' night?" the other man whispered. "'Old on!" he commanded, when Collins nervously turned. "You know 'ow to run a car!"

"They ain't been a pair of wheels up here all this week," Collins said. "You say *you're* wanted. That automobile is about how a sheriff's posse sounds to me. I'm——" The other caught him by a thin arm.

"No, you ain't, you little pair o' wings!" he blew an alcoholic breath across one of Collins' great ears. "Don't talk like a bloomin' fife. Now, Gawd knows what your name is, Mr. Collins, but mine's Pink. That's my real name, arsk Scotland Yard. I've just remembered it. And I never 'ave walked when I could ride. They're keepin' an 'emp necktie for me, but your 'andsome little nut they only want to shave. Whereby, it's me that are the 'cadpiece of this lovely pair o' twins," he held his arm around Collins' neck. "So you just 'eave alongside." Collins laughed.

"I see you're accustomed to having your own way, Mr. Pink," he said, with a sigh of surrender. He ducked from Pink's arm and became invisible in the gloom of the redwoods.

Pink contemplated the black shades and heard the footfalls cease at a safe distance.

"You know what you remind me?" he called. "You remind me of an 'at pin and two palm-leaf fans. You aren't a man; you're an insect."

The automobile had maintained its heavy "chug" in and out of the ravines. Pink jammed his cap over his eyes. He softly stepped behind a thick bush. As the automobile ascended around the curve and a solitary figure showed in it, Pink jumped alongside.

"Ands up—'igh with 'em!" he said, over two pistols.

Almost at once the solitary figure uttered a small scream. The car stopped, its vitals whirring in the exact state of a frightened woman's heart. Two gloved hands sought to shut away the sight of the pistols. A voice from a heaving bosom whimpered:

"O, dear——!"

Mr. Pink peered nearer, over the sights. His shoulders began to shake. He appealed to the darkness.

"It's a fee-myle——" he exploded. "Come back 'ere, you little skelington, do you want to cawmpermise my reputyion?" The lady was examining him through her fingers. Pink turned the pistols to her. "Did you say the gentleman was walkin' on be'ind, mum?" he narrowly asked. The lady drew back and despairing'y shook her head beneath her veil.

"O, dear!" she squeaked.

"O, yes, mum," Pink enthusiastically pocketed his pistols, "that's what the lydies usually calls me." Again he turned. "Do you 'ear, you shiverin' little bacteria? Come out o' your 'ole. Now, mum, we'll back her 'round easy," he deferentially pushed the car. The lady helped by a turn of the wheel. Collins appeared, his pistol preceding. "Nothin' to fear, mum,

only a loose wood-nymph." Pink casually tossed his head. "Now, mum, me an' you in the back seat." The lady alighted heavily on the side away from him, her veil and cloak obscuring all but the fact of her immensity. She pulled herself up with an obese groan. "Hexcellent, mum," said Pink, "and makin' up in bulk any trifle of beauty you've mislaid. Climb up, kebbby," he gave Collins a dig in the ribs. Collins seemed to be wanting in humor.

"Let her walk," he said. "It won't hurt her. Take my advice." Pink whistled.

"Did you 'ear 'im, mum—the blasted hinterloper! I wouldn't mind cuttin' 'is ears off, mum, if the wind wasn't be'ind us." The car was fitted with a collapsible hood which he found he could raise and throw so that its quarter circle went forward of the rear seat and shut Collins from view. "Now, you," he called over it, from tiptoes, "drive on to you-know-where, or I'm just as hapt to come and 'urt your feelin's, you bloomin' houtsider."

They began to roll down the hill. The lady, retired to a corner, appeared to be soaking up the tears with her veil.

"What—rain?" Pink leaned toward her. "I say, this is hagiatin'. My word, mum, I can't stand it. Arsk me anything—arsk me for myself, mum, an' you shall 'ave it. 'O, stow them crystal drops—as the poet 'as it."

So it happened, by the charm of his silver tongue and from a yearning for a communion that for several years had been denied to him by stern authority, Mr. Pink brought the lady's great arm to pass around his neck and fondle his elbow, while his own right arm went about a hard waist that was slim only when compared to the stuffed bosom above it. The lady's free hand caressed his bristly jowl and she murmured in self-deprecation a single "O, dear!" Mr. Pink would have liked to roll on the ground, to express his sense of the situation. "You're a rippin' old couple of tons," he tittered. Presently he wanted to scratch his nose.

It took him a moment to realize that his arms had passed out of his control. The lady's weight against the seat was immovable. Her gloved hand entered his mouth and held his jaw as if it had been a wolf's.

Pink tried to lower his head and to bite, hoping to squirm to the floor. A turn of his wrist, reckless of the anatomy of his elbow, brought from him an impotent groan.

"What's the matter?" Collins' voice complained.

"O, dear!" the lady squeaked, with like impatience. They had reached the level of the marsh. Collins had made acquaintance with the car. He turned northward and let out speed. Pink sat with his eyes fastened on the veil. The face behind it was making a long inspection of him, with Pink's elbow uncomfortable enough to remind him of what excruciation might follow his stirring. He limply awaited his opportunity, but the slow shake of that hidden head was too chilling to his heart. He kicked and snorted in a wild effort to be heard; the car roared at top speed, and the lady added a confusing scream.

"O, cut it out," Collins called. Under his breath he cursed the half-drunken fool for carrying with them a witness to their flight. Pink had received a blow with the side of the hand, in the fashion of a saber cut, at the top of his nose. It blinded him while he sought his pistols. He was thrust over the back of the seat and his hands beat about in the flying dust down into which he could not keep himself from sliding. They clutched at the passing ground; it cut out his palms. The dust was solidly filling his lungs and he could not double himself because his face brought up against the slippery overhanging body of the car. Three miles away was a blur of lights from a creek-boat coming down toward the bay. Pink cried out to it with a'll his might from a bloody mouth. Chan Kow lowered the ankles and let the head bounce once on the ground.

The head bounced once on the white streak in the moonlight and was hauled up a few inches. Chan Kow took a restful breath, his knees braced against the seat-back, his fingers sunk in the flesh above the ankle bones. His muscular sensations carried him back to the man-power boat on the Canton River. It was a far cry from then and there to this reckless motor car which made the hilltops dance and dissolve. What a wonderful variety human existence was capable of, he mused, staring

at the head and shoulders that writhed and took on the color of the dust. But Western civilization, from his thirty years' experience of it, was a failure. It was, he held, like this person Pink, irretrievably upside down. It began at the wrong end. John Kendry's idea, in which there still was the fatal taint of Christianity, was to upbuild the beautiful, rather than to destroy the hideous: witness the vague ethical reluctance with which Kendry approached the business of destroying such a man as Paulter! Chan Kow leaned over and let the face scrape along the road; probably the first twenty feet had eliminated the features, if one could see through the dust. The figure of his thus making a grindstone of the earth pleased his fancy, though he saw no way to complete the figure in bringing in the name of the late Mr. Pink. There was less convulsion in the *tendo Achilles*; the toes no longer worked. Western civilization undeniably had accomplished great things; but, owing to its intrinsic error, it would evanesce; whereas the Orient already was stirring from its long and refreshing slumber. He let go one ankle and held the other with both hands, varying the effect. In the short spaces of comparative smoothness the thing dragged like a stone on a string. For a moment he saw it receding behind, where it had rolled and unfolded and lay motionless. A turn in the road hid it. He could not help recalling those lines he had written when the poisoned Ting Lee had pounded about the floor on his heels and the back of his head. He threw away Pink's empty shoe and sat down to mop the copious perspiration from his forehead. Some day, he breathed, old age would come creeping into his thews. He readjusted the veil. He pulled back the hood and collapsed it. Collins' speed was too dangerous, and it was in the wrong direction. He calculated the thickness of Collins' skull.

"O, dear!" he squeaked, forcibly pulling Collins' shoulder. Collins snatched a look behind him. Pink was not to be seen and the old lady was pointing panic-stricken to the rear. Collins set his brake.

"What's the matter?" he evilly said, dropping the wheel.

Not too heavily Chan Kow brought down the butt of his American pistol.

CHAPTER XXVI

A SELF-DISCOVERY

Before sunrise, when Paulter leaned with a hand on the post of the pergola, a dull and dogged figure in a cap and overcoat, there was a sound on the stairs. He slid to fill the doorway.

"It's I," Violet Marr tremulously said, from the half-light at the bottom step. Paulter let her push aside the obstructing table and pick up the pile of unsteady books that fell as he had arranged them to. His haggardness kept her eyes averted. If he did not see that she, too, had not slept, that now she sought from him the sympathetic word, the acknowledgment of what she was sacrificing in peace for him, she laid it to his discomfort, which in turn she laid upon her daughter.

"You go down and buy me some cigars and some coffee and some whiskey," he pointed to her, hoarsely voiced. "I'm awake. She don't take that kind of a rise out of me." His tone swept her to obey. Her fingers trembled with her hat. She sought another hat pin, flustered by his contemptuous impatience.

"Say, how old are you?" he groaned, at last. She raised her handkerchief.

"I was fifty years old yesterday," her tearfulness exasperated him. "No one thought of it."

"Well, you act like you was ninety," he waved. "Get a move on."

She forewent the hat pin. She faded from the house, pale under her gray hat, slight and purposeless of mien. He spat from the veranda.

"You act *as if* you was ninety," he corrected himself, aloud, with a glance at the corner that hid Ethel's window. To have heard would have carried her back to her first knowledge of him. She had undertaken the reformation of his speech, of his outlook as to many things, forgetting his maturity and accepting his plausible manner. In an episode of which her beauty had been the exciting cause her disillusionment had come with sudden horror to a girl of sixteen. But she had never told her mother; it seemed, too, possible that her ears, her understanding, had played her false. Out of the repugnant aloofness that never afterward quit her his sentimental view had grown, increasing as time added

to her mystery. Her generosity to him had never been tinged with romance, but for Paulter it was impossible to believe that. He had continued to visit the house on the hill, under Violet Marr's plea that they were spiritualizing him. Why she was attached to him he could not have guessed if his mind had owned an average habit of introspection, but the fact comforted his pride. In her married youth a sea captain's wife had been offered opportunities for abandonment, but her vital content was strangely assorted. From her husband she never had had the absolute domination she could have wished for. He desperately had striven to foster her will, her self-reliance. Arthur Paulter had come into her life when she was forty-six. His ascendancy was without conscience; she surrendered her rights of volition in exchange for a sense of rest that all her life she had awaited; passion was dead, and to her it seemed that she gave him nothing in exchange. It was enough for Paulter that she kept him within reach of her daughter.

He went in and sat astride of the end of the sofa. Soon he would be able to revive himself. His tendency to collapse on the soft surface so near at hand—that was what Ethel was playing for! He jumped up and paced the veranda again, muttering ironies on the old woman's slowness. The sun brought warmth. He threw off his overcoat and then his coat, to enjoy that freedom in shirt-sleeves which to him meant home. He had denied himself this since he had come here, and now he looked upon such denial as a weakness. He would congratulate Ethel on a pleasant night when she came down. With coffee and tobacco, for which she was accustomed to no equivalent, he could stay on end for a week of days and nights, if need be. During the hour before to-morrow's dawn he should not be able to prevent her from following him up the mountain, but he would make the pace so hot that, whatsoever her purpose was, he should have done with Kendry before she arrived to accomplish it. He had her hooked; let her thresh the waters.

In her room Ethel stared at the wooden ceiling. In the first blank moments her face was like the one that had looked down on Kendry, questioning the forces his un-

conscious form had been the first to stir within her. If instead of letting this new room go in its intrinsic ugliness, as she had let the one go on the hill, she had been at pains to stamp herself on it, in the furniture, the colors, she did not trace her reason for that to what Kendry might be expected to fancy her doing. But a glance about her brought him to her mind and set on her face the altered expression he had caused to write itself there.

She felt for the key of her room and for the pistol under her pillow. The night light burned near her window, the sign, for Paulter, of a sleepless vigil in the hope of escape. Her khaki suit, her high boots, lay rolled in her golf cape and tied in a sheet, with a laundry list pinned to it. It was her first deception where deception had been expected of her for weeks. It made her flush, avoiding her eyes in the mirror while she combed out the heavy braids and arranged her hair with severe compactness that would suit a hooded head plunging through dense chaparral. Her muscles played beneath the roundness of her arms. Her blood bounded more anxiously under her translucent skin. She took no pleasure in the full modeling of her throat and cheek, in the firmness, beneath sheer fabric, of a bust from whose quarter-round her garment fell in a straight line to her feet. The man below was cursing the absence of her mother. It was her slowness, her comparative feebleness of bone she saw in the g'ass. The man was a savage. The pistol frightened her. She hid it in the bag she was accustomed to carry at her belt.

Her dressing as she had dressed the night before suggested an excursion no farther than the garden. The open throat was grateful to the expectancy that began to oppress her.

Paulter's cigar had not waited for his breakfast. She heard him toss a condescending word to her mother. He locked the front door, braced to a show of freshness. Ethel passed him with half-closed eyes, letting her bundle drop where it might on the floor. She sighed and leaned with her forehead touching the window pane. He kicked the bundle, but it was her attitude of weariness that preoccupied him.

"Little shy on a night's sleep?" he blew

a cloud toward her. She came again past him, without acknowledging his presence. One understood, she was saying to herself, to what ignominious depths of duplicity women were brought by the forms of tyranny. She took up the unopened newspaper and sank into the armchair. While he settled himself on the sofa close by she gazed at the print without reading, until her eye caught the name of Collins in a headline. It was a name from that region in which Paulter did things he was never voluble about. The brief dispatch, inserted on an after page, told of Collins being discovered long after midnight by the sheriff of Marin County, hog-bound and in a stupor at the sheriff's door. The woman who had thundered on the panels had whisked into thin air in an automobile—the impression that she was a woman had been helped by her having carried away a mud-guard against a tree-box at the corner of the street. Collins, recovering, had announced that he would turn state's evidence, confessing to his career as a counterfeiter, and incriminating persons—the sheriff did not offer their names for publicity—to whom Collins laid his discomfiture.

It was news that might prove too stimulating to him whose eyes inclined to droop. She let her own lids sleepily close, then opened them as if determined not to drowse. She was aware of a smile flickering about Paulter's thin lips through the haze of smoke. If he responded to her generous yawn it was by a distention of his nostrils, as he brought his feet to a level with his head. She let her cheek turn to the corner of the chair back. From a deep sigh the movement of her bosom changed to a light heaving. Her mother walked on tiptoe; the kettle sang in the kitchen. Paulter gave a start and resumed his cigar.

"It's so stuffy," the girl murmured, without opening her eyes. Presently she heard her mother trying to open the farthest window without their hearing her. Presently she heard a sound in Paulter's nostrils. Her mother stole about drawing the shades, then the stairs gave evidence of her retirement above. A blue-jay harshly reinforced the morning chorus of birds against the silence of the redwoods. There came the unpleasant odor of an extinguished cigar.

She took off her weight on the arms of her chair. She slid along by the wall, where

the floor creaked least, and came out of the house by the window.

A hundred yards away in a tangle of hazel and wild honeysuckle, a little down the incline off the road, she could have heard his tread on the veranda, his burst of rage. She laced her boots in peace, recovering her breath, gaining in spirit with this first success. She was free, but Paulter was recuperating. The butcher's boy came driving up in his two-wheeled cart. The road was on a ridge that ran south from the mountain and abruptly finished at the joint debouchment of the two cañons the ridge divided. Her smile, her hair with the dry leaves caught in it, her jaunty skirt and the shapeliness of pliant leather at her ankles, made the boy her blushing servitor. He had her at his side while he sped his horse down the hill in keeping with the manliness swelling in his bosom. As they went the number of dwellings increased. Ethel stopped the baker and bought bread.

"You'll find Mr. Paulter asleep in the living-room," she said. "Please knock on the window and tell him I asked you to." The butcher's boy waited to see her fly bareheaded down a path, her belt bag in hand, her cape dangling from its shoulder straps. She had asked him casually about the trail on the opposite ridge. He resumed his upward journey, glowing with memory. For her the running, after a night behind shut panes, was agreeable to the lungs. She crossed the stream. The "commuters" who took the first morning train to the city saw her among tree trunks, marching up over dead leaves. Above where they lived the slopes were barren, save for the grass. The cattle of a passed period, cropping it on rain-soaked soil, had cut the incline into close, narrow terraces. At the top were trees again, and she looked across the cañon to the road she had driven on. Her heart beat evenly and her color gloried. All the clocks in the world were ticking the time between now and to-morrow's dawn, and to be leading Paulter on, making him expend himself, caused her teeth to shut and her fists to clench. The butcher's boy, visible through gaps in the opposite foliage, was driving fast again, with a man whose shoulders crowded him, whose compulsion made him pale with angry fear. She swung the scarlet side of her cape to catch their eyes. She moved

as if to keep along the ridge where she was until it joined the steeper ascents of the mountain, more than an hour to the north. Paulter plunged down the path in pursuit of her, as she had wished.

Under cover of a ravine presently she, too, descended, but at an avoiding angle. It brought her up through the dense redwoods on her own side of the cañon, leisurely to her mother's door.

"You've spoiled it," her mother said, not without belief that in this return she had cause for triumphing. "He would have slept. I put bromide in his coffee. He believes you've gone to meet *him*. He's grown desperate. You'll have to get down on your knees to him."

Her ineffectualness brought a flash of color to her cheek. Ethel was pointing through the window, across the cañon, to the figure that hastened northward on the ridge.

"He thinks I've kept behind the trees, mother. I'm trying to tire him out, on account of to-morrow. Tell him that if you like. He won't believe it. You don't believe it. I have made it my first principle to be frank with you, but you think I have an appointment to-day with Mr. Kendry. You've ceased to trust me and I can't live with you. It's an odious happening."

Her mother laid a hand on the newel-post. She tried for once to keep fixed upon her daughter's eyes.

"There's something I don't know," she huskily began, her voice mounting, "and that means that if you do go away, some day you'll want to come back. You'll want to shiver behind your mother and tell her how you hate that man."

The eyes had widened and intensified. They left to Violet Marr no resource but tears. The effect of the tears was unexpected.

"Mother," the girl trembled, "it isn't your best self I'm going from. If ever you're alone and you want me, I'll come. Won't you kiss me?"

Her mother bowed upon the newel-post, wet-eyed but not sobbing. The girl looked about at the long-familiar articles they had brought to this pleasanter place. There were gifts from her mother, relics of her father, things that her baby fingers had reached for. The portrait of her father

was on the wall; under it were the ashes of Paulter's cigar, and his hat, his black-thorn stick. She remembered another door, another sunlight, out into which she had seen her father go, smiling at his daughter's tears.

"Mother?" she broke.

That strange half-smile played about her mother's mouth. Without a glance Violet Marr mounted the stairs. There came the sound of her door locking.

The girl went out to the veranda and looked over to the city. It glittered, awaiting her beauty, her slender purse, for what it could wring out of her or for what it must yield to her. Perhaps it would nourish her rather kindly, in the terms of the commonplace, the unimaginative, the dull grind of the unaspiring. The city was not the mountain. After she had sacrificed on the mountain—her pride, her strength, her reckless presence at the moment when these men should meet, the city would take her and the mountain would never know her in its intimate way of yore. It would have been different if her father had lived; he would have made himself live on in her; she would have been the first consideration in his life. She straightened. He should survive in her. Somewhere in the mid-seas he had gone down, unrecorded, untraced. It was not necessary for his daughter to be told how his blue eyes had faced the end. They were like her eyes; the situation was a little different, but she would try, as he had confronted merciful death, to confront the greater agony of life. She hurried on her predetermined course.

Chan Kow's answer awaited her at the post office: "*There are things which must be left to Fate. This is one of them.*" It failed to echo his prophetic linking of her name with Mr. Kendry's. It sounded to her like the first of more than one farewell. She turned again toward the mountain, this time by the westward cañon, which would lead her to where Paulter would expect to find her, and bring her there before him. In two hours she sat on the western summit, a little fatigued, none inspirited. She was prepared to do so much, to do it so intensely, from motives which, most of all to Kendry, would seem so insufficient. If she rushed in, if nothing in the working out of the event to-morrow seemed to justify her presence, how could she give it dignity

in his eyes? She had been going to justify it by a lofty reference to the idea, to his value to humanity, to her obsession that he must survive. She still could frame the words, but would they be less than hypocrisy?

Through the chaparral she could see to a path that forked and encircled the rounded summit, then became one again on the seaward side. Where she looked, Paulter, if he continued his fancied pursuit of her, would pass. A mile beyond stood the lone tree, where he would go in the hope of finding her with Kendry. No trail led to where she had spread her cape; people who climbed the mountain followed the railroad to the other summit. Perhaps she would wait in vain. But it was the logical thing to do, and, doing it, such a mind as Kendry's would have waited in a kind of peace, she thought, peace such as she could not know.

It was because he could thus intellectually proceed, following the finer instincts, the spiritual way, to wheresoever they might lead, that chance would be his enemy—chance that, by upsetting the calculations of such men, ever had preserved the balance between them and strains like Arthur Paulter's. Kendry would have thought of that, too, and he would have come decided as to his attitude toward death; he would come, in short, knowing himself. That was where he was superior, where she failed. He never would stay unstably contemplating Mary Eastwood; he would examine himself to the last shred and he would discover just the value Mary Eastwood had for him. And in this great commotion approaching to-morrow the hour would strike for Mary Eastwood and for him; souls would unveil. Yet he would not swerve from the trial. He would come, and if he survived he would hand to Ethel Marr her release from Paulter's baneful shadow; a gift for which not the passionate "I" would await acknowledgment, but which the impersonal "Idea" would acclaim as its own satisfaction. The name "Idea" was as hostile as the trees, the high hills, the cold sea at their feet; it echoed from the mountain itself, with the sound of eternity, denying what was of woman's youth, of her beauty, of her bounding blood. She must give thanks to him, changeless of color, quiverless of

lip. She must go on, alone. He never fully could have respected her. There were things about Mary Eastwood that a lifetime would prove, but Mary Eastwood never could have known such a man as Arthur Paulter; never could have stood stroking his cheek in fear that he would kill some one; never could have sat alone on a mountain-top, armed with his own dreadful gift against what his unbridled instincts might lead him to, in a solitude, under a passion that so degraded her. Ethel thrust her hand to part the bushes. The figure that advanced around the bend was at a glance not Paulter. It was too obviously of another school. It was clad in the color of the rocks. It swung strongly, full of purpose, full of grace, deep in thought. Did it go to meet its death? She paled; she rose, then crouched, then rose again, her hand toward it. It passed, erect, light of foot, firm of mouth. She could not call to it. It disappeared.

Why had she not been honest with herself? Why could she not go to the event in the abandonment to truth where lay the one solace, the one dignity?

"I do—I do!" she whispered the words. They were gone and the breeze never would give them back. Her head bowed on her knees. She tossed her hands from her eyes, stumbling up. But there was no goal—the mountain at last had turned against her. There was only the figure of another man, rounding the bend on hasty feet, turning to look behind him, tightening an evil mouth she knew too well, going with stealth and with his hand in the pocket of his coat. He would not look up to the waving of her cape; she could not break fast enough down through that dense growth to stop him. She tore open the bag at her belt. The explosion of that pistol, pointed at the ground, seemed to shake the skies. The man jumped and whirled; he caught at last her moving figure on the skyline.

Down on the other fork of the trail from the one Kendry had taken she waited till she knew that Paulter, struggling through the brush, had sighted her. She broke a sapling to mark her flight down the steep beyond—away from the direction Kendry had taken, through a battling, pathless tangle, over uncertain stones and hollow pitfalls hidden by nets of fallen leaves on

fallen branchlets. The sapling still quivered when Paulter leaped exultingly across the trail. He heard her crashing through tough scrubby oaks, interlocking redwood shoots and clumps of ceanothus; hood on head she could not match his carelessness of torn skin, and, somewhere beyond, he pictured Kendry slackening his speed to hers. He thought he saw through Kendry's game, now that he had read the newspaper some one had dropped off the mountain train. Kendry had arranged the capture of Collins, and they would try to hold Paulter, if not on a charge, then as a witness, so that Paulter would fail to appear at dawn to-morrow. Kendry hadn't calculated on what was happening now! Paulter remembered how once before he had lost her, because his own crackling of dry brush had drowned hers. He made pauses; they sent her ahead, but his ears stood him in turn. He hated the accursed tangle and it hated him, but a mere woman could not fight it as he was fighting. He came to a nearly sheer descent of many feet, the face of the rock hung with the exposed roots of the fringe of shrubs above, the bottom obscured by tall redwoods. There were sounds down there—she had known a quicker way, but that would not change the end, so long as he had ears. He slid down with stones clattering about his head; he would teach them better shooting than that effort of theirs on the summit. The sounds became confused, nearer, a slow beating as if with a heavy stick against something impassable, as if one of them was entangled and frantically sought to be free. He hastened along the bottom, gloating, framing his speech, glorifying his prowess. The face of the wall ran higher. As he came into a clear space a heavy stone crashed from above and made that sound against a redwood bough. She had not descended. She had walked along, hurling down the stones. She was alone. Now he heard her quick retreat up toward the trail and back toward whence he had been coming when he discovered her. Paulter threw himself down.

"All right," he presently tossed his defeat from him. "If he isn't there to-morrow, I'll go to where he is. Hand 'em out one little white chip; I'll cash in some red ones."

He lay panting on his back. He was not

going to risk returning to the house—not until he had read another day's newspaper about the confession of Collins. The sun was warm, the spot was sheltered from the wind. He put the newspaper over his face.

CHAPTER XXVII

A MIND AND A PAIR OF PISTOLS

Kendry had paused at the foot of another face of rock high on the mountain's southern side, against which the sun made his shadow more noticeable than himself, sending up in the reflected warmth about his feet the bouquet of a mid-California day—the mixture of mints, of *yerba santa*, of immortelles and of other faintly perfumed leaves and flowers. Lizards basked and darted in the heat radiating between his eyes and the Pacific, the high hills, the city whose gray pall drifted inland on a lessening breeze. Often he had rejoiced in these savors, this glittering path of freights toward the roofs and spires which partly showed behind the inner headlands of the Gate. The region lays on man of every race, every mold, its bright allurements. If elsewhere the scenes of men's works more finished, more restrained, had aided his discriminations, they never had abated the loyalty, the poetic optimism which glowed on his viewing that empire of summits fronting to the changeful sea. He was under the spell perhaps for the last time; he was perhaps to leave it as the hero of a poor sensational episode, tickling the minds of the majority; his one contribution to the story of a fair haven that waited for spirits schooled like his to deliver it from a degree of self-debasement.

In the kind of mortal danger he went forward to, men of least imagination seek a fillip otherwise denied them; faint ecstatic beings flee from it, and only men of fancy spiritually deep approach it with full forethought and full courage. Not but that Kendry was approaching death in a stir of all his faculties, while he stood with the liveliness of youth responding to the enervating dryness of the air and the subtle invitation of the flowers. Death passed before him in the varied meanings mankind had made for it, out of fear, through credulity, into faith. To him the fear of after-death, and its superstructure of faith

in the promise of eternal life, had been the index of the Christian Era, and the decline in the value of that promise pointed to greater peace on earth and to the greater majesty of man.

The weight of the promise had been its negation of the alleged terrors of death. Before this negation, this *summum bonum*, western civilization wearily had laid down the burden of natural thought, and before this closed gate the multitude had rested throughout centuries. To occasional querulous voices the promise repeated itself in even terms. It was the artificial stopping point, the mortal error, in a world of unfathomed possibilities of spiritual extension. For one who bound his eyes with no self-consecrated fillet and for whom the instinct to evolve existed as forcibly as the instinct to avoid death, the promise of eternal happiness, offered to the spirit through the mind, had the value of that which the mind cannot conceive. John Kendry could not imagine light which makes no shadow, nor actual peace except from actual threat of pain. The peace which passes the understanding passed for him into the negation of sentient being.

If to-day this did not decrease a young man's willingness to die, though it did not touch on his will to meet the issue, it heightened his joy in his world, climbing down from the warm rock through the delicate air of manzanita blossoms, of lilac-like blooms of the ceanothus. It strengthened his hope for the world he knew, when all the incantations wasted upon space should be translated into deeds for its betterment. The far perspective of the hills aided a perspective of humanity congenial to his soul. The world was not asleep, but awakening. As ever, the ferment was in the masses, less in answer to the shouting of the prophets than to the slow digestion of centuries of experience. At length the monster had ceased to accept specific mortal ills in meek exchange for vague promises beyond the grave. On the one side stood the spirit of truth and democracy, and all the extensions of democracy most often grouped under the term socialism; on the other side stood empiricism, aristocracy, plutocracy, and the machineries of the allied faiths. Everywhere the monster moved against these old

forms of its own nourishing, often obtusely, often without mercy, yet always under the same new instinct for a better life on earth—a life which should stand to that of the present inversely as the superstitious domination of the middle ages stood to spiritual freedom. This, then, was the deep rumble of the multitude as in harmony with which John Kendry might hope to liken his idea to one of some individual silver bells. To know that harmony released him from the loneliness he had found when he had asked an understanding of the idea from men who, as it happened in his acquaintance, were neither of conscious bell metal nor of the intuitive multitude.

While he thought these things he went over dry ground where the manzanita thickly shaded its roots amongst which no grass grew. His hobnails grated on the angular pebbles and startled a little turquoise snake. The soil changed from yellow to green, the vegetation became lower and sparse and he dug his heels into the loose earth of a steep bank and came down on to a road that wound to seaward, in and out of folds, past springs, and into a strangely altered meadow where flourished ancient yews and twisted bays, and the song-sparrow did not wait for the evening hours but sang for the joy of living while life ran.

But birds were birds and men were men, he mused, and the building of nests:—here were a man's footprints in the sand the winter rains had brought upon the road, and those of a woman; any man and any woman walking toward the sea's horizon, and perhaps singing, even as the birds! Presently the footprints were joined by those of a child, as if it had been set down from the man's shoulder. There was the balance on heels, the dart across to a clump of yellow poppies; there was the joyful skip to join the others, the sudden discovery of the soft surface near a waterway into which the feet had sunk, to be snatched back to drier ground and to blithely wind, trailing a stick, to where the small fingers had left their marks in the scooping up of the sand.

It was this he was to forego, Kendry said to himself, as the sea came into nearer view and as the four grown footprints assembled where the child had been lifted

back to shoulder. He marveled at how little he ever had thought of man in his capacity of father. He had let it lie over invisible beyond marriage. And it was the one certain approach to immortality life had to show. It was the one avenue by which man's virtue, his experience, his essence, lingered after him. If it lingered in combination with another strain it was itself such a combination, and in the union all romance was exalted, all egoism qualified. Why was it not enough? Why was it not the answer to the thirst for conscious endlessness? Why was it not noblest to accept the extinction of one's known selfish entity, rejoicing in and glorifying posterity? Posterity! The word glowed. To live for posterity, to have been lived for by ancestry! To have lived in ancestry, and in posterity still to live; posterity and ancestry wherein all men were blood brothers and the self-seeking of the individual soul, that fretted over the little time, the little space that bound it, was cast aside on account of its morbidity! To build, to beautify, to preserve, not for the covetous moments of one's own cvanescence, but for all the living world to come! It asked no strangling of the instinct for thought; it was founded on human experience, human intelligence; it crowned the strongest of human instincts and raised it out of centuries of hypocritical reproach; it extended human romance through marriage, through maturity, through old age; sweetly and without strain it brought together all human sympathy and understanding; it made infinite the possible extension of human activities; it did all this and asked for no credulity, for no especial temperament, no subversion of instinct, no symbol, because it began with the first principle of life, beside whose antiquity all beliefs and all observances were but flaws on the surface of the deep.

Kendry smiled a little, his hands tapping the pistols in his breast pockets. What was in the mind of Paulter at this moment, Paulter who would have dug the shores for gold till the sea swallowed him up; who would have corrupted public authority till anarchy destroyed him; who could have worshiped himself until he was immolated in the service of his egotism? Kendry drew an agreeable breath of the air from the sea. He tapped his boot with a willow

switch. There was a difference between chance and odds. He intended that the odds should be in his favor. He gave up his mind to the details of a violent demise, which should be not his but Paulter's.

The road curved out of the last sheltered hollows to the treeless slopes that descended steeply to the shores. He passed a prosaic cattle ranch, and a deserted summer camping resort, and came out upon a broad sandpit paralleling the shore for some miles. He became an unnoticeable figure on it, along with the huge flotsam of timber rafts and with the nimble sand-peeps. He had been neither a duffer nor a crack-shot; he never had met anything he wanted to kill so much as he wanted its living acquaintance. He set up a bottle on a stick where the still sea lapped the sands. After his seven bullets had been sent at it, the bottle remained intact. Something in the pull of his finger, the tension of his breath, deflected his aim. He spent two hours trying to disregard his breathing and to conquer the deflection. There was in the calm of a successful aim a seeming denial of the passion that should justify killing a man. It was difficult to accord to the sharpness of the explosion its irrelevancy. He made a target something of a man's figure and ran at it over obstacles, firing as he went. There was a point from which he could not miss; it was perhaps a question of his reaching that point in the face of Paulter's fire. He sat counting the possible dangers, the possible developments, till the sun sank into the clouds of the horizon. No optimism had resulted. It was not odds; it still was chance.

He ate and started up the incline again, now directly in the line of the rendezvous, where he planned to secure the advantage of the ground. He took the ascent slowly, saving all strength. At the top the ground-robin scuttled beneath the brush, the meadow-lark called from a dead tree; the sense of eventide, the dying of the breeze, the cow motionless beyond a fence, the cooler smell of the grass, the flat glazed surface of the sea, the gathering gloom to eastward, these weighed on the mind of a man who might not see the fullness of another morning. The shadows of the trees went long upon the upper meadows. He crossed their park-like stretches where the redwood and the bay, happily not contending in a

crowd for light, spread their branches far aground. He passed a grove of madroños large and small, where the red disk on the horizon heightened the other surface of the trunks and made, with its flood of contrasted color, its vivid setting off of yellow bough and bottle-green leaf, its irregularity of all the shapes of branch and twig, a still strange mystery of which the essence was unanswered loneliness. He tried to dwell upon the beauty of the rolling hollows, their smooth verdure and the setting of vigorous, perfect trees. But the sun dropped out of the frame. A rabbit ran away and paused, obscurely cocking its ears. The song-sparrow ceased. The sea was lost behind the rises and the hollows and the sky was filling with high vapors shutting away the faint stars. In that wheeling of the birds of dusk, that alternate regular chirp of the crickets far and near, were the symbols of solitude, of the mind's night, of the endless round while men struggled to change the world and from the struggle suddenly passed into the inexplicable Silence.

It formed in him a wish that was inconsistent, yet would not down; that for a while there might be some one with him. It was not the occasional crackling of dry leaves, the unexpected stirrings of the air, that chilled him. It was a sense of a new want, of an incompleteness, of an unexpressedness, to which only the darkness echoed. It led him back to Mary Eastwood's door. He could have stopped there with her; he could have had his half hour with her and their future would have been resolved. This would not necessarily have met his present yearning. He figured Mary walking at his side; he could not imagine in what garb, what inner mood. The rustlings in the shadows, the forms the shrubs and fallen trees took on, would have brought her nearer him, disconcerted and, though under his protection, still longing for her lights, her locks and keys, her servants. The stones would have hurt her feet and she would have shivered in the cooling of the air. He would have reassured her, but it was he himself who needed reassurance, not as to the familiar phenomena of night in the wilderness, but about himself, in that dimension where the weakness of man equals the strength of woman.

The clouds had thickened and settled. He lost the trail and went on with a woods-

man's sense of direction. Forms faded into formlessness, and only the least penetration of the shrouded moon gave line to the tops of groves of trees and of eminences. He came out on to the drier ground again. The far summits dimly ran against the clouds. To the south the city glimmered and took shape out of the darkness, sending a few shimmering reflections into the waters of the bay. He picked his way among boulders and through thickets to where the lone tree stood against the rock. Pistol in hand he climbed down cautiously on to the uneven terrace overhanging a gulf of blackness. He listened long and heard no sound. Evidently he was first and alone. He believed that no one could approach within pistol-shot without being heard.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE BEGINNING

Up back of him the outline of the mountain swept, a little blacker than the clouds. Beneath the gulf beyond the less dim surface of the rock the hills and trees and waterways were one in formlessness. The sheltered shelf at the rock's edge, waist deep, was opposite the tops of redwoods through whose foliage the wind gave now and then a sigh against the silence. There he dropped his burden from his back, weary not with travel, nor with foreboding, but with the length of the hours that must pass. He gave himself to groping on each tilted plane, over each crevice with a struggling shrub that should dispute his footing on his way to meet an adversary. He conned the points that would stand out up the slope in the path of his aim, to aid him; he studied the dim contrast he himself would make as a mark against the hill-sides, down across the distance, that would be shaded by the morning light beyond them. He imagined his combat till attention lost its edge and he turned his back on the scene and acknowledged the flaw in that calm neutrality he had expected to perfect.

Rightly he should be sitting erect, heels over brink, a finished figure in bronze, symbolically gazing at the reflection of the far clouds above the city. He bowed, a figure of clay; his depression deepened with the slow progress of the hidden stars. Past the walls erected by an intellect the

current of his emotions the more violently swept. If he died and Mary Eastwood took half his fortune, he should have served her well. But, in defense against the deadness of the gloomy hours he let himself consider, what as to her if he lived?

That is a familiar phase through which he had passed in Mary's sympathetic company. He had been young, linguistic, capable of world-mindedness, moving toward cosmopolitanism. After two years, when his father's death had called him back to his own country, Kendry had suffered; the cacophony, the foolish haste, the ugliness, the corruption, the thousand vulgarities, the poverty of social life—all loomed upon him in unhappy oppositeness. In his letters to Mary the moment had been of their closest, if still undefined communion. Gradually he had been accustomed—numbed, Mary would have said—to much that first had appalled him. Conditions could differ more than men: a revelation which covered his own country and justified his cosmopolitanism. Amid the din and the prating of self-sufficiency he distinguished the mounting cry for the more agreeable to the eye, the more admirable in social intercourse, and for a public morality. The vastness of the country made the voices seem isolated—if one listened for the ring that meant the deed behind the word. Social life was invertebrate, and the organization of society singularly deficient in the power and means of veracious self-expression. The cry was the cry of a minority under the despotism of a majority, and he lived in a longitude where men, a little too sleek, are prone to beg the question of public honesty by an appeal to the glorious climate, as with creative pride. But the familiar lines brought him to his restored balance. To youth, America, in every field but those of certain arts, meant opportunity. And where, even from a world point of view, the most glorious opportunity lay, the field was least crowded: the fateful fight to rouse responsibility in the sheep whose march to the polls, overfed, underbred, was a pageant for the enemies of democracy. Though to live the mildest of lives in the land of his birth meant that his chances of being maimed or murdered were about ten times as great as they were under the effete monarchies; that was part of the price of this

greatest of opportunities, and he was willing to pay the whole price.

It brought him to the question: how to begin, considering that he was neither "a good fellow" nor perhaps naturally gifted as a leader of men. The answer to that was that any man must shine, at least as an example, whose motives transcend his own aggrandizement and his own times. Extending that, he had framed his idea. He had striven to convert Mary to it.

During the time since his episode with Paulter on the mountain, during his succeeding days of disheartenment—hence of so little importance, yet, except to himself, as if he had dropped like a pebble into the sea he could have wished to convulse—Mary had been an added weight. Now, as he looked across to that crowded precinct where, despite her horror of it, she would have preferred to be, rather than on this rock, he saw that he had converted, not her spirit, but perhaps her heart. He saw that it had been the shadow of this conclusion that had made him put off thinking about her.

If he survived, if he rushed to find her, if he said nothing contrary, they would drift back to Europe—inevitable for Americans when drift they must. Mary would not object to his becoming a man without a country; his matured cosmopolitanism would count, not for a luminous view of the hundred facets of life under the Constitution, but for enjoyment, for dilettantism, for a fussy, unaccountable, old age. Against which, even at his feeblest, there would wax the sadness, the regrets, of expatriation. The knowledge of this would be Mary's fear, her unexpressed reservation—of ample possibilities for conjugal chafing—that some day he might set sail and grimly become American.

She had accepted the idea with resignation, not with joy. For the idea anything other than enthusiasm was antagonism. That was as clear as the black form of the horned owl that flapped past him and alighted in the near obscurity.

He thought he had made this discovery without the help of other force. He thought he was self-governed in the medium wherein he was groping. If so, and since he yet could withdraw with honor, though not with fine consistency, why—if he was to withdraw to what would be completer loneliness—did he hasten to light a

match, perhaps endangering his life, in order that the letter he had torn open might at last be read?

"Must I protest against this duel—this unspeakable folly with Miss Marr's friend, when her protest will have been effectual or will have made mine ridiculous? I shall have started for Europe, to be sure of Tuesday's steamer. There seems no reason for my lingering. The train leaves at 8:30 Wednesday evening. Mother, whom I have not alarmed, wishes me to congratulate you for her, on your remaining an American.

As ever,
"MARY."

By this hour Mary's train would be climbing the Sierra. Another day and still she could have caught the Tuesday steamer. But she had announced herself able to go without waiting to hear the outcome. He stood up, the better to realize his freedom, his lightness. What fell upon his head was the completeness, perhaps the unalterableness, of his isolation, as if the rock was surrounded by depth and darkness and distance through which he never could pass.

They had traveled a stretch of road together; but his destination had been for a life that should exalt the spirit, though at the cost of pain; hers had been for an escape from responsibility, counting no cost. The owl quavered from its black hiding place: "*Ou-ou; ou-ub-ou*—" as it had hooted to him that night beneath the fog in his pursuit of Ethel Marr.

How magnificently Mary might have taken his view, shared his generosity, brightening Ethel Marr's career! Mary could have dispelled all self-consciousness; he could have handed the situation to her as he had found it; he could have fallen back to the position, not of Miss Marr's chance acquaintance, but of Mary's *ex officio* ally. With all eloquence and assumption of her responsiveness he had pointed the way to Mary, and she had gone straight upon her divergent path. It had left the enterprise blasted. It had left him neither here nor there. It had brought him to the rock, instead of disposing of Paulter by a gradual process in which Kendry would have figured as a force without a name. It had given him a chance to die without the whisper in his ears of other lips: "I understand."

Nothing he could write, he muttered, with a moist hand gripping the rock, would

make Ethel understand. Only what he never might be able to do would prove to her that he had not waited here in doubt of his heart, in doubt of the idea, a cargo of flaccidity beached on an undiscovered shore. He was dragging slow chains through the hours. His detachment was as complete as if already he was dead. His young woe was as deep as his unfulfilled ideal had been exalted. He was seized by a terrifying double-consciousness; the sense of receding from himself, within himself, of looking back on himself, hearing and knowing the thing he was, in pitiful intimacy. The thing moved along the shelf, seeking a stone, anything to silence the hooting of that owl. The thing he was fussed over its miserable little life, its little theories, its little emotions—one particle flickering one moment in all time, all stellar dust.

"I never have lived," it groaned.

He had thrust his hand at a shadow, feeling for a stone. The hand had touched what was soft, what was round, what was fabric. It moved. He exclaimed in his throat. The owl flew off.

"It's you!" he said. He dropped back against the rock. "Wonderful, wonderful!"

No one else would have answered with silence. He threw himself down near her and held a fold of her cape, taut from her shoulder. He could feel her shoulder rise and fall; he could be sure that she would not dissolve.

"My marvelous good fortune," his chest hove. She seemed to shake her head.

"If I hadn't been responsible—"

"No, no—responsive," he cried. "Responsive—everything." He could not judge when the dawn would come. "I'll tell you things presently." For the moment it was enough to feel the life within her moving the cape.

"The letter was Mary's announcement of her return to Europe," he began. "She foresaw that she would not be necessary to my happiness. I groaned because I possess nothing that is." He could see the outline of her hood. She must have been long kneeling. "How you'll be cramped!"

"My foot's asleep," she half laughed, changing her position. He took up the pull on her cape again and together they gazed across to where the city lay.

"How shall you like my finished creed?"

he presently said. "It's to look upon the beauty of the world and upon what one can do to increase that, not as one who expects to leave the world, but as one who expects to live in it forever. It's to assume that one does live in it forever; either in the posterity of one's own blood, or the posterity of one's example. It's the idea projected, reconciled with mortality. It asks you to be content with such immortality as passes from you into the future of the world. Has it ever come to you like that?"

"What else would content me with being a woman? You've given a woman's answer to all the philosophies in the world."

"It must be the right one. In the end every normal thinker brings his great theory to some woman and lays it in ridiculous little glinting pieces at her feet. He thinks she doesn't know that his circle isn't complete, and she charmingly lets him think so, while the world rolls on and she remains the one unalterable fact. *Nunc dimittis!* I have talked enough. I shall wade into that American city. It's a swamp of distrust, where men run about trying to sell their liberties at the lowest price. If it were not so—more than I have ever saddened you with—I never should have thought these things so much alone. Those who will give their time and forego their enrichment, trying to redeem it, are a tragic few. I shall be one of them. I shall have lost my critical aloofness, my diffidence with my contemporaries. I shall be in good company; I shall have found my career. So much for one's relations with men. Does the woman approve?"

"Doesn't it follow?" But she heavily sighed. The air stirred the trees and certain wakened birds foretold the dawn.

"Your beauty," he glowed. "It's so marvelously compelling. I have never said so. Often I have dreamt of you. It's a beauty one need not be afraid of. It's not merely youth—it's you. You as you are, as you will remain, just as one would have you, without one flaw. It's a joy to have said so."

The hood turned toward him; she pushed it off her head, and he thought it was because he so well knew her features that he could make out the movement of her lips.

"You said 'compelling'?"

"Overwhelming! So much so that one held back, asking if it was safe. Then——"

"Is it safe?"

"Gloriously safe."

She was on her knees again, facing him. Her fingers touched his sleeve.

"Do you love to walk in the woods at night?" she said. "When the trees are only forms and the stars are only fires—so simple and still, so convincing. Do you like to go without thinking, without speaking?"

"Ah, yes."

"Only to be primitive—only to live. Wouldn't it refresh your soul? Wouldn't you like once to be irresponsible? Why do you say I am beautiful, you have never known me yet. Look!" she showed him the parted clouds in the west. "It takes that starlight, it takes that solitude—I'm shivering now. It takes the flame, the touch, the madness, to make me beautiful. It's over there," she whispered. "Come, while the night lasts." He groaned. Her warm breath was on his ear, her breast was soft against his shoulder.

"After dawn, after dawn."

"Then it will be hateful day. No, into my beautiful night. Come."

"To-morrow night. I shall live. To-morrow night."

He could have crushed her for standing off from him. But she was holding out her arms. He could see the glorious confusion of her hair.

"To-night is the only night in the world. I shall be truly beautiful. I shall not think; I shall not speak; I shall not care. I shall only live—live, for once. Ah, come!"

"God!" he jumped up to her. "I can't come! I won't come! That is a greater triumph for you than if I had."

She buried her head in her cape on the edge of the terrace.

"If I *had* been beautiful! If what you said *were* true!"

At his movement she stood up and away from him.

"I've seen what you have in your hand," he advanced. "You must give it to me."

Her free palm thrust him back with a force he could not have guessed. She cried out, in fear that she had spun him over into space, then fled from him. He caught her elbows, taxed to all his power. Youth could not withstand her strong perfection palpitating in his arms.

"I've tried to let you go without one

touch from me," he said. "I love you—I've said it. It's because I love you less."

"It's because you love me more. Come—come with me—what else matters! Ah, let go my hand," she sobbed. He threw her pistol into the abyss.

"You are mine. You must do as I say. You must let chance decide. You must go." He set her free. He had not kissed her. It was at the fearful edge of the rock he caught her again and shook her with his trembling. "No, no!" he shuddered, hard upon her lips. When he let those speak her arms were stifling him.

"See if you can break my hold," she threatened. "I love you and I will not go. Promise that I stay."

Out of her visible eyes flamed that which made him colossal.

"Where you were: where you won't be seen," he whispered.

She let him lead her there, folding her cape about her. The trees were resolving from the shades. The morning star stood faintly in the open west. Birds flew and called. The eastern hills rose up against the broken clouds.

They waited, sitting together, her chin upon his shoulder. His jaw set firmer while she drank him in with frightened eyes. Her fingers stole over his face, in the full dawn where no man's footstep echoed, softly touching the lines that so had sunk into her young heart when first she had begged him back to life on that mountain-side. Would he go once more into the silence forever. She shuddered. The eastern hills were the edge of a fiery sword. He turned to her. Morning—morning, amber light upon her hair! They thought they heard a step.

Her fingers quivered on his shoulder.

"We still—still can go."

"Listen!"

The steps were mechanical, scuffling over the gravel of the trail. It was as if they had lost their way in the deep dark of that other cañon; as if doggedly at last they nevertheless came to their goal. They left the trail and became a swish in the bushes. Kendry tore off her hands and leaped away.

"If you reach out I shall maim your hand," he held up the butt of his pistol. She bowed upon her knees. He sprang to the rock.

"Halt!" he cried, to the bloodshot eyes. She was at one side, a scarlet patch, erect. "I love him!"

The dry lips spat at her the venom of a caitiff soul. He was shooting, not at Kendry but at Ethel. Kendry had tripped; all plans had come to naught. He fired from his side, slowly, without the movement of an eye. Paulter crouched behind a shrub. The smoke drifted away from his pistol. The pistol was all that Kendry could see. "Jack?"

"Obey—obey!" he waved her back.

The pistol did not turn to cover him as he approached. The arm was caught in the stiff fork of the manzanita.

"My Jack!"

He came back to her.

"It's very complete—it's horrible. Give me your cape." He motioned her by another way to leave the rock. Presently he returned, coatless, pale.

"It's his tragedy. We——"

He took her fingers from her arm. Some blood was coloring her sleeve.

"It's just a little—just enough," she smiled to him.

They came along, hand in hand, her arm in a tourniquet of his making, to the last level stretch of the trail, where they saw over the broad distance. Flowers looked up to them; birds started from their feet. Beyond lay the world.

"You—you are the idea," he held her.

"Ah, no, you—you."

He pointed far to where the sun glinted on the windows of the city.

"We will be the idea."

So they went down together toward the city built on sand, where most men built with sand and saw through sand, and many slaved and some slew for sand. For those men's souls were mostly as sand—which, swirled aloft by a gust of prosperity, takes the hollow form of its trivial moment, then falls to shapelessness, sand upon sand.

But she was the true fruit of a land of sunshine and of flowers, and he was the vindicating product of its abundance and of its gold. For them life stood forth in a glorious meaning, and they went down patiently to build, out of youth, out of love, out of the idea, what should have the dignity of the mountain that swept the sky to northward—majestic, clear, resplendent in the morning.

THE FOREST PRIMEVAL

THE OPENING OF THE YEAR

BY T. S. VAN DYKE



FROM earliest days the woods were to me the greatest of attractions. My home was in the corner of a twenty acre piece of forest on the edge of town, which connected with woods upon woods reaching miles away into the country. It was for the groves that I started when school was out and there most of my vacations and Saturdays were spent. Frequent trips to New York were mainly to explore the game departments of the museums and the novelties of the gun stores, and I always returned with a pitying contempt for the city boys who knew nothing of the woods as they were fifty years ago.

Yet I always longed for bigger and wilder forests, not pine woods, but the old hardwood timber that Boone so loved. And after years of longing I was really happy when in 1867 an obstinate case of ague gave me an excuse for spending seven months in the great virgin forest of north-western Wisconsin, where the least trace of malaria was unknown. A dim wagon road wound forty miles into the north, on which were five new settlers, each going eight or ten miles beyond the last, looking for something better. Like them I wanted the last and best and started for the end of the line with nothing but a rifle and blanket. As I left the lovely oak openings and the heavy timber closed in around me I felt like the prince in a fairy tale, just come to his own.

And during the next eight years that I lived near its edge and made frequent visits to the depths of the great forest there was no disenchantment, though all the time I was enjoying the charms of the wild prairie, the grand fishing of the lakes and the Mis-

sissippi, the marvelous duck and woodcock shooting of the river bottoms, with ruffed grouse and deer in the bluffs a little farther back. And nothing is brighter in memory to-day, though I have roamed the greatest and wildest of our pine forests and love them, too. For the attractions of this great hardwood belt, all settled and ruined, I suppose, to-day, were then tenfold those of the finest pine woods, while they were so free from swamp, mountain, rock, briars, etc., and so full of little grassy meadows that they could be traversed in any direction with a horse. Portages and tump-lines were undreamed of, and the trout that flashed in every stream made spring as pleasant as any time of year.

Like the great belts of pine, the hardwood forest is locked in ice and snow for several days after spring smiles upon the adjoining prairie; but suddenly the sun seems to bound higher from the horizon and with more penetrating light, beneath which the woods snap the bonds of frost days before it loosens its hold upon the belts of pine. The boughs no longer snap and creak, but bend lightly to the breeze, while the trickling of the brook beneath the ice changes fast to a lively gurgling. And it is but a few days until the head of the ash is misty with swelling buds, and beside the fallen log, where the snow has most quickly melted, the liverwort begins to lift its calyx of creamy blue. And the petals of the bloodroot, white almost as the snow that just died to give them birth, soon follow it, with those of the wind-flower quickly trembling in rivalry on its slender stem. Then pink begins to shine from the bare limbs of the redbud, with gold glimmering from the still leafless spicebush, and greenish-white from the prickly ash, while wild bees begin to hum

around the bleeding maple or the yellowing catkins of the willow.

So, too, the woods are silent for days after the prairie has heard the sounds of joyous life. The soft note of the bluebird may not reach the timber for a week or more after it is heard in the open, and the same with the sweet carol of the robin. But suddenly they are here, and it is but a few days longer before the kinglet is whisking among the golden flowers of the leather-wood, little creepers soon stealing around the tall trunk of the basswood and the nuthatch hitching himself up and down the shaggy bark of the white oak. And as the woods begin to darken beneath the spreading leaves, what light could be more welcome than that shed from the scarlet and white of the woodpecker, as in some high dead limb he drills the hole for his summer home? And when I used to roam these woods the deeper rattle of the great pileated woodpecker or "cock of the wood" sounded from the depths of the timber, and the flash of his crimson head above his glossy back was always one of the most welcome signs of spring—always excepting that mysterious *bub-bub-bub-bub, bub, bub, bubbububbubbbbbb* with which the ruffed grouse used to puzzle us almost before the feathery bloom of the shadbush revived memories of the departed snow.

This far in the north spring comes a-flying when once it spreads its wings, and down by the creek the leaves of the tall sycamore are widening fast, with the gray limbs of the walnut vanishing in its thickening green; the wild hop twining around the brightening butternut and the dicentra opening its creamy corolla along the stream beneath it. And on the overhanging limb the rattle of the kingfisher is heard again and his chestnut, blue and white pictured in the still water below. On the lofty elm the falcon again sits swaying in the breeze, while far above him, weaving circles of infinite grace on that motionless wing whose power puzzles all philosophy, the vulture floats once more. And the air throbs more and more beneath the wing of the grouse, though you will have to be very sly to catch him beating that strange drum. Yet from almost every thicket it used to startle me like some spirit voice, and even in the dead of night has roused me from my dreams.

As the woods darken beneath the roof of green, new lights beam along the ground—here the snowy triplet of petals above the strangely whorled petals of the wake-robin, lighting up the slope the broadening leaves of the poplar are checkering with shade; there the white bells of Solomon's-seal below the mild pink of the azalea, the dog-tooth violet tempering the scene with its rich gold, yet with all tints softly harmonizing in the great kaleidoscope the days of May are now turning. The chewink soon shows his velvet back with chestnut sides, scratching among the fallen leaves of the year that has gone, as his cheery greeting to the spring chimes with the silvery notes of the wood robin in the snowy top of the dogwood. With milder tone and more modest air the greenlet trips about with dainty foot, seeking material for his nest, and the golden-crowned warbler may be gliding about on the same business. No woodcock plies his twittering wing among these thickening shades, nor does the mellow call of bob-white reach beyond hazel and dwarf oak that line the outer edge of the great virgin forest. But when you hear the "wank" of the night hawk pitching about among the stars, and the liquid tones of the whip-poor-will ring in mournful cadence through the night, with their rapid waves rolled onward by the deep "too-hoo" of the great owl, you will fall asleep as gently as under the sweetest music.

The loud chorus the brooks sang of the melting snow sinks to a gentle chant, and under arcades of willow and alder they now eddy in crystal purity between banks fringed with waving ferns and twining grass. Looking in them you may see nothing but a pebbly bottom with a flitting gleam of light, lost in a twinkling beneath the red shoots of the osier or behind some boulder the lichen is covering with robe of gray. Yet the water seems as innocent of life as the drip of an iceberg, whether churned into silvery flakes on some shingly rapid or sleeping in depths so dark that you are startled to see your face reflected there. You never really saw yourself until pictured here in the silent water where the clouds that drift across the blue interwoven with the green seem even clearer in the water than above. Yet no other sign of life is there save the transient gleam from the trout as he darts for

cover at the first touch of your shadow on the water. There are no brilliant dragonflies yet, no little water-bugs circling on the smooth surface, no little frogs on the bank, no little crawfish wiggling about on the bottom. Yet under every foot of the bank and under many a big stone is hidden a mine of flashing life that a mere trifle may spring. If one of the first flies of the season should fall into the water light would flash from a dozen directions if you were out of sight, and the water around it become for a second a silvery whirl. If you have a line fast to that fly you may feel the rod struck by some unseen spirit and your nerves tingle as with an electric shock. And where a lovelier form of life than this gem of olive and crimson, silver and gold showering light from a glistening curve when you have kept your wits and given that little simple twist of the wrist at just the right time? For nothing in the whole line of out-of-door sport is more marvelous than the ease with which you can twitch on that line just a second too soon, or wait just a second too long, or strike an average by lifting the fish out of water to return again with saddening splash while your tackle is hung up to dry in the boughs above. Yet even though lost you have been the gainer. For the strange charm of that little fish has swayed many a human heart in the ages past and will sway many a one in the days to come.

Long delayed summer marches rapidly in the deep woods when once it finds its pace. The dark branches of the red oak are soon lost in green with the white arms and drooping aments of the birch vanishing in the same way. Giant white oaks are interlacing with huge maples whose broad heads crowd out the aspiring ash, while great elms struggle with the basswood to fill every interval with green. Strangely enough the lovely hickory is wanting to complete the list, while the cottonwood is found only on the bottoms of some of the larger rivers. But where else can you see such hosts of flowers flooding the woods with light faster than the expanding green above can shut it out? And those that come are as fair as those that go. The snowy involucre of the dogwood is none the less fair because only a whorl of leaves surrounding the true flower, nor are the yellowish cups of the tulip tree to be despised

because less brilliant than the pink and white of the hawthorns that now begin to shine. And if it were, is not the mountain ash unfolding its broad white cymes and the honeysuckle trailing its golden tubes over the fallen log and on the rocky hillside the columbine drooping from its long stem its spurred corolla of red? Yes, and as the shades deepen along the water the Greek valerian swings its bells of softest blue, with the bright gold of the lady's slipper beside it, while on the dryer slopes the polygala soon beams in mildest purple.

The dove, so common on the prairie, never penetrates this heavy timber far, but here was one of the places where the passenger pigeon made his last stand before vanishing apparently from the earth. The murder committed in the great roosts and the havoc wrought by the professional netters who caught them by thousands, cannot account for their loss, and the theory that they were drowned in a cyclone in the Gulf of Mexico while migrating is little better. It is true of some, for thousands were seen floating or washed ashore, but it can hardly be that all migrated at once or that there was a succession of such cyclones just at that time. Whatever it may be there is no doubt of the fact that for some twenty years it has been a question among ornithologists and hunters whether a single specimen is left of this bird that only forty years ago fairly clouded the sky. As late as 1870 there was a roost of these birds near my home on the bottom-lands of the Chippewa River on the edge of this great forest about fifteen miles long and two wide, solid timber, with from ten to a hundred nests in every tree. The swiftest of all things that move, this lovely bird was often a distinctive feature of the great hard-wood belts, but hardly ever went into the pine. When the young were ready to fly and for weeks before they went south, they shot about through the timber in all directions, though most of them preferred the thinner parts and the oak openings. But some made their nests far within and apart from the great army, and when the squirrels were carrying green limbs at the same time to make their nests with the orioles, tanagers and a score of other birds in the same business, there was a bustle of life in the tree tops that gave one enough to look at.

Though the brooks soon hum in lower key and the darkness sleeps more heavily in the deeper glens, nature becomes even more prodigal of life. The rose family is now out for an airing, and white gl'ares from the hosts of berries in the great wind-fall where acres of mighty trunks have bowed before the cyclone's wrath, as well as in the openings where fire has swept the forest aisles. Along the lower grounds the blackthorn, whitethorn and cockspur thorn, with wild cherries and chokeberries innumerable, add to the glow, while the wild rose comes out in best attire, and to the mild pink some of her relatives are casting over the white she adds her deeper tones. And thousands of the smaller children of the woods join the procession: here the delicate little pyrola nodding in white, with the soft purity of the prince's pine hanging from its long stem and the Indian pipe swinging its cloudy light where somber pines jut in upon the hard-wood timber; the pink moccasin flower opening its dainty lips among the rocks, or the woodsorrel unfolding its violet hues beside the fallen log. What other woods can show such a variety and abundance of flowers that would adorn any garden, amid trees so grand that the squirrel that shakes the leaves in his curving spring looks more like a mouse than a big gray or black squirrel?

Yet the climax is still ahead. Day by day the fragrance that has been stealing through the deepening shades begins to roll upon you in waves—here in a great swell from the berries and there in greater surge from where the snowy bloom of the viburnum still covers its glossy green and helps the crabapples and wild plums to rival the rest of their family. What wonder that the hum of the wild bee is on every hand with big bumblebees spinning around in lines of ebony and gold; with hundreds of wasps and hornets in russet and crimson, and among them all the larger lines of purple and burnished green that mark the course of the happy humming-bird! And all the birds of the woods are now here—little sap-suckers in jackets of gray hitching themselves up and down the trunks, fly-snappers fluttering down from the point of some low dead limb, warblers of a dozen kinds twittering their satisfaction from the shrubs. Though not as common as in the more open country, the golden hues of the

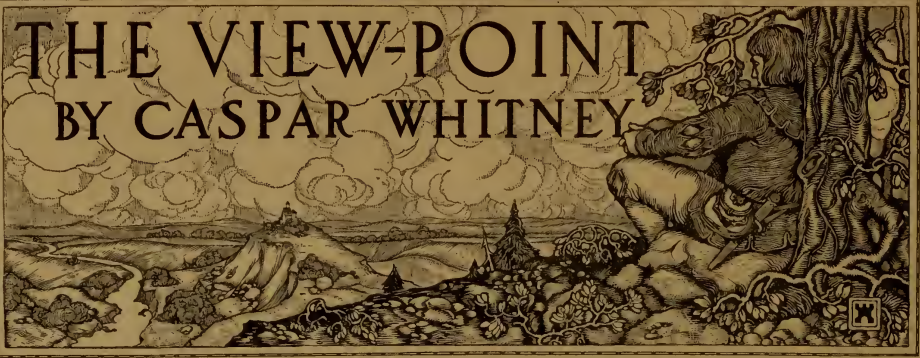
oriole may beam from the hanging bough and the brown thrush pour his soul from the top of the towering basswood. And the luster of the redstart may steal like a lambent flame through the gloom, and the scarlet of the tanager blaze like the full-blown fire.

As the roof of green shuts out the sky and the ground disappears beneath flowers, ferns and grasses; as the tenants of the forest increase in nest and lair with the march of midsummer, the whole becomes more lonely. Little will you see of the vireo amid the rising green of the sweet fern or the rosy purple of the phlox, and the little warblers, with the sparrows and thrushes, now seem scarce in the dense covert. The evening grosbeak still shines in gold and glossy jet, but rarely shall you see him now though his sweet song fall from the top of the dark Norway pine. Possibly you may surprise the ruffed grouse with her downy brood, but more often the whole family will slip away without your suspecting it. It is the same with the deer whose tracks you find so plenty. Vainly will you seek him where the rosy corolla of the Andromeda smiles from its evergreen leaves, or the pure white of the grass of Parnassus begins to nod. With the bear and the panther he is hidden where the purple blossoms of the laurel look so solemn against the solid ranks of evergreen leaves, or the rank fronds of the bracken fern are crowding out all other life along the ground, or where the winding green briar and the trailing clematis are strangling the tall berry-bushes that struggle up out of the giant windfall. So keen are their eyes for the slightest motion, so delicate their scent for the faintest trace of man, and so sharp their ears for the least disturbance of the dense verdure, that your attempts to see them are generally vain unless flies drive them to water.

No wonder Bryant called the woods God's first temple. For nowhere else can you so feel the mysterious power that rules all. Not upon the prairie, though there are few places where you feel smaller than on its vast sweep of loneliness. Nor on the sea with its still more certain proof that there is no fellow man within many miles. Nor yet on the mountain top where you can see even more plainly what a trifling link you are in the mighty chain of being.

THE VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY



Trying to Steal the Rights of the People in the Adirondacks

Mr. "Ed" Merritt, who appears suddenly to have become a very busy person, has introduced into the New York State Assembly and, through Senator

O'Neil, into the Senate, a bill tinkering with the rights and interests of the people of this State in the Adirondacks. The bill on its face is a "constitutional amendment relating to the construction of dams and the storage of waters on the forest preserve for public purposes," but literally it is another attempt on the part of Mr. Merritt in his own behalf and on the behalf of his friends, to mutilate and to steal a part of this inestimable health-resort and playground of the people. It's the old story. Some group of money grubbers is always trying to break into the Adirondacks under one specious claim or another. Mr. Merritt has made rather an amusing bungle of his attempt by drafting a bill in such pidgeon-English as to make it unintelligible.

But there is no danger of the resolution becoming law; if the present Legislature shows so little regard for the people whom they represent, the people themselves will defeat the measure at the polls, as they have other similar attempts by groups of grafters to invade their great forest domain for private advantage. The Adirondack region has already suffered too much through the unregulated acts of private individuals and corporations, and the people are now awake to their interests. They are aware of the fact that upon the preservation of our forests depends the prosperity of large sections of our agricultural districts; they know that in the Adirondacks they have a possession of very great value for recreation, for the purposes of health, and for the

development of large natural powers to be conserved and used for all the people of the State; they know that the adoption of this Merritt resolution would permit of the destruction of the forest on State lands—and they know that means injury to the water supply, to the beauty and to the healthfulness of the North woods.

Therefore they will vote it down if it reaches the polls—and if it does reach the polls it will stamp the New York Legislature as unworthy to represent the people of this great State.

Don't sit down, however, good people, and think it's all over but the shouting. No matter how worthy your cause or apparently safe your case, you can never be sure when you are combating the political gang. So lose no time. The Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks has been doing noble work; if you need ammunition, write to the Secretary in the Tribune Building, New York City, and keep at it. It would be a calamity if this Merritt resolution were suffered to live.

At the close of a season which had been widely satisfying to the college world for its showing of more open and cleaner football under the wisely revised rules, Harvard in her final game, last autumn, marshaled an eleven of admirable individuals who had been, however, scarcely more than half educated along the lines of the remodeled game and were easily defeated by Yale's team that had been prepared to play ball under the new rules and whose work on the field received intelligent direction.

Within a month came one of those official eruptions at Cambridge which we, who have reached the "don't worry" milestone on life's journey, have learned to accept,

Again!

along with our morning coffee and the latest from Russia without increase of temperature. And shortly thereafter, Harvard's governing bodies, the Board of Overseers and the Corporation, moved sympathetically by the same motive, jointly appointed a Special Committee for the avowed purpose of making a rigorous investigation into the condition of athletics at their University.

Harvard has become accustomed to outbreaks and investigating committees, and is not easily stirred—but this disturbance of the closing year (1906) differed from the usual annual commotion; its strength and duration were startling—apparently the agitation reached to the very foundations of the University. Through the press, on the rostrum, and from the house tops, official Harvard pronounced practically all the major forms of competitive sport undesirable, and those having team play as totally unfitted for the participation of "young gentlemen." Captains and all athletic authorities at Harvard received positive instructions from headquarters to make no engagements for future inter-collegiate contests, and word was passed around among the thoroughly shaken undergraduates that Harvard's athletic life hung in the balance—and that the Special Committee was gathering a weighty package to place on the negative side of the scales.

It is, indeed, a conservative statement that all Harvard, under-graduates and *alumni*, were distracted by the attack upon their recreations which seemed almost fanatic in its intensity and unbridled animus. Reforms that had been just put under way by the Athletic Committee were halted; in a word, everything of an athletic nature was at a standstill.

Meanwhile the public, because it could not escape a subject so industriously exploited, fell to wondering whether it was the unclean condition of Harvard athletics which caused the upheaval at Cambridge, or whether an excess of altruism on the part of Harvard's sponsors sought to make that University the scapegoat for the benefit of college sport generally.

Certain it is—that every reader of the newspapers who had been unable to avoid

the subject, and every Harvard and other college man, was convinced that if Harvard were finally permitted to continue a party to inter-collegiate athletic contests, it would be only after radical reforms had been inaugurated by the Corporation and the Board of Overseers as a result of the report of their Special Committee. Naturally, therefore, the work of this Committee was awaited breathlessly, so to say.

The Mountain
Brings Forth
Another Mouse

And finally—after about four months—the report came.

Taking into consideration the circumstances under which this Committee was appointed, the power with which it was invested, the anxiety its existence had given all Harvard, the public denouncements, the threats, the tumult and all the bubbling and seething since last December—the report is nothing short of ludicrous.

It is a compilation of recommendations only, for the greater part general; of recommendations that have been made before and often. There is not an original thought of importance in the report, and not a single recommendation bearing practically on the uplift of sport which has not been advocated these three years by every friend of college athletics.

And the report was indorsed without comment by the Corporation and the Board of Overseers! Thus ends Harvard's latest official athletic-reform play, during which the fair name of Harvard has been sullied, and the institution of college sport itself made the target for perhaps as busy a period of sustained mud-slinging as it has ever withstood.

I should say that sport emerged from the encounter with more credit than the Harvard officials—if you ask me.

Perhaps
It Is
a Habit

Now the appointment of Harvard committees for the purpose of investigating Harvard organizations, or the slandering of Harvard athletics by Harvard university officials, are purely Harvard affairs for Harvard men to deal with; yet, so far as they relate to inter-collegiate athletics, Harvard's attitude and Harvard's action and Harvard's expressions

Fanaticism
or
Altruism

of opinion and official charges are in a large sense of concern to all college men. Because of the leading place that Harvard fills in the educational world, and of the great distinction in that world of her President, whom we all honor for his scholarly attainments, the utterances of that President and the course of Harvard on any given question command our attention at once. It is on account of this high place in national esteem that Harvard's movements and efforts in athletics are viewed with interest and in confidence. When, for example, Harvard officially proclaims a game unwholesome, when her sponsors appear constantly to be finding need of investigation, and continuously threatening to chasten undergraduates if reform be not instituted, the college world forthwith concludes the Harvard undergraduate body to be an unclean one athletically, while the public grows to the belief that sport is a debauching influence not above the worst things that are said of it—which is outrageously unjust.

It is only fair, therefore, to the great institution of American college sport to try and ascertain whether the trouble lies with sport—the much abused—or with Harvard.

I cannot, although the public may, accept Harvard's frequent and active stirring of the athletic pot at Cambridge as indicating Harvard to be the only university undertaking reform—because I know that not only have other institutions undertaken the task without commotion, but some of them in a broad sense have actually accomplished more—notably Cornell, Pennsylvania, Chicago. Nor have Harvard's achievements in the reform line been above others notably drastic or far-reaching—for there are the professional coach, and the baseball player-getting-board-and-lodging-during-summer-in-exchange-for-his-skill—which have not advanced beyond "recommendations."

The athletic ills of the Harvard undergraduate body are no greater than those of other colleges to explain the more frequent agitation over rule making or revising—on the contrary this student body is the most normal and the cleanest minded (athletically) of all the undergraduate bodies of the large colleges, and it always has been so.

Not a
Poor
Loser

Yet there is always commotion at Harvard. There is always slandering of one sport or another; always some official or specially appointed committee looking into the character of this, or that, or the other branch of athletics. There is always some unpleasant reflection on sport in our morning papers with the Cambridge date line, and when the supply fails at Cambridge, a hurry call is sent on to the New York *Evening Post*—and responded to promptly and joyously.

There used to be an annual blow off and upheaval in rowing until Yale was so closely held for a couple of years and finally beaten in 1906—not because Harvard had a professional coach, but because Harvard had worked on the same lines long enough to get a system. Had the Harvard eleven—individually splendid but pitiful in its poor equipment of modern playing skill—by some miracle beaten Yale last year, would this Special Committee have been appointed? Would we have heard the unsparing and unfair arraignment of sport which official Harvard put on record? Would there have been a commotion which stirred all Harvard to its depths?

There always has been, after the season, academic turmoil in all the major sports at Harvard, except track athletics, and curiously those sports to which success has come less frequently are the ones which agitation has touched most often and with greatest vehemence.

Are we to conclude that Harvard is not a good loser? It would certainly look so to one without an intimate and long knowledge of their men and their timber and their traditions.

No—it is not that Harvard is a poor loser.

There
Are
Others

We have seen that Harvard has created for herself more tribulation over athletics than all the remainder of the leading universities together. It is natural then to ask:

(1) Are the athletic conditions at Harvard so unhealthful as to give warrant for such repeated and severe arraignment?

They are not.

(2) Is reform more necessary at Harvard than at any other university?

No.

(3) Is Harvard the only institution in America undertaking the uplifting of sport.

No, only one of many. Every university, college and school in the land with pretensions to the first class is actively mindful of the health of its sport.

(4) Has Harvard accomplished more in the way of athletic reform than any other institution?

Harvard was the very first to introduce a reform movement and for the first half dozen years was the leader; during the last ten years Harvard has been among the leaders. From first to last Harvard may be said to have done good creditable work; more than a few—for almost every college is doing good work of this kind—but not as broad or as practicable work as some others.

(5) Are Harvard's achievements in the reform movement in proportion to the agitation attending their incubation.

No.

Need I say that this is not written in unfriendly or captious spirit, but is a deliberate critical review of Harvard's course for twenty years.

Up the
Hill and
Down Again

It is on record that Harvard has done more official talking against sport than all of the other universities combined, and yet has accomplished no more than

the majority and not so much as the leading universities. We may assume that the failure to take the leadership in recent years, say last year, so we may have a concrete illustration before us, was not lack of power to act, because in the history of American college sport there never has been a university committee of such power as that Special Committee called to duty by the highest authority of the university. Under such conditions and in view of official Harvard's public statements concerning athletic "abuses," certainly if ever Harvard was to put in practice some of the high official sentiments, if ever Harvard was to enter upon unselfish pioneering in the interest of wholesome college sport regardless of consequences to her chances of victory—if ever, in a word, Harvard was to make good—here was the golden opportunity, with the entire college world waiting expectantly.

And what was the result?—a series of second-hand recommendations!

On the question of the professional coach, which the unprejudiced are agreed is the most destroying element of the condition of university sport we seek, read what this all-powerful committee has to say:

"That the Athletic Committee be strongly recommended to use every effort to get concerted action with other colleges to abolish professional coaches."

Apparently lacking real interest or real courage necessary to initiative action this Special Committee hides behind the skirts of the Athletic Committee, that Harvard may be in a position to do as she did in rowing, *viz.*: abandon the amateur coach for the professional, for the confessed reason of improving the chances of winning from Yale. In other words when principle conflicts with chances of victory, principle goes by the board.

On the subject of the vacation baseball player who uses his skill during summer to earn board and lodging, there is not even a recommendation.

It was within the power of this Committee to have done something radical and important and far-reaching. It could have declared that hereafter no man may use his baseball skill to secure board, and represent Harvard; it could have forbidden professional coaches; it could have swept away the infinite and harmful multiplicity of rules and established an honor system similar to that which obtains in the classroom; it could, in a word, have lifted the spirit above the letter of the law. That would, no doubt, have cost some victories for a year, but it would have been an action to prove to the world that Harvard sets principle above mere winning. It would have set in motion a movement which must come some day and which all will follow when some one has been found with requisite courage for leadership.

Ego
the
Trouble

I wish it to be borne in mind that I am writing not with a view to criticising Harvard's methods but with the object of analyzing them in our honest effort to learn whether the repeated academic commotions at Harvard are really necessary to athletic improve-

ment, if the official talk about "radical" reform is sincere, and if the scathing arraignments of athletics are tenable. I think we must conclude from what I have already shown that the trouble is not so much with sport as with Harvard. Many other colleges do as much toward bettering the competitive conditions and ethical situations of sport—and we never hear of their work. Others do more than Harvard without pitching into hysterics. The report of the Special Committee, indorsed as it is by the Corporation and Overseers, seems to prove beyond refutation that official talk of "radical reform" is not sincere. And as for Harvard's athletics, their ethical condition need not disturb any Harvard man. Of course, there is room for improvement in all college sport, but in the spirit not in the letter of the law. However, that is not my theme at the moment.

And now what is the trouble? Why is it that so often defeat for Harvard spells the signal for brick throwing? Why does Harvard so rarely pull together?

Ego—pursuit of ego—that is the deeply rooted trouble at Cambridge which explains the lack of that very team spirit which as team work President Eliot publicly denounces as undesirable—and which is the very essence of success in the boat, on the gridiron, in the shop, in the counting-room, in the university hall—the *sine qua non* of success in every human endeavor where two or more are united in business, in education, or in play.

The adoration of the unbridled ego—EGO—that is the matter with Harvard. That is why she is a poor organizer, lacks established system—which means that she has not gained wisdom from experience—and that her destinies are shaped by cliques.

How the
Others
Do It

At all the large colleges the organization of the football coaching force is much the same. A head coach is appointed or engaged, and the first thing he does is to get in touch with as many of the recent old players as is possible for him to induce to return at intervals during the season to help develop the team. The policy is mapped out by the head coach, his immediate associates, if he has any, the captain and the most competent among the helping "grads." The more

good old men the head coach can induce to rally round the flag the more pleased is he. The more enthusiasm he can work up among the old men the more enthusiasm he knows he is certain to create among the 'varsity candidates and the undergraduates. In a word, securing the thought and the time and the active assistance of the best players of comparatively recent years is almost the first effort of the head coach.

Now in the shaping of a playing policy differences of opinion naturally arise. These are threshed out for what they are worth and boiled down into a final compromise on some line which the majority consider best adapted for what they are commonly interested in doing, namely, of making the strongest all-round combination possible for them to put forth on their football field. In other words, they get together for the good of their *alma mater*.

How
Harvard
Does It

But that isn't the way it works at Cambridge. No man once in power ever sacrifices his own prejudices for Harvard's sake. No one seeks to get back the splendid men whom Harvard has graduated and who would be only too willing to give the benefit of their experience and thought for what it is worth. No one seeks, at Cambridge, to harmonize the varying views or to assemble the talent of other years. When the head coach is appointed at Harvard his first official act is to let the old players know that if he wants them he will call for them. He proceeds to make it known that he is running the game, and, outside of the few that may constitute his particular clique, all old players who, because of loyalty to their college, make any effort to break down the barrier, do so only to be affronted.

When the situation is not of this character it takes on the character of several irreconcilable cliques that obstinately hold to their individual opinions and prefer obstinately clinging to these than yielding a little here and a little there in order that they may come together and that Harvard may benefit by a merging of their various views in some common line of action which will make for the development of the team. He would rather cling to his opinion and remain disorganized than yield a little and get together for common good.

With a few exceptions so it has almost always been in football. The clique in power has "run things" and every one outside the clique, no matter what his service on the field, no matter how sound his judgment, how distinguished his ability, was out of it. Ego—always ego.

And this is how the ego spirit works out—last year men who had served Harvard faithfully and brilliantly on the football field as players and coach, and who were of all those near Cambridge most competent to put some needed brains into the ill-shaped policy, were made to understand that their help was not desired. Meanwhile a small clique, mostly incompetent, prepared the Harvard eleven for its subsequent and logical slaughter.

Harvard men are always referring to Yale's successes as though they were the result of occult force. The only difference between Yale's successes and Harvard's defeats is brains—Yale brains which profit by experience, and do not permit their least competent men to shape the destinies of their various athletic teams, nor tolerate a system which permits such elevation of ego as exhibited at Cambridge. Harvard has men with as much gray matter as the best Yale can produce—but again the difference—at Yale they get a chance; at Harvard they are snubbed by some individual or clique that has attained to power—heaven only knows how. That's it—I have asked over and again—how do these incompetent individuals and all powerful cliques get into power?

Have the Harvard *alumni* and undergraduates neither spirit nor strength to break free?

Who is the hydra-headless force that trifles in such outrageous manner with the splendid undergraduate material and ignores the fine type of men Harvard counts among her *alumni*?

And the spirit!

How better can it be illustrated than by reprinting here two editorials that appeared in the *Yale Alumni Weekly* and in the *Harvard Bulletin*, respectively, after

last autumn's football game.

Here is how Yale expresses the situation:

"The result of the final football game was thoroughly satisfactory to the university. It was not only a vindication of the new playing rules—large credit for which should be given to Yale influence in the rules committee—but it was also a proof that Yale could, in a single year, absolutely abandon her traditional style of play, adopt a novel and unpracticed system, meet what was probably the strongest rush line Harvard has had in years, and retain her supremacy on the gridiron. The Yale team last Saturday won by sheer force of superior knowledge of the game, and by the use of football brains. The season was an especially difficult one; and it was only by the unselfishness of more than one graduate coach and by the combined pluck of the team itself that it ended in success. It should be added, that the game itself was clean football from start to finish, and that both Harvard and Yale players showed the sort of sportsmanship that reflects credit on both universities, and on American university athletics."

And now read this from the *Harvard Bulletin*:

"The outlook for the success of Harvard football teams in their future contests with Yale is not encouraging. That sport is in much the same condition rowing was in when the *Bulletin*, more than three years ago, pointed out that Harvard must make up her mind to be beaten pretty regularly by Yale, as long as Yale employed a professional rowing coach and Harvard did not have one.

"In football Yale has a much greater advantage than she had in rowing. Mr. Walter Camp is an asset which Harvard does not and cannot possess. Harvard has no graduate who knows as much about football as Mr. Camp knows, and, as the *Bulletin* said when Mr. Reid was engaged to take charge of football here, it was absurd to expect him in two years to acquire the knowledge and experience which Mr. Camp has obtained through many years of coaching. Mr. Reid has done his best.* The future will show whether he has succeeded in building up 'a system,' as the term is commonly used, which will give us anything like an equal chance with Yale in the future. We frankly say that we do not believe that he has; we fear that Mr. Camp, Yale's prestige which increases with every victory, and much better material which Yale gets because of that prestige, together make a handicap which Harvard can overcome only in exceptional instances.

"We are convinced Harvard must face the probability that in the future, if football continues and the existing conditions do not change, she will win not more than one game in half a dozen."

Cheerful outlook to spread before the undergraduates!

Is not indeed Harvard in need of that very team-play spirit which her President so persistently stigmatizes? And are not the athletic ills of this great university academic and easily cured?

*He was not re-engaged at close of season.—Ed.

The Letter Has
No Meaning
Until the
Spirit
Gives It Life

MAKING THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

WEEDY LAWNS

SEVERAL home-owners have asked how lawns can be kept free from weeds. The only entirely satisfactory way is by pulling up or cutting off the weeds as they appear. There are liquid applications advertised for destroying weeds, but it stands to reason that anything powerful enough to affect a weed must be equally harmful to the grass. The only way in which such an application could be used safely and effectively is by applying it to each weed, and this involves about as much labor as digging or pulling it up. Pull a weed, or cut off its top below the crown, and that's the end of it; therefore I advise this method as the most satisfactory one for ridding a lawn of these pests.

But of course such a method cannot be applied to a large lawn, or one would be spending nearly all his time fighting weeds. Much can be done to lessen the chances of injury from these intruders by so feeding the sward that it will get and keep the start of them. Encourage it to "stool" out so thickly that ordinary weeds will not be able to establish themselves among it, or will be choked to death by its luxuriant development. As was said in the article of last month where lawn-making was treated, great care ought to be taken to procure only perfectly clean seed. But, with all possible precautions against them, weeds will come in, and such aggressive and persistent ones as thistles, dandelions and dock only can be kept down by pulling or cutting, or so feeding the grass that its luxuriance makes their presence hardly noticeable.

PRUNING TREES

If pruning was not done early in the season, attend to it at once. Do not allow your trees to waste a large amount of their energy on the development of unnecessary branches. Throw their vitality into those which are to remain. But do not go at the work of pruning until you have looked the tree over from all sides and satisfied yourself exactly what needs doing. Never prune on the haphazard system, or from "a sense of duty." Prune for results that stand for improvement. Aim to preserve a proper balance of head without producing a stiff, formal effect. Cut out weak wood, wherever found, even if it does somewhat disturb symmetrical outlines. The development of healthy branches will enable you to correct this fault later. Thin out the branches, where too thick, to allow a

free circulation of air. It is a most excellent plan to cover every cut that is made with a thick coat of paint. This prevents unnecessary loss of sap, excludes rain, keeps away insects and assists the wound to heal rapidly.

TREES FOR SMALL LAWNS

I have been asked to give a list of trees of medium size suitable for planting on small lots. I would name: Cut-leaved birch, mountain ash, purple-leaved beech, the flowering crabs, and cornus florida, or white-flowered dogwood. The best evergreens for general lawn use are the three spruces, Colorado blue, Norway, and hemlock.

RAPIDLY GROWING TREES

Inquiries have been made for trees of rapid growth. I would advise the following: White ash, catalpa, horse chestnut, locust, box elder and laurel-leaved willow. The two last-named ones are of exceedingly rapid development, branches six and eight feet often being the result of a single season's growth.

For hedges, arbor vitæ is the stand-by.

WORKSHOPS

Every well-organized country home ought to be provided with a workshop in which ordinary repairs can be made, and many of the conveniences of the garden can be constructed. Fit it up with a good outfit of tools, and make it a place where the boys of the family will delight to spend their spare time experimenting and developing their mechanical ideas. It is poor policy to depend upon outside help for anything that can be done at home. Make the boys useful. The training that they get while young in the management of tools may stand them in good stead later on. Almost any boy will qualify himself to do fairly good carpenter work if you give him the chance.

CARRIAGE HOUSES

Every place ought also to be provided with proper shelter for wagons and carriages. For the latter an enclosed building ought to be arranged, but ordinary wagons will do well enough with protection from rain and sunshine. Make these sheds or buildings ornamental as well as useful. It is just as easy to do this as it is to make them so unattractive that they will be a

blemish on the neat appearance of the home grounds. Finish them off well, paint them well and then plant vines about them to add a final touch of beauty and grace. One makes a mistake in simply throwing buildings of this kind together, under the impression that almost anything will do, and that it is almost impossible to make them look well. If they are honestly constructed they will last for years, while a hastily, cheaply built one will soon take on a tumble-down look that will detract greatly from the general appearance of neatness which ought to characterize every place. And it will be found, on trial, that even the commonest, cheapest building can be fashioned along graceful lines. We should recognize the value of beauty in everything we build. It is the observance of this principle which results in the charming effects which characterize so many of our country homes. It is not enough to have the house beautiful which shelters the family—let beauty prevail all about the house.

WAXED FLOORS

A complaint comes from a woman who reads this department that her wax-finished floors are hard to keep looking well. She spends a good deal of time and labor on them, but they do not satisfy her. I think she will find it an easy matter to keep her floors in fine condition, without a great amount of labor, if she will make use of some of the wax finishes now on the market. Once a month ought to be often enough to apply them. Before putting them on the wood, go over it with warm water containing a little kerosene, and make sure that every particle of dust is removed from it. Then apply the finish, according to the directions accompanying it, and rub it well. This rubbing is of prime importance. Simply spreading it over the surface is not enough. The result will be a dull gloss which is far preferable to a high polish. Unless a floor is made perfectly clean before applying any kind of finish, whatever dirt or dust there is on it will work into the wax, and the result will be a muddy coat which will be anything but satisfactory. In going over the floors daily, avoid the use of much water. Simply moisten your cloth and rub lightly, then follow with a flannel of soft texture used dry, but applied with considerable force. This will keep up the glossiness which is one of the charms of a waxed floor. The wax finish can also be applied to furniture with good results.

CHANGES IN THE HOUSE

It is said that one must build at least three houses before a satisfactory one is secured. This is true to a considerable extent, for we are always discovering where we made serious mistakes in plan-

ning and improvements are constantly suggesting themselves as we make use of the house we have built. This is the test of a house's value as a *home*. The discovery of mistakes does not make it advisable for us to tear down and build over, but it suggests the practicability of remedying our mistakes by making such changes as will enable us to work toward the ideal home we have in mind. Very often the removal of a partition and the throwing of two rooms into one will greatly enhance the practical utility and the appearance of the place a hundred per cent. The closing of a window which has been put in the wrong place, and the making of another where there ought to be one, will wonderfully improve a home. It is by making such changes as we discover the need of them that we secure, ultimately, the truly convenient home. Home-making, home-building, is a process of evolution. I am glad to see that most of our modern homes contain good-sized rooms, and that the living-room is given first consideration. This is as it should be. The parlor deserves only secondary attention, and I would be in favor of dispensing with it altogether. Put the expense that has heretofore gone into it into the furnishing of all the other rooms of the house, and make the living-room so attractive, so cosy and so pleasant that there will be no need for a parlor. We American people are just beginning to find out that home for the home-folks is the matter of chiefest importance in home-making, and that a place good enough for the family is quite good enough for its visitors. In other words, that we should consider the occupants of the home first, and the stranger least of all.

THE DAHLIA AND THE GLADIOLUS

These two plants are among our very best plants for a grand display of color. Both are easily grown. Give the dahlia a very deep, rich soil, and water it well if the season happens to be a dry one. Stake it well, as its stalks are very brittle and are easily broken by strong winds, and often by their own weight. Do not plant it in the open ground until all danger of frost is over, as it is extremely tender. If the plants are set about two feet apart you will secure a hedge-like growth which will be extremely effective during the latter part of the season, when they come into full bloom. It used to be thought necessary to start this plant in the house, but we have found out that just as good results are secured by planting the tubers in the garden after the weather has become warm and settled, provided we make the soil so rich that the plants are pushed rapidly ahead. This seems to be the secret of success with them. There are several classes of this flower on the market at present: the decorative, a large, moder-

ately double flower of fine form and rich coloring; the cactus, with strangely twisted and curled petals—a "freaky" sort of flower—and the old very double type, magnificent in coloring and wonderfully prolific in bloom. All are good, but I think the decorative dahlia will give most general satisfaction.

Gladioluses should be planted thickly, as a strong show of color is secured only by massing. Put them into the ground about the middle of May, at the north. Plant about four inches below the surface, in mellow and well-enriched soil. Let the corns be about six inches apart. The best support I have ever been able to devise for this flower is made as follows: Spread out over the beds in which your gladioluses are planted very coarse-meshed wire netting, and cut it in lengths to fit each bed. (This should be done before the plants have made much growth.) Drive a stake at each corner of the bed, allowing it to project about eighteen inches above the surface. Nail strips of wood from stake to stake, at the top, and fasten the netting to the frame thus made. The flower-stalks of the plants will make their way up through the netting, whose meshes will supply all the support the plants will require. Unless some support is given, the stalks—which will be very heavy when well set with buds—are quite sure to be blown over by sudden winds, and when they are once down it is not an easy matter to bring them back into place without breaking them off at their junction with the corn. Individual staking is not an easy matter, and plants so supported have a stiff, formal look, anything but pleasing. Paint the framework to which the netting is fastened a neutral color—preferably a dull green—and at a little distance the plants will appear to be without any support.

ANNUALS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES

For brilliant and constant show: petunias, poppies, phlox, verbenas and calliopsis. These should be massed in large beds to secure most satisfactory results. Keep each kind by itself.

For late flowering: ten-week stock, aster, cosmos, petunia, verbenas and pansy.

For edging: candytuft, sweet alyssum and ageratum.

For covering fences and low screens: sweet pea, cypress vine and nasturtium.

For covering outbuildings, verandas, the trunks of trees, and summer-houses: wild cucumber, morning glories and flowering bean.

For cutting: mignonette, poppy, sweet pea, nasturtium, scabiosa, aster and ten-week stock.

For low beds near the paths, or under the dwelling-house windows: verbenas, portulacca and ageratum.

For tropical effect: ricinus or castor plant and amaranthus.

For hedge or back rows: zinnia, amaranthus and cosmos.

CUTTING BEDS

I would suggest giving these beds a place somewhere in the rear, and I would plant in them the odds and ends of all seed left from the planting of the garden proper. You will feel at liberty to cut from them to suit your pleasure, for you will not be robbing the rest of the garden by so doing. As a general thing, these beds are the most enjoyable ones you will have, because of their entire lack of formality. If you expect to use many cut flowers it will be well to plant with this intention in mind. The best aster for cutting is Semple's branching. Its pale pink, pure white and soft lavender varieties are quite as lovely as chrysanthemums, and they have the merit of retaining their freshness for two weeks, if the water in which they are placed is changed daily. They have long flower-stalks, and are easily the best of all annuals in their season, for general house decoration.

Rustic Work. (J. P. M.)—There is no reason why you should not set about the construction of your summer-house and bridge for yourself, if you have the knack of using tools, and plan out your work well before going ahead with it. Decide on a design first of all. Don't select something calling for elaborate work. Let it be simple and graceful, and have the merit of substantiality. Aim to make close-fitting joints, and fasten every part well as you go along with stout wire nails. Cedar poles are preferable to any other material for such structures, as they last a long time and retain their bark well if cut when green. In making a summer-house have it of good size—large enough to hold the entire family—and fit it up with hammocks, comfortable seats, and if possible a table. The idea is to make the place so cozy and attractive that the family will make constant use of it in summer—a place for a daily outing. By all means give it a roof of shingles. Bark and thatch roofs are snares and delusions, and it takes a genius to make them look well. Shingles will keep out the rain as nothing else will, and if they are given a coat or two of the moss-green creosote stains the effect will be very harmonious. I would advise planting native vines like Virginia creeper, clematis and bittersweet about the house to still further enhance the charm of it. If mosquitoes and flies are likely to prove annoying, inclose it with fine wire netting. This can be done by having the netting fitted to frames made to fill the spaces between the posts. These frames can be removed in fall and stored in a dry place, and will last for years. Better let a good carpenter do this part of the work, unless you have the necessary skill yourself, as its success will depend on a perfect fit of the frames.

THE WARFARE AGAINST THE WILD-FOWL

GOOD LAWS VS. THE GAME BUTCHER

BY CHARLES H. MORTON

TWO years ago the writer visited the great marsh known as the Cheyenne Bottoms, in Barton County, Kansas. This is a favorite haunt of the wild-fowl and is one of the best shooting grounds of the middle west, covering an area of nearly fifty square miles.

When the ducks are flying, the firing is continuous and heavy. Decoys are placed on the open water around the hide, and the gunner shoots until darkness compels him to cease. Then he picks up all the ducks he can find and wades back to camp. The sport is fine; the shooting is not difficult, for ducks are plentiful—but fifty per cent. of those shot are not gathered. Twenty-five per cent. are crippled and have flapped away in the reeds, and fully that number of the dead ducks are never found. It is next to impossible to mark down and gather a duck killed among this thicket of rushes, and it is pure luck if it is picked up at all. While searching for his game the gunner will find dozens of dead ducks in various stages of decomposition. They dot the surface of the water literally by thousands. No one eats mud-hens or coots, but they make good shooting and provide a pathetic example of the sportsman's prowess, hundreds being shot and left to lie where they drop. The wings of the great marsh-hawk fan the air untiringly above the rushes, as he searches out the crippled ducks. He carries his prey to the edge of the marsh and there makes his meal, eating only the breast. The rim of the marsh is dotted with the skeletons of these hapless fowl, wounded by the hunter and captured by the marsh harrier. Around and among these remnants are thousands of empty shotgun shells of every make and gauge. They litter the footpaths and fill the hides along the shore. Thousands are soaking in the muddy water. These "empties" give an impetus to the thoughts of a sportsman who deems himself lucky if he burns a hundred shells during the year.

Protected by the sheltering rushes a great colony of ducks live in security, feeding and moving from place to place. There are mallards and pintails, teal, mud-hens, redheads. Nearly all the duck tribe is represented. They do not fly up as you approach, but splash away into the rushes and disappear. You cannot find them with persistent search, but stand quietly for a while and then try your duck-call

with the little, whimpering note of the feeding flock. You are answered from all sides, and, splashing and rustling, the ducks swim toward you. Now you see them scuttling here and there, some bold enough to glide into the open, and others lurking along the edges of the clearing, while all the air is filled with soft, chuckling, querulous duck talk. All at once you understand why they did not fly when first alarmed, and the discovery fills you with pity. They are cripples banded together and living a strange and miserable life beneath the bending reeds, waiting for their wounds to heal, or for the fate that comes to all wild things. They are more fortunate than they know, for there are no muskrats here. Some are fat and hearty, being merely wing-tipped. Others, more seriously stricken, are thin and feeble, and a few, body-shot, or with mangled bills, are slowly dying. In this tangled mat of vegetation, where the dead ducks are most difficult to find, the crippled ones are never recovered, nor even sought for.

Even the wisest provisions of a game law limiting the bag cannot avail here, for unless the hunter hearkens to the voice of conscience he may shoot until he gathers the limit, although he *kill* ten times his allowance. Such conditions always prevail wherever the passing wild-fowl gather; along the Mississippi Valley, over the stretches of northern marshes and in the southern wintering grounds. What a waste: what a senseless, pitiful, selfish destruction! And nowhere is this destruction more universal or wanton than in the southern swamps and tidal marshes where the wintering millions swarm. Here they are killed for market by professional pot-hunters. Millionaire "sports," camping in sumptuous houseboats, rival their English pheasant-shooting brethren with bags of ducks that discount any shooting on the moors or over the stubble—with this fine distinction in favor of the British game butchers: the ducks are left to rot where they fall, for the sport lies in the shooting, and also the birds usually are in no fit condition for the table.

Our present provisions for wild-fowl protection show a great advance over the lax conditions formerly existing, although one cannot help but note even now room for much improvement. Local restrictions work against the hunter in one state, and

in another provide absolutely no protection: ducks and geese come safely through the close seasons of the northern and middle states only to court destruction in the south—their refuge in name only.

Recently Illinois passed a law imposing a fee of seventy-five cents upon hunters living in the state, and \$15.50 for non-residents. Being in the nature of an experiment, it was at first questionable whether this was good policy, but as nearly \$170,000 was collected the first year, the scheme appears successful and the game-warden is expending a good many thousands of Illinois dollars in stocking the state with Alabama quail. Thus good shooting will be obtained with no diminution of the supply, and this system of stocking gameless regions is proved to be very feasible. It applies to all game except our migratory waterfowl. In those very localities where protection would benefit them most—the states of the southern tier—they meet with the worst treatment. Even the strict measures of the northern states are set at naught, for they tend only to preserve them for slaughter in the south. There is something wrong in these varying methods of protection, which in many states work no good because of the brief tarrying of the passing flocks; protecting them here and there only to increase their ranks in other localities where the hunter may disregard the motives of true sportsmanship and selfishly destroy what others are striving to preserve, because there falls no threatening shadow of fines, broken laws or watchful wardens.

Nor is the opportunity to kill big bags of ducks confined to marsh or seacoast. The wasteful work goes on under the bright skies and arid stretches of the high western plains, where marshes are unknown and water is at a premium. Here the conditions are so changed that the veteran duck-shooter is at a loss how to proceed; these dry-land ducks are abundant and one needs no decoys, blinds nor waders. The dead ducks and cripples are always gathered, and the hunter's days are all of the pleasantest—a phase of sport unknown to the eastern hunter, to whom duck-shooting means work in flannels, gloves and heavy, storm-defying garments.

Away out in these western plains many small rivers begin their journeys toward the rising sun, through the level stretch of fenceless plains covered with buffalo grass and dotted with the mounds of prairie-dog towns. These rivers spread in the spring over wide, flat, treeless valleys, but in the fall the only indication that a river exists is the narrow ribbon of white sand marking the windings of the bankless bed, and here and there, far apart, where the red clay bluff shoulders the river aside, is a clear, green, narrow pool; shallow, filled with moss and rushes, where fish and frogs abound, and where, in the early fall days, the ducks come, swarming by thousands,

halting on their way south for weeks to feed and fatten in these desert oases. Here the shooting is of the best, for the ducks are young and tame, and loathe to leave their feeding. But unreasoning selfishness reigns, and the killing of ducks follows the line of strict economy in ammunition. Instead of the average of ten shells for each duck these localities produce a striking contrast of a good many more than ten ducks for each shell. What will the reader think of a bag of nineteen ducks at one shot? Of thirty-five ducks in two shots? Of one hundred and five ducks killed in the discharge of both barrels of a ten-bore? Of three hunters who killed forty, sixty and ninety ducks respectively in the same morning along one of these little streams of the West, and fired a total of fifteen shots? And every one of these ducks a green-winged teal, the fall flight not having commenced and the season barely begun! This must be where the old farmer lived, who said apropos of a beloved six-foot muzzle-loading cannon, vintage of 1870: "Old Betsy is gettin' shot out; she used to get twenty ducks every shot—now she only gets fifteen."

Water is scarce and precious in these arid regions and along the little river's course the infrequent pools are often crammed with wild-fowl. Later in the season there is no doubt that mallard, red-head and bluebill suffer the same slaughter that is meted to green and blue winged teal. Indeed, in these districts, the hunters reverse the usual conditions governing duck-shooting. One finds as good sport during fair weather as he would in storm and rain; he needs no wading boots, for the game may be reached from the edge of the water; he drives over dusty plains from one pool to the other; decoys are useless, as the presence of water is sufficient to attract the ducks; light, cylinder bores are preferred to the heavy, close-shooting guns of the eastern lakes, and small shot, of the size well known in trap-shooting as "7½ chilled," is used universally.

The reader may think, perhaps, that these statements are enlarged to suit the writer's whim, and direct attention to imaginary conditions in an over-zealous attempt to create sentiment. They are not exaggerated; indeed, only a plain statement of facts has been made. These are but instances of a few localities where ducks are slaughtered in enormous numbers, and that there are many other similar shooting-grounds where like opportunities occur is a matter of small doubt. Consider that the many shooting grounds of the Mississippi Valley, the Great Lakes, the Gulf States, the Atlantic Seaboard, wheresoever the wild-fowl congregate, must fulfill the same distressing conditions in the interest of "sport." Does it not dawn upon the reader that hundreds upon thousands of wild-fowl are annually killed, and needlessly? It is time to put on the brake; to

preach the doctrine of self-denial, for the lash of the game law has lost its sting. Legislation is powerless to combat this selfish disregard of all that is humane and sportsmanlike. It lies wholly with the gunner and his inclinations. The average city sportsman shoots for pleasure and the love of sport. He, in many instances, is a busy, work-ridden man who snatches a few precious hours in the fall and spring for his favorite sport, duck-shooting. Once in a while, not often, he has a lucky day. He strikes the flight during the busy season and enjoys some great shooting. In fact, he kills so many ducks that he should be ashamed of himself, and quite often he is, for the average sportsman is made of better stuff than that which enters the make-up of the game-hog. Once in a while, then, comes the opportunity to kill a great number of ducks and the temptation is overwhelming. True, the excuse is that the chance so seldom presenting itself, the hunter would be foolish not to make the most of it. Herein lies the great harm—there are so many hundreds of hunters who take advantage of their few outings to shoot all they can during these trips that the resulting slaughter is appalling. If a single hunter may kill two hundred ducks during the season the loss would never be noticed in the flying ranks of wild-fowl. But a thousand gunners are afield; a train-load of game is killed to satisfy the love of sport inbred in the souls of American sportsmen. We are a nation of shooters, equipped with that most deadly of weapons, the modern choke-bore shotgun in its many forms—shell ejecting, repeating and automatic—enabling the gunner to maintain a rapid and continuous fire. We have the advantage over our sportsmen fathers in the use of the various smokeless powders, and notwithstanding the increasing scarcity of wild-fowl and the encroachment of our vast civilization upon their wilderness haunts, we have killed more ducks and geese in the past fifteen years than our ancestors would kill in a century. It is questionable sport, that of shooting great numbers of ducks for pleasure alone. A cruel and entirely wanton slaughter. If killing for pastime is the great incentive, then the spirit of sportsmanship should dictate terms which would keep the shooter within the bounds of reason.

A great majority of our protecting laws have not yet taken into consideration the serious backset given to their purposes by the extension of open seasons into the spring months, when ducks are commencing to breed and are in no fit condition for the table. If the duck season universally embraced only the months of September, October, November and December, a million ducks would be alive each spring to breed in the north, instead of a few straggling hundreds, lucky to have escaped. Spring shooting—and in the south, shooting throughout the last two winter months

—will soon achieve their extinction. In a letter from the President of the Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association of New York, to *Forest and Stream*, is shown the result of game laws in relation to proper seasons:

"We have claimed as an argument for the passage of this bill that if the fall ducks or divers were unmolested in our waters in the spring they would find choice feeding spots, and would return earlier and in larger numbers, and stay longer in the fall. We also claimed that if the summer ducks, the black duck, the mallard, the wood duck and the teal, were unmolested they would remain with us and nest and rear their young. That they have done so this year is an undisputed fact, as never within the memory of the oldest sportsman have there been so many of these ducks in this country on the opening day. If in one season such results can be accomplished in a restricted locality surrounded by unprotected areas, it is easy to predict that an enormous increase of birds would follow the universal suppression of spring shooting."

The Year Book of the Department of Agriculture contains an article by the eminent ornithologist, A. K. Fisher, stating in unambiguous terms the evils of spring shooting. His topic deals with the impending extinction of the wood duck, but its keynote is a warning to be heeded, as it is so well applied to each and all of the duck species. He says:

"Within the past few years friends of game protection have felt encouraged not only by the apparent awakening of a more healthy public sentiment against undue destruction of birds and animals, but also by the progressive movement in the direction of more extended and more uniform close seasons. But although much has been done for the protection of upland game, little has been accomplished toward saving the waterfowl. Unaccountable as it may seem, ducks are considered legitimate game at a season when they are hurrying to their nesting grounds, and spring shooting is still tolerated in a great majority of the states. Ducks killed in the spring are often in a wretched condition and thousands find their way to the big markets that certainly would be condemned as improper food if inspection laws were rigidly enforced.

"It is to be regretted that such states as Iowa, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, which contain large breeding grounds, should be among the number that extend the open season to April or later. This unseasonable slaughter is steadily depleting the ranks of even the most abundant species. And if migratory ducks are thus affected, what must be the effect on a species like the wood duck which breeds over a wide extent of unprotected territory? The question is not hard to answer. It is only necessary to point to the fact that this handsome bird is now almost unknown in many places where once it was common.

"In southern states where the wild fowl winter and where they have utterly inadequate protection, sportsmen should rally and by concerted action make a strong effort to have proper laws enacted. A short open season of not over six weeks should take the place of the practically unrestricted one. A limit should be placed on the size of the bag, and beyond allowing the sportsman to carry a few birds with him on his return home, all shipment should be prohibited."

It is good news to learn that Mr. Fisher's ideas have been followed almost universally. The last two years have witnessed some remarkable changes in our game laws, showing strenuous effort on the part of sportsmen right-minded and resourceful, and a more intelligent appreciation of the value of good laws by our legislatures. A tax upon hunting, in the form of licenses;

limited bags of game; shorter open seasons, that in many states bar out spring shooting; and, finally, the unequivocal inhibition of market-shooting—these are the fruits of insistent urging for better things. Montana now has an open season of but three months—from September 1st to December 1st; a twenty-five dollar non-resident license is issued by the state game-warden, but no limit is placed on ducks. Exporting is prohibited, with the exception of game lawfully killed, accompanied by lawful owner, and the shipment is limited to the number allowed on each license. This is a great advance toward better conditions, and that we are learning the true value of timely protective measures is shown by the laws now in force and of but recent passage. Probably the most important of these new enactments was the making of entirely new game laws in Mississippi and in Prince Edward's Island, and the abolishment of spring shooting by the province of Alberta. The passage of the Mississippi Act completes the chain of non-export laws in all the United States, and special officers enforce the game laws in every state but three—Alabama, Arkansas and Texas—and they are needed there, if anywhere.

Of the new laws passed in 1906 is to be noted the prohibition of hunting in the District of Columbia, except on the Eastern Branch marshes and the west side of the Potomac River; a change in Louisiana which shifts the open season on ducks from September 1st to April 15th, allows a bag of seventy-five per day and protects the wood duck all the year. Maryland has repealed the law permitting autumn teal-shooting in Cecil and Hartford counties, prohibited Sunday shooting, but allows an open season from November 1st to April 10th. Massachusetts stops wood-duck shooting until November 1, 1911; Rhode Island has but one new act which prohibits use of boats propelled by means other than oars. The province of Alberta prohibits spring shooting and Manitoba follows closely with a law establishing a bag-limit on ducks, with an open season from September 1st to December 1st. Throughout the country efforts have been made to pass bills of more or less beneficial character. Bills to prohibit the use of automatic guns by hunters were introduced in the District of Columbia, Georgia, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Rhode Island, Virginia and the province of Quebec, but in no case did they receive favorable action. A bill to extend through April the open season on wild-fowl in Kentucky failed of passage; the season there is long enough as it is—August 15th to April 1st, six and one-half months. New Jersey tried the reverse by introducing a bill cutting April and September from the open season, but it was killed. Perhaps the legislators took a "pot-shot" at it. New York failed to enact a law prohibiting the sale of wild-fowl from January 1st to

September 15th—but New York has an open season from September 16th only to January 1st, and allows no export of game. Long Island failed to pass a bill allowing spring shooting.

Recreation (October, 1906) says:

"It should be noted, also, that the defeat of such bills as those extending sale in Kentucky, permitting the sale of certain game throughout the year in New York and permitting spring shooting on Long Island, was a distinct gain and was due only to unremitting vigilance and activity on the part of friends of game protection. Such vigilance is always necessary to secure the continuance of good laws not only in states immediately concerned, but in others which would be directly affected by the passage of retrograde laws."

While commenting on good laws we note that Washington permits the sale of wild-fowl only during November, and then not more than twenty-five per day. The open season is from September 1st to March 1st, and an export allowed of one day's limit only, which must be accompanied by an affidavit that the game was killed by the owner and is not for sale.

But the following states of the Mississippi Valley still permit spring shooting: Arkansas, which has no close season nor even the redeeming feature of a limited per diem allowance; Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Nebraska and the Dakotas. Minnesota's season runs from September 1st to December 1st; Mississippi from September 1st to March 1st; Kentucky from August 15th to April 1st. The other states above noted limit the daily toll taken from the migrating fowl along this waterway to 15 birds in Minnesota and South Dakota; 20 in Kansas and Mississippi; 25 in Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and North Dakota; 35 in Illinois; 75 in Louisiana, and no limit in Kentucky and Arkansas. Texas (with a limit of 25 birds per day), Alabama and Florida have no close season, with the possible exception of four counties in Alabama—the last two no bag-limit. Thus, in fifteen states along the wild-fowl's great migratory highway and winter retreats but two prohibit spring shooting.

The effect upon the markets of stringent game legislation is already widely felt, especially in the middle and western states, where sportsmen have been rudely awakened into active and indignant realization of the deplorable conditions against which they have hitherto vainly struggled. Our feathered friends of the woodland and prairie are holding their own—even increasing in many localities. Protection and importation of their species are doing wonders. Even the pinnated grouse of the western plains, so near to extermination, is returning to his old haunts, wonderful as it may seem, for a hand has been uplifted and a voice has said to the slayers of this noble bird in all his chosen fields: "No exporting, no selling, kill but a few—beware!" And sportsmen obey, for they realize that in the emphasis of the voice speaks the law. Why cannot legislators

see the wisdom of similar protection for the wild-fowl? How often does the average Solon make of the carefully prepared game bill a legislative plaything to while away a tedious hour? The member from the hedge-rows wants quail forever protected—it will keep the city hunters off his farm. The member with the diamond stud and eyeglasses desires to insert "seven-up and poker" in the list of protected game. Ducks, geese and snipe are migratory birds; they do not belong to the state, so why protect them in the spring or any other time? What's the matter with the old game laws?—"rause mit" the new one! The bill passes as amended; crows, hawks and jays are secured from harm by the mighty arm of the law, but the ducks and geese have been overlooked in the shuffle. In many instances, however, good has been achieved. Market-shooting has received a solar-plexus blow from the Federal statute known as the Lacey Act, regulating interstate commerce in game. Non-export laws, first enacted in Minnesota in 1871, are now in force in every State in the Union, and in nearly every Canadian province. Forty-five states allow no sale of game, and thirty-five place restrictions on the number of head of game killed. Eleven states only—Alabama, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusetts, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Rhode Island and Texas—do not require a license to hunt, and sixteen states compel a non-resident license of from ten to twenty-five times that imposed on resident hunters. State and county game-warden supervision has been established in forty-five states, and in Canada each province has a special provincial game officer.

The future welfare of our web-footed

game seems fairly established by reason of this concerted movement throughout the land. Certainly it seems that we have well in hand the solution of the market-shooting menace. Now all we need is the eradicating of spring shooting, and the observance of decency in connection with duck-shooting along the southern coast—where the ducks should find a refuge, not alone from winter but from extinction. When they struck the blow at the market-shooter by prohibiting transportation and sale of wild-fowl and all game birds, our sportsmen and lawmakers did a deal of good, but there are certain conditions not yet governed by legislatures, and for which only the sportsman himself must be held responsible. And these conditions are of the gravest importance, for only in their strict observance lies the true protection of our game birds, and especially the preservation of our wild-fowl. Let every sportsman be a sportsman in every sense. Stifle the selfish desire to outdo one's fellow-hunter. Remember that great scores are commendable only when smashing clay birds. The "high gun" of the traps is hailed a champion—the "high gun" of the ducking-marsh is merely a game butcher.

There is no more noble and thoroughly enjoyable sport than that of duck-shooting. The triumph of outgeneraling a bunch of wary mallards by calling them within range is almost as satisfying as the ensuing double scored by the hidden gunner. It is sport to duplicate this feat a dozen times, but it is the acme of hoggishness to shoot a hundred of these great, beautiful birds. One hundred shots over the traps will serve the purpose entirely if one's sole desire is to shoot for sport.

HOW PETE BORED THE "ORIOLE"

BY C. G. DAVIS

OLD Pete was always a great friend of mine. He was one of that fast disappearing school of old-time ship-builders with whom I became acquainted in my yachting experience. Pete was as full of reminiscences as a cat is full of fleas, and one noon hour he gave me the following dissertation on construction. It came about from our watching a prospective buyer prodding his knife blade into a yacht's plank to see if she was sound.

"Now that fellow," remarked Pete, "might just as well have stuck his knife in the ground, as to stick it the way he did. Did you notice where he stuck it?"

"Yes, in the middle of each plank."

"Yes an' what good did it do 'im? Not a darn'd bit of good. That ain't the part of the plank that rots. Where he should have tried was right along the edge of a plank and near a butt."

"Say," he went on, "if that chap had lined out as many plank in his day as I have, he'd know darn'd well the plank was likely to be sound there, but it's the ends, where the planks get narrow and a man tries to save all the length he can, that sap is apt to be left on the edges."

This brought out a recollection.

"I was up the river here years ago, had my own plant there, and along came a feller one day. I seen him when he came

in the yard, but he didn't see me. He sidled over under the old *Oriole* and looked her all over. She had been in the yard about six years, tied up for debt. In fact she owed me for a lot of repairs and for storage and care all that time.

"Well this new chap he axed for me after he'd got his fill of lookin' her over, and he tried to pump me as to how much was owin' on her, how much I thought she was worth—an' I dunno wot he didn't ax me. I told him I didn't know nothin' 'bout her; go see her owner. Well, he said he would and cleared out.

"That night, just after I'd a had my supper, 'long comes the owner an' he tells me now's the time to get her off our hands. 'But,' says he, 'he wants me to guarantee her sound. How can I do that?'"

"Now I didn't know what the deuce to do fer a minnet.

"I knew if he didn't sell her I'd never get my money from him, for he was broke and I could use several hundred dollars very nice just about then, but then again I hated to deceive the new man, so I was thinkin' which I ought to do when he says again, 'What can you do, Pete? Can you fix it?'"

"Well yes," says I, 'I can fix it so he won't know no better, but it ain't just right.' An' yet I thought of that money that I'd never see any other way an' he gave me a lot of talk about how this new man thought he knew more about yachts than both of us together and that kind o' riled me.

"If the new man had come up and axed me instead of sneakin' around himself first I'd a told him plump an' plain. 'No, she's rotten as punk.' But instead he comes up next day with a smart-lookin' chap an' the two of 'em went over her like rats, inside and out.

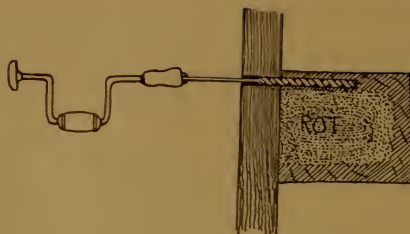
"I got a three-quarter an' a three-eighths bit an' my bitstock an' we all climbed up on the stagin' where the high tide had come up under her stern, an' I axed 'em to show me where they wanted her bored, an' I gave the new chap a piece of chalk. I wanted to see how much he knewed, an' I soon found out. The owner by this time was near scart white. He knew her timbers was all punk.

"I pretended to put the big bit in the stock when it accidentally (and here old Pete gave me a wink) dropped overboard. Well, of course I swore and pretended to get down to go for another, and then I seed how much his friend knowed.

"Why, you've got another bit here," he said.

"That was all I wanted to know. I knew right away he didn't know nuthin'. 'That's so!' says I, kind o' surprised. I'd have failed to find a bigger bit anyhow for if I had to use a big bit, bigger than three-eighths or half inch at the most, I knowed it was all up.

"So I put in the small bit and I bores



away careless like through the plank. No one cared for those chips, her planking was all yaller pine, pretty new. She'd been all replanked once or twice, but when the oak chips came out on the bit hard and bright, they takes 'em in their hands and they examines 'em like they was snuff.

"Well say, I nearly bust trying to keep in; the owner turnt all colors and if I hadn't a have a big jaw-full of tobacco I know I'd a-lafted at him; but I chewed hard.

"Then I bored her again, got bright oak cuttin's every time I pulled the bit out. They was lookin' kind o' pleased and after I'd bored about a dozen places they was satisfied. Once or twice I thought they'd ketch on; you see its this way: a frame, a deck beam, a keel or any piece of wood when it decays rots inside first, an' the inside of a frame 'll be soft as a sponge so you can pick it out with your fingers, while the outer shell, where it gets enough air, 'll stay hard—just a shell of good wood.

"Now I knowed that an' that's why I wanted to use a small bit an' accidentally lost the big one overboard. An' every time I bored I'd slap the bit up again' the plank, careless like, but you ken bet I was durn careful to get it accordin' to the fastenin's, just so's it'd come out into the edge of the frame. I hit it pretty good most of the time. Once or twice I missed it, an' the frame was so darned rotten in the middle the bit'd push right through it.

I'd pretend I'd missed the frame altogether and only gone through the plank, taking good care to tell 'em so, and I'd get my hand over the bit as it come out an' not let 'em see the black rot on it.

"Well, sir, they bought that craft an' I got my money; but about two years afterward that man came back an' he gave me a layin' out proper. They had to keep pumpin' her clear out through the canals on to the lakes, where they took her, an' when they got her there they had to haul her out and put in a whole new frame; every one of 'em as rotten as punk, an' he axed me:

"How in thunder did you bore and bring out bright wood cuttin's from such rotten frames?"

"I wouldn't tell him. All I said was, 'I got that other bit at low tide; there's tricks in all trades, an' that's one of 'em.'"

THE EVERY-DAY ABUSE OF HORSES

BY F. M. WARE

IN the matter of cruelty to or neglect of horses, it is not, unfortunately, the obvious troubles that really cause the most discomfort and suffering, but the generally overlooked little things and seemingly inconsequential details that really make or mar the only real pleasures which the patient creature is usually fated to enjoy—comfort of body and ease of mind. Curiously enough, it is not the lame horse (that is, the animal not too disabled to still perform his usual tasks) who suffers most, for the very limp or shortness of stride and stiffness of gait which call our attention to his trouble, are an evidence not of pain, but of the creature's precaution to prevent suffering—just as in our own cases we limp and “go short” not because corn or bunion troubles us, but so that they will not. This point is one always ignored by those well-meaning but impractical people who, lacking experience and ordinary “horse sense,” are governed entirely by the eye in making their decisions upon the condition of horses, and their fitness for work, and strain at the gnat of an inequality of gait while countenancing for years, in the care and training of their own carriage horses, the most pernicious practices, as destructive to health and durability as to comfort and ordinary ease—as universal as inexcusable. Of such there are but too many who busy themselves with other people's affairs in the administration of our various societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals—organizations which, worthy in themselves of the highest praise and most liberal support, prove almost without exception so ill-managed and so impractical as to discourage the philanthropist and disgust the practical horseman, who can but view their abortive proceedings with mingled feelings of contempt and amusement. Every animal lover hopes for the time when the management of such bodies shall be placed in the hands of men competent to decide and alert to administer, and not left to the indifferent, the inert and the incompetent in matters which concern animal care and management.

A fat horse is usually a contented horse, but we shall find, if we care to investigate his surroundings, his accouterments and his daily management that he is forced to endure many discomforts which we ought, as humane men and women, to guard against and to change. Let us begin with him in his life in the stable and proceed

with him through his usual day's work, and we shall find, alas, many a point upon which we are, and have always been, sadly remiss, and the worst part of the whole matter is that every one of these details may be easily regulated and at little or no expense. To begin with, does your horse suffer from nostalgia? Most horses do, and many really pine away and die from no other cause. We can at least by making the poor creature thoroughly comfortable, do all in our power to “give his pain surcease,” and to make him happy and contented—for than homesickness of the acute and chronic form man knows few more wearing ailments. Is your horse's disposition sociable or misanthropic? You don't know? Well, why not find out? Does it irritate him to have his yoke-mate or neighbors eating noisily and visibly while he does? Is privacy evidently his preference? Very well, then, by boards, or zinc, or tin, or canvas, shut off both sides of his stall at the head so that he may eat in peace and live the isolated life which he prefers. If he lays back his ears, or snaps at his neighbors, or fidgets and kicks at the partitions, etc., he does not fancy company—at least at meal-times, and he will be better, do better, and (here the pocket comes in) keep more cheaply if you cater to his fancy. If, on the contrary, a “shy feeder,” let him see others eat; even let him by a simple arrangement feed from the same manger as one of his neighbors, which is to be tied up short until Master Dainty has eaten all he will, when, upon allowing the neighbor to partake, the fastidious one will redouble his efforts to eat just to spite the late comer at the feast. The writer has used this plan with many poor feeders from race-horses down, and always with the best results.

Are your stall floors level—the slats, that is? Let the floors (for drainage purposes) slant rearward as sharply as they will. Every loose horse stands, if he can, when at rest with head down hill to relax and rest all muscles, sinews and tendons. We humanitarians force him, by slanting stall floors back, to stand always up-hill, and to be sure that we make him as uncomfortable as possible we grow nowadays abnormally long toes (totally destroying the true angles of the foot and the proper bearing and relation of every joint in the leg) in order to “develop action,” or for some such fool reason—the real, but concealed argument being that it is an idiotic

fashion so to do, founded upon no rule of mechanics or common-sense, and used in the first place to "square away" some double-gaited harness horse which needed this atrocious malformation and chanced to frequently win thus distorted and disfigured.

Is the stall always sweet and well-ventilated—not at the rear, or in the passage way (and in cool weather), but at the head and in the hottest nights of summer and at (say) four o'clock of a stifling July morning? You don't know? Well, why don't you? And are you fit to have a horse if you don't? Is the surcingle always comfortably loose, or is it, as usual, drawn as tight as an average husky groom can draw it "to keep the blankets in place?" Now if it is tight when the animal is standing up, it is far more so when he is lying down, and if you have a horse whom your man says "sleeps standing up" just go personally and give him two to three holes in the surcingle for a few nights ("unbeknownst" to your employee), and then inquire again. This carelessness is universal and hideously cruel. It bruises the ridge and back, prevents rest and sleep, and is indefensible upon any pretext, for a breast-girth, or any of the blankets with straps sewn on, will keep the covering in place and allow the sufferer—for he is nothing else—to rest in peace. While you are about it, just measure his halter-shank and see if he can lie down. Many a horse is purposely tied too short to save the groom trouble in cleaning him; also see if the nose-band of the halter is loose enough so that he can chew comfortably; that the throat-lash is not too tight; that the crown-piece and brow-band are not harsh-edged leather which will rasp and irritate his ears; and then offer him a pail of water—or two probably—and see if James has not, as usual, left him about half cared for to get along until daylight the best way he can. Again, find out if he is afraid of the dark—many horses are—and if he is a "night kicker," be sure that he does thus dread the departure of daylight, and leave an artificial light, dim or bright, but, at all events, enough to allay his paroxysms of terror. Ninety stall kickers in the hundred will abandon the practice forthwith if a light is left in the stable. The expense is small, the cure almost certain.

Now to harness him. Does this fit in every part? Not "pretty well" but "exactly"? If not, it should. It costs no more, and means only punching a few more holes and using a little—such a little—care about the width of bits, the depth and width of collars, the length of back-bands and of brow-bands, the stuffing of the pad, the size and spread of the blinkers, the placing of the pad where the girths will not chafe the thin skin behind the elbows, the precaution to see that the belly-band works safely in its billets upon the pad-girth and not, as is so usual, independently, thus constantly pinching the tender skin. Nothing causes so many accidents as too

short a back-strap and too "sharp" (or ill-padded) a crupper, which should always be very thick in order to ease the pressure, to heighten the carriage of the tail, and to prevent holding a rein caught under it. This is vitally important, and especially so now that fashion interdicts the useful breeching in nearly all the light, and many of the heavy, vehicles, thus putting all the stress upon the tail, which may become, with a narrow crupper in hot weather, badly chafed and very sore. What can you expect but a smash? Added to this, if the back-band is loosened too much, the pad—which may be sharp and thinly protected—will, at a descent or a sharp pull-up, ride forward against the hair on to the shoulder-points and withers in an acutely painful fashion, the girths meanwhile sharply cutting the elbows—and another carriage goes to the repair-shop—if anything is left of it. Too large or too close blinkers may cause persistent shying; too tight a throat-lash will make any horse "make a noise," as will too short a collar; while if this article is too narrow the animal may have vertigo, and if too loose and large he is certain to chafe badly. The anchor-draughts on the harness must be sprung wide enough for the traces to clear his shoulders, and the check, if worn, must be of a length such as will not prove irksome to the wearer, nor yet so loose as to make it useless for the purpose intended. The bit, or bits, must fit the mouth in width, be placed "where they will do the most good" and be easy in character, and if of the curb variety, not too harsh of chain. There is a place for every piece of harness upon the equine anatomy, and a very excellent reason for putting it there to the fraction of an inch and nowhere else. There is a substantial financial equivalent in the way of durability of animal and outfit, and freedom from the necessity of accident policies, in knowing where these locations are, and why they are the proper spots. He—and she—who neglects thus to inform themselves are inexcusably negligent, derelict in a duty they owe not only to themselves and their families but to the public at large, and are by ignorance tempting a fate which, after all, their carelessness richly deserves.

Now that we have our animal out of the stall and harnessed, let us proceed to put him to the carriage and go to drive—performing both these feats in a fashion calculated to promote his comfort, so far as may be. First, as to the length of traces: is the horse as "close to his work" as possible, due regard being given to the space allowed for his hocks when in motion so that at any gait, even a gallop, he will be sure to strike neither axle nor cross-bar? If in double harness, are the tugs or trace-bearers long enough so that the draught is direct from the harness to the roller-bolts or whiffletrees, and not interfered with by a shortness of the tugs which changes

the angle, and galls the back? Be sure (in single harness) that the belly-band or shaft-girth is at least two holes looser than usually buckled, for nowadays, since breechings have gone, or even if they are used, the average groom draws this girth wickedly tight and for no earthly reason, when there are strong stops on the shafts. If the breeching is worn, it must hang well down the quarters, that the horse may as it were "sit upon it" when holding back, and not find it half way up to his tail, and likely to go higher if wet with perspiration. It must be loose enough to afford room to prevent any chafing of flesh or wearing away of hair. One of the most common sights in New York—in no other city is it so frequent—is to see butcher, grocer, baker and such wagons, with the shafts made a foot or more too long. Between, there is a poor creature whose breeching is six holes too long, and his traces arranged two links (chain) or three holes (trace) too free, while his belly-band dangles in a large loop. Pulled up or backed this luckless beast finds the shafts (not steadied by the belly-band) jamming their points into ears, eyes and teeth from the loose harnessing, while, for the same reason, every time he stops he meets his wagon with a sharp jerk, and must start it after tightening his loose traces with another sudden and injurious straining. No official hand is raised to stop the persistent cruelty so long as the animal is not dead lame and can by any means limp about his tasks. Partly due to boyish drivers, partly to ignorant foreigners, and always to official incompetence and to public callous indifference you will stand on any street corner in New York city for an hour and have pass before you more cases of cruelly severe checking, improperly harnessed horses, overloaded trucks and carts, incompetent and brutal drivers, and more lame horses and others totally unfit for service or fearfully galled and thin, than in any other city in America, and in wet or frosty weather you will witness scenes of animal suffering in this same enlightened, civilized and cultured burg such as you would have never deemed possible had you not with your own eyes beheld it. The best that can be said of the powers which assume to govern and to regulate this wholesale abuse is that they, in the slang of the day, are "jokes," incompetent either to administer the law or to prevent its persistent violation. To return to our luckless gee-gee: his delivery wagon as built forces the driver to step upon the shaft every time he enters or leaves the wagon, and this each time wrenches the pad around upon a back which hard work or age, or both, has made sharp and bony, and which defective stuffing of the pad soon "wrings" into galls and persistent sores. Walk into any business or cart stable in any city, examine the horses, and you will find but a moiety unblemished of back and shoul-

der, while not a few will have raw sores that will make your teeth clinch—and, by the way, any time you want to see some really finished abuse of horse-flesh take time to look over the animals that pull the up-town and out-of-town expresses (the long trips) and also the mail-wagon horses and those that run the fast delivery of the daily papers. Nobody else ever examines the poor devils, so that you will find yourself quite undisturbed. Again returning to our waiting steed, the head checked too high must stare into sun or rain, however the hapless wearer tries to dodge the torture; muscles, nerves, temper, and condition must suffer. The two places where a tight check-rein are needful are: first, during a race in harness where some malformed or flighty animal must have a tight overdraw, or a side-check, to balance him; and second, where a very straight-shouldered and low-headed work horse must be checked up in order to keep the collar up and back upon the shoulders where it belongs, to get the best results from his weight and power, and to keep the strain away from the shoulder-points. In double harness we find the chief neglect to lie in too tight "poling up" and an accompanying shortness of the coupling reins—both of which measures, in moderation, make a pair quick and handy in traffic, but are often carried to an unnecessary extent.

Once put-to and out-of-doors the principal evil we shall notice is the tendency of drivers of wagons, cabs, aye, and private carriages as well, to nag and jerk the horses' mouths, instead of using the voice or the whip, and it appears that this brutal practice is on the increase. Some drivers' hands are never still, but it is jerk, jerk, jerk all day long and the appearance of their horses shows how the suffering wears upon them, while an inspection of their mouths, and the way in which they let go of their bits, will disclose bone and skin bruises and abrasions of dreadful extent, lacerated tongues and torn lip-corners. The lower jaw of a horse is a marvelous structure of tenderest and thinnest skin, quivering nerves, and acute sensitiveness, and yet every other vehicle in our streets is steered by some double-fisted brute, who mauls this organ from daylight to dark. The horror of it! A single jerk to a horse's mouth inflicts far more acute agony than cutting off six tails (if he had them), yet one goes unpunished and the other is a states prison offense—or would be if the S. P. C. A. were in earnest about preventing the mutilation of the thousands of horses annually docked in this state.

Once outside the stable door, whether in the heat of summer or the cold of winter, carelessness and ignorance combine to inflict further suffering on animals working in harness. To expose the unprotected body to the attacks of insects is an ingenious form of cruelty recognized by all savage

nations as the acme of torture. Yet this is the very suffering we inflict upon our horses, and to scientifically make sure that the sacrifice is as complete as possible, we cut off their tails, if for private use, or—worse still—"bang" or square the hair of the tails and cut away entirely the mane and fore-top upon horses working on the city carts, express wagons, trucks, etc.—thus removing the only protection against flies, and leaving the poor creatures absolutely defenceless; nor, even in their hours of rest, do we take any precautions to darken the stables or to sprinkle them with substances for which flies have an aversion, nor do we furnish light sheets indoors, nor fly-nets outdoors (which should be compelled by law from June 15th to October 1st, and are both inexpensive and effective); nor do we sponge or spray with an atomizer about the eyes, ears, elbows, flanks, ribs, and shins (before and behind), in all which places flies most do congregate; nor is there any legal compulsion in this civilized (?) country to make us do so. In winter we neglect outdoor blanketing, or use an absurd little loin cloth about three feet square which makes the parts protected far more susceptible to chill than if nothing were worn, and we omit the really useful breast-cloth which protects the lungs from the direct cold winds, yet does not weaken the parts locally. We send out our horses smooth shod to battle with snow and ice; we overload them, and our drivers brutally abuse them in order to "deliver the goods" in every sense, and to hold their jobs. Women of fashion keep their horses shivering for hours while calling or shopping, and resent any suggestion that they are thereby encouraging callousness and cruelty as much as they do by their demands for the skins of dead animals to warm their bodies, the plumage of dead birds to ornament their hats, and the mutilated toy dogs they carry about. That docking of horses and (worse and more inexcusable still) the acutely painful proceeding of "pricking" and "setting up" their mutilated tails is for one moment allowed in any country is a horrible thing to think of, and a senseless proceeding to practice, but Fashion de-

mands it—and there you are. If the S. P. C. A. were in earnest about stopping the practice, one month would see it all done away with, but when its members drive to its meetings behind docked animals, and depart from such a rendezvous to purchase (and forthwith order docked) a pair of horses, what can any one think of the sincerity and competence of the outfit which assumes to fine or imprison some poor devil who is trying to support his family by overworking a poor old horse, when the sponsors of the society which punishes him mutilate their own animals at will, and when decrepit callously sell them to a servitude worse than any death?

There is so much brutality to be seen in any of our cities and towns—much of it wholly caused by thoughtlessness and (inexcusable) ignorance—that the public has grown used to it, and is so selfishly intent upon its own pursuits that nothing is done to better things—"everybody's business is nobody's"—and the poor horse suffers on. The S. P. C. A. can do much good by having really practical agents who will stop drivers and show them things they need to know; inform owners (by postal card written on the spot) of any brutality of employees or overloading of wagons, or of cruelty of coachmen or improper harnessing of horses. It can also give public lectures on such details, practically and inexpensively demonstrating thereby actual examples of what is right and wrong and why it is so—and these lectures, or lessons, should be given in modified form, in all schools. It should and can do a thousand things practically which now it never touches upon and which, from the large sums of money it annually collects, it must be financially able to do, since it has found means to erect a \$400,000 headquarters. Its Animal Home, Horses' Home, etc., should be a matter of course, and can be not only self-supporting but a source of revenue not only in the cities but in every town. One thing, at all events, is certain: no one has any right to assume responsibility for an animal's welfare unless he will thoroughly inform himself of all details as to its care and management; lacking this, he is "less than a man" in more ways than one.

CATCHING AND CARE OF BAIT

BY CLARENCE DEMING

THE little four-lettered monosyllable "bait" is a mighty word in the angler's vocabulary—and this in spite of the fact that most so-called fly fishers deride the term and deem it a synonym for the angling vulgarities. Yet, out of the depths

of angling experience running far back now for nigh half a century through all sorts of conditions of the sport, may the writer offer a bit of testimony to dull the edge of the fly fisher's high and lofty esthetics?

I yield to no one in admiration of the supple fly rod, the skill and range of cast, the art which drops the fly with precision far on the water like an airy snowflake, the long practice which, at last, likens the movement of the lure to that of the living insect, and final, but not least, the study of the great category of artificial flies through their infinite variations of shape and hue. Nor is the high poesy to be ignored of surface fishing, the visible dash or leap of the hungry fish, saying nothing of the moral quality of the idea of giving the fish a better chance of life.

All these may and must be conceded to the fly fishers. But, when behind the cigar and recounting deeds of fishy prowess, they heap scorn on the bait fisher and affect the angling hauteur, would it not be more consistent if in practice action squared closer with precept. Often has the writer heard the fly fisher profess contempt of bait; and almost as often has he found the same esthete, when the fly did not avail, turning to worm or hellgamite with the same zest as the most inveterate bait fisher. The truth is, brethren of the rod and reel, it is the sporting sensation in terms of joyful nerve tingles and of the recreative amateur spirit that counts and which indexes the genuine angler from old Walton down to the six-year-old youngling with his alder rod, linen thread and pin hook. So let the noble army of rod fishers be at charity one with another, welcoming to their ranks all who obey law; kill fish only for sport and food and spurn the taint of the markets. Let not, therefore, talk on catching and care of bait be a thing to offend.

First, because most common in the list of baits, comes the angle worm so familiar to all fishers that he seems to need but short shrift. Yet some points may be mentioned if not amplified. The angle worm takes the nature of the soil in which he feeds. In clayey and hard earth he is tough; in light and peaty soils—including the "chip" dirt where he must so often be sought in summer drought—he is tender. Toughest, and, so far as that quality goes best for bait, are the dark-headed worms of the soil; but they are usually too large for the average trout, while first rate for bass. By transfer to stiff soil the tender angle worms can be much toughened.

To both keep and harden worms, here is the best device: Saw off a rough "tub" from an ordinary barrel, say ten inches from the bottom. Bore two or three large holes in the bottom, cover them with fine wire netting and fill up the tub, say two-thirds full of moderately clayey soil, mixed, say in the proportion of one to four, with vegetable mold. Bury in it three or four sods each of twice the size of the doubled fist. Such a tub of earth, with its vegetable feed, will keep a couple of thousand angle worms through a full season. It should be put in a cellar or in the open

air under shade. Care must be taken to keep the earth moist, the wire netting at the bottom—which must be fine enough to prevent the escape of the worms—letting the surplus of water flow away and avoiding a muddy substratum. The moment the worms begin to grow thin change the dirt and sods. The change ought not to be needed oftener than once in two weeks.

If this excellent and labor-saving plan of keeping angle worms "in stock" is adopted the worms had best be secured in April or early May, before the soil is dried by the sun; and the man who spades up your garden can easily combine his job with getting a thousand or two angle worms. Better still, if the garden happens to be plowed or the plow is run through some rich field near by—especially if planted last year with potatoes or corn—you may, by following the plowman, glean in two or three hours such a harvest of angle worms as lasts through a whole season and saves lots of summer toil and uncertainty when angle worms are scarce.

A few final words as to securing angle worms—particularly the large nightwalkers that are killing bait for bass in July—by night in hot weather after rain. If you will study your garden in a morning after such a rain you can mark down by the little pyramidal casts the spots favored by the worms. A good bull's-eye lantern that shows the worms when half hidden among plants or grass is a great aid as compared with the common lantern of the household. The nightwalkers, whether large or small, are sensitive to the jar, but to nothing else. It is the stealthy approach, the light foot, and "snappy" pick-up that captures them.

Many words could be written on catching and care of the minnows and shiners which have passed into angling nomenclature as "live" bait—though why "live" bait when other living bait are not "live" is one of the fishy paradoxes. There are three devices foremost in taking them—the scoop net for the small brooks, the single-hand seine for the larger brooks and smaller rivers, and the regular "bait" seine for ponds and big streams.

The scoop net, the most common bait taker, is usually made much too small and too shallow. Its handle should be seven or even eight feet long, its hoop not less than two feet in diameter, the depth of the net proper not less than four feet—thus preventing quick return of the bait when they meet the net's bottom. The netting should be of tough threads and, in making the net, sew it not with cord but with two-foot lengths of copper wire about half the size of the ordinary knitting needle. If the net then tears near the hoop or seam, the wire can be instantly unwound and the tear taken up by what is, in effect, a threaded needle—the end of the wire. The single-handed bait seine, a net that I have not often met with, very effective in moderate-sized open pools too large for the scoop

net, consists merely of two handles hung to a short seine, say six feet long and four feet broad, carrying the usual floats and sinkers, and which can be shortened by rolling up the handles. Its strong point is the wide sweep of the bottom as compared with the scoop net. Finally there is the familiar bait seine proper, from ten to forty feet in length. The angler himself can make one even from the common mosquito netting, but the result is apt to be so crude and imperfect that the seine had far better be bought at the sporting-goods store, where they cost from \$2.00 to \$8.00 each, according to length. The seine some forty feet long and costing the sum last named is preferable, and, if well dried after using, will last for years. With twenty-foot ropes attached, carried straight out into a lake and rounded to shore, this seine will sweep a quarter acre of bottom, corner the shiners if they have fled to deeper waters, and catch bait where the shorter seine quite fails. The ordinary bait seine of course needs two persons to handle it.

The care of live bait in the summer, when in the warm water they die so quickly, is often a vexing matter. With running water in or near the angler's home or a spring close by the task is easy; but such advantages are not common. A large clean barrel in the coolest corner of the cellar, often replenished from the well, is the only alternative, and not a very satisfactory one, for stocking a large number of bait. In the actual fishing, after the bait car, the double pail—inner one perforated—is the best plan. If you happen to have ice in the boat, a chunk the size of the fist in a three-gallon pail will often double the time between changes of water and keep the bait more lively. A thing to be considered is that brook minnows in summer have greater vitality than those of the pond, while not quite so apt to be alluring bait.

Taking the bass season through, the hellgamite ranks easily first as bait for the crowned king of fresh-water fighters; and a good stock of that bait, carrying the angler over high-water periods when it cannot be caught, is a matter of wise precaution. The hellgamite is an erratic creature, varying greatly in abundance from season to season, and found in particular streams while quite deserting other better-looking streams close by—differing as much in habit as it does in name, "bloomer," "alligator," "dobson," "crawler," "creeper," and other titles more localized.

Hellgamites can often be found by the hundred if one takes a stream where they abound—usually a small river—at a very dry period and when reduced to a mere runlet. In that case simply turn the stones and pick the creatures up, giving some special attention to the still-water places, where, at ordinary stage of water the hellgamites cannot be taken. But this is exceptional. The orthodox and almost invariable mode of capture is putting

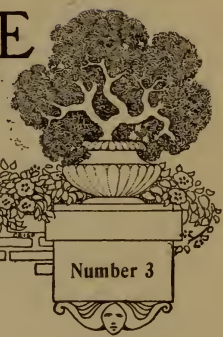
the scoop net below a stone in running water and letting the current sweep the "doubled up" hellgamite downward. One refinement, which may save much time in this toilsome quest, may just here be noted. Pick out for turning, not the smooth stones, but those that are rough, corrugated or weedy.

The care and keep of hellgamites, often a costly and hard-won bait, is very important in the bass season. They are pretty tough creatures, but, under the best artificial conditions, some will die. Though so black and unsightly to the eye, they are, in fact, cleanly and easily poisoned by their own excreta. Running water pouring gently in at top and out at bottom through an ordinary tin pail or can filled with fresh leaves suits them best. If running water is not available take a large tin pail with cover, fill it with plantain leaves and put in a number of hellgamites, not exceeding fifty. Fill it with clean water twice, "swash" it thoroughly, pour away all but an inch of the water, and, keeping the pail in a cool place, repeat the process once a day. For more hellgamites use more pails or, better, a wash boiler with smooth, clean bottom. Out of many kinds of vegetation tested as hellgamite preservatives the plantain leaves survive as fittest. But as they blacken and rot they must be discarded and replaced.

Next in order of value as fresh-water bait for game fish come young frogs. But I have fully referred to them heretofore (*THE OUTING MAGAZINE* for September, 1905) and they are here passed. Crickets, a fine late-season attraction for bass, and, at times, almost exclusive bait, deserve a few angling pointers. Keep them in an ordinary wooden box, with a narrow crack or two for air, filled with dry leaves and a few cuttings of a ripe sweet apple for food. In such a simple home crickets will live and thrive indefinitely. Their feed is important as, hungered, they will gnaw through a moderately thin wooden box over night in the exact, though belittled, fashion of mice.

With mention of crayfish the list of orthodox baits for the game fish of fresh waters closes. In the lakes and ponds where he abides the crayfish is usually best and quickest caught on mud bottom very near the shore in thick water weeds. Set the seine just outside the weeds and wading through them drive the crayfish out. This will often be found a far better scheme than catching the crayfish one by one with hand or scoop net among the rocks. The soft-shell crayfish have proved much better than the hard-shells as bait. Pierce the crayfish below the shield in the fleshy part of his body and you will find that he lives much longer on the hook. Keep him in a large cool jar either with running water or water changed once a day and feed him with a few bits of fish and you will find that he rarely dies.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



Vol. L

JUNE, 1907

Number 3

THE STRUGGLE UP MOUNT McKINLEY

BY BELMORE H. BROWNE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND PROFESSOR PARKER



HERE is a mountain in the northeast end of the Alaskan Range that over one hundred years ago was discovered and named "Bolshaia" by the Russians, that the natives of Cook's Inlet call "Traleika" (both names signifying a mountain of great size), and that since 1895, when W. A. Dickey, a prospector, rafted the Sushitna River and saw it towering above its fellows, has been known as "McKinley." Mt. McKinley lies about two hundred miles from Cook's Inlet, on the edge of America's greatest wilderness. The plateau on which it stands feeds four of Alaska's largest rivers; the Sushitna, the Kuskoquim, the Copper and the Yukon, via the Tanana and Kautishna Rivers. The nearest mountains to the Alaskan Range are the Chugach. Between the two ranges is a great valley one hundred and fifty miles broad, and this wilderness is drained by the Sushitna River and its tributaries.

There are only three practicable ways of reaching the mountain. The easiest route is to follow up the Sushitna River to the Chulitna River in a launch, and up the Chulitna River to the foothills of Mt. McKinley. Several large glaciers flow from McKinley toward the Chulitna River and all of them offer possible roadways to the summit. The second route is a long overland trip from Tyoonok to the Kuskoquim side and thence in a northerly direction along the high benches of the range to Mt. McKinley. The third route is up the Yukon River to the Tanana River, and thence up the Kautishna River with a pack train to the big mountain. All three routes offer many difficulties, and to the mountaineer the problem of reaching the mountain appears to be as great as that of the actual climb.

In mountain climbing the world over the climber usually arrives fresh and unfatigued at the base of the peak he wishes to storm, and as a rule begins his ascent at a high altitude. On Mt. McKinley it is the



On a tributary of the Knik—we pause for lunch.

opposite. There are twenty-five miles of rugged foothills and glaciers to be crossed—with heavy packs—before the base of the mountain is reached, and then the climber is confronted by eighteen thousand feet of rock and ice. On the western slope the approach is less difficult, but two attempts to climb the mountain from that side have met with failure.

Prior to last summer there had been two attempts made to climb Mt. McKinley. The first by Judge Wikersham of Alaska in 1903, from the Tanana side, and the second in the same year by Dr. Cook. Dr. Cook attacked the mountain via the Ketchatna pass and the western slope, was repulsed, crossed back across the range through Broad pass, north of McKinley, and rafted down the Chulitna.

In the 1906 expedition Dr. Cook determined to take either the Sushitna-Chulitna route, or break through the range between Mt. McKinley and the Ketchatna pass, a feat never accomplished up to that time. Our outfit included Dr. Cook, Prof. Parker of Columbia University, Russell W. Porter of the Zeigler-Baldwin polar expedition, Walter Miller, photographer, Barrill and Printz, packers, and myself, with twenty horses, and a forty-foot shoal draft launch which we named the *Bolsbaia* after the old Russian name for McKinley. She was especially adapted for use in swift shallow streams.

On reaching Tyoonok, the Doctor decided to break through the range south of McKinley and to make one first attempt on the western side. There were several reasons for this plan. If we were successful we would have a quick and easy route to the mountain. No pass was known directly south of Mt. McKinley, and we would explore and map a good part of this wilderness. The western side of the range would furnish us with plenty of game and was a good country for pack-train travel. Lastly—if we were unsuccessful we could fall back on the launch and the Sushitna-Chulitna route.

Our only chance to find a pass was on the head-waters of the Yentna—the largest western tributary of the Sushitna. So the Doctor split the party.

We started from Tyoonok with most of the outfit in the launch. Printz and Barrill took the horses overland, traveling above

the lowlands and the eastern slope of the Alaskan Range. They were to cross the head-waters of the Ketchatna River, then the Squentna, and meet us on the head-waters of the Yentna.

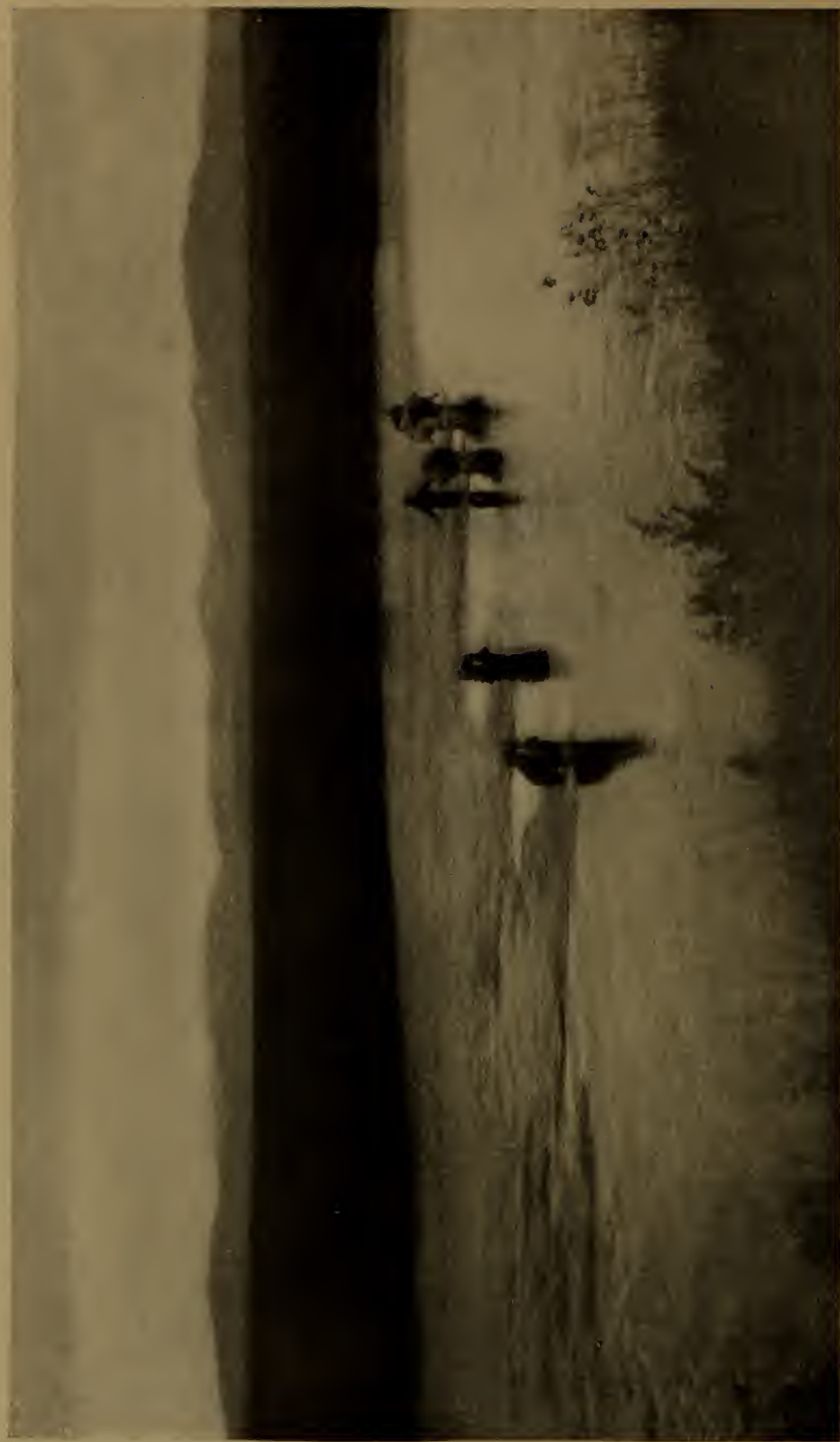
Stormy weather made topographical work impossible, and, incidentally, held the launch. Our food ran low and we took with joy to the banks of the Sushitna where the Hoolicans eased our hunger. These fish resemble smelt and run up the northern streams in incredible numbers. One afternoon, while navigating the Sushitna we baled over one hundred into our launch with our bare hands.

Our last look at civilization was at the Sushitna station. There were many Indians there, and scaffolds lined the banks weighted down with long fringes of Hoolicans drying in the sun. The Sushitna birch-bark canoes were everywhere, flitting light as leaves through the swift water. We saw prospectors heading for the great unknown interior and dreaming of creeks with golden sands. Stories of gold fell on the ear; of men made rich in a day—but the gold was all "behind the ranges" on "some other river"; if they were there they would be satisfied.

A half mile above the station you meet the white water of the Yentna, where a big bluff makes a savage eddy. There we said good-bye to civilization and began the long journey that we hoped would end on Mt. McKinley's icy head.

As we pushed our way up the Yentna our difficulties and enjoyment increased. The great snow-fields of the Alaskan Range began to show to the westward. When men are traveling in the lowlands life in time becomes monotonous. The swamps and sluggish sloughs shut you in, fringes of ragged spruce form the horizon, and the low songs of winding rivers serve only to accentuate the silence. These first glimpses of snow and ice looked to us as a well-watered country would to one who has traveled in a desert.

The navigating was getting to be a problem, due to the swiftness of the water and the numerous sand bars. It was necessary to keep a man sounding with a pole, and even then we often stuck on bars or submerged snags. At night we camped on exposed islands, as mosquitoes were beginning to be troublesome. There was little



Fording Lake Creek.



Crossing the Kahiltna-Tokoshitna divide.

sign of big game. We would see now and then where a moose had wallowed through the soft sand, or where a bear had walked the banks in search of salmon, and at night we heard the soft bugle-calls of wild swans—but that was all.

On the lower Yentna we met a few prospectors tracking their river boats against the pitiless current. Once a boatful of bronzed "sour doughs" drifted past us headed for the "outside" and the delights of civilization. These men will undergo any hardship to reach a country

The pack-train was working slowly across the uplands and would not arrive for many days. We could see the valley of the Yentna winding before us into grim snow-covered mountains, and it was our duty to explore this valley for a possible pass to the Kuskokwim before the arrival of our cayuses.

After a council the Doctor decided to push on and see if we could find a route through the mountains. The Doctor, Porter and I started on this trip. We took about three days' grub in pemmican, tea,



The settlement of Tyoonok from which we started in the launch.

where gold is reported. Once let the whisper of yellow sand drift through the forest to their eager ears, and everything is forgotten but the wild joy of hitting the trail, and the frenzy of the stampede. "If there was any gold on McKinley," a prospector once said to me, "you'd find a 'camp' there damn quick!"

At last the day came when our little craft could go no farther. On a point near by was wood in plenty, for cache and fire, so we made a base camp and called it "the head of navigation."

beans and bacon. Besides our grub and sleeping-bags we had a silk tent and a plain table for topographical work. I carried a 30.40 carbine.

Shortly after leaving camp we had our first view of Mt. McKinley—a great dome, rolling up cloud-like from the Alaskan Range. Then the mountains shut us in and we settled down to work. Before us stretched a great glacier valley, four miles broad, flat as a floor and swept bare to rock and sand by the fury of the spring overflows. At intervals majestic glaciers swept



Mt. McKinley above the clouds.



A comfortable camp on the Venṭna.

proudly back into the rugged mountains. The valley was cut up with many streams. They were all deep and swift enough to be troublesome. At times the rivers ran from one side of the valley to the other and we had either to climb the mountain sides or ford the swift water. The hillsides were covered with dense alder thickets, and with packs on our backs we made little headway. Once we traveled for three hours through the thickets, and at the end we had scarcely a mile to show for our toil.

Usually we held to the middle of the valley and forded as best we could. At times we encountered streams that we could not ford. The water was mostly glacial, and at noon the streams were strong from the melting of the snow and ice under the sun, so we would wait until midnight came and ford when the water was low.

At that time of the year it was never dark and we traveled at all hours. After a day's travel we met two prospectors with a river boat. The roar and rattle of a glacier stream separated us, but we could hear them yelling, "The glacier streams are runnin' on edge up above, yuh can't cross 'em." We yelled back that we had already forded the west branch and that we were going on. They watched us dubiously as we started off and did not answer the "so long" that we shouted across the water.

When we traveled at night the mountains took on a certain grandeur and solemnity. We saw unnamed glaciers blush from the red of the rising or setting sun. Through the heat waves of midday the mountains seemed to draw back and become hazy, and the glare of the sun on the snow and the water-washed rocks was blinding.

Our camps scarcely deserved the dignity of the name; a small silk tent; a wisp of smoke from a brush pile surrounded by steaming, ragged clothes; a small black pot and three sun- and smoke-browned men hugging the fire—that was all. At a short distance we were nothing but an indistinct blur in the shadow of the mountains. A few chips and blunt axe marks on fallen trees is the only impression we made on the valley of the Yentna.

Our real interest began when the valley narrowed up. We found the rivers growing swifter day by day, the gravel was giving way to large boulders, and we were

forced more often to the rugged mountain sides. By this time we had all had narrow escapes while crossing the streams. A man with a heavy pack is helpless when he loses his footing in swift water, and is rolled. He is lucky if he reaches the bank with no worse hurt than bleeding hands and a bruised body. The Doctor and Porter used Alpine ruksacks—to my mind a poor contrivance for wilderness packing. They hang badly when heavily loaded, are unsteady, and in swift water are dangerous, as they cannot be loosened quickly. I used a home-made canvas adaptation of the "Russian Aleut" strap, to my mind the easiest and safest strap in the world.

At last we came in sight of a mighty glacier that headed in the neighborhood of Mt. Dall; beyond we saw our Mecca—the cañon of the Yentna. On it depended all our hopes—if we could get horses through or around it our route to the McKinley was assured. The indications of a pass were a'so favorable. The mountains seemed to fall away to the westward, and—best sign of all to a mountaineer—a long line of clouds drifted steadily through a gap between two giant peaks. We were beginning to be worried about our food. We were three days' travel from our base and the first half of our journey was still far ahead of us. We had only taken three or four days' grub, thinking that we could get a view of the pass from some high mountain. The windings of the valleys made this impossible, so we took in our belts a hole or two and went on short rations.

Before reaching the cañon we were forced to climb the mountain side. As the range was fairly regu'ar we climbed above brush line and followed on parallel to the course of the valley. The scenery was of great grandeur and beauty. Below us spread the Yentna valley with its savage streams, wandering like silver bands across its brown floor. Ahead the dark cañon rose sharply from a cup-shaped basin. We noticed with misgiving that most of the water came from the cañon.

Beyond the valley was a large glacier, winding around a grand unnamed delta-formed peak, and to the westward rose the mountains we wished to penetrate. They had a more cheerful atmosphere than the silent valley. Hoary marmots whistled at us from their sheltered homes in the rock



Takoshay Mountains about twenty miles south of Mt. McKinley.



Our permanent camp on the Tokositna glacier

slides. Bear sign was fairly plentiful, and ptarmigan feathers lay among the willows.

We had hopes of seeing sheep, but did not expect to find any until we reached the western side of the Alaskan Range. We progressed very slowly; the sun was hot, our packs heavy, and the climbing at times was difficult. A shoulder of the mountain hid the view to the westward and we panted on with the optimistic idea that once beyond the ridge we would see the Kuskokwim.

Before long we encountered a small gorge that barred our path, and we were forced to climb still higher. Other obstructions came in their turn until we were no longer of the earth, but moving in that sphere where the valleys are a haze below you and your only companions are the wind-swept rocks and snow-slides.

At last at the foot of a cliff I found white mountain sheep hair. It meant many things to me—the excitement of the chase, fresh meat, and the knowledge that we were within reach of the Kuskokwim side of the range. The snow-slides were more numerous as we advanced, and on one of them, a wicked slope of snow that lay at a dizzy angle, the Doctor had an unpleasant experience. Porter and I were above and crossed where the angle was not dangerous, but the Doctor started across at a place where the snow sloped downward till it was lost in the haze of the valley. After starting he could not turn back and we were unable to help him. We watched from above while he carefully worked across the slide, cutting steps with a small axe.

At the next shoulder we camped at a mossy pool below a snow-slide, and on climbing a little hill we saw the sloping sheep mountains of the Kuskokwim! It was a wonderful feeling to stand there and look on a view that no mortal eye had rested on before. Even at that height the mosquitoes were troublesome. So with my rifle and the plain table tripod we pitched our silk tent and, tired but happy, rolled into our sleeping-bags.

Camps above timber line are cold and cheerless. We had no fuel, and our food consisted of dry fruit and hardtack washed down with the coldest water I have ever tasted. Early the next morning found us on a mossy shoulder where we could see the pass to better advantage. Porter did

some plain table work and the Doctor and I made a moss fire and studied the valley below. As far as we could see the route looked possible for pack-train travel.

Beyond us the cañon split. One fork flowed in a westerly direction toward the Tonzona River. The other headed between two large mountains, and offered a possible route for our horses. Between the forks was a mountain of great beauty. It rose from dim mile-long sweeps of talus and sheep meadows far below us, to a rugged pinnacled top that tore great rents in the evening sky and scattered the clouds broadcast.

Since finding the sheep hair I had been continuously on the lookout for moving white spots. When one realizes that even to a well-fed man sheep meat is a delicacy, you can understand with what anxiety we searched the mountain sides. By this time all the food remaining was a half-pound sausage of erbswurst, a handful of tea and a little square of bacon. Our fruit, bread and sugar were gone and we were four long days' travel from our base camp.

After talking things over we decided to climb down the mountainside and explore the bottom of the cañon. There was no use in going further, as we could see more than a day's travel ahead. The descent to the cañon was the most difficult task we encountered on the reconnoissance. The mountain fell off in numerous precipices and was covered with a jungle of gnarled and twisted alders. We traveled on our hands and knees, our packs catching on the brush and "devil's club." Our hands were filled with the "devil's club" thorns and our bodies covered with bruises. We advanced in the hope that once in the bottom of the cañon we would find easy walking.

Looking down from a great height is always deceiving. When we reached the bottom we found the stream dangerous and unfordable. So swift was the water that in a ford I attempted I could scarcely keep my feet in water that barely reached my knees.

We were tired and hungry, so we built a fire of driftwood and cooked a pot of erbswurst. The cañon was a dreary spot; the roaring of the water was deafening, and cold, damp winds swept down from the snow-fields above. After our meal and rest we slung our packs, and the thought



High up on the Knik glacier.

of our base camp, with food and companions, eased the difficulties of our climb from the gorge.

The retreat was a repetition of our first trip, but rendered more difficult by our lack of food. Our ration was about three cups of tea and a thin slice of bacon a day, for each man. The scarcity of food did not seem to detract from our ability to travel, but when you think and talk of nothing but the food you would like to eat it gets monotonous. Our greatest hardship was thinking of the good things we had refused to eat in days gone by—that was hard! But we were confident of getting our horses through the pass. Our only disappointment was the lack of game, and over the fires at night we talked of the sheep steaks and “caribou butter” we would eat when we “hit” the Kuskokwim.

On the return trip we “jumped” a bear, but the thick brush prevented a shot. We reached our base camp on June 17th, after traveling eight days. Great changes had taken place since our departure. A strong cache was completed, a trail marked “Wall Street” ran along the river, and over the tent was the sign “Parker House.”

Now the question before us was meeting the pack-train and getting them through the swamps and timber to the open sand bars. We first dropped the *Bolsheia* down stream to a sheltered “sloo,” and then started a trail to timber line. We completed the trail four days later and settled down to wait for our horses. Two men went to the Ketchatna River and hacked a trail to timber line, and so our system of roads was complete.

Trail cutting is always interesting, but it is hard work. Ours wound ever toward the mountains; now following an old moose trail, or the print left in the wet grass by a passing grizzly; now making a detour to avoid destroying a song bird’s nest, then slashing its way through twisted alders toward some big spruce, where the brush is thinner.

As you rise you begin to catch glimpses of snow-fields above and the rivers come into view far below. When our trail winds along a bald knob we take a smoke and look out over the silent lowlands, and say, as we wipe the sweat from our faces, “Three hours more and we’ll leave the mosquitoes behind.” This is rank optimism, for you

never do. We finally camped on top of a snow-capped mountain, and the mosquitoes were swarming. On the last day a terrific storm struck us, and the lightning and thunder flashed and rumbled across the valleys. We took refuge in our tents and during the night the mountains echoed with the gale, and the sound of the rain was as “the sound of mighty rivers.”

The next day the horses arrived and with our surplus grub cached and the *Bolsheia* in a safe berth we turned our pack-train toward the pass to the Kuskokwim and McKinley.

The trip that followed was in a way a repetition of our first trip. The horses served as pack animals and ferryboats. We were forced to swim the animals with their packs on, and we either sat behind the packs or held on to the ropes while we were in the water. It was always exciting work and sometimes it was dangerous. Several times members of our party were in danger of drowning. In some of the fords, counting the distance we were carried by the current, we swam one hundred yards. This distance, in swift ice water, is trying to man and beast, but the short fords in savage swimming water are more nerve-trying, and the legs of the horses suffer from scrambling among the sharp rocks. At times the river banks are steep and a horse is unable to land after a hard swim; then, unless the man who is managing him keeps cool—not an easy thing to do in glacier water—trouble may result.

Professor Parker probably had the narrowest escape. He was crossing a swift chute of water above a cañon. The Doctor, Printz and I had crossed safely, and the Professor was half-way across when his horse lost his footing and could not regain it. He luckily drifted close to the bank and was helped ashore by Barrill, but the horse disappeared from view in the cañon. Three of us went around the gorge to recover the pack if possible. To our surprise we found the cayuse alive and not much the worse for his swim. The pack was intact and a 30.40 that I had pushed under the ropes was in working order. I swam the river on a powerful roan horse, changed the pack and brought both horses across.

Our evening camps were very picturesque. They were usually on a bar of the glacial rivers. Our camp fires were built in the

piles of driftwood that the river floated down in the spring freshets. The men moved half naked in the crimson glow, drying their steaming clothes, and all about us rose the cold snow-covered peaks of the Alaskan Range.

After several days of hard wet travel we reached the cañon that was the deciding factor in our crossing the pass. We had overcome all the difficulties of Alaskan summer explorations; swift water, trail cutting in heavy rains, camps without horse feed, and mosquitoes. At last we reached the Yentna gorge and made a base camp. The next morning the Doctor, Printz, Barrill, and I started up the cañon on a reconnaissance. We took our four strongest horses and rode mountain pack-saddles, as they are handy to hold on to in swift water. At the first ford in the cañon we realized the difficulty of the undertaking.

The water was swift and white and our horses shrank in fear from it. Our misgivings were well founded. Not one of us returned to camp that night by way of the gorge. After swimming six fords the cañon split. The Doctor and Printz took the right hand fork and Barrill and I took the left. The right hand branch swung to the north and carried a "fresh" water stream, showing that there was no glacier at the head. Our cañon carried the original dirty glacier torrent, which grew swifter rapidly until we were afraid to send our horses into it. At the last ford we came in sight of a beautiful glacier that completely dammed the gorge. It was deep bluish-green and the river boiled up from a great cavern in the face of the ice. Scattered about us were a million tons of granite that had rolled from the mountains above, and now and then a crash heard above the roar of rushing water would tell us of some new arrival.

We had realized long before that it would be impossible to take a pack-train up the cañon, but the possibility of discovering a route higher up and the interest of our explorations led us on. With an axe we cut steps in the ice and crossed the glacier. We found that the stream tunneled under the mountain of ice. Above the ice wall the cañon grew narrower and we were forced to climb the cañon wall. About two hundred yards above the bed of the gorge

we found sheep sign. Ahead we could see miles of sheep pasture, everlasting talus slopes, and a great ridge that shut off the view of the pass. The signs of sheep put new energy into our tired legs and we climbed above willow line. On the great ridges that faced the south I saw more sheep signs than I had ever seen before. It was a favorite winter pasture evidently, as there were not many fresh tracks.

During one of our rests I saw a big brown bear cross an open in a thicket below us. Barrill was unarmed, but in his desire for fresh meat he followed me down the mountain. I intercepted the bear in a grassy glade and my first shot tumbled him down the mountain. He rolled about one hundred yards and lodged in a thicket, where I finished him at close quarters. He was a very large bear, but to our sorrow and chagrin we could not eat him. His neck and chest were scratched and torn from fighting. These cuts had festered, and hungry as we were we had to leave him.

After about an hour's climb we turned the mountain and could see two passes below us and to the westward. Our cañon split again and between the two forks was a high rounded mountain. It was impossible to get horses through as we had passed many cañons and cliffs that would stop a pack-train.

We lay for a few minutes looking down on the dim distances of the Kuskokwim (our "promised land"), and then we sadly turned homeward. We were filled with anxiety on nearing the cañon, the sun had been melting the ice and snow, and the deep roar from below told us that the stream was more dangerous than it had been in the morning. Our fears were realized when we reached the gorge. The stream below the glacier was full of ice and looked impassable. We would have waited for the water to subside, but night was approaching; there was no accessible food for our horses, who had weakened preceptibly since morning, and we ourselves were tired and our food was gone: we had to go on. Our poor horses were terrified, but needed no encouragement in the first fords. Their dislike of the cañon was distinctly noticeable and their desire to escape from the black walls was almost human. At the first four fords a misstep would have cost us our lives, but our noble animals braced



We packed across the Tokoshitna glacier, which was three miles wide and covered with crushed granite.



Reconnaissance Camp 4,000 feet above sea-level; Mt. McKinley in the distance 20 miles to the southward.

themselves against the granite boulders and took advantage of the eddies with wonderful intelligence.

We hoped to have easier fords when we reached the main cañon, but our horses by this time were benumbed by the cold, and it was all we could do to force them into the water. At the junction of the two streams Barrill's horse lost its footing and swept past me in a smother of foam. In the swells of the rapid I saw the horse's legs and Barrill's hat surrounded by foam and thought he would drown. But he reached a sand bar and completed the ford successfully. By this time the dusky northern night had closed about us and a chilly wind from the snow-fields sucked through the gorge. Our horses left a trail of blood from their bruised legs and we were weak from the cold. The water was full of ice that was ground to powder in the rapids. Barrill's horse barely succeeded in making the next ford and then refused to go on. I crossed safely and landed on the same side of the river as our camp.

The roar of the river made talking to Barrill impossible. I knew he had matches and driftwood was plentiful, so I waved good-bye and started toward camp. My horse refused the next ford, so I unsaddled and left him in a patch of grass and climbed over the cañon walls to camp. The next morning the men got Barrill across safely and returned with the horses.

The Doctor and Printz had followed their cañon until it "boxed," and being unable to climb out they returned. Printz' horse played out and he returned by way of the cliffs. The Doctor attempted another ford, but his horse was rolled completely over in a savage eddy, and he barely escaped with his life. This strenuous day ended our attempt to reach the western side of Mt. McKinley. The only feasible plan was to return to our base camp on the Yentna and from there strike in a northerly direction toward the eastern side of the big mountain.

Our retreat was enlivened by quicksands, high water and trail cutting. On the last day we forded all the united streams of the West Yentna. The danger was considerable because of quicksands, and some of the horses sank so deep that only their heads were visible. Even the land at a distance from the rivers was soft, and, in pack-train parlance, would "bog a snipe."

We lost no time at the base camp, but started immediately for McKinley. We crossed the east fork of the Yentna at a collection of caches called Youngstown by the prospectors. This city was movable and was an uncertain place to send mail to—we expected at any minute to find that the miners had moved the town a day's travel down stream. From Youngstown we crossed Kliskon, a rounded hill about three thousand feet in height. The country was soft; the mosquitoes lay in black clouds, and our horses were exhausted. We climbed Mt. Kliskon and were repaid by a glorious view of the Alaskan Range; from old Bolshaia on the north to Mts. Redoubt and Iliamna to the southward was one unbroken chain of jagged peaks and glistening snow-fields! Then we dipped into a low country dotted with black lines of spruce and cut with rushing streams. We found grayling, trout and salmon, no end, and added them to our simple bill-of-fare. We found buried deep in the moss the locked antlers of two giant moose that had fought and perished miserably. Our horses struggled through the swamps and grew weaker. Near Mt. Kliskon we were forced to camp and rest the animals. We were never free of the mosquito pest, but unlike our cayuses we grew hardened to it. We crossed Lake Creek, a gold-bearing stream—and an Indian told us that in the lake from which the stream came, there lived a fish "four hundred feet long that ate caribou!"

At the great glacier that heads the Kahiltna River we climbed above timber line and swung toward McKinley. The country changed to high rolling caribou hills, minus the caribou, and one sunny morning a brown bear ambled amiably into camp while we were eating breakfast.

At the head of the Tokoshitna we found two glaciers. One was small and headed in a nest of rugged mountains; the other one was large and extended far into the Alaskan Range. We were now close to Mt. McKinley. The country ahead was too rugged for pack-train transportation, so we turned our horses loose and prepared for the real struggle. First, the Doctor, Prof. Parker and I climbed a high mountain that gave us an unobstructed view of Mt. McKinley. The southeast and eastern side rose in a grand system of rugged cliffs.

There was a steady drift of clouds moving across the range; so with hopes of a better view, the Doctor and I decided to remain on the peak all night. We pitched our mountain tent with the entrance facing the mountain, and as it was light all night we obtained some beautiful views of the great peak. Through the ragged lines of clouds we could see great glaciers, jagged rock peaks, and creamy, mile-wide sweeps of snow. At intervals a roar like thunder, that made the rock mountains tremble, would tell us that an avalanche had fallen from McKinley's eastern side, and the surrounding mountains would throw the echoes back and forth till all the ranges rumbled and muttered with a sound like surf on a rocky shore.

From our aerie we could see a grand unnamed peak that rose to a height of about 17,000 feet on McKinley's southeast side, and for want of a better name we spoke of it as Little McKinley.

Mt. McKinley from this side S. E. by E. was absolutely unclimbable. Rising from about 3,000 feet above sea-level it shot upward in one grand precipice to a height of about 15,000 feet and then sloped gently to its 20,364 foot summit. Our only possible chance was to work farther north across the Tokoshitna Glacier and attempt to reach the northeastern arête. The country we had to cross was gashed by great parallel glaciers, separated by high mountain chains; it was a poor outlook.

We started from the Tokoshitna Glacier with packs and worked our way across. The glacier was about three miles wide and covered with crushed granite, which ranged in size from coarse sand to blocks the size of a house. Our glacier camps were cold and cheerless. There was no wood but dead alders and willows, and it rained continually.

The Tokoshitna Glacier rises in the vicinity of Little McKinley, and is the fountain head of the Tokoshitna River. Bounding this glacier on the north was a mountain range that we climbed and from which we enjoyed a wonderful view of McKinley. North of the mountain was another huge unnamed glacier that seemed to come from Mt. McKinley, and after talking it over we decided to use this glacier as a roadway to the mountain. That

night we weathered a savage wind and rain squall.

We had pitched our tent on top of a high peak, anchoring it with ice axes and boulders. The view from the mountain was wonderful; two thousand feet below us on the other side of the mountain were giant glaciers, and over them the black storm clouds tore themselves to shreds against the cliffs. We had a wild night and our tent rattled like a sail in a storm. On the big unnamed glacier I found tracks of a cow and calf caribou, and a brown bear, which I tried to kill. I was armed with a Luger pistol belonging to Professor Parker, which I had never used. I crawled up to within ten paces of bruin and proceeded to finish him, when to my dismay the Luger refused to work. I was too close to him to run and spent several uncomfortable minutes waiting for him to see me and run away—which he finally did. The mountains further north were said by the Sushitna Indians to be a good caribou range. We wanted fresh meat badly, but pemmican was a great help in the heavy traveling. We found that less than one pound of pemmican would last a man a day and keep him in good health. We baked our bread below timber line, so that we had nothing but tea to make in our high camps. On studying the big glacier from the mountain top we found that to climb it we should have to cross either an ice wall or a swift glacier stream. We tried the stream first, but the waters were too swift for us. We followed the stream until it disappeared in a great cavern in the ice wall. Below the cavern the wall continued as far as we could see to the eastward. The face of the wall was solid green ice and it was covered with granite boulders that made any attempt to climb it dangerous. We skirted the wall to the Tokosheh Mountains and found no place where we could gain the top.

The weather was cold and rainy, our food low, and Dr. Cook was expected back at Tyoonok by the 15th of August; so with one last look and vows to try the northeast ridge the following spring we began our long march toward civilization.

The return to Tyoonok was uneventful. We left Porter between the Tokoshitna and the Kahiltina Glacier. He was to finish his topographical work and join us later. We

crossed the Kahiltna in flood, shot salmon for food in Lake Creek, and then the pack-train went to Youngstown. The Doctor, Miller and I crossed the valley of the Yentina, swimming what streams we could not wade, until we reached our old base camp and the *Bolshaia*. After eating a wonderful amount of food and packing our dunnage we headed the *Bolshaia* down stream.

We picked our party up at Youngstown and four days later we reached Tyoonok. On Cook's Inlet we ran into a gale off Turnagain Arm, a deep fiord that has been called the "Cook's Inlet Compressed Air Plant." It kicked up a nasty sea and buried our little launch to the frail canvas house in yellow foam.

We had lost our rudder on a sand bar on the Sushitna River and were forced to steer with sweeps from the poop, where we lashed ourselves with ropes. It was more like the hurricane deck of a cayuse than a boat, but our crude methods triumphed and we reached Tyoonok. Then, with all thoughts of climbing Bolshaia put aside for another year, our party broke up.

Professor Parker returned to New York. Dr. Cook decided to explore the glaciers north of the Tokoshitna River with the launch, via the Sushitna, Chulitna, and Tokoshitna rivers. He asked me to make a side trip up the Matamouska River into the Chugach Mountains and secure some big game specimens. Printz and Miller took the remains of our pack-train up the Kechatna River. Barrill and some prospectors picked up at Sushitna station accompanied the Doctor.

At the appointed time we met at Seldovia on the Kenai Peninsula. Printz and Miller were the first to join me. On the head-waters of the Kechatna they found miles of tangled brush and morasses. The

poor horses grew too weak to travel, and the report of a rifle echoing through the silent spruce forest was their only requiem. The death of the horses left Printz and Miller without means of transportation until they reached the Kechatna River and built a raft. They finally reached the Sushitna station after a narrow escape from death by drowning and took a boat to Seldovia.

At this time we heard the rumor that Dr. Cook and Barrill had reached the top of Mt. McKinley, but we paid little attention to it, as rumors in Alaska are as thick as the mosquitoes. At last the Doctor joined us and confirmed the report. He reached the northeastern arête from the big glacier north of the Tokoshitna.

With the help of the launch he arrived in seven days at a point that on our first trip cost us two months' toil and the lives of all our horses. You have all heard of the Doctor's ascent and of his conquest of old Bolshaia. As I have seen the great mountain I can say that any one who goes through the cold and exhaustion that he and Barrill must have suffered on the gleaming sweeps of ice and snow must indeed be of the stuff men are made of.

Now that Bolshaia is climbed reports are heard that another mountain to the southward is still higher—and so the world goes on. In the great northern wilderness there are many great peaks unconquered, and when once a man has the love of climbing in his blood it is hard for him to stop. After a few months of civilization his thoughts turn westward and the roar of the city at night is the rumble of avalanches on distant slopes of scree, and in imagination he hears the tinkle of axes on hard green ice and the call of the wilderness rivers.





"I was delighted when Wilkins smothered an amazed oath, while his rugged face was a study of novel emotions."

TALES OF A COLLECTOR OF WHISKERS

BY J. ARCHIBALD MCKACKNEY, MUS. DOC., F.R.G.S., ETC.

(EDITED BY RALPH D. PAINE)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

THE remarkable researches and discoveries of Mr. J. Archibald McKackney have hitherto been buried in the monographs of the American Society for the Promotion of Curious Science. Mr. McKackney, it may be remarked, is an elderly gentleman of great wealth and an eager mental activity whose estate is one of the show-places of the New England coast. For several years he had been engaged in assembling his unique collection of Human Whiskers before his discovery and employment of their musical vibrations made a world-wide stir among the students of Acoustics and Harmony.*

* For technical references see Annual Reports Am. Soc. P. C. S., Vol. XII., pp. 287-324 (1901); Vol. XIV., pp. 103-149 (1903). Also Appendix B, Revised Edition — *Der Mechanismus Der Menschlichen Sprache nebst Beschreibung Einer Sprechenden Maschine von Wolfgang von Kempelen* (Vienna). Also latest Edition, *Theory of Harmony*, Weitzman. Also *A Critical Analysis of the McKackney Theory of the Analogy between the Æolian Harp and the Human Beard or Whisker*. (Pamphlet by Dr. Bruno Heilig, published by Leighton and Leighton, London, 1904.)

For the information of the layman it is perhaps well to refer to the circumstances which preceded the organization of the now famous Hirsute Orchestra. Having wearied of the more commonplace objects of the collector's ardor, including Japanese pottery, unset gems and Roman coins, Mr. McKackney turned with the utmost enthusiasm to the task of obtaining the photographs, paintings and drawings of all the styles, patterns, designs and front elevations of the beards, whiskers and mustachios that have ornamented the human face from the days of the ancient Egyptians.*

He visited almost all the inhabited corners of the globe in the hope of adding new trophies to his classified list of one hundred and eighty-seven distinct or catalogued varieties of whiskers, and the walls of his immense library are covered with bewildering sequences of facial landscapes.

For the first time some account of the adventures and achievements of Mr. McKackney has been prepared in popular form, and the following is the first of a series of these narratives that will appear in this magazine, as told by the distinguished collector and *virtuoso*.

I

THE HIRSUTE ORCHESTRA

I had hastened to my "workshop," or laboratory, early in the morning of that memorable day. For months I had been groping my way toward a discovery which should set the world of science by the ears and crown the brow of J. Archibald McKackney with a unique kind of fame. My Whisker Collection, notable as it was, had almost ceased to focus my interests. My life was bound up in the array of electrical machinery, burnished spheres, rows of tuning forks and other complex apparatus which filled the long room up under the roof of my mansion. Even my loyal assistant, Hank Wilkins, had not been taken into my confidences. The former sailor-man, who had won his position with me because of his peerless beard of the rare Titian red, was left to pore over the illustrated catalogue of the McKackney Whisker Collection while I toiled behind locked doors.

Never can I forget the moment when I rushed into the upper hall and shouted down the stairway to Wilkins:

"Come up here. I've done it, by the Lord Harry! Hurry up! The grandest discovery of modern times! *You can bear it!* Beautiful! Wonderful! Amazing!"

I was dancing with impatience as the sailor fairly flew upstairs, his immense crimson beard streaming over his shoulders as if he had set studding-sails for a swift passage. Our strange adventures in search of rare types of whiskers had prepared him

for the unexpected, but for once he was almost dismayed.

I grasped his arm and led him into the workshop and pointed toward a row of rounded wooden blocks to which were attached artificial whiskers of various lengths and patterns. The faithful fellow rubbed his eyes and his jaw dropped. If the display of false whiskers puzzled him, the maze of elaborate mechanisms to right and left fairly bewildered him. The series of bellows geared to a small engine and dynamo next drew his attention and his expression was so extraordinary that I managed to explain:

"I didn't mean to frighten you, Wilkins, and it will take time to batter this achievement into that thick skull of yours. Sit down and I will try to make it clear."

I could not restrain a nervous laugh and my voice was not easily controlled as I mopped my face and went on:

"I *am* excited, Wilkins, and small wonder. After many heart-breaking failures and incredible effort I have—I have—been

*"My first impulse toward this field of investigation was inspired as the result of an idle hour in a crowded railway station. I began to note the whiskers of the hurrying pedestrians and was surprised to discover that their patterns were as severally distinct and individual as the faces of their wearers. I counted no less than seventeen successive types, no two of which were identical in any respect. It occurred to me at that time that if such a wide variety could be found in this casual observation, there must be an opportunity for a scientific study of these highly entertaining and important human phenomena." (Extract from the owner's Introduction to the *Illustrated Catalogue of the McKackney Collection*.)

able to apply the *theories of musical vibration to the human whisker*. For ages the winds of Heaven have been sweeping through the whiskers of mankind, which has been deaf to the magic of their harmonies."

Wilkins made a brave rally and tried to meet my astounding statement half way as he fairly shouted:

"The devil you say, sir! Then my peerless Titian beard must be a whole brass band. Do you mean to say you can play tunes on 'em?"

He had blindly stumbled on the very climax of my discovery, and as I waved my arm around the room I told him:

"That is what I hope to do, and before very long, if you will help me. Did you ever see an Æolian harp?"

"One of those boxes full of strings that make soft and soothing sounds when tickled by the wind?" he replied. "Why, I sailed with a skipper that had one in his cabin skylight. But you could hear *that* music, and my whiskers have been dumb for thirty years."

Then I told him, as simply as possible, how, after an exhaustive study of the laws of vibration and sound waves, I had evolved the theory that there *must* be a similitude between the Æolian harp and the Human Whisker. The instrument was but waiting for the player. But further progress had seemed hopeless after I discovered by experiment that the average vibrations of the Human Whisker when stirred by the wind range from ten thousand to forty thousand per second. Now it is well known, as I explained, that the practical range of the musical scale is hardly more than four thousand vibrations per second for the highest note of the piccolo flute. It was therefore evident that the sound of the vibrating whisker is beyond the reach of the human ear. This accounted for the failure of the human race to detect its own hirsute music, as Wilkins was quick to comprehend. And because these tones were inaudible without some means of greatly magnifying and recording sound, my most arduous efforts had been bent toward developing the powers of the microphone.

When under unusual mental pressure Mr. Hank Wilkins sometimes burst into snatches of impromptu doggerel, and be-

fore I could carry my explanation any farther he chanted with great vehemence:

"Will I hear my whiskers singin'
When the wind is sou'-sou'-west?
And melojious music ringin'
From the region of my vest?"

I could not help smiling at his faith in my assertions, and I hastened to finish my explanation. I told him how my specially devised improvements of the microphone, together with my newly discovered principles of sound wave motion, had enabled me to *hear* the tones of the Human Whisker when set in vibration by air currents, and that the resonators contrived by Helmholtz had shown me how to distinguish the fundamental notes from the confusing overtones which determined the timbre or clang-tint. Wilkins heard me out with admirable patience, although he pulled at his beard with nervous fingers as if eager to test his own share of hirsute harmony. When I paused he asked me if I could "tune up a few bass or tenor whiskers and give him some action."

I moved over to my switchboard and halted only to tell him that the length and texture of the whisker determine the number of sound waves and therefore the vibratory pitch or note. "False whiskers will do for experiments," I added, "but they lack a certain fullness of tone which, I am sure, must be found in the living growth." Then I asked Wilkins to hold the receivers of the microphone battery to his ears while I started the bellows.

My assistant gingerly sat himself down at a table littered with wires and discs and cells, and faced the row of rounded wooden blocks which were adorned with such various patterns of ornamental whiskers as the "Piccadilly Weeper" (No. 2), the "Burnside," the "Mutton-chop," the "Galway," the "Chin-curtain" (full size), the "Chest-warmer" and the "Populists' Delight."

I confess that my hand trembled with tense expectancy as I began to operate the electric keys. Then the bellows began to heave and stir and the false whiskers were violently agitated, one set after another. Of course I could hear no resultant sounds from the vibrations thus set in motion, and I was delighted when Wilkins smothered an amazed oath, while his rugged face was a study of novel emotions. There had come

to his ears a succession of musical sounds unlike anything he had ever heard. He informed me that one reminded him of a violin; another sounded like the lingering sweetness of a twanged harp-string, while a third suggested a 'cello. Mingled with these were incredibly high-pitched and piping notes that soared far above any octaves known to human instruments. There were discords, of course, because I had not progressed as far as trying to tune these experimental whiskers.

I asked Wilkins to move one of the dummies aside and step in its place. I was wild with eagerness to try a living subject. Leaving one set of bellows pumping at full blast I rushed to snatch up the receivers. The stiff breeze fanned the noble beard of Wilkins and spread it out like a crimson panel. After listening for several minutes, I dropped the instruments and could not help shouting:

"Hurrah, I was right! *No more false whiskers!* Oh, the mellow richness of your tone, Wilkins! *Never, never trim your whiskers without my supervision!* After lunch we must discuss the plans for assembling an orchestra with a human keyboard. I will spare no expense to find the needed assortment of whiskers."

As we went downstairs I was pleased to hear Wilkins humming behind me:

"As long as there's harvests of whiskers to grow,
We shall have music *wherever* we go."

It was late that night before I was able to outline the final instructions which should send my assistant forth on the most difficult mission of our checkered career together. He was not appalled in the least, however, and I had reason for renewed gratitude that so resourceful and dauntless a companion as Wilkins had been granted me in the pursuit of my hobby. It was Wilkins who had obtained the portrait of the Insane Cossack with the Pink Whiskers after a perilous journey across Siberia, and that splendid trophy in its massive gilt frame hung facing him as we chatted in my library. It was in itself an inspiration and a reminder.

On the table were strewn my sketches and diagrams that indicated the various styles of whiskers needed to perfect the musical scale which I had resolved to

assemble as soon as possible. They were grouped according to the pitch required, and carefully numbered and described. He could not go far wrong with these charts. He was to go out into the highways and hedges and find twenty-four men—no more, no less—to equip me with a range of three octaves for my Hirsute Orchestra. They would be offered handsome salaries to visit me for an indefinite period, and already I had given orders to have the billiard room and annex made into comfortable dormitories with a private dining-room. These guests were to be carefully selected as per the diagrams furnished Wilkins, and I explained to him:

"Each of these species of whiskers will give forth a different note when properly tuned, and all you will have to do is to consult your directions. For example, here is Face Number Six—Close Cropped Sideboards (see page 118 of the illustrated catalogue of my collection); or Face Number Nine—Crisp, Pointed Vandyke, such as young doctors affect. If my recent experiments with the tuning forks have not misled me this latter type of whisker should develop a clear and bell-like Middle C."

Wilkins ventured to object:

"But I can't tell whether they'll be melojious. Supposing I happen to ship you a shockin' consignment of discords."

He also inquired why he should not be allowed to pick up "a bunch of the hairiest, whiskerest Johnnies he could find and let Mr. McKackney trim, clip and tune them to suit." I explained with some slight impatience that I could not think of waiting for such whiskers as these to season and gain timbre; that a beard is like a violin, and needs age to give it tone. Rather sharply I ordered Wilkins to be sure to send me no whiskers that had been worn for less than three years.

I left him sitting by the library fire with his head in his hands studying his charts. The prospect of asking perfect strangers for the use of their whiskers seemed to disturb him now that he was on the eve of setting out in chase. But I knew that no difficulties could make him flinch once he was fairly on the trail of a coveted whisker.

My estate is remote from populous towns, and Wilkins had decided to head for Boston as the most promising field for his

quarry. From his detailed reports I later learned that upon reaching that city he laid his course for the wharves and sailors' boarding-houses where he was most likely to run across old friends. This was a wise choice also for technical reasons, because I afterward discovered that the whiskers of the seafaring members of the orchestra surpassed the others in musical qualities. I explained this on the ground that they had been exposed to strong winds and rain and sun until they were toned and seasoned to an uncommon degree—but I am wandering from my story.

Wilkins' first capture, it seems, was made as he was nearing a saloon where in other days he had consorted with the sailormen of Boston. Sighting an old ship-mate, Peter O'Dwyer by name, my assistant was delighted to note that he had grown a set of whiskers "that would calk a ship's yawl." Consulting his chart, Wilkins saw at once that the whiskers looked very much like "Number Eighteen (Middle Octave), medium length, square cut, bushy growth."

He overhauled O'Dwyer and over a table in the back room of the tavern renewed a briny friendship. Wilkins began to glimpse the troubles that threatened to beset him when O'Dwyer was moved to ask:

"You're lookin' at me kind of cock-eyed and queer, Hank. Don't my face fit me?"

Wilkins unfolded his bulky bundle of documents and jabbing one sheet with his stubby forefinger exclaimed:

"No offense meant, Pete, but I want your whiskers. There's a reward out for a man that can match these specifications.

Tell me first, how long have you worn them?"

He was assured that the O'Dwyer whiskers had sprouted four years back, or just after these two had parted in Shanghai. Wilkins came at once to the point and told him:

"Forty dollars a month and keep you like a prince. A job right out of a fairy story—that's what I offer you. And I'll

give you a juicy advance the minute you sign articles."

Mr. O'Dwyer narrowly eyed his friend, and was unfeeling enough to reply:

"I'm plannin' to ship aboard a bark to-morrow, and you'd better come along with me. Booze always did give you singular visions. Did you dream you'd started a mattress factory and wanted my whiskers for stuffing?"

Wilkins saw that it would only alarm his ship-mate to enlarge upon the musical values of whiskers, and tactfully based his persuasions upon a show of cash. Still mystified, but confiding in the oft-proven friendship of Wilkins, able seaman, O'Dwyer at length declared that he was ready to follow him until the surface of Hades became solidly congealed, or words to that effect. As they walked toward the

water-front a salty breeze swept up from the harbor and fairly whistled through the notable beards of these two seafarers. Wilkins halted in his tracks and cocked his head as if eagerly listening. O'Dwyer stared at him with gloomy misgivings, as if his suspicions were trooping back, and muttered something about "having known 'em to hear voices in the early stages."

As Wilkins tells it, he felt himself blush



"Whiskers that would calk a ship's yawl."

up to the eyes as he came to himself with a start and thought aloud:

"I just couldn't help listening. But of course my tones was invisible to the naked ear."

After putting O'Dwyer aboard a train to be shipped to me as the first "note" harvested, Wilkins set out after additional fragments of stray harmony. Among the several prizes captured later in the day was the cook of a coasting schooner who proved to be a treasure indeed. When sighted he was leaning against his galley airily twisting the needle-like ends of a rat-tailed mustache, while a slim goatee jutted from his chin like the point of a marline spike. Wilkins' observations showed his quick grasp of the technique of his arduous mission.

"I could see that he belonged with the rest of my sweet singers," he explained to me, "for them little wind-cutters was keyed way up for the piccolo flute. And that goatee added to them cunning mustachios had ought to make a noise like pickin' three strings of a guitar at once."

The cook was a Portuguese madly in love with a girl in New Bedford, and the offer of a situation ashore made him desert his pots and pans with cries of joy. Gaining assurance from these early successes Wilkins left the water-front for more conventional regions and was routed in confusion for the first time in his dashing career. While crossing the Common there approached him a slim and very erect gentleman with a pompous dignity of bearing. He carried a bundle of books under one arm, and seemed absorbed in weighty reflections. Wilkins appraised him as a person of intellectual distinction, and thrilled with pleasure as he stared at the trim, brown "Vandyke" which appeared to have been tended with scrupulous care. In a letter to me Wilkins wrote:

"I wish you had given me a tuning fork to try them out, Commodore, but this high-browed party struck me as a perfect specimen of Number Five, and properly sound and seasoned. I thought I'd just put it to him as man to man. So I braced up to him with a most respectful apology and tried to tell him that as I felt sure that he would be willing to help along the cause of Acoustics and Harmony, I'd like to borrow his whiskers, he to go along with

them, of course. I asked him to spare me only a few minutes, and promised to return him and his whiskers in good order."

Condensing Mr. Wilkins' narrative, it appears that the stranger fled with panicky strides, and cried out and wildly beckoned to the first policeman he saw. Wilkins stood his ground until the policeman made for him and then he dove like a frightened rabbit into the nearest subway entrance. He was followed aboard a train by a smartly dressed young man with a twinkling eye who sat down by his side and remarked:

"I beg your pardon, but I simply can't help asking what you said to Professor R. Xerxes Peabody. He is my uncle, you know, and I never saw him rattled before. Upon my word, it was like watching a glacier blow up."

Wilkins was worried and upset, but the young man's friendly air soon won his confidence and at length he explained the purpose of his mission. The stranger laughed so long and loud that Wilkins began to resent the ill-timed levity. Then the young man explained that Boston was immensely proud of Professor R. Xerxes Peabody as *its most cultured citizen*, and that never in his life had he spoken to a human being without an introduction. The idea of asking him for "the loan of his whiskers" struck the cheerful nephew as such an absolutely incredible event that he fairly begged Wilkins to "fall off at the next station and have a drink" in celebration. Wilkins was persuaded to follow his acquaintance, and a little later he related the morning's adventures along the water-front. I am sure that as the listener studied the candid features and keen eyes of Wilkins he must have viewed him with growing seriousness, for he finally exclaimed with much emphasis:

"You aren't in the least bit dippy, Mr. Wilkins. It is gorgeous, every bit of it. And you simply must let me in on this. I am a musician myself in an amateurish way. And I am dying to meet Mr. J. Archibald McKackney, whom I know, by reputation of course, for his famous Whisker Collections."

The conscientious Wilkins protested that his young acquaintance was ineligible, because his face was as smooth as a hard-

boiled egg, and pronounced him to be a "fiddle without any strings." But this Mr. Arthur Harrison Colby was a persistent youth and he argued with much spirit, that while Mr. Wilkins was able to handle seafaring folks, he had already run out of this web-footed material and was invading new territory in which he was apt to "find seventeen kinds of trouble." He quoted Professor Peabody as an example of the perils that confronted the musical pilgrim, and wound up with this proposition:

"Now, I can guarantee to take care of a dozen numbers on your chart among my own acquaintances, if you will ring me in as assistant on the harmonious round-up."

Wilkins thought it over and finally wired me the circumstances with a request for my

O. K. I was glad to send my approval, and next day received a note from Mr. Colby in which he said:

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your confidence in me. I have had a very expensive musical education and I realize the importance of your undertaking. I promise on my honor to spare no pains to help Mr. Wilkins assemble the most harmonious collection of whiskers that ever sung together like the morning stars."

Mr. Colby was as good as his word. Three days later Wilkins found him waiting in the hotel lobby. With him were no less than fifteen mustached and bearded strangers. Most of them were fashionably dressed, although four or five of these recruits looked badly battered and seedy. Before Wilkins could shout a greeting, this admirable young Colby waved his bamboo cane as if



"Airily twisting the needle-like ends of a rat-tailed mustache."

it had been a baton, and his fifteen followers rose as one man and bowed with great dignity. They were presented by their leader as "two full Octaves, shy one note which got lost in the shuffle. He was a merry wag whom we plucked from the Salvation Army bread line. On the way hither he sprinted for a weighing machine, explaining that before taking a musical engagement he wanted to try his scales."

Wilkins, of course, carefully inspected the company, compared their individual whisker growths with his charts and checked them off one by one. The results were so gratifying that he asked Mr. Colby to "steer the whole symphony into the bar and wet its pipes." Presently the Salvation Army jester drifted in, and Wilkins was able to tell Mr. Colby that

twenty-one of the twenty-four musical notes had been secured. The remaining three, however, were the "rarest whiskers that grew in these latitudes," according to the experienced Wilkins, and he decided to send Mr. Colby ahead with his two Octaves for speedy delivery. He himself would stay behind and endeavor to run down the three missing notes. Mr. Colby explained that ten of his followers were personal friends and relatives of his who had been selected from the club windows of Boston. "They will be missed, because they were distinctly decorative," he added.

From the end of the bar there came the subdued harmony of an impromptu quartette singing:

"There's music in the Hair-r-r."

Wilkins opined that it was time to move, and Mr. Colby promised to deliver two

Octaves at their destination in ship-shape order. I will say for Mr. Colby that he did deliver his consignment intact, but their arrival at my place was unpleasantly spectacular. From the railroad station they marched into my ground in column of twos with half the village at their heels. Mr. Colby's elderly Harvard friends and uncles had festooned their whiskers with bows of crimson ribbon and at frequent intervals they shouted a stentorian cheer which wound up with:

"Whiz-z-z, Whee-e, Bing Boom Ah-h.
We're the Æol-i-an Orchestra-a."

I succeeded in quieting this disturbance and showed these two *fortissimo* Octaves to their quarters in the annex. No sooner were they off my hands than Captain Jonathan Rust was setting the dormitory by the ears. He was an old sea-dog and a confounded nuisance, and I had reason to wish that I might strangle him in his baritone whiskers. First he took offense at the harmless Portuguese sea-cook and demanded that he be removed to other quarters. The old curmudgeon made a social issue of eating at the same table with a man whom he would feel at liberty to kick the length of a deck, and whittled out several wooden belaying-pins which he hurled at the head of the panicky Portuguese. Then he insisted that the company should be divided into two watches for the sake of discipline. A musical crank argued that the natural division was into the three Octaves, and these two quarreled night and day. Some of the others took sides, and I was in mortal fear that they would fall to pulling each other's whiskers and wreck their tonal values.

On top of these trials, the able seaman Peter O'Dwyer persisted in making fish-nets for diversion. Of course he had to upset a bucket of tar in his whiskers and Heaven only knew whether I could get him cleaned up in time for the first rehearsal. When Mr. Colby and his friends were not playing golf they started fresh rows between old Rust, the musical crank,

and the Portuguese cook and egged them on with Harvard cheers. I breathed a prayer of fervent thanksgiving when Wilkins wired that he was en route with the twenty-fourth prize in tow. This musical fragment was an Irish stevedore with a coy and peerless fringe sprouting from beneath his smooth-shaven chin. I was so glad to see Wilkins that I included this Mr. O'Hara in my effusive greeting at the station. The old gentleman was ill at ease and backed away from me as he croaked:

"Your fifty dollars is in me pants, and I'd go half way to Hell for twice as much as that. But I'll be ready to lep through a windy if you do begin talkin' to yourself and makin' faces at me. Mister Wilkins here says he will give me a job on the high C's. I sailed thim when a lad, but they was niver like this."

Mr. O'Hara was cheered to find several salt-water comrades in the dormitory and the forceful presence of Wilkins soon removed the discords from what he called my "human anthems." In the evening I summoned my able assistant to the library and congratulated him upon his brilliantly successful pilgrimage. My hasty survey of the *tout ensemble* led me to believe that the material for my unique Hirsute Orchestra was ready to be classified and tuned. Wilkins reported that Captain Rust had suddenly become nervous about the danger of fire among the luxuriant growths of whiskers gathered in the dormitory and had tried to place an embargo on smoking. I ordered Wilkins to equip the old man with a dozen hand grenades and a chemical extinguisher and to appoint him chief of the fire department, and then I took up the more important subject of assembling the orchestra in my laboratory for preliminary practice.

"Have the full three Octaves here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, Wilkins," I said in parting. "*You and I are on the eve of a marvelous revelation.*"

"All we need is a fair wind, sir," solemnly spoke the faithful fellow from the doorway.

(The second tale of a Collector of Whiskers will describe further adventures of the Hirsute Orchestra under the title of "The Bearded Peasant's Revenge.")

SIMON KENTON, SCALP HUNTER

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

DRAWING BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS



Four early backwoodsmen Daniel Boone, "the Father of Kentucky," is perhaps the most celebrated. He, more than any of the others, possessed those characteristics which endear, and he remained a backwoodsman to the end. When settlers in Kentucky had become numerous enough to divest life of its peril he moved west into Missouri that he might continue to kill big game, scalp Indians and dwell in the midst of border alarms. Though a mighty hunter and an eager and skillful Indian fighter, he was not rash, boastful or bloodthirsty. On the contrary he was a cool-headed, kind-hearted, gentle, intelligent man, as modest as he was fearless, and as chary of words as he was prolific of deeds.

But among his friends there in the Kentucky wilderness were men equally brave, who, though by no means so lovable, surpassed him in many of the things that won him distinction. The energetic, theatrical and boastful Clark was much his superior in mental capacity and as a leader of men, and Boone's particular friend and scout—the rash and foolhardy Simon Kenton—in point of romantic adventure and hairbreadth escapes perhaps leads all the other fighters of the old frontier. We smile at the memory of the deeds of the heroes in the dime novels that Munroe and Beadle used to print, but when we have read old Simon's life we are willing to believe that their hackwriters possessed some sense of sobriety and restraint. Of course the point of view is everything in looking at Simon's career. Fill your mind with the theoretical, pleasant humanitarianism of to-day, with sympathy for the wronged and

innocent red children of the forest, and Simon becomes a mere cutthroat and horse-thief. But drift back in fancy to Simon's own time and dwell in a wilderness swarming with fierce and unspeakable red devils who seek your scalp for a trophy and your body for a barbecue, and Simon becomes a very Bayard. Of one thing we may be certain. None of the seemingly insufferable agonies that Simon as an Indian fighter stoically endured arose from the tough old hero's conscience.

Kenton sprang from the most common stock, the poor whites of the South. The date of his birth is only approximately known, 1755 being the most probable year. It was a rough time and the place of his nativity, a little hamlet of Fauquier County, Va., was a very raw community. Indeed democratic society was then in the making, and Simon's lot having been cast among its dregs presents in his youth no very edifying pictures. He was no hothouse plant, nor was he brought up on what Rudyard Kipling calls the "sheltered" plan. He received no early book education and never acquired any worth the mention. To read the simplest matter was always a task. Among the class to which he belonged to be able to sign one's name was something of a distinction, and this Simon acquired, though on a late occasion when he and a companion both subscribed to land claims, there was nothing in the penmarks to throw light upon the question which signature was his. But though utterly unlettered he was, like all distinguished frontiersmen, an acute student of the phenomena of the wilderness. His boyhood life was, of course, more picturesque than polite. Time softens and hal- lows, and it is to be feared that the romance and poetry with which our minds invest

the colonial life of the lowly would prove rough or mythical if that life were experienced. Young Simon's tasks were those of a low-born, illiterate laborer on a wilderness clearing; his pastimes were hunting, cock-fighting, horse racing, gambling, carousing and fighting, and the last was the chief inspiration and pleasure of his type. Physical skill, endurance and prowess—these were the things that commanded respect in Simon's day and place. And what mills of violence and torture the old *mêlées* were! To maul and batter a victim till he was jelly, to leave a life-mark of victory upon the vanquished, and then to celebrate the Olympian event by getting gloriously drunk with your friends on new whiskey—this was fame and sport. It was a tame fight in which one of the contestants did not lose a part of his ear, or have his nose bitten off, but the acme of skill and power lay in plucking out your opponent's eye. Indeed, "eye-gouging," as it was called, was a road to glory, and the threat "I'll measure your eye-strings" was the highest taunt.

But barbarous as these fights were, there was a manly fairness in the code. At any stage of the contest one had but to cry "enough," and the fight was done, but few cared to live under such an imputation of poltroonery. To these gentle sports, add poverty, family feuds and profanity, and you have a pleasant picture of border amenities "in the good old Colony days when we lived under the king."

If we seem to linger needlessly long over Simon's gentle boyhood surroundings, it is because his were the early environments of not a few of the famous frontier fighters. While Simon was a baby in arms Daniel Morgan, afterward, the most gallant soldier the Old Dominion gave to the Revolution, and, excepting Washington, perhaps the ablest, was the bully of two neighboring counties, and his fistic feats won for the town in which he dwelt the nickname of "Battletown." And this life, rough, savage and atrocious, tempered though it was with something of the Saxon spirit of fairness, still in some degree survives. Those backward communities in the Tennessee and Kentucky mountains which are the delight of story writers, are not, as many suppose, a new and strange development; they are isolated, little changed bits of

the same conditions that nurtured Clark, Boone and Kenton.

In 1771 when Kenton was about sixteen, a fair-haired, tall gaunt boy, but a man in strength and vigor and by disposition peaceful, generous and kindly when not aroused, but rash, quick and fierce as a panther when his passions were stirred, he fell in love. The girl preferred an older rival. Simon expostulated, and was so insistent that the presumably luckier man knocked him down and beat him unmercifully. This was a double disgrace, and Simon's soul hungered for revenge. Meeting his opponent in the forest path shortly afterward Simon proposed a final life and death struggle. With native promptitude and fairness both men laid aside their guns and fell to. In the parlance of to-day Simon was "outclassed," but a demon was in his heart. When his rage was spent his rival lay bruised and limp and as one dead. This somewhat sobered Simon. Eye-gouging might be sport, but the murder of a fellow white was an embarrassing inconvenience. He tried to arouse his victim but failed. Then with that instinctive sense of justice, for which, according to his rough view of life he was always noted, he unstrapped his belt and laid it beside the man, that no one else should suffer suspicion, and shouldering his gun he turned his back to home and hamlet and set out for the mountains to the west. Simon's backwoods life had now begun, and of all the "Long-knives" not one was to pass through such a terrible ordeal of thrilling adventure and indescribable suffering.

An expert hunter, he for weeks wandered along the western slopes of the Alleghenies, suffering hardships, privations and loneliness, and then his powder being low he drifted to the neighborhood of Fort Pitt, and under the name of Simon Butler mingled again with his kind. He hunted and trapped and led a vagabond life until meeting with another young man of like taste and training, who bore the name Yeager, he heard from his new friend tales of a fabulous land down the Ohio. Yeager had been captured by the Indians as a child, and had lived with savages in Ohio for a number of years before he escaped. With this wandering tribe he had visited what recollection aided by fancy pictured as an enchanted region south of the great

river, and ever since his freedom he had longed to see and verify this El Dorado. Simon was carried away by his friend's glowing account, and with another adventurous spirit named Strader they launched a scow upon the Ohio and started to explore the then unknown region of wild cane which had come to be known as Kaintuck-ee. All this undefined, unexplored and fertile region was then claimed by the province of Virginia. It was not the fixed home of any tribe, but the Indians both to the north and to the south were accustomed to kill game there and it was regarded by the native races as a sort of neutral hunting ground. Simon and his companions were the first white men to see much of the northern part of the country. Boone and his brother had previously penetrated the eastern part and two or three other men had made some explorations along the river, but as yet in all of what is now Kentucky, there was no settlement.

The three friends found no enchanted region, but Simon was greatly impressed with the beauty and fertility of the country and with its abundance of game. They hunted and trapped, and when cold weather began, returned up the river. Subsequently in the mountainous district to the east, whether in what is now Kentucky or West Virginia is uncertain, they were surprised one night in camp by a party of Indians. Strader was killed and Simon and Yeager fled without their guns. For three days the two friends wandered in the mountainous wilderness unarmed, pursued by savages, and almost dying of hunger and fatigue. At length, utterly exhausted, they crawled into the camp of a party of traders on the banks of the Ohio. This was Simon's first Indian adventure.

Returning now to the border settlements he learned from a chance acquaintance that the victim of his youthful jealousy had not died, but had survived his cruel mauling and married the bewitching beauty of his native hamlet. So Simon took again his legal name, and breathed easier.

The next two years he hunted and trapped in the western slopes of the Alleghenies, gaining a deeper knowledge of woodcraft and Indian customs, and waxing stronger and more resourceful. In the region where he wandered he became known as an unerring shot, a swift runner

and a man of great muscular power and untiring energy. He had the eye of an eagle and was so cunning at hiding or finding a trail, and knew so well all the signs of the forest that when later an expedition was projected by Virginia down the Ohio, he was engaged as guide and scout. But rumors of Indian hostilities brought about by the treacherous murder by the whites of the chief Bald Eagle, and of the family of the thrice-wronged chief Logan, compelled the abandonment of this expedition. Shawnees, Wyandots, Miamis, Delawares and part of the Iroquois were now on the warpath. In Lord Dunmore's war which followed, Simon acted as a scout, having for his colleague the celebrated renegade, Simon Girty, and the skill, activity, endurance and sagacity he displayed brought him high commendation.

In 1774 at the close of the war he found, after the excitement of Indian battle, that trapping and hunting were a boy's tame sports, so in company with a bold kindred spirit named Williams, the credulous Simon embarked once more on the Ohio and set forth to find the Arcadia for which he and Yeager had vainly searched. After voyaging for some weeks upon the river they landed on one occasion near the mouth of Cabin Creek, and hiding their boat in the bushes, started inland to hunt. And so it happened that Simon was the discoverer of the district known as the "Blue Grass Region" of Kentucky. He found it in May, 1775, and the beauty of its verdure and topography left no doubt in his mind that at length he was in the enchanted land of Yeager's dreams. This he resolved should be his home. Simon at twenty was now a pioneer of Kentucky. He and Williams cleared a small plot and planted some corn which they had brought. For some months they dwelt peacefully in their pleasant home. The Indians, they supposed, had been thoroughly cowed by the punishment Colonel Lewis had administered in Lord Dunmore's war. In the late summer when hunting they discovered near the banks of the Ohio two exhausted white men who had lost their boat in the river. One of these they persuaded to remain in their fertile land. The other, after recuperating, resolved to tramp back to the eastern settlements. So Simon and Williams started on the first day's journey with

him to set him right, leaving their new recruit in charge of the camp. Returning the third day, a sight that dismayed them met their eyes. Their camp was plundered and destroyed and their new friend was gone. As they stood wondering amid the ruins of their camp, they espied smoke rising from a near-by hollow. Indians were undoubtedly near. Simon was not yet the crafty and accomplished Indian killer that he subsequently became, and at the sight he and Williams withdrew somewhat hastily. But gathering courage, the next day they stealthfully returned in the hope of rescuing the captive. They had followed the trail but a little way, however, before they found the remains of the man so mutilated as to show that he had died a horrible death at the stake. And now Simon became convinced that as yet agriculture was attended with risks and inconvenience in this promising land that he had found. Turning his back upon it for the present, he and Williams made their way east and joined a small fortified post called Hinckston on one of the branches of the Licking. But the savages were aroused and hostile again, resenting the encroachment of the whites on their hunting ground, and this and other small settlements were also abandoned. And now Simon drifted first to Harrodstown and later to Boonsboro, at the latter place meeting Boone for the first time. These two stockaded settlements were, excepting Logan's station, the only ones left in the Kentucky region. This was in the fall of the year 1775. Simon fell at once under Boone's spell, and Boone in his turn recognized in Simon a man after his own heart, trusty and resourceful, but fearless to the point of folly. While at Hinckston he had met Clark and had acted as his guide, as we have shown in our account of Clark's exploits. It was a strenuous life these pioneers led, trying to wrest a living from the untamed wilderness. The Revolutionary War had begun and the English were fomenting the war spirit among the savages. Clark had been appointed by the Virginia legislature the military commander of the Kentucky frontiers, and his ambitious spirit had already dreamed of the conquest of the British posts to the northwest. In accordance with Clark's plan of protection each of the three posts in Ken-

tucky named two scouts who were to watch the south side of the Ohio and give alarm of Indian raids. Boone at once appointed Kenton. To be chosen from among the hardy backwoodsmen for the most adroit and dangerous service argued rare prowess and resource on the part of Kenton, and amply did he justify the selection. Scarcely a week now passed without a brush with prowling savages, and the perilous missions he undertook into dangerous regions read like wild border fiction. His frays, escapades and escapes may not be detailed in our restricted space, but a few picturesque examples may be related. One of the most romantic of his early adventures had to do intimately with Boone himself. In an artless and trustworthy little history of Kentucky, printed more than half a century ago, when men who had talked with Kenton were still living, we read that "early on the morning of the 4th of July (1777) while Kenton and two others, who had loaded their guns for a hunt, were standing in the gate of the fort at Boonsboro, two men in the fields adjacent were fired on by the Indians. They immediately fled, not being hurt. The Indians pursued them, and a warrior overtook and tomahawked one of the men within seventy yards of the fort, and proceeded leisurely to scalp him. Kenton shot the daring savage dead, and immediately with his hunting companions gave chase to the others. Boone, hearing the reports of firearms, hastened with ten men to the relief of Kenton. The latter turned, and observed an Indian taking aim at the party of Boone; quick as thought he brought his rifle to his shoulder, pulled the trigger first and the redman bit the dust. Boone, having advanced some distance, now discovered that his party, consisting of fourteen men in all, was cut off from the fort by a large body of the enemy, who had got between him and the gate. There was no time to be lost; Boone gave the word, 'Right about—fire—charge!' and the intrepid hunters dashed in among their adversaries in a desperate endeavor to reach the fort. At the first fire of the Indians, seven of the fourteen whites were wounded, and among the number the gallant Boone, who, his leg being broken, fell to the ground. An Indian sprang on him with uplifted tomahawk, but before the blow descended Kenton rushed on the



“Before the blow descended Kenton rushed on the warrior and discharged his gun into his breast.”

Drawing by Stanley M. Arthurs.

warrior, discharged his gun into his breast, and bore his leader into the fort. When the gate was closed and all things secure, Boone sent for Kenton, and said to him: 'Well, Simon, you have behaved yourself like a man to-day—indeed you are a fine fellow.' This was great praise from Boone, who was a taciturn man, and little given to compliment. Kenton had certainly fully earned the brief eulogium; he had saved the life of his captain, and killed three Indians with his own hand. The enemy, after keeping up the siege for three days, retired. It is characteristic that when all the others were rejoicing at their deliverance, Simon was found lamenting because the Indians had carried off their dead, and he was therefore unable to gather the scalps of any of his victims."

It was shortly after this episode that Simon accompanied Boone on an expedition against some Indian villages just north of the Ohio. As usual he had scouted on ahead, and as he was stealthfully picking his way through some canebrake he heard the voices of Indians. He crouched down, and soon saw two savages approaching, mounted on a single pony. Now the usages of civilized warfare were but little more observed by the backwoodsmen than by the redmen, and Simon eagerly coveted the scalps of the two warriors. So he brought his long, trusty rifle to his shoulder for a "double." The ball killed the Indian riding in front, penetrating his breast and severely wounding the other Indian. Simon bounded from his hiding-place, knife in hand, but as he was about to gather his ghastly trophies he heard a rustle in the canebrake behind him, and turning saw he was covered by the guns of two other Indians. But Simon was as alert as he was cool-headed. He leaped to one side just as the savages fired, and then flew to the cover of trees. And now other Indians came rushing to the scene. Simon hastily reloaded and killed another warrior just as Boone and his men, alarmed by the shots, came to the rescue. A sharp skirmish followed, but the Indians finally gave way, and Simon gathered his scalps. Boone pushed on a little farther, but concluded that as the Indians were alarmed and re-enforced it was wise to return to the protection of Boonsboro. Simon, however, chose to remain behind in the hope

of gathering more scalps. On the second night he came upon an Indian trail, and following it craftily found the camp of four warriors, and while they were sleeping was able to steal their horses and make a successful retreat with his prizes to Boonsboro. Stealing the Indians' horses, next to lifting their scalps, was Simon's chief passion, and it was later to bring him to grief.

And now Simon joined Colonel Clark in that epoch-making expedition which achieved the conquest of the Illinois region, and which we have previously outlined. He did not, however, remain through all the fighting. Clark used him as a scout—Simon at one time passing through Vincennes while that post was held by the British, and making his escape with the information desired by his Colonel on a stolen horse—and later sent him back to the Ohio with dispatches. His reputation was by this time as great among the Indians as among the whites. Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West" speaks of Kenton as "the bane of every neighboring tribe and renowned all along the border for his deeds of desperate prowess, his wonderful adventures and his hair-breadth escapes."

But evil days lay just ahead of him. In the fall of 1778 that Colonel Bowman who had been Clark's chief lieutenant, planned an expedition against some Shawnee villages north of the Ohio, and sent Simon and two other scouts, one named Montgomery and the other Clark, to gather what information they could. The spies penetrated the wilderness and reached the Indian town of Chillicothe. They lay concealed during the day and about midnight Simon entered the town, explored its crooked streets and counted the wigwams. As he was leaving, ill luck led him upon a corral of all the Indian horses, and the reckless idea of stealing them all thrilled his daring mind. His companions were dare-devils like himself. The three crawled into the pound, each mounted a horse, and then with sudden lashings and cries succeeded in stampeding the drove of nearly one hundred animals. Of course the whole village was aroused. Dogs barked, squaws screamed, and warriors seized tomahawks and guns and howled wild war-whoops. As soon as the braves could discover what had

happened they bounded to the pursuit. But Simon and his friends were now well under way, and the swiftest Indian was no match for a horse's speed. The country was a clear prairie, and the three scouts and their band of horses, leaving their red pursuers far behind, reached the banks of the Ohio River the next morning. But a difficulty awaited them here. The river was rough and they could not get the horses to enter the stream. Simon's two friends were for abandoning all but one animal each, but Simon persuaded them to wait a little in the hopes of calm water. No danger would induce him to abandon his living plunder. But the savages were hot on the trail. In a few hours the first of the Indians came up. The scouts tried to shoot, but their powder was wet with the river water, so they each mounted a horse and fled. But mounted Indians who had caught abandoned horses gained on Montgomery, and Simon turned back to his help. Montgomery was shot, and Simon himself taken prisoner. Clark escaped. The harrowing details of Simon's captivity are not pleasant to dwell on. He was first beaten with sticks until he was nearly senseless; then he was tied naked upon the back of an unbroken horse, and the animal was raced through brambles, so that his flesh was horribly torn. At night he was staked out in a most painful manner, so that he could move neither hand nor foot. When he reached the Indian village he was made to run the gauntlet, and such was his speed and endurance that he reached the Council House without being killed. He was now allowed a brief respite. But on succeeding days he was led to other villages that all the tribe might see the celebrated white brave and take a hand in his punishment. At each village he was tied to a stake and beaten by squaws and children. It was proposed to burn him later. On his cruel pilgrimage between the villages he once made his escape. Owing to his wonderful physical powers and speed he got clear of his pursuers, but unfortunately ran into another party of Indians, and being unarmed and exhausted was of course captured. Two different councils sentenced him to the stake. Once when his face was painted black, in sign of his doom, and all preparations were made, he was saved for the moment by his old

companion in Lord Dunmore's war, the renegade Girty, who happened to be in the Indian village. At another time the great chief Logan interceded out of admiration for his bravery.

At length a party of British traders prevailed upon the savages to allow them to ransom Simon and take him to Detroit, saying that the British governor wished to gain information concerning American settlements in Kentucky, and promising to return Simon for further torturous pastimes; a promise, however, which they had no intention of fulfilling. At Detroit the hardy Simon recovered from his terrible injuries, but had to work like a convict. In a few weeks, however, in company with two other Kentucky captives, he succeeded in making his escape. A young squaw who had fallen in love with Simon secured guns for the three. They got clear of the British fort and made their way straight through the hostile Indian country, having stirring adventures and being twice nearly captured, but in the end reaching Kentucky in safety.

After such mishaps and sufferings one would think that Simon would have been contented to keep within the protection of the settlements for the rest of his days. But as soon as he was rested from his perilous journey he started for the Illinois country to visit his old leader Clark at Vincennes, and had one or two thrilling adventures on the way. Later we find him fighting Indians and making raids at the head of a small band of frontiersmen. Clark had made him a captain of border fighters, but he was always more successful as an individual scalp hunter. For a short time he settled in the Blue Grass region which he had discovered, and built there a small stockade; but Simon could no more keep to a humdrum life than a duck can keep to dry land.

In 1870 when Clark led his Kentuckians against the Shawnees, Kenton, as a matter of course, volunteered. At Pickaway he was the maddest fighter in the van. At this village he had suffered horribly during his captivity, and now he had the gratification of helping to burn and plunder it. He served with Clark to the end of that leader's fighting career. Simon simply could not keep away from Indian troubles, and so he took service with General Wayne when

that commander achieved his great victory of the Fallen Timbers, and as an old man Simon marched with Harrison and bore a part in the decisive battle of the Thames when Tecumseh fell. He fought valiantly, even desperately, in the various battles and sieges in which he was engaged, but won no new laurels. In truth he was less distinguished at fighting by rule and with disciplined troops, nor was he a conspicuous success as a captain under Clark, but he shone with a greater luster than most of his backwoods friends when left entirely to his own resources. Give him his trusty, long-barreled gun and let him plunge into a wilderness infested with skulking, prowling savages, and he had few equals. He was at his best when alone or with but one or two frontiersmen, following the trail of red hostiles or being pursued by them. He loved danger of this kind, and was cunning, resourceful and sagacious, though oftentimes foolishly brave. There was no chance he was not ready to take if an Indian's horse or scalp was to be gained, and when the peril was such that he could not light a fire to cook his food, or so imminent as to bewilder and confuse the faculties of most men, then Simon seems to have experienced only a stimulating and pleasurable excitement.

He had married during one of his brief respites from fighting, and, familiar as he was with the whole country, had taken up large tracts of the best land of Kentucky. He supposed himself a rich man, as riches went in those days, and was so generous that he gave away to friends several valuable farms. But the title to much of his property, owing to imperfect surveys and descriptions, or to carelessness on his part in perfecting titles, proved defective; and swindling speculators seem ever to have been on the alert to take advantage of the old hero's ignorance and simplicity. He found at the end of his fighting career that he was poor, and that even his little log shack stood upon ground claimed by another. He was even arrested for debt under the warranty clause of some of his conveyances, and was for a time in jail. Old and broken, harassed by processes that he did not understand, he left the now prosperous but ungrateful state and settled in Ohio, where he dwelt in poverty and

obscurity. One more public event awaited him. In 1824, when in utter want, he journeyed to Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, to see if the legislature would not release one poor tract of his land that had been forfeited to the state for taxes. The ragged and broken old man was at first ridiculed in the streets, but was finally recognized by a former companion in arms and a great fuss was now made over him. He was escorted to the legislative hall, placed in the speaker's chair, and much useless flummery and speeches about the gallant pioneers of old were indulged in. But the unsophisticated Simon was made happy by all this empty distinction, and the legislature did remit the taxes on a tract of worthless mountain land. Subsequently a trifling pension of about two hundred and fifty dollars a year was granted Kenton, so that he did not have to find a refuge in a pauper's home. He died in Logan County, Ohio, in 1836.

Clark, Boone, and Kenton are the archetypes of distinct classes of Kentucky pioneers, and it is sad to relate that all three of them died in indigence. As we have said, Clark was far the ablest, and he was the only one of all those early backwoodsmen who took a statesmanlike view of their mission and clearly foresaw the measureless destinies of the West. Boone was a natural leader of small bands of hardy frontiersmen, and may be said to have founded, and in its early, crucial stages, to have preserved, the commonwealth of Kentucky. But Simon Kenton was the highest and best type of the individual Indian fighter, and his life abounds in such stories of adventure as we have narrated. The services of men of his kind were incalculable. They fought the savages in the only way they could be successfully fought in those early times and conditions, without discipline, and after the Indians' own method. Their lives were simple and harsh and full of peril, but they were strong, free, loyal and fearless, and their deeds made it possible for those who followed them to fell the forest, to plow and plant and reap in peace. Before those achievements of "The Builders" of which Mr. Paine so graphically tells us, the ground everywhere had first to be won and held by rough men like Simon Kenton.

THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



THE Shoshone Falls on the Snake River in southern Idaho rank among the most imposing in the world, yet they have received scant attention. Even the railway officials are woefully lacking in knowledge of how to get to them.

I stopped off one night at Shoshone, supposing I was to go next day from there a twenty-five-mile journey by stage to the falls, but I found the stage had long been discontinued and that I must travel a roundabout route by rail, a distance of one hundred miles.

Minidoka is the junction station on the main line, and thence one has to go by a branch road to Twin Falls City. This branch road had been called into existence within a year by irrigation. The region for hundreds of miles was a sagebrush plain rising and falling in long swells and broken here and there with ragged gullies. But an irrigation company was now ready to furnish water for three hundred thousand acres, and the government was preparing to supply a flow for half as much more territory. So the entire fifty miles along the railroad had suddenly become populous with those who are ever on the watch to rush into any district that is opened up.

I saw the cabins of the homesteaders dotting the landscape far out into the dreary desert on either side of the railroad. "When I come here a year ago," said the brakeman on the train, "there was nothin' doin' at all, and now the country is thickly settled. No crops will go in this year on the government property, because the canals ain't finished. The people living on the land have no chance for any present income from their claims. All they can do

is to make sure of 'em. You're obliged to spend part of your time on your property and put up a house and make some improvements. Usually a man's house is a one-room shack—just a little board shed as cheap as it can be made. Even then it costs seventy-five or one hundred dollars, for lumber is expensive and it all has to come in by railroad.

"About the only work that can be done on the land is to grub up the sagebrush and build fences. Some hack at the sagebrush by hand, but most hire a machine which claws it out at a cost of three dollars an acre. After that job is done the brush has to be piled up and burned. There ain't many who can afford to stay continually on their places. They've got to go and rustle to get money to make payments, and they put in most of their time workin' on the railroad, or in some town, or on a ranch. If a man has a family he leaves them to hold down the claim. I've got a claim myself, and so have several other fellows workin' on the train.

"This country is said to assay ninety per cent. sagebrush and sand, and ten per cent. wind. We always get the wind on such a big open plain as this, but the soil is rich, and as soon as the crops are growing things will look very different. Some say the hot wind blowing from the desert will make us trouble, and that with the fine sand it carries along it will bruise the foliage of our crops and spoil everything. The better the irrigation is, they say, the more tender the crops will grow, and the worse they'll be damaged; but I'm willing to risk it."

Now and then the train stopped at a little town consisting of a cluster of shops, saloons and homes, all perfectly new and distressingly bare of vegetation. There were no embowering trees and vines, and



The Shoshone Falls—a magnificent sight after the silent, monotonous prairie.



A clumsy, flat-bottomed ferryboat crossed back and forth above the rapids.



A family of travelers were camped in a hollow among the rocks.

none of the repose that comes with age. Twin Falls was like the other villages, but larger and carefully laid out with broad streets, and it even had its public park. Everywhere in and around the town were the irrigation channels, some wide, some narrow, but all of them filled with a muddy flow of water, and it was this water which was to make the dead desert a land of plenty.

The town had started in the sagebrush and grown from nothing within about a twelvemonth to a place of over one thousand inhabitants. The man who had been there a full year was an old settler—a pioneer. This was to be the metropolis of the irrigated country, and it already had some quite substantial buildings, and the place resounded with the blows of hammers and the clink of trowels. As a whole, small structures were the predominant ones, and shanty houses, often scarcely larger than a good-sized dry goods box, were common. Some people were dwelling in tents, or in the upper portion of a covered wagon that had been lifted off the wheels and set on the ground.

The Shoshone Falls were seven miles distant, and I decided to walk thither. The route was not very direct, for I had to follow the right-angled roads with which the country had been laid off. An uneasy wind blew, and every now and then a rotary current would start and catch up a flurry of dust. Sometimes the dust would rise in a vague brown column hundreds of feet high, and I frequently had several of these wandering columns in sight at the same time.

The settlers were busy taming the land and putting in their crops. I noticed that the houses were apt to have a heap of sagebrush near them awaiting use as fuel. "That's the only thing growing on the prairie we can burn, except greasewood," one farmer said to me. "The greasewood is scarce, and we'd rather have the sage because it has larger butts. A good deal of coal is shipped in, and we depend on that mostly in cold weather. There was spells, though, last winter, when enough didn't arrive to go around, and we had to go scratching after sage. The poor families suffered some in the towns, and when things were very bad the railroad would leave a car of engine coal where people could help

themselves to what they needed. A car that was out over night wouldn't have much left in it by morning. It was understood with the constable that he wasn't to watch very close and was only to arrest chronic swipers who would take the coal to saloons and sell it for booze."

From any rising bit of ground on my walk I could see to the north a dark, irregular rift in the sagebrush barren, and I knew there flowed the Snake River. The rift looked ominous, yet by no means of imposing proportions, and I concluded that any falls it might contain would be a disappointment. At last I left the farmlands behind, and the road became a narrow trail winding along through a strewing of lava blocks. Then I came to the verge of the cañon, which seemed to have expanded as if by magic to a width of half a mile, and which yawned over eight hundred feet in depth. Far down in the chasm was the great foaming waterfall. I had come from the hot, silent, monotonous prairie, wholly unprepared either for so magnificent a sight or for the thunder of waters that sounded in my ears. The gorge itself is of gloomy volcanic rock, devoid of any beauty in color, but savagely impressive by reason of its size and also because its columnar and grottoed walls and vast terraces are suggestive of the planning and labor of some titanic architect and builder.

I wandered for a considerable distance along the verge of the monstrous gorge, and gazed down on the misty fall from the scarp of many a projecting buttress, some of which dropped away almost perpendicularly to the dark stream at the bottom of the cañon. When I at length took advantage of a ravine to descend to lower levels I found the setting of the falls became increasingly attractive; for now the rock walls and black crags towered far above and made a most inspiring spectacle. The river itself is a stream that at the falls flows a full thousand feet wide. Immediately above the leap are rapids and lesser falls, while big boulders and various islets block the way and add to the wild beauty. The vertical final drop is about one hundred and eighty feet, and as you watch the great white tumult of waters going down into the void of foam and flying spray below, you cannot help thinking of Niagara. The latter is not as high, but it is much broader



The gorge about the Falls is of gloomy volcanic rock, and savagely impressive.



The Wandering Minstrels of the Falls.

and carries a far larger amount of water. However, the Shoshone Falls exhibit about as much width and power as the mind can comprehend, and the environment appeals to one decidedly more than does the commonplace level from which the greater fall makes its descent. The onlooker feels satisfied that here is one of the noblest sights on this continent.

High above the walls of the gorge the buzzards soared. During the previous winter the ground had been pretty continuously covered with snow, and there had been much suffering among the cattle on the range. Many had died, and some had fallen over the cliffs of the cañon. So the buzzards hovered about the vicinity in force, for food was plenty. A little apart from the falls, on the tip of an island crag, an eagle had built its nest, though the casual observer would not have thought the rude heap of sticks was anything more than the broken tangle of a dead cedar.

Somewhat farther up the river in the quiet water beyond the rapids was a clumsy flat-bottomed ferryboat. As I watched it ply back and forth I could not help wondering what would happen if the wire broke. Not long ago the present ferryman's predecessor, after imbibing too freely of whiskey, went over the falls in his rowboat, and his body was found in the river below, several days later. One foolhardy adventurer leaped from the crest of the falls. He was an Indian half-breed, and when a comrade dared him to make the jump, down he went. However, he escaped with only a few bruises, and was at once famous. Some showman arranged with him to repeat the exploit; but while making a tour with his protégé in preparation for the event, the half-breed robbed his manager and was lodged in jail.

On a plateau, close by the falls, stands a rusty old hotel. There I lodged, and from its piazza at eventide I looked out on the mists, rosy with the sunset light, hovering over the mighty torrent and pulsating fiercely in the wind, swaying and weaving, now filling the cañon, and again all but disappearing. The volume of water in the river would be very much greater in June, the time of flood, and the spray would then fly over the hotel like rain. On its exposed side the house was kept coated by the spray with a grayish deposit that can only be

removed by the use of an acid. The glass in the upper sashes of the windows was semi-opaque with it, for as this part of the windows was supposed to be hidden by curtains, the hotel people exerted themselves no more than to keep the lower sash clean.

The ground quivered with the pounding of the water, and the hotel was in a tremble and the furniture shaking all night. I was out early and crawled down a narrow gulch among the crannied rocks to the foot of the falls. This was a tooth and nail task, but the view of the roaring cataract from below was well worth the labor. The river here was in violent commotion, and the waves dashed on the rocky shore like the breakers of an angry sea. The scene, no doubt, is far wilder in time of flood, yet the falls must lose in beauty by reason of the vast volumes of obscuring mist. The falls are at their worst in the late summer and early autumn, for then the stream is so low that a large portion of the precipice over which it flows is perfectly bare.

When I left the cañon I found a family of travelers camped in a hollow among the rocks a little before my road reached the level of the prairie. They had a covered wagon and a tent. The man of the family, armed with a gun and accompanied by a small daughter, was just returning from a walk through the sagebrush. "I never bagged a thing," he said. "The only wild creature I've seen to-day is a coyote. It paid us a visit a little before sunrise and sat up here on the rocks howling, and our dog was barking back. I opened the window and poked out my gun and blazed away at him, but he got away."

The man adjusted a folding chair in the shadow of his wagon and invited me to sit down. He said he and his family were all musicians and they went from town to town giving entertainments and playing at dances. The star performer was his youngest girl eight years old, and he had her get out her violin and give me a sample of her art. The music was very pleasing, for the child played sweetly and simply and with delightful ease. Best of all, her music was accompanied by the solemn melody of the great waterfall in the depths of the black gorge that yawned close at hand. This final experience is one of the most poetic memories I have of the Niagara of the West.

NO TROUT BROOK

BY CLARENCE DEMING



THE name of the old Yankee township was Edom—a scriptural title whereto hung a tradition perpetuated by the local graybeards. As the ancient tale ran, dating far back in the mists of the eighteenth century, there came a time when the residents of a corner of a big township—originally bought from the Indians for twelve flintlock muskets and an iron pot—sought authority in the General Court of the colony to erect a new township of their own. As it chanced, they sent as petitioners a delegation wearing homespun of a strange hue. This stirred some derision in the General Court, one of whose members, half in jest, flung at the delegation the biblical query: “Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah?” The staid lawmakers smiled, next took the utterance as inspiration and urged Bozrah for the name of the new town as against the local preference for some more secular title. Finally Edom was accepted as a compromise. Vainly will you seek Edom on the map or in gazetteer. It is there, but under another name, here masked in deference to local sentiment.

The village of Edom, where focused the social life of the township, was typical of New England soil and tradition. It was bunched closely around the little central green, flanked by two rival stores, the gaunt meeting-house where the congregation fed weekly on fiery dogma, the blacksmith shop echoing its cheery anvil solo, the tavern—compound of farm dwelling and boarding house—and the sequence of village homes differing less in architecture and size than in residuary paint. Thirty

years ago the village had begun to take on that lusterless and washed-out local tint that marks the center of the expiring New England farm town whose young bone and sinew have merged in the long procession of sons of the soil moving to the cities and to the West. But Edom had one resource in the nature of a by-product, albeit minor in economic value. It stood near the center of a region famed for troutng and worthy of its renown. Nature’s broad framework of the village was in every quarter a rare medley of shaggy mountain, forest and dale, deep valleys through which poured strong, foamy streams, brooks trickling through meadow and, anon, dashing over mossy rock, and a few deep swamps girt by thick brushwood quite unfishable and an asylum for the trout o’ winters. Spite of a springtime horde of exotic fishers, equipped with the newest and most killing tackle of their craft, Edom’s *Salmo fontinalis*, protected by alder and brier bush, where once was open meadow and pasture, seemed to thrive as the abandoned farm went down.

Thus it came to be that Edom won a kind of highhook repute as an upland fishing resort and begot, in particular, three characters, all of the potfisher class. Of these Jem Smith was the potfisher overlord. What Jem, by virtue—or vice—of long experience didn’t know of times and places and obscure corners and springholes for trout-taking didn’t seem worth trying to find out. He had a dark reputation for quick but deadly fishing of posted streams by the dawn’s earliest flush, and the mighty strings of trout which he expressed to the nearest urban markets in the early morning of the first day of the “open” season smacked either of lawless prevision or the superhuman powers of the fish-god of the

Phœnicians. Bracketed with Jem was Bill Tyler who, however, had a different sphere of effort. It was Bill who played pilot to the angling plutocrats who came in from the factory towns, drove them to the points of trouty vantage, made fiscal truce for them with the embattled landowner and tarried for them downstream—meanwhile intermitting visits to the cheering flask with dreams of the five dollar note *in futuro*. Tom Marsh, third of the village trio, was of yet another breed. He was Edom's potfisher emeritus. Age had bleared his eyes, "rheumatiz," pervasive, persistent and acute, had stiffened his lower joints, and how he lived was a fathomless mystery. But as his nether parts palsied his brain grew brisk. Trouting legends and memories poured from his lips like Tennyson's endless brook. To sit on the barrel head of the village grocery and hear Tom—on another barrel head—descant on fishy prowess was like fishing through the Lick Telescope. All his trout were salmon and his black bass whales.

The time was thirty years ago when The Stranger—he is not far from the writer at this moment—first visited Edom, the guest of an old college chum who was not stirred by the divine angling afflatus. The Stranger, yearning for sport, had thus, perforce, to seek it under his limitations of local ignorance or, by advice of his chum, transmute Bill Tyler's mercenary wisdom into base dollars. There were but two days of grace, one of them Sunday and an Edom *dies non* for angling. It was just here, as The Stranger was in moral vibration between the appeal to self-reliance and the seductions of Bill Tyler's lore, that No Trout Brook entered the story. Its real name was—and is—Round Brook, so called because it half circles the village, its arc nowhere more distant from the church than two stone-throws; but for reasons to be made manifest in the sequel No Trout Brook it is lettered here and so shall stay.

Saying nothing of the close touch of the village and its life, The Brook, on the superficial view, had few credentials of a "live" trout stream. It was not very abundant as to its waters—something midway 'twixt rivulet and real brook—its current not very swift, no outward semblance even of dashing waterfall, and the angler's eye at first missed the foamy rapid breaking into

ripple and slanting into stiller depths at whose upper slope, just as the current begins to still, the trout loves to abide. All these things thought out The Stranger as, pipe in hand, on Sunday afternoon, he leaned on the moss-grown side-pole of the highway bridge only a few rods below the village green. Was it some flashing memory of Richard Jeffrey's "London Trout" or the ingrained angling instinct which just then prompted him to lean far over and scan the pool where the deeper current eddied past a big stone of the abutment? Ha! What was that quick shadow which seemed to melt under the edge? Was it a sucker, large dace, mere fancy of the angler's tense imagination, or was it a veritable trout? Probing by stick brought out no fish, and The Stranger gave over the trout hypothesis. But the angling impulse to further quest had entered his soul, and he began exploration of The Brook for a matter of twenty rods or so above the highway.

The sky was overcast, the shadows deep on the bottoms and he happened to see no trout. What he did find was a stream which, barring its course at the very back gardens of the villagers, belied the first shallow inference and took on a distinct trouty cast. It whirled around roots and under overlapping banks. It had sharp corners where the currents had bored under gnarled willow clumps. Here and there the ripples drifted under overhanging brush into reaches of still water; and there were even a few wavy rapids, though on a pygmy scale. A little farther upstream the brook in strange fashion dwarfed to a mere rivulet. Brief but sharp scrutiny brought out the occult cause. Bordering the stream was a sloping swamp of about a quarter acre, saturated with water which filled, still, clear and cold, every little nook and filtered slowly to the stream. It was a great natural sponge filled with spring water and the main source of The Brook. On the negative side of the trout diagnosis was the village *débris*—the broken crockery, the rust-eaten can and, tumbled sidewise in a deep pool near the bridge, an antiquated wash-boiler—that here and there projected from the bottom sands; and many a juvenile boot track and the sandpits pock-marked by little toes proved that the small boy of Edom after his fashion knew the

stream. But the freshets of No Trout Brook had swept away most of the defiling débris and purified and half-buried the rest; while, as to the small boy, his traces argued fugitive sucker or dace rather than captive trout—the game fish, as the outcome proved, being educated by the Edom boy into the shy shrewdness that protected him from commonplace fishcraft.

But The Stranger's analysis of The Brook, as a whole, was negative; and his illusion was deepened by a later interview with Tom Marsh. Tom—under suspicion of a local trout trust, with himself, Bill Tyler and Jem Smith in the combination—on the general subject of Edom's trout streams was not responsive. But the hint that there might be good fish in No Trout Brook he spurned with jocund sincerity. "Might as well," quoth Tom, "bob fer whales in a washtub as try fer traouts in Raound Brook. But we used naow and thin to ketch lots there if yer got in fust arter a shaower. Gosh! What a big pan full me and my oldest boy, Tom, ketched thar one July—'twas the year of the Hard Cider campaign. Lots of 'em weighed a paound each. Nowadays only the boys go thar to ketch dace and stun suckers. Traout wouldn't live in the brook naow if yer paid them ninepence a minnit and flung in a cigar ter boot." Tom was so obviously frank that the visitor took his dogmatism for verity. What chance was there, after all, that trout would live unknown right under Edom's village eaves and the nostrils of her skilled fishers! It was in the sequel pure luck more than angling logic that won the game.

Next morning The Stranger, long hesitant between very doubtful trouting and the relative certitudes of skittering for pickerel on the weedy shores of Long Pond a mile away, at last chose the quest of the more vulgar fish. As a starter—before the first pickerel could be served as "cut" bait to cannibal brethren—a few shiners were craved. A borrowed scoop net of a neighbor furnished him equipment, and, booted high in rubbers, he took his first dash into No Trout Brook under the highway bridge at the foot of the pool leading up to the abutment. Driving the shiners upstream to the narrows, he reached the rock of his Sunday day-dream. "Try it again with the net" whispered Angling Instinct.

Tested it was with the net set just below and a series of rapid "chugs" o' foot under the edge. There was a dash of spectral shadow moving netward; a sharp tug at the net's bottom; and a rush to shore and quick drop brought The Brook's secret to light. It was a trout of half-pound weight, full fleshed, yellow breasted, deep spotted, one of those ideal fish on which the ardent angler's eye tarries lovingly and long. But it was more than a single trout illegally, though not immorally, taken and for the law's sake and in the spirit of angling honor and good faith to be gently turned again home. It was a forecast, a demonstration, and the prelude of The Stranger's red-lettered day in a life-time of trouting annals.

Minutes seemed hours as The Stranger rushed homeward and, thrilled to inmost marrow with the angler's joy of battle, girded on his fishy armor for conquest of The Brook. The task, indeed, was one for the angler's supremest skill. No case was this of the guileless trout of the wilds eager for the bait, but, conversely, the trout furtive, shy, harassed and educated by human environment. Nor was the choice of tackle a light thing. Well-nigh useless was the fly for a stream narrow, grass-edged, bush-fringed and rarely widening to pools; and vain too would be the common worm and sinker plashing their watery note of warning. The call was for the gossamer line, the thin gut leader, the slim angle worm, the pygmy hook. All these The Stranger gave thanks for as well as for a rod haply long, flexible enough for distant and accurate cast, stout enough to "snap" out a trout forty feet away from the reel; and he had gratitude as deep for an open-and-shut May day with now and then little bursts of shower quivering on the bud and bloom of apple tree—sure mark of the full ripeness of the spring trouting season.

His outfit ready, it was perhaps three minutes after passing through The Squire's back yard that he found himself at the natural sponge aforesaid, whence The Brook drew its vital streams. First the little run-let above was, in angling sense, "tasted," but with no bites—a streamlet too small for hopes and only tested provisionally. Just below the sponge No Trout Brook, now enlarged, poured damlike over a plank,

thence swirled sidewise under a lichened rock. There was a snap, a quick run, a straightening of the line, a sharp counter snap, and the first trout fell leaping on the turf.

Then followed a bit of the most painstaking fishing in angling memory. Step by step and foot by foot The Brook was tried out. Every nook and corner, each eddy and turn was searched by the bait, crosswise, up and down, but always with the long throw and gentle cast; and at places on the first trip down The Stranger must cut away the overhanging willows to give access to new pools. He recalls now, as though it were but yesterday, how No Trout Brook's fish that day nibbled rather than bit, how the deft hand had to meet the quick runs to cover, and how many were lost at the first trial trip and taken on later rounds.

Five times up and down The Stranger whipped No Trout Brook's arc of maybe fifty rods from the natal sponge to where the stream lost itself in a millpond fed chiefly by a larger tributary. It was just at the close of his three hours of victorious fishcraft that his most unique experience came.

In the deep still pool just above the bridge, there lay on its battered side part buried in the sand the rusty wash-boiler mentioned heretofore. Over and over again The Stranger had passed it by carelessly. But just before taking apart his rod, the bruised household relic caught his eye seriously. Yet more in joke than earnest he flung the bait at its opening. A fishy head moved slowly and slyly out, bait and sinker vanished in the relic and, two seconds later, a six-ounce trout was landed struggling and amazed on the sward—fit episode to crown the fishy oddities of a half day whose summary was twenty-two trout, yellow chested, round-backed, in prime flesh and flavor, many of six ounces, few below a quarter pound. Among them was *not* the half-pounder that

had betrayed the secret of The Brook. Health and long life, the happiest of waters and the daintiest of flies, go back to him as greeting from the grateful angler across the wide span of time!

The Stranger unjointed his rod, duly "deaconed" his well-filled creel of fish with the still gasping trout hidden at the bottom, and with loftier stature and several new inches of chest expansion hied him over the few rods homeward.

Just before he reached the grocery—shadowed by local hints of drinks more bracing than ginger beer and lemon pop—Jem Smith and Tom Marsh emerged. It was a piscatorial crisis. The quiz was sure and imminent and the peril great either to No Trout Brook's hidden gold or to the visitor's breeding in the truth. Was there not a midway path of evasion? Might not the trout have been caught in jocular vein "over by the red barn" or "down toward Dawsonville"—technically correct, as that township was seven miles southerly in the same general compass line from Edom village as No Trout Brook; or, happy inspiration, would not the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth prove the telling bluff?

"Hullo," said Tom, "been a-fishin'? Give us a look"—and he looked.

"Gee! cotched 'em this time didn't yer! Where'd yer fish?"

"Round Brook."

"Haw, haw, haw! That's a good 'un. Say it again slow so as to give me more time to swallow."

Jem Smith eyed the trout satirically. "That top fish," said he, "ain't a minnit less nor three hour out of the drink. Guess yer got up airy, didn't yer, and hoofed it daown south four mile ter Spruce Brook? Waal, ef a new chap ken hook such a mess ef fish in Spruce Brook, I'm daown there myself ter-morrer."

Thus did the truth prevail—not for extending knowledge but to fatten ignorance.



THE STORY OF A COPPER MINE

BY RALPH D. PAINE



THE spell of the gold chase has stirred the hearts and dazzled the eyes of strong and adventurous men even from the time of King Solomon's mines, down through the ages to the frenzied rush of the Argonauts and the invasion of frozen Alaska. The so-called baser metals have been sought and found in more prosaic fashion, and their story seems bare of romance and hazard. Yet copper and iron, for example, have done more to make this country great and strong than all the gold that ever was mined. And if one will take the trouble to explore the stories of their part in national upbuilding, there will be found much of that picturesque and pioneering spirit which has marked the trail of the gold-seeker.

Little more than a half century has passed since copper was the lure that led men to explore a wilderness as near home as the upper peninsula of Michigan, and to reveal a magnificent storehouse of treasure on the shores of Lake Superior. Late into the last century that region was considered so hopeless a wilderness, fit only for the Indian, the fur trader and the trapper, that Michigan made vehement protest against its inclusion within her borders, and almost put the matter to a clash of arms with the state forces of Ohio. The pioneer settlers of what was then the remote West were not looking for iron or copper. They had neither the means for transportation nor manufacture, and they pressed on past the Lake Superior country with an indifference that seems amazing in the light of after events.

It had been known for centuries that this

region was rich in minerals. The hardy Jesuits who were as keen prospectors after natural resources as after aboriginal souls, found copper by the shore of the inland sea that was later called Lake Superior. And as early as 1640, a history of America written in French declared that "there are in this region mines of copper, tin, antimony and lead." The Indians of that time were mining copper in crude fashion, but even they were not the pioneer discoverers. Stone hammers were found beside ancient workings whose mounds of earth were topped by trees of primeval growth. More remarkable than this, hewn wooden props, not wholly decayed, were found supporting masses of copper mined in a prehistoric age. The Mound Builders, or a race akin to them, had discovered and exploited, without the aid of a promotion syndicate or an issue of watered stock, the earliest American copper mines.

A hundred and forty years ago an adventurous Englishman, Captain Jonathan Carver, voyaged Lake Superior and went home to form a company for developing the mineral wealth of that trackless territory. English investors were more timid then than now about American securities, and Captain Carver, who deserved a better fortune for his daring enterprise, saw his schemes go glimmering.

It was left for a young American geologist, Douglas Houghton, to explore this peninsula and awaken his countrymen to the riches that lay at their hand. He perished in a storm on Lake Superior at the age of thirty-six, but his brief career wrought a mighty work for his nation. In a birch-bark canoe he skirted the south shore of Lake Superior for voyage after voyage, making observations and gathering data with the eye of a practical scientist and the

imagination of a tamer of wilderness places. In 1841 he submitted a report to the state government of Michigan in whose employ he was, and there began a rush of treasure seekers into a country far more inaccessible than the Klondike of to-day.

Copper was the prize sought by thousands of prospectors, most of whom struggled with the severest hardships only to abandon their claims in disgust and return to civilization empty-handed. But a beginning had been made and American enterprise, no longer content to let England enjoy what was almost a monopoly of the copper production of the world, buckled down to the task of opening its own mines.

This was long before the discovery of the great deposits of Montana which have yielded fabulous wealth for the copper kings of Butte and Anaconda and Helena. Nor has the Lake Superior region been besmirched by such a colossal war of greed as has befouled Montana politics and made its copper mines a by-word for stock jobbery, and a gorgeous variety of corruption. By contrast, it is as wholesome and clean a story of American commercial success as one can find, this development of the copper resources of the Lake Superior region, as typified in the famous Calumet and Hecla Mine.

Copper is a sturdy king among metals to-day. As the Age of Steel has followed the Age of Iron, so the succeeding industrial epoch is to be the Age of Electricity, whose foundation is Copper. Already this metal adds five hundred million dollars each year to the wealth of the world, and its reign is no more than in its sturdy youth. Here, for example, is this Calumet and Hecla property which has never gained that kind of spectacular notoriety that is given a famous gold mine. Yet the product of this one group of shafts has paid more dividends than have been reaped by any other mining corporation in the world.

Almost one hundred million dollars have been paid to the lucky stockholders in the last thirty-five years, on a total capitalization of only two and a half millions. In one recent period of five years the mine paid twenty-seven million dollars in dividends, or more than double its capital stock each year. Small wonder that the group of conservative Boston men who direct this magnificent bonanza have

fought shy of such top-heavy and inflated combinations as "Amalgamated Copper."

The Calumet and Hecla mines were discovered forty years ago. Tradition has it that an astute and industrious pig, while rooting amid the forests a few miles back from Lake Superior, turned up the chunk of copper which unearthed this hidden mine. The pig story is plausible enough and has no lack of historical confirmation from various other sources. In fact, it is a sort of historical mode or fashion for famous mines to have been discovered by an inquisitive pig or a wandering burro with an agile hoof. Somewhere in Mexico there is a silver pig with jeweled eyes, holding a place of honor in a cathedral in memory of the location of a fine silver mine by one of these porcine prospectors. In crediting a pig with the discovery of Calumet and Hecla the traditions have been faithfully observed.

The Calumet and Hecla of to-day is worth a visit as an impressive object lesson of how well a great corporation can look after its properties and employees without impairing its dividends. It can be said of certain other American corporations that their properties were discovered by men and have been managed by pigs ever since. The Calumet and Hecla has reversed this procedure.

* As you come to the copper country after a voyage up the lake in a steamer, there is little to suggest that devastation of God's green landscape which elsewhere goes hand in hand with mining operations. Back of the city of Houghton rises a range of billowing hills, wooded with a second growth of timber. Against the sky-line looms a red shaft house or two, looking not wholly unlike grain elevators. And along the crest of the hill trails a long train of ore-laden cars like a monstrous snake. The scattered towns through which the trolley takes you on the way to Calumet have little of that ugliness and squalor of most mining communities, nor is the air heavy with smoke and foul with vapors. The clean breeze sweeps over fields and patches of woodland, and you perceive that this is a far more attractive landscape than that which is left in the wake of the coal or iron miner. In fact, the tall, red shaft houses which dot the fields are almost the only signs of the prodigious activity that toils underground by night and day.

CHORUS

"Pay-day comes on Saturday,
Restin' time on Sunday,
Shall we work or shall we play
'Pon Maaze Monday? *

"Ef not chucked weth powder smawk
And the smill of dyneemite,
Tes so aisy straight to walk
As for dogs to bark and bite;
But touch-pipe in kiddlywink,
Weth some fourp'ny for to drink,
Reason 'pon its throne will rock
Forgettin' old Wheal Damsel.
Oh, there's trouble in the glass,
Wuss than boyer-baiten,
When the thirsty time do pass,
Peggy's tongue es waiten."

Scattered over this rolling country are a dozen different towns, all part of one vast mining camp, Hecla and Calumet, Red Jacket, Blue Jacket, Yellow Jacket, Wolverine, Tamarack, Osceola and Laurium. More than forty thousand people live in these towns and depend on copper for their livelihood. Five thousand men work for the Calumet and Hecla company, and more than half of this army is employed in the underground workings. There are more miles of streets beneath the surface than in the towns on top. Two hundred miles of shafts, drifts and cross-cuts honeycomb the earth as far down as a mile from the surface. To support this amazing system of underground highways, this company uses thirty million feet of timber every year. It is clearing the country of timber for five hundred miles and is eating up the northwestern forest faster than all the lumbering interests. The company has its own logging crews and mills and its great forests. Its lumbering activity is a huge industry in itself.

This upper corner of the stanch American state of Michigan is a show-ground of the people of thirty nations at work, side by side, in peace and comfort. The native-born is outnumbered on a basis of one American to a hundred foreigners. The Cornwall and Finnish miners lead in numbers, followed by the Irish, Scotch, Welsh, German, Polish, French, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Polanders, Russians, Hollanders, Greek, Swiss, Austrians, Belgians, Negroes, Slavs, Bohemians, with a sprinkling above ground of Chinese, Arabians, Persians, and one family of Laplanders.

This is an amazing medley of races, in which the American seems fairly lonesome. Among the local newspapers are the *Weekly Glasnik*, the *Daily Parvatehti*, the *American Soumetar*, and *La Sentinelli*. Even the leading American newspaper publishes for the benefit of its subscribers a daily column in the dialect of Cornwall which includes such poetic gems as this:

"Wheal Damsel es a fitty mine,
Next door to Wheal Kiser;
Ef the sun forgot to shine
We should never miss her;
Give us candle, clay and cap,
We can see where we must stap,
Ef to work we do incline,
Down to Old Wheal Damsel.

The men from Cornwall chuckle over such bits of the home tongue as this, but need no "Maaze Monday" to recover from the effects of visiting the saloons of Calumet or Red Jacket. In fact, this polyglot community is so singularly law-abiding that the horde of sociologists that is rampant in the land should organize a personally conducted tour to this favored community. There is no municipal police force in the district. The towns are under the supervision of a few constables and watchmen, after the manner of one of the old-fashioned New England village communities. There are no strikes, and therefore no need for an emergency police to suppress organized disorders. The Calumet and Hecla company maintains a metropolitan fire department of its own and carries its own insurance. This relieves the towns from the burden of fire protection.

In the town of Calumet two-thirds of the public revenue is received from saloons' license fees, and yet drunkenness seldom becomes disorderly. This town has an income of sixty thousand dollars a year from fees and taxes, and the officials have on their hands the problem of spending a handsome surplus for the benefit of their community. They are using it in paving streets and other permanent improvements instead of in supporting a police force and paying salaries to a lot of political barnacles.

This Calumet, a large and thriving town composed of men of more than a score of different nations, is so much more advanced than most American cities that it

* In the old days Cornish miners used to require the Monday after pay-day to get over the effects of visiting the kiddlywink, or village public house—hence the name "Maaze Monday."



Photograph by Isler.

A logging yard of a copper mine which eats up 30,000,000 feet of lumber every year.

has a municipal theater, built by the public funds at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. This handsome stone playhouse is leased to a manager who pays the town four per cent. interest on its investment, and who is held responsible for the conduct of the enterprise on a popular and efficient basis.

Here is a large community peopled by foreigners who are alleged to be pouring into this country faster than we can absorb them. They are called a menace to our institutions, and agitators declare that Americanism will be submerged by this swelling tide. The Calumet and Hecla company has worked out its own solution of the immigration problem. Its miners and their families are treated as human beings, and they are good enough Americans to put to shame the spirit and achievements of many a community which brags of its native stock. This company has no complaint to make on the score of lack of efficiency among its employees because they are given a fair show to live decently and make their communities clean and prosperous. It has gone about the business of assimilating a foreign population by methods which do not seem to have occurred to the Chicago packers.

The company owns about twelve hundred dwelling houses in the towns around its mines. They are rented to employees

at an average charge of six per cent. on the actual cost of the building, plus the cost of maintenance. The miners pay from six to eight dollars a month in rent for the small frame houses, not tenements, with a patch of ground big enough for a kitchen garden. Wages are never reduced to fatten dividends. And wages have been good enough to permit one thousand of these miners to purchase outright from the company their own homes, which is a pretty solid argument in itself.

On the company's lands there are about thirty churches, occupied by more than a dozen denominations. The company gave the sites for all these churches, and in many cases has furnished cash aid toward the erection and maintenance funds, without regard to creed. There are eight schoolhouses on the Calumet and Hecla property, most of which were built by the corporation. In these schoolhouses the children of Finns and Welsh and Slavs and Germans, along with the children of twenty other nationalities are fused as in a melting pot to become good Americans of the second generation speaking English as their common tongue, and saluting the Stars and Stripes about their buildings.

A handsome stone library was built by the company without the aid of Andrew Carnegie, for it has been the policy here to return some of the profits, in building insti-

tutions to better the condition of the toilers who helped make the wealth, instead of scattering these profits elsewhere. This free library contains more than sixteen thousand volumes in a score of languages, and it is used and enjoyed by the men and women of all the races that live in this region. There is a fine stone club house built for the miners by their employers, containing bathrooms, bowling alleys, etc. There is also at Lake Linden, where the stamp mills and smelters are, a combination library and club house.

The company maintains for its people a hospital that is widely noted for the completeness of its surgical and laboratory apparatus. A dozen physicians of the hospital staff are ready to respond to the call of any miner or his family needing their services. In 1877 a miners' benefit fund was founded by the company, and its management was turned over to a board of directors chosen by the workmen. This fund pays death and disability benefits, and has disbursed an immense sum since its beginning, every dollar of which has gone to the sick or injured, or to families who

have lost their breadwinners by accident or disease.

Whenever a surplus has accumulated in this fund, it has been invested in the shares of the company, bought in the open market, and this kind of investment has been notably profitable. In one recent year the outlay in benefits from this fund was sixty-five thousand dollars, and the value of the fund, or reserve and surplus in hand, was a hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars. To maintain this fund every employee of the company pays from his wages fifty cents a month. And for every fifty cents paid in by the miner, the company adds to the fund a half dollar from its own pockets. It is therefore a combined charity, philanthropy and assessment organization which has acted as a splendid factor in promoting contentment and keeping at arm's length the sufferings of helpless poverty.

Copper mining is clean work, as mining goes, and the men behind this gigantic enterprise have tried to make their miners feel that thrift and comfort can be theirs for a little effort. The prudent Finnish and English miners save their wages with



Timbering in the Calumet and Hecla Mine—one of the deepest shafts in the world.

an eye to the future. As soon as they have funds ahead, they begin to look up cheap farming and timber tracts for settlement. Then they move their families out of the copper country, and swing the axe instead of the pick, and get their little farms under way. Thus they help to build up the new country of Northern Michigan, and to found American families close to the soil whence the strength of the nation has come.

But as long as they dwell within the shadows of the tall, red shaft houses of Calumet and Hecla, they think and talk little else beside copper. They keep in touch with the copper mines and markets of the world, from Montana to Australia, and from the Rio Tinto in Spain to the deep pits of Cornwall. One of these thrifty towns strikes the stranger as too big for its population. There are few men in the streets through the daylight hours, and the long blocks of stores seem deserted. Here is a world in which half of the men are underground and a good share of the remainder asleep at home, wherefore you can see the whole town above ground and in the streets only on Sunday. These miners go deep after copper. If you go to the famous Red Jacket shaft, for instance, you find the most powerful hoisting machinery in the world, huge engines of as much as eight thousand horse power which reel and unreel drums of wire cable that wind down a straight mile below the surface. These engines hoist ten-ton cars of ore one mile at the rate of forty miles an hour, or from the bottom to the top of this stupendous hole in the ground, in ninety seconds. This is the deepest mining shaft in the world. Apart from this fact, perhaps the most interesting feature of the Red Jacket shaft is in the theory that it is possible to detect the effect of the earth's revolution in a hole as deep as this. No less an authority than President McNair of the Michigan College of Mines has explained the belief that nothing dropped in this deepest of mining shafts can ever reach bottom without colliding with the east side of the shaft.

"This is due to the motion of the earth," said he. "The article dropped, no matter what its shape or size may be, will invariably be found clinging to the east side of the shaft. One day a monkey wrench was

dropped by a miner, but it failed to reach the bottom and was found lodged against the east side of the shaft several hundred feet down. We decided that to make a proper test of the theory, it would be worth while to experiment with a small, heavy, spherical body. So we suspended a marble tied with a thread about twelve feet below the mouth of the shaft. We then burned the thread with a lighted match in order not to disturb the exact fall of the marble. About five hundred feet down, it brought up against the east side of the shaft. When miners have fallen down the shaft the result has been similar. Their bodies, badly torn, have been found lodged against the east side of the shaft. A carload of rock was dumped down the deepest mining shaft in South Africa, but not a particle of it reached the bottom."

Professor McNair has said also, that the limit of depth to which mines can be driven and worked has not yet been reached. The temperature at the bottom of the Red Jacket was almost ninety degrees when it was first opened, but this has been reduced by ventilation to between seventy and eighty degrees, at which miners work in comparative comfort. In the opinion of Professor McNair, the Red Jacket shaft will supply the most valuable data ever gathered relating to the thickness and densities of the earth's crust. "The deep shafts in other parts of the world begin at an altitude, and end at, or above, sea level," said he, "whereas this shaft pierces the earth's crust deeper and farther below the ocean level than any other hole in existence. Scientific investigations have been in progress for some time, and we hope to make public some interesting results."

It is a fascinating hole in the ground, simply because of its amazing depth, but it is not an easy hole to enter if you are not personally vouched for by President Agassiz of the Calumet and Hecla company. Strangers are not admitted, and the reason is startling. Underground fires have imperilled this vast property more than once, and it is believed that they were of incendiary origin. Whether or not rival copper companies are suspected of such a piratical method of curtailing the supply of metal is something you must guess for yourself.



Photograph by Isler.

The "man cage" filled with miners and ready to plunge a mile underground.

This is the greatest fire risk in the world, and it is protected by a water-main and telephone system underground, pumping stations and electric alarm systems. The company has lost several million dollars in fires, however, and is cautious to the point of acute suspicion. The elaborate system of fire protection was severely tested in 1890 when an alarm was turned in on Sunday night. There were only a few employees in the workings, and the fire had gained frightful headway before it was dis-

covered. Then the burning area of the mine was shut off by closing a system of fireproof doors. The surface opening was sealed by covering the mouths of the shafts with heavy timbers, and tamping all the crevices with earth. Wherever gas escaped more earth was tamped and made solid with water. In three weeks the fire was smothered in this fashion, and other shafts were kept working without interruption. Fires in deep mines have burned for years, and the masterful system by which the

Calumet and Hecla has been able to protect its property is in keeping with its resourceful enterprise in other directions. The layman is apt to wonder how a mine can be swept by a destructive fire. But in those vast labyrinths which Calumet and Hecla has driven beneath the earth, there is more timber than goes into the buildings of many a pretentious and prosperous city. And if this mine were burned out, there would be a direct loss of scores of millions of dollars, and an indirect loss of hundreds of millions.

There is an impressive industrial community above ground in such an undertaking as this. There are saw-mills and carpenter shops, smithies greater than can be found anywhere else except in the works of the most extensive manufacturers of machinery, with a hundred busy blacksmiths. Fifty tons of steel drills have to be sharpened every day, and an army of boys is needed to lug them between the shops and the mines. Warehouses and supply stations, a private railroad operating twenty miles of main track, a fleet of steamships, these and many other parts of this huge industrial organization are kept in motion by the copper ore that is hoisted from thousands of feet below the surface.

The ruler of this lusty kingdom is James McNaughton, superintendent of the Calumet and Hecla mine. Five thousand men take orders from him, and he pays them six million dollars a year in wages. His story is one of those miracles that happen in this "land of opportunity." He was born in Ontario forty years ago, and left home to hustle for himself. At twelve years old he was a water-boy on the Calumet and Hecla docks on the lake front. Between working hours he managed to peg away at school until he was fourteen. Then he became a switch tender, and a year later was a stationary engineer earning two dollars a day, and saving half of it toward an education.

At nineteen he put himself in Oberlin College, and began to think of being a mining engineer. By working during vacation he was able to take a two years' course at the University of Michigan. After graduation he obtained a position in the Boston offices of the Calumet and Hecla company. From there he took a berth as a mining engineer at Iron Mountain, Michigan. At

last returning to the Calumet and Hecla he fought his way to the top and was made superintendent five years ago.

Now mark you what the personal equation of one strong and able man can accomplish as soon as it finds its field for action. Without cutting wages, or overworking his men, or curtailing any of the company's many philanthropic enterprises, McNaughton began to tighten up the screws for a better efficiency. He has saved millions of dollars for his shareholders, and what his ability has amounted to may be perceived in the statement that he has cut the cost of mining and milling the ore almost in half.

There is a somewhat prevalent impression that captains of industry are overpaid, that the army of toilers pays unfair tribute to those who control their labor. I do not know what salary the Calumet and Hecla company pays James McNaughton, yet if he were given a hundred thousand dollars a year, not a miner in Calumet could object with fairness. For every one of them is getting as good wages as ever, and is as generously treated by his employers, nor have any miners been deprived of their jobs. But because he has the brains and the backbone, McNaughton is able to create millions of dollars in industrial wealth with exactly the same tools which could not create this additional wealth in less competent hands.

The Michigan copper miner earns from sixty to seventy-five dollars a month, with steady employment the year round. With this he is able to have a home and pay his bills, educate his children and protect his family if he is overtaken by sickness or death. Nor is he of a different class from the average immigrant who seeks this land from all quarters of Europe. The difference is in the environment and in the way he is handled and taught after he lands. His employers believe that he has something more due him than the right to exist and toil. They give him a chance to live like a man and he looks around him and sees a thousand homes owned outright by miners who began just as he is beginning, as strangers in a strange land who have only their labor to sell. There are no labor unions among the miners of the Calumet region. The miners say that they do not need them. They are satisfied with their wages, and their living conditions,

and they prefer to work the whole year through to being on strike for higher wages.

While there is not much of the picturesque in this mining region, it is a cheering American example of what can be done with the problem of foreign immigration. Nor could this problem be more varied and vexatious than amid so great an assortment of tongues, customs and racial prejudices. The Calumet and Hecla company appears to have gone a long way toward a solution by sticking to certain old-fashioned doctrines of fair play and honest appreciation of the bonds between capital and labor.

If you would see copper transformed from a dull and unlovely ore into something really beautiful, then follow it from the mine to the smelter. My pilgrimage to the Michigan copper country ended with a visit to a smelter near the town of Houghton, where the long ore-trains come trailing over the hills from the stamp mills which grind the fragments of ore to a powder that looks like coarse brown sugar. From the cars it is dumped into elevated bins which shoot it into other cars that run across a trestle to the great furnaces whose heat is twenty-three hundred degrees.

Here the ore must be purified as it melts, and the refiner dumps cord wood into the glowing cauldron, and blows air through the mass to clean away the dross. At one end of the furnace is a trough, and at the proper time a gate is opened and the liquid copper floods out in a dazzling stream of gold. With a wonderful play of colored flames, of blue and crimson and violet, the liquid travels onward into ingot molds which are set around the edge of a huge wheel. On the hub of this wheel sits a man who rides this chariot of fire with amazing skill and indifference to his incandescent surroundings.

As the slowly revolving wheel brings one set of molds opposite the copper ladle, he fills them and they move on while others take their places. By the opposite rim of the wheel is another workman who pries the cooling ingots from their molds as they pass him. This is pure, commercial copper, made while you wait, each ingot weighing forty-six pounds and worth six

dollars in the metal market. Their color is bright red shading off into tints of steel blue.

They are dumped into running water to cool off, and a most ingenious machine with steel fingers picks them up and lugs them up a dripping incline over which they clatter and slide down on a platform ready for the warehouse. Two strong men whose hands are protected by cloth pads, pick them up and swing them on to cars until 30,000 pounds make the load. A squat electric locomotive, not as tall as the man who operates it, waits until a train of these cars is ready. Then it rattles away to the shed without fuss or effort.

Upon each of these little cars is piled \$4,500 worth of copper which has been transformed from the ore into the shining ingots while you have paused for a few minutes to watch the process. So swiftly wrought is this miracle, so deftly easy looks the process by which the turn of a wheel seems to create wealth before your eyes, that you are inclined to number copper among the precious metals.

No more than six or seven men have been busied in this whole operation, yet in one good working day they will turn out two hundred thousand pounds of copper ingots which are worth thirty thousand dollars. This crew once made a world's record for a week's production of more than a million pounds of copper worth one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The daily charge of two hundred thousand pounds is smelted in five or six hours. It is a most fascinating mining exhibit, without fuss, dirt or discomfort, with no uproar and no foul air.

After seeing the mining region beyond the hills, and watching the smelting, you begin to think that a copper mine may be as worth while owning as a gold mine in Alaska. But while the profits of the Calumet and Hecla mine are so dazzling and enviable, nobody will begrudge them as long as these communities of mining folk up among the woods and fields of Michigan are being made good Americans in the smelter of an honest corporation's sense of responsibility for the thousands of men, women and children whom wealth and power have committed to its keeping.

WHEN A PATHAN TAKES OFFENSE

BY W. A. FRASER

DRAWING BY CHARLES SARKA



THE Bolan Pass, the high-road to Afghanistan, is a cleft cut in the Suleiman Mountains by the Bolan River, and where this snow-bred torrent is quaffed by the thirsty desert is the town of Sibi, known as "The White Man's Grave." Seventy miles northeast from Sibi is the Kuttan Valley, which holds the prize thief-tribe of the world. Each Marrie is a king looter in his own right. And this story is a reading of their gentle ways.

It was in '85—the year the black scourge, cholera, left the Bolan Pass a vast graveyard—that four of us sahibs, having business in Marrie-land because of Government Hookum (order), stepped from the train at Sibi, and thrust ourselves into the heritage of trouble that is always the accompaniment of dealings with the Pathans—for a Marrie is a Pathan, and everything else that is unholy.

Andrew Slade was our Bara Sahib; concisely, our "boss."

To relate in sequence all the happenings that came to us would be volume one, and this is a short story of the Marries' affection for other people's property.

When the old Teshildar (Sibi Governor) spoke of the road to Kuttan, it was just a touch of Oriental humor—there was no such thing. The way led over great mountains standing on their heads. We had stores and machinery to transport, and for this camels and bullock-carts and elephants. For the incidental preservation of our own lives we had guns and a guard of thirty *sowars* (native cavalry).

I rode a Beluch mare—which is an object

constructed of whalebone, animated by the spirit of the devil; my saddle was a weak imitation of a saw-buck. And because of this and some other things when I arrived in the Kuttan Valley, in violence of temper, I could discount my erratic animal.

The seventy-mile pilgrimage was a chapter of incidents. We traveled chiefly at night, for being in the hottest corner of the world the sun cremated us while the spirit was still in the flesh. The Pathans hovered about our line of march in the hills, and when a cart became detached they just looted it. That was an incident. The so-called road lay on the side of each mountain like a string of Z's topping each other; zig-zagging its laborious way up the sandy roof of the Suleimans.

My guide, a Pathan, mounted on his sure-footed hill-pony that was first cousin to a goat, scorned these angular detours and cut straight up from one shelf to another. This, like everything else, led to an incident, personal enough to be remembered.

Scrambling up one of these steep slopes, behind our guide, I felt my saddle slip to the mare's loins. She dug her toes into the treacherous gravel, humped her back like a cat taking a fence, and we hung for a second in the balance. Behind, fifteen feet away, was a mountain furrow three hundred feet deep. A treacherous slip to her knees, and we started to back water. Throwing myself from the mare's back I clung to the lines, and my weight just anchored her on the edge of the cliff. It ruffled the mare's temper so much that she twice tried to kick me as I plodded along behind, content now to walk to the top.

In the Kuttan Valley we pitched our tents, and the third night a Marrie came

and with his sharp tulwar slit the canvas side of Slade's habitation, and took it away with him. In the morning the sleeping sahib awoke to an uninterrupted view of the sky that is always blue in those mountains.

This annexation of his castle wall prejudiced our Bara Sahib against the hill-men, and when two large belts—one rubber and one leather—were missing, he spoke ill words of the inhabitants. This looting act seemed such a piece of gratuitous unfriendliness. Possessors of nothing but a few sheep and their implements of industry, knives and guns, machinery belts must prove superfluous. But when the tribesmen paid us friendly calls, joyous in the possession of new sandals, unmistakably cut from our belts, Slade withdrew his expression of "damn fools," leaving the stigma of "cheeky thieves."

However it was considered politic and less troublesome to send for other belts rather than seek to arrest the whole tribe. The Marries were subjects of the Khan of Khelat theoretically; in actuality they knew only the chieftainship of their headman, and the guidance of their own sweet wills. The Khan of Khelat was a vassal of the British Raj, and the belts would be deducted from his subsidy.

The very atmosphere of those hills was productive of robbery. When the tribesmen were not looting, the hyenas and hill-leopards were taking our milk-goats from the very tent doors.

But the real happening came about over an innocent bottle of White Rose perfume; hardly forceful enough in its innocuous daintiness to set the death angel stalking through that mountain valley, one would think.

A caravan of three camels, bringing us supplies, was looted ten miles back on the trail. The owner came to our camp with his burdenless camels, and a sword cut in his cheek. Most of the stolen freight had been personal supplies of the Bara Sahib, and one item was a box of White Rose.

Strangely enough Slade, who was as big and gaunt as an Afghan, was as fond of perfume as a woman. He cursed with vehemence as he dressed the camel man's wound, and chuckled ironically at thought of a greasy, evil-smelling Pathan spraying his unkempt hair with subtle White Rose.

"God in heaven!" Slade ejaculated; "fancy one of these sheepskin-coated brutes whipping out my bottle of White Rose and taking a whiff."

Next day the camel man informed Slade that the three Pathans who had held him up were even then down at the *sowars'* camp—he had seen them.

"Of all the cheek," growled the Bara Sahib, stalking angrily down to the encampment.

"That's the leader," the camel man said, pointing to as fine a specimen of cut-throat as we had yet seen, even in that land of freebooters.

Slade called to the Subardar of the troop to arrest the Pathan. The latter, taking the scent of trouble, commenced to back sullenly away with his two comrades. Slade, fearing he might escape, jumped and grabbed him. There was a fierce struggle, the Pathan striving to draw his tulwar. Suddenly, with a bang, the Bara Sahib's fist crashed on the Pathan's jaw, and he fell like a log. The *sowars*, running to the fray, had seized his two companions.

The Pathan denied emphatically, in fierce *pusto*, participation in the robbery. He was Ghazi Khan, a warrior, also an owner of sheep, and not a looter of the sahib's property. But on his person was the most conclusive circumstantial evidence. The sheep taint had been subdued almost to the edge of sweetness by the Bara Sahib's White Rose.

The robber was figuratively passed around for a sniff of identification. Besides, the man he had carved with his tulwar denounced him. The robber was taken to Sibi by a guard of *sowars*, swearing by the Beard of Allah he would yet send the infidel Feringhee, Slade, to the abode of everlasting torment, which is the lot of all unbelievers.

"He'll cool off before he gets out," Slade remarked. But the camel man, either because of bribery or through fear of the Pathan, passed into oblivion, taking with him his wound, and the court, considering the White Rose too evanescent as evidence, failed to convict the robber. Ghazi Khan came back to his castle, which was a cave on the mountain side; and though Slade laughed at our fears, we felt that evil would yet come of this nasty incident.

A month passed, and though things hap-

pened there was no deviltry traceable to our friend of the White Rose.

A Bara Sahib is a man who is allowed to do just as he likes, but we remonstrated with Slade for his habit of wandering about the hills alone, collecting geological specimens. Our remonstrance was useless.

One afternoon Slade went out on a search for ammonites, armed with nothing but a geologist's hammer and a bag for specimens. I saw him cross the small stream that wound like a turquoise anklet about the feet of the mountains down in the bottom of the valley. I watched him pick his way up the red sandy slope of a mountain, that looked so near in that rare atmosphere. Presently he disappeared from view, and I went about my duties.

At five o'clock the pale blue sky was suddenly made dark as though night had arrived ahead of time. A hurricane tore up the valley that was like a tunnel, and its voice was as the cannonading of great guns. Our tents were crumpled as though they had been but tissue paper. In the wake of the wind came the dropping to earth of a sea—it was as though the bottom had been pulled from under a lake up in the skies. Then huge bins of hail burst their sides, and an avalanche of ice beads shot from the clouds.

In less than an hour it was all over. The sky, placid once more, began to gray with the frown of eventide; the stars peeped down shyly between the mountain walls rising three thousand feet on either side of us, and down in the valley the turquoise stream, that was now sullen red in its anger, roared hoarsely as it battled with the rocks, and dredged new channels in the yielding sand.

Slade had not returned. It seemed a strange fatality that he should have been on Ghazi Khan's home mountain during the storm, for Marrie-land was just a desert stood on end, rain falling but once or twice during the year.

We waited for a time, thinking that perhaps he had been detained by the flooded torrent. But it grew dark, and still he had not returned. Then, taking a dozen *sowars*, with heavy hearts we set out to search for the missing sahib. Forging the torrent nearly cost us a couple of lives. We were neck deep in its icy waters at times, and twirled about like corks as we clung to each other, a human chain.

Once across we separated. With three *sowars* I made for the cave-home of Ghazi Khan, while the others spread out fan-like, and worked up the mountain side, calling, and swinging their lanterns. My men led the way up a ravine that now held a small stream, though its sides bore the marks of recent flood.

Suddenly the *sowar* in the lead tripped over something, and fell. As he came to earth he cried out in horror, "*Allah! admimara hai!*"

My heart stood still. A dead man! It must be Slade.

In dread I rushed to the trooper's side. In the night light I could make out a crumpled figure wedged amongst the boulders. Fearfully, with repugnance, I put out my hand, and it fell upon a tangled matted beard. That the touch of a dead man could bring a thrill of joy to one living seems strange, but I muttered in thankfulness: "Thank God! it's not poor old Slade." I struck a match and held it close to the face of the dead man—it was Ghazi Khan. His shoulders were wedged tight between two rocks; it required force to release him.

But still we had not found our missing friend. So, leaving a man with the body, we continued on up the mountain. No need now to go to the cave—the tragedy, whatever it was, had been enacted on the mountain side. Till midnight we searched, seeing at times the blinking eye of the lanterns flitting erratically here and there, up and down, and finally in the bottom of the valley where the torrent's voice was now all but hushed. Then we went back, carrying the dead Pathan with us, hoping that the other party had found Slade, and living.

The stream had fallen, and we crossed with less difficulty. When we came to the tents we found the Bara Sahib in bed, and my comrades listening to his part of the drama.

When Slade saw the dead Ghazi Khan he exclaimed: "He got his just deserts, though I had not hoped for such swift retribution."

Then he commenced again at the beginning and told us what had occurred:

"About four o'clock I saw this Pathan cutthroat, Ghazi Khan, stalking me; he was crawling on his hands and knees, and



"I knew he was watching me like a cat, probably had the long barrel of his rifle trained on me."

Drawing by Charles Sarka.

his sheepskin coat made him look for all the world like a sheep. I think he had his baggy white breeches rolled up to hide them.

"At first I did think it a stray sheep or goat, for that was his game of course.

"Perhaps he slipped on a stone—I don't know just what happened, but I caught a glint of white cloth, and knew at once that it was Ghazi. And the villain had cunningly got below me, or I'd have made a break down the mountain side, and let him blaze away at me on the run. He was working near for a pot shot—he would never come to close quarters, or I might have had a chance with the hammer.

"I continued my peaceful occupation of chipping rock, and you can rest assured that the corner of my eye was doing big business. I was thinking some, too. I knew that when he had worked well within range, Ghazi would take a crack at me with his long-barreled *jezail*.

"All at once I remembered a cave in the very gorge in which you found the dead Pathan; I had prospected it for fossils. It was in a cañon probably five hundred yards long—a regular cleft in the mountain, with steep walls ten to twenty feet high. I had visited it before by climbing up from the bottom of the cañon. But I knew that I could get to it by dropping from above to a ledge at the cave mouth.

"Unfortunately, to reach it, I had to approach the skulking Pathan. But I took a chance, and worked down toward the cave, cracking away with my hammer, and sauntering along indifferently, as though I was quite unaware of the cutthroat who had now, seeing me coming his way, hidden behind a rock. I surmised he would do this, and it was just a question of whether the cave was well within his range or not. It might be, and he might shoot before I had a chance to slip over the bank. It was a bit hard on the nerve, I must say. I daren't look toward him, and expected every minute to hear the ringing crack of his rifle, and feel the hot plow of his bullet.

"He must have chuckled to himself as he saw me coming closer and closer, and felt how completely I was in his power. He could see that I was unarmed, and probably that was why he waited just a trifle too long. Once in the cave he could not reach

me with his rifle, and I could hold half a dozen Pathans at bay with my hammer.

"To reach that hole in the rocks meant safety. I knew that when I did not return at night you would come searching for me, and Ghazi Khan would have to clear out.

"I suppose I was not a hundred yards from the rock behind which Ghazi Khan crouched when I stood on the brink of the cañon just above the cave. I picked a sample of rock from my bag and examined it critically. Then I unshipped the bag from my shoulder, and taking another piece from it held it up to the light, somewhat in the direction of Ghazi's rock.

"I knew he was watching me like a cat, probably had the long barrel of his rifle trained on me, and thought that as my face turned his way, busy with the examination of the specimen, he would conceal himself for a minute for fear of being seen.

"I suppose that is what he did, for, with a quick move, I dropped to the ledge and bolted into the cave. He must have been an astonished Pathan when he peeped again and saw nothing of the sahib he was making so sure of.

"I did not expose myself, but kept a sharp look-out just inside the mouth of the cave. I was there about fifteen minutes when the storm broke. It came with awful suddenness—it seemed only a minute till the cañon was a mill-race. I began to fear that I should be drowned right in the cave.

"I suppose Ghazi Khan knew that I was in the cañon somewhere, and was working his way up it when the torrent caught him; at any rate I did not see him again until I looked upon him here—dead.

"When it became dark I climbed the slope above, and made my way cautiously down into the valley. But I was forced to make a long detour up stream to find a crossing."

We never knew just how Ghazi Khan came by his death. One of his legs was broken. Whether he fell going down into the cañon, and so snapped the bone, and was caught thus disabled by the torrent, or whether the rushing waters had smashed his limb against a rock, we knew not.

At any rate he was very dead, which was a fortunate thing for the Bara Sahib's welfare.



"OUCH!"—Drawing the splinter.

Photograph by R. R. Sallows.

SEE AMERICA FIRST

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

THE transatlantic liner was dropping slowly down New York Bay, outward bound. The air was crisp and thin, the sky clear blue, and the waters sparkled in the sunlight. Two women stood on the steamer's deck, apart from the crowd, talking and looking at the changing beauties of the great cyclorama spread about them from this central point. They were representative Anglo-Saxon women, at least so far as concerned wealth, social position and educational advantages. One was of New York, the other of London. They had met two hours before through the introduction of a mutual friend who had come down to the ship to say good-bye.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Mrs. Jonathan with a note of home pride in her tones. What they saw was American purely, and she was talking to an Englishwoman.

"Not only beautiful," replied Mrs. John, heartily, "but significant." This was not Mrs. John's first visit to America and she had been among us long enough to have Americanized her Anglicism to its benefit.

"Significant of what?" queried Mrs. Jonathan, who it must be admitted was no more profound than many of her sisters. "I don't quite understand."

The Englishwoman raised her eyebrows inquisitively, good-naturedly, commiseratingly perhaps.

"Have you never thought how new it all is?" she responded.

"Like everything American," almost sighed Mrs. Jonathan. "That is why I love to go to the old countries. You know one feels in America as if she were living always in a new house newly furnished. Perhaps I may lack in loyalty to my own, but, you know, I do like a little smell of mold—a sense of use, of age—a ruined castle here and there—something with the

moss of history draping its weather-worn walls."

Mrs. John laughed pleasantly.

"Very prettily put, indeed," she said, "and quite commendable in sentiment, but have you never thought as you have stood low in the valley of the Yosemite and looked upon those massive walls uprearing to the clouds that they were old enough—that they were old, old, old, thousands of years before the stone in the moss-covered walls of Europe's oldest historic structures had been taken from the earth?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Jonathan appealingly, "I don't mean that kind of old. I mean artificial old. Of course, I know that our hills are as old as any others, but I don't go abroad to see the hills of other lands. It isn't nature, but art and history that attract me, don't you know."

"Still you appreciate the grand works of nature?" persisted Mrs. John.

"Oh, well—yes, of course—I suppose so," Mrs. Jonathan admitted somewhat on the instalment plan.

"You have seen Yosemite?" said Mrs. John, half inquiry, half affirmation.

"Never, but I have always——"

"Never seen Yosemite?" exclaimed Mrs. John, amazed almost to the limit of good manners in polite conversation.

"No; it is so far, don't you know. So awfully out West."

"But not farther than across the sea," argued Mrs. John, ignoring, or not grasping, the significance of "out West" to the eastern woman.

"Isn't it?" Mrs. Jonathan asked as if she knew it must be vastly farther away than London.

"Not so far in days," Mrs. John kindly explained, "for as you Americans say, it is 'rail all the way.'"

"But nobody goes to Yosemite except excursionists," Mrs. Jonathan contended, "and I abominate excursions."

"I went," said Mrs. John simply.

Mrs. Jonathan felt the need of apologizing. "Oh, I don't mean foreigners. They feel in duty bound to see everything."

"If they think what you have in America is worth coming so far to see, won't you admit that it is worth seeing?"

"But you are different. You have the old and want to see the new; we have the new and want to see the old."

"The intelligent foreigner wants to see both—the works of man and the works of nature."

"The improved and the unimproved," laughed Mrs. Jonathan, quite nearly a superficial giggle. "As for me, I'd rather see St. Peter's at Rome than——"

"But," interrupted Mrs. John, "the groves were God's first temples. You have never seen the big trees of California?"

Mrs. Jonathan shook her head.

"Then you should, and when you see them, I am sure you will not feel as you do. You have visited Egypt?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Jonathan brightening at the prospect of a change in the conversation. "I was there for a month last winter. The temples of Karnak——"

"Pardon me," Mrs. John graciously interrupted, "I think I know what you would say, but if only you could stand in the bed of Cedar Creek and look upward to the arch of the Natural Bridge of Virginia, you would see a temple entrance grander than ever Karnak knew. No human architect has ever builded such an arch as that! You have seen the Alps?"

Mrs. Jonathan brightened again. This Englishwoman was making her uncomfortable. Perhaps there were things at home which she should have seen, but they were always with her and she intended to see them some time. First, however——

"Oh, yes," she replied, a bit proudly perhaps, "many times. Now, you must admit we haven't anything——"

"The Alps are beautiful," interrupted Mrs. John, "they are more than that, but stand at the level of the sea and look toward Mt. Ranier out yonder on your Pacific Coast. There you will see a glory of lofty whiteness clothed in such pinks and purples as never laid their light upon the Alps——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mrs. Jonathan, pulling herself together fiercely. "but really you go into such raptures over what you have seen in America that I begin to think you are a real estate boomer or the editor of a railroad folder. You are not, are you?"

Mrs. John frowned for a moment and began to laugh.

"Well," she explained, "I have lived in California for five years and perhaps my enthusiasm has grown over-luxuriantly there as everything else does. But you Americans, or most of you at least, need somebody to stir you up on your own attractions."

"You are doing your full duty by us," smiled Mrs. Jonathan, feeling somewhat stronger since her revolt.

"I hope so, and I may be over-zealous. Without any object beyond talking about what the beauties of America are, I begin to talk about them to Americans, feeling that no subject would be more interesting, no praise sweeter than that of one's own things, when, lo, they have no knowledge of their own, and the very surprise of it sends me off into a sort of hysteria of description. I feel like a discoverer telling of the strange things he has seen."

"That's the way it sounded to me," Mrs. Jonathan kindly admitted.

"But I don't care," Mrs. John went on smoothly, "for I am doing some good, I know. Why, only last week I spoke to a New Yorker about the Grand Cañon of the Colorado—and in all the world there is nothing showing such gorgeousness of color, such terrors of nature—and do you know, he said he didn't know there was a Grand Cañon in Colorado. I asked him scornfully if he had ever heard of Pike's Peak, and he said with a beaming countenance that he had because it was not far from there that he had an interest in a mining claim which was paying twenty-five per cent."

"That sort of dividend is quite Pike's-peakian," laughed Mrs. Jonathan, "at least as compared with those from my husband's mining property out there."

Mrs. John took it pleasantly. It was not the first time she had seen the dollar mark showing itself on the American mind. "And there was another man," she said, "he was from Philadelphia. He was telling

me about some wonderful spring of real boiling water which squirted—that was his word—up into the air as high as his head. I told him there were in Yellowstone Park hundreds of hot springs greater than any in Europe, and there were scores of geysers spouting out there two hundred and even three hundred feet high, any one of which would have made any European locality famous to Americans, and he opened his eyes and said he thought all those stories were mere railroad advertisements to attract the ignorant."

"They didn't seem to have attracted him," ventured Mrs. Jonathan. "I know better than that myself."

"Good, good," cried Mrs. John. "Some day I am sure you will see for yourself. There is no place on earth like the Park!"

"But there is history," ventured Mrs. Jonathan lamely, the meanwhile wondering why it was an Englishwoman was positively the most disagreeable of all her sex when she wanted to be.

"What is history," countered Mrs. John, "but a story of wars? Have you ever visited the battlefield at Gettysburg, only a few hours from New York, and wandered over it? It is a turning-point in history, and a monument to victor and vanquished whose equal does not exist and never has existed in any land. It is a tribute of Peace to War in which all the gentler arts have combined to hide this crimson page of history.

"You went to Niagara on your wedding trip, didn't you?" continued Mrs. John, with a pretty touch of sentiment.

"Oh, yes, it was quite the vogue when I was married," responded Mrs. Jonathan cheerily, "but I wouldn't think of doing so now. But I can remember how it impressed me, and I felt that there couldn't be anything quite so grand as that."

"There isn't, in the way of a waterfall," corroborated Mrs. John. "There are plenty of waterfalls in Europe, but they have to be lighted by colored lights and paid for in your hotel bill to make any show worth looking at, while Niagara is worthy of all that has been written of it and painted of it and said of it. You were there on your wedding trip; now when you get home again, pack up your luggage and that good husband of yours—oh, I have heard of him—and start out on another trip from New

York City. Go up the Hudson to Lake George, and through placid Lake Champlain, where old Fort Ticonderoga is history and reminds you of the ruins on the Rhine. From Plattsburg go winding by rail into the Adirondacks, the little Switzerland of the East, and by stage—you will think you are going among the lesser Alps by diligence—whither you will, and finally come again to the railway leading southward. Thence to the lake region of central New York, some day destined to be like the lake region of England, only much greater in extent; thence on to Niagara of your bridal days, but not the same. Man's hand has marred the work of nature, but nature is still triumphant. Now by the Great Lakes—their kind you will not find however far you travel beyond the sea—and on and on, a thousand miles through fields of waving grain, and pastures like a sea on which the herds are sails, and you come to Denver, a mile above the world you've lived in. As long as you please you may wander in the clear, dry air, seeing an Alp at every turn, snow-clad till the earth burns up. Away again, over roads that pass through clouds and take your breath till you stop at Salt Lake in which your famous Dead Sea could be preserved in brine and nobody could find it. You have seen the Golden Horn?"

Mrs. Jonathan nodded. That's all she could do. She was speechless in this rush of language.

"Well," Mrs. John flew on, "when you have seen the Golden Gate you will not wonder at the difference between Turkey and California. But keep moving—" poor Mrs. Jonathan was getting awfully tired—"and go north now past Shasta, and Hood and Ranier, and their lesser satellites of snowy peaks, to Seattle, a city sitting on more hills than Rome ever knew, and take a steamer for the inside passage to Skagway. There you will find a new land of the Midnight Sun with fiords no less grand and gloomy; or turn from the shadows to the sunlight and stop in Southern California. You have seen the Riviera? Yes?" Mrs. John didn't give Mrs. Jonathan time to even nod an affirmation, but was going again. "You will see a fresher and finer one there. And you will hear the old, old mission bells ringing in the new. Such flowers, such scenery, such fruits, such sunshine, such—but pardon me, I promised

not to rhapsodize, didn't I? Turn eastward now, going through the Mojave Desert, stopping on the way to stare and stagger before the awful magnificence of the Grand Cañon I told you of, and to see the petrified forest, as a reminder of ruins older than Baalbec and Babylon. At New Orleans, a little southern Paris, take steamer up the Mississippi—though down it is quicker—for a thousand miles through the land of cotton and the cane, thence into the Ohio, and for another thousand sail through a picture valley to Pittsburg, where the iron works and money make Titian and Vulcan and Tubal Cain look like thirty cents, as you Americans say. Then there are the coal fields of Pennsylvania; the gold fields of the far West; the great plains that seem to have no end; cities that have risen in a night to wealth and power; colleges whose buildings are sermons in stone; men and women who in science and art and literature——”

Mrs. Jonathan took a long, long breath.

“Good gracious!” she exclaimed, “I’d be dead before I had done all that.”

“Dead?” laughed Mrs. John, her cheeks as pink as if she had made the trip on horseback. “Why, my dear lady, you would have just waked up. The half hasn’t been told you.”

“There isn’t any more to see in this country, is there?” asked Mrs. Jonathan.

“Oh, I have plenty more,” laughed Mrs. John.

“I’m sure of that; but use them on some other American unappreciative of her own country. You’ve used enough on me to convince me that I have been very remiss. You know we have to look to the older countries for what the years have brought to them in the finer things of life.”

“But the trend of civilization is to the westward,” was the quick reply.

“What I have said about Americans,” Mrs. John became serious again, “does not in any sense mean that I oppose their going

to Europe and all over the world. The more they do that the better Americans they will become. But I do think that before trying to find out what may be found away from home they first see what may be found worth knowing and telling of in their own country. In that way they become widely distributed books of reference, and while they are learning of other people and things they can teach of their own. I never have seen an American who was not better for having been away from home, but I have seen many who would have made a better impression if they had known America more and Europe less.”

“Me, for example?” said Mrs. Jonathan, just as most people do when the other person makes an ambiguous statement.

“No, now,” laughed Mrs. John, “and yes, when you first told me you had not seen your own country. Some people won’t learn when they have the chance, imagining they know it all. But you are progressive, as all good Americans are, and now that you have grasped the idea I feel quite sure you will not stop until you have become fully Americanized.”

“As you are?” nodded Mrs. Jonathan.

“As I am and glad to be, and am I any the worse Englishwoman for it?” responded Mrs. John.

“No, indeed, but for a little while I thought you were about the most disagreeable type of your people I had ever seen. Not that you were so narrow, as so many of them are, but that you were so much broader than I was.”

“After that we can’t help being friends,” said Mrs. John, extending her hand as men do under such circumstances, “and when you have reached England you must come and stay as long as you wish in my home to prove that I mean well, if I don’t always quite say it.”

“You promise not to say a word about my great and glorious country?” queried Mrs. Jonathan, smiling acceptance.



THE WAY OF A MAN

BY EMERSON HOUGH

CHAPTER I

THE KISSING OF MISS GRACE SHERATON



ADMIT I kissed her. Perhaps I should not have done so. Perhaps I would not do so again. Had I known what was to come I could not have done so. Nevertheless I did.

After all, it was not strange. All things about us conspired to be accessory and incendiary. The air of the Virginia morning was so soft and warm, the honeysuckles along the wall were so languid sweet, the bees in the spring roses so fat and lazy, the smell of the orchard was so rich, the south wind from the fields so wanton! Moreover, I was only twenty-six. As it chances, I was this sort of a man: thick in the arm and neck, deep through, just short of six feet tall, and wide as a door, my mother said; strong as one man out of a thousand, my father said. And then—the girl was there.

So this was how it happened that I threw the reins of Satan, my black horse, over the hooked iron of the gate at Dixiana Farm and strode up to the side of the stone pillar where Grace Sheraton stood shading her eyes with her hand, watching me approach through the deep trough road that flattened there, near the Sheraton lane. So I laughed and strode up—and kept my promise. I had promised myself that I would kiss her the first time that seemed feasible. I had even promised her—when she came home from Philadelphia so lofty and superior for her stopping a brace of years with Miss Carey at her Allendale Academy for Young Ladies—that if she mitigated not something of her haughtiness,

I would kiss her fair, as if she were but a girl of the country. Of these latter I may guiltily confess, though with no names, I had known many who rebelled little more than formally, at such harmless pastime.

She stood in the shade of the stone pillar, where the ivy made a deep green, and held back her light blue skirt daintily, in her high-bred way, for never was a Sheraton girl who was not high-bred or other than fair to look upon in the Sheraton way—slender, rather tall, long cheeked, with very much dark hair and a deep color under the skin, and something of long curves withal. They were ladies, every one, these Sheraton girls; and as Miss Grace presently advised me, no milkmaids wandering and waiting in lanes for lovers.

When I sprang down from Satan, Miss Grace was but a pace or so away. I put out a hand on either side of her as she stood in the shade, and so prisoned her against the pillar. She flushed at this, and caught at my arm with both hands, which made me smile, for few men in that country could have put away my arms from the stone until I liked. Then I bent and kissed her fair and took what revenge was due our girls for her Philadelphia manners.

When she boxed my ears I kissed her once more. Had she not at that smiled at me a little I should have seemed a boor I admit. As she did—and as I in my innocence supposed all girls did—I presume I may be called but a man as men go. Miss Grace grew very rosy for a Sheraton, but her eyes were bright. So I threw my hat on the grass by the side of the gate and bowed her to be seated. We sat and looked up the lane which wound on to the big Sheraton house, and up the red road which led from their farms over toward our lands, the John Cowles farms, which had been

three generations in our family as against four on the part of the Sheratons' holdings; a fact which I think always ranked us in the Sheraton soul a trifle lower than themselves.

We were neighbors, Miss Grace and I, and as I lazily looked out over the red road, unoccupied at the time by even the wobbling wheel of some negro's cart, I said to her some word of our being neighbors, and of its being no sin for neighbors to exchange the courtesy of a greeting when they met upon such a morning. This seemed not to please her; indeed I opine that the best way of a man with a maid is to make no manner of speech whatever before or after any such little incident as this.

"I was just wandering down the lane," she said, "to see if Jerry had found my horse Fanny."

"Old Jerry's a mile back up the road," said I, "fast asleep under the hedge."

"The black rascal!"

"He is my friend," said I, smiling.

"You do indeed take me for some common person," said she, "as though I had been looking for——"

"No, I take you only for the sweetest Sheraton ever came to meet a Cowles from the farm yonder." Which was coming rather close home; for our families, though neighbors, had once had trouble over some such meeting as this two generations back, though of that I do not speak now.

"Cannot a girl walk down her own carriage road of a morning after a few roses for the windows, without——"

"She cannot," I answered. I would have put out an arm for further mistreatment, but all at once I pulled up. What was I coming to, I, John Cowles, this morning when the bees droned fat and the flowers made fragrant all the air? I was no boy, but a man grown; and ruthless as I was, I had all the breeding the land could give me, full Virginia training as to what a gentleman should be. And a gentleman, unless he may travel all a road, does not set foot too far into it when he sees that he is taken at what seems his wish. So now I said how glad I was that she had come back from school, though a fine lady now, and no doubt forgetful of her friends, of myself, who once caught young rabbits and birds for her, and made pens for the little

pink pigs at the orchard edge; and all of that. But she had no mind, it seemed to me, to talk of those old days; and though now some sort of wall seemed to me to arise between us as we sat there on the bank blowing at dandelions and pulling loose grass blades and humming a bit of tune now and then as young persons will, still, thick-headed as I was, it was in some way made apparent to me that I was quite as willing the wall should be there as she herself was willing.

My mother had mentioned Miss Grace Sheraton to me before. My father had never opposed my riding over now and then to the Sheraton gates. There were no better families in the county than these two. There was no reason why I should feel troubled. Yet as I looked out into the haze of the hilltops where the red road appeared to leap off sheer to meet the distant rim of the Blue Ridge, I seemed to hear some whispered warning. I was young, and wild as any deer in those hills beyond. Had it been any enterprise scorning settled ways, had it been merely a breaking of orders and a following of my own will, I suppose I might have gone on. But there are ever two things which govern an adventure for one of my sex. He may be a man, but he must also be a gentleman. I suppose books might be written about the war between those two things. He may be a gentleman sometimes and have credit for being a soft-headed fool, with no daring to approach the very woman who has contempt for his waiting; whereas she may not know his reasons for restraint. So much for civilization, which at times I hated because it brought such problems. Yet these problems never cease, at least while youth lasts, and no community is free from them; even so quiet a one as ours there in the valley of the old Blue Ridge, before the wars rolled across it and made all the young people old.

I was of no mind to end my wildness and my roaming just yet; and still, seeing that I was, by gentleness of my Quaker mother and by sternness of my Virginia father, set in the class of gentleman, I had no wish dishonorably to engage a woman's heart. Alas, I was not the first to learn that kissing is a most difficult art to practice!

When one reflects, the matter seems most intricate. Life to the young is barren without kissing; yet a kiss with too much

warmth may mean overmuch, whereas a kiss with no warmth to it is not worth the pains. The kiss which comes precisely at the moment when it should, in quite sufficient warmth and yet not of complicating fervor, working no harm and but joy to both involved—such kisses, now that one pauses to think it over, are relatively few.

As for me, I thought it was time for me to be going.

CHAPTER II

THE MEETING OF GORDON ORME

I had enough to do when it came to mounting my horse Satan. Few cared to ride Satan, since it meant a battle each time he was mounted. He was a splendid brute, black and clean, with abundant bone in the head and a brilliant eye—blood all over, that was easy to see. Yet he was a murderer at heart. I have known him to bite the backbone out of a yearling pig that came under his manger, and no other horse on our farms would stand before him a moment when he came on, mouth open and ears laid back. He would fight man, dog, or devil, and fear was not in him, nor any real submission. He was no harder to sit than many horses I have ridden. I have seen Arabians and Barbary horses and English hunters that would buck-jump now and then. Satan contented himself with rearing high and whirling sharply, and lunging with a low head, so that to ride him was much a matter of strength as well as skill. The greatest danger was in coming near his mouth or heels. My father always told me that this horse was not fit to ride; but since my father rode him—as he would any horse, that offered—nothing would serve me but I must ride Satan also, and so I made him my private saddler on occasion.

I ought to speak of my father, that very brave and kindly gentleman from whom I got what daring I ever had, I suppose. He was a clean-cut man, five-eleven in his stockings, and few men in all that country had a handsomer body. His shoulders sloped—an excellent configuration for strength, as a study of no less a man than George Washington will prove—his arms were round, his skin white as milk, his hair like my own, a sandy red, and his eyes blue and very quiet. There was a balance in his nature that I have ever lacked. I rejoice

even now in his love of justice. Fair play meant with him something more than fair play for the sake of sport—it meant as well fair play for the sake of justice. Temperate to the point of caring always for his body's welfare, as regular in his habits as he was in his promises and their fulfillments, kindling readily enough at any risk, though never boasting—I always admired him, and trust I may be pardoned for saying so. I fear that at the time I mention now I admired him most for his strength and courage.

Thus as I swung leg over Satan that morning I resolved to handle him as I had seen my father do, and I felt strong enough for that. I remembered in the proud way a boy will have, the time when my father and I, riding through the muddy streets of Leesburg town together, saw a farmer's wagon stuck midway of a crossing. "Come, Jack," my father called me, "we must send Bill Yarnley home to his family." Then we two dismounted and, stooping in the mud, got our two shoulders under the axle of the wagon, before we were done with it our blood getting up at the laughter of the townsfolk near. When we heaved together, out came Bill Yarnley's wagon from the mud, and the laughter ended. It was like him—he would not stop when once he started. Why, it was so he married my mother, that very sweet Quakeress from the foot of old Catoctin. He told me she said him no many times, not liking his wild ways, so contrary to the manner of the Society of Friends; and she only consented after binding him to go with her once each month to the little stone church at Wallingford village near our farm, provided he should be at home and able to attend. My mother I think during her life had not missed a half dozen meetings at the little stone church. Twice a week, and once each Sunday, and once each month, and four times each year, and also annually, the Society of Friends met there at Wallingford, and have done so for over one hundred and thirty-five years. Thither went my mother, quiet, brown haired, gentle, as good a soul as ever lived, and with her my father, tall, strong as a tree, keeping his promise, until at length by sheer force of this kept promise he himself became half Quaker and all gentle, since he saw what it meant to her.

As I have paused in my horsemanship to speak thus of my father, I ought also to speak of my mother. It was she who in those troublous times just before the Civil War was the first to raise the voice in the Quaker meeting which said that the Friends ought to free their slaves, law or no law, and so started what was called later the Unionist sentiment in that part of old Virginia. It was my mother did that. Then she asked my father to manumit all his slaves; and he thought for an hour, and then raised his head and said it should be done; after which our blacks continued to live on us as before, and gave less in return, at which my father made wry faces, but said nothing in regret. After us others also set free their people, and presently this part of Virginia was a sort of Mecca for escaped blacks. It was my mother did that; and I believe that it was her influence which had much to do with the position of east Virginia on the question of the war. And this also in time had much to do with this strange story of mine, and much to do with the presence thereabout of the man whom I was to meet that very morning; although when I started to mount my horse Satan I did not know that such a man as Gordon Orme existed in the world.

When I approached Satan he lunged at me, but I caught him by the cheek strap of the bridle and swung his head close up, feeling for the saddle front as he reached for me with open mouth. Then as he reared I swung up with him into place, and so felt safe, for once I clamped a horse fair there was an end of his throwing me. I laughed when Miss Grace Sheraton called out in alarm, and so wheeled Satan around a few times and rode on down the road, past the fields where the blacks were as busy as blacks ever are; and so on to our own red-pillared gates.

Then, since the morning was still young, and since the air seemed to me like wine, and since I wanted something to subdue, and Satan offered, I spurred him back from the gate and rode him hard down toward Wallingford. Of course he picked up a stone en route. Two of us held his head while Billings, the blacksmith, fished out the stone and tapped the shoe nails tight. After that I had time to look around.

As I did so I saw approaching a gentle-

man who was looking with interest at my mount. He was one of the most striking men I have ever seen; a stranger, as I could tell, for I knew each family on both sides the Blue Ridge as far up the valley as White Sulphur.

"A grand animal you have there, sir," said he, accosting me. "I did not know his like existed in this country."

"As well in this as in any country," said I tartly. He smiled at this.

"You know his breeding?"

"Klingwalla out of Bonnie Waters."

"No wonder he's vicious," said the stranger calmly.

"Ah, you know something of the English strains," said I. He shrugged his shoulders. "As much as that," he commented indifferently.

There was something about him I did not fancy, a sort of condescension, as though he were better than those about him. They say that we Virginians have a way of reserving that right to ourselves; and I suppose that a family of clean strain may perhaps become proud after generations of independence and comfort and freedom from anxiety. None the less I was forced to admit this newcomer to the class of gentleman. He stood as a gentleman, with no resting or bracing with an arm, or crossing of legs or hitching about, but balanced on his legs easily—like a fencer or boxer or fighting man, or gentleman, in short. His face, as I now perceived, was long and thin, his chin square, although somewhat narrow. His mouth, too, was narrow, and his teeth were narrow, one of the upper teeth at each side like the tooth of a carnivore, longer than its fellows. His hair was thick and close cut to his head, dark, and if the least bit gray about the edges, requiring close scrutiny to prove it so. In color his skin was dark, sunburned beyond tan, almost to parchment degree. His eyes were gray, the most remarkable eyes that I have ever seen—calm, emotionless, direct, the most fearless eyes I have ever met in mortal head, and I have looked into many men's eyes in my time. He was taller than most men, I think above the six feet line. His figure was thin, his limbs thin, his hands and feet slender. He did not look one-tenth his strength. He was simply dressed, dressed indeed as a gentleman. He stood as one, spoke as one,

and assumed that all the world accepted him as one. His voice was warmer in accent than even our Virginia speech. I saw him to be an Englishman.

"He's a bit nasty, that one," he nodded his head toward Satan.

I grinned. "I know of only two men in Loudoun County I'd back to ride him."

"Yourself and——"

"My father."

"By Jove! How old is your father, my good fellow?"

"Fifty, my good fellow," I replied. He laughed.

"Well," said he, "there's a third in Loudoun can ride him."

"Meaning yourself?"

He nodded carelessly. I did not share his confidence. "He's not a saddler in any sense," said I. "We keep him for the farms."

"Oh, I say, my friend," he rejoined, "my name's Orme, Gordon Orme—I'm just stopping here at the inn for a time, and I'm deucedly bored. I've not had leg over a decent mount since I've been here, and if I might ride this beggar I'd be awfully obliged."

My jaw may have dropped at his words; I am not sure. It was not that he called our little tavern an "inn." It was the name he gave me which caused me to start.

"Orme," said I, "Mr. Gordon Orme? That was the name of the speaker the other evening here at the church of the Methodists."

He nodded, smiling. "Don't let that trouble you," said he.

None the less it did trouble me, for the truth was that word had gone about to the effect that a new minister from some place not stated had spoken from the pulpit on that evening upon no less a topic than the ever-present one of Southern slavery. Now I could not clear it to my mind how a minister of the gospel might take so keen and swift an interest in a stranger in the street, and that stranger's horse. I expressed to him something of my surprise.

"It's of no importance," said he again. "What seems to me of most importance just at present is that here's a son of old Klingwalla, and that I want to ride him."

"Just for the sake of saying you have done so?" I inquired.

His face changed swiftly as he answered:

"We owned Klingwalla ourselves back home. He broke a leg for my father, and was near killing him."

"Sir," I said to him, catching his thought quickly, "we could not afford to have the horse injured, but if you wish to ride him fair or be beaten by him fair, you are welcome to the chance."

His eye kindled at this. "You're a sportsman, sir," he exclaimed, and he advanced at once toward Satan.

I saw in him something which awakened a responsive chord in my nature. He was a man to take a risk and welcome it for the risk's sake. Moreover he was a horseman, as I saw by his quick glance over Satan's furniture. He caught the cheek strap of the bridle, and motioned us away as we would have helped him at the horse's head. Then ensued as pretty a fight between man and horse as one could ask to see. The black brute reared and fairly took him from the ground, fairly chased him about the street, as a great dog would a rat. But never did the iron hold on the bridle loosen, and the man was light on his feet as a boy. Finally he had his chance, and with the lightest spring I ever saw at a saddle skirt, up he went and nailed old Satan fair, with a grip which ridged his own legs out. I saw then that he was a rider. His head was bare, his hat having fallen off; his hair was tumbled, but his color scarcely heightened. As the horse lunged and bolted about the street, Orme sat him in perfect confidence. He kept his hands low, his knees a little more up and forward than we use in our style of riding, and his weight a trifle farther back, but I saw from the lines of his limbs that he had the horse in a steel grip. He gazed down contemplatively, with a half serious look, master of himself and of the horse as well. Then presently he turned him up the road and went off at a gallop, with the brute under perfect control. I do not know what art he used; all I can say is that in a half hour he brought Satan back in a canter.

This was my first acquaintance with Gordon Orme, that strange personality with which I was later to have much to do. This was my first witnessing of that half uncanny power by which he seemed to win all things to his purposes. I admired him, yet did not like him, when he swung carelessly down and handed me the reins.

"He's a grand one," he said easily, "but not so difficult to ride as old Klingwalla. Not that I would discount your own skill in riding him, sir, for I doubt not you have taken a lot out of him before now."

At least this was generous; and as I later learned, it was like him to give full credit to the performance of any able adversary.

CHAPTER III

THE ART OF THE ORIENT

"Come," said Orme to me, "let us go into the shade. I admit I find your Virginia morning a trifle warm."

We stepped over to the gallery of the little tavern, where the shade was deep and the chairs were wide and the honeysuckles sweet. I threw myself rather discontentedly into a chair. Orme seated himself quietly in another, his slender legs crossed easily, his hands meeting above his elbows supported on the chair rails, as he gazed somewhat meditatively at his finger tips.

"So you did not hear my little effort the other night?" he remarked, smiling.

"I was not so fortunate as to hear you speak. But I will only say I will back you against any minister of the gospel I ever knew when it comes to riding mean horses."

"Oh, well," he deprecated, "I'm just passing through on my way to Albemarle County along the mountains. You couldn't blame me for wanting something to do—speaking or riding, or what not. One must be occupied, you know. But shall we not have them bring us one of those juleps of the country? I find them most agreeable, I declare."

I did not criticise his conduct as a wearer of the cloth, but declined his hospitality on the ground that it was early in the day for me. He urged me so little and was so much the gentleman that I explained.

"Awhile ago," I said, "my father came to me and said, 'I see, Jack, that thee is trying to do three things—to farm, hunt foxes, and drink juleps. Does thee think thee can handle all three of these activities in combination?' You see, my mother is a Quakeress, and when my father wishes to reprove me he uses the plain speech. Well, sir, I thought it over, and for the most part I dropped the other two and took up more farming."

"Your father is Mr. John Cowles, of Cowles Farms?"

"The same."

"No doubt your family know every one in this part of the country."

"Oh, yes, very well."

"These are troublous times," he ventured, after a time. "I mean in regard to this talk of secession of the Southern States."

I was studying this man. What was he doing here in our quiet country community? What was his errand? What business had a julep-drinking, horse-riding parson speaking in a Virginia pulpit where only the gospel was known, and that from exponents worth the name?

"You are from Washington?" I said at length.

He nodded.

"The country is going into deep water one way or the other," said I. "Virginia is going to divide on slavery. It is not for me, nor for any of us, to hasten that time. Trouble will come fast enough without our help."

"I infer you did not wholly approve of my little effort the other evening? I was simply looking at the matter from a logical standpoint. It is perfectly clear that the old world must have cotton, that the Southern States must supply that cotton, and that slavery alone makes cotton possible for the world. It is a question of geography rather than of politics; yet your Northern men make it a question of politics. Your Congress is full of rotten tariff legislation, which will make a few of your Northern men rich—and which will bring on this war quite as much as anything the South may do. Moreover, this tariff disgusts England, very naturally. Where will England side when the break comes? And what will be the result when the South, plus England, fights those tariff makers over there? I have no doubt that you, sir, know the complexion of all these Loudoun families in these matters. I should be most happy if you could find it possible for me to meet your father and his neighbors, for in truth I am interested in these matters merely as a student. And I have heard much of the kindness of this country toward strangers."

It was not our way in Virginia to allow persons of any breeding to put up at public

taverns. We took them to our homes. I have seen a hundred horses around my father's barns during the Quarterly Meetings of the Society of Friends. Perhaps we did not scrutinize all our guests over-closely, but that was the way of the place. I had no hesitation in saying to Mr. Orme that we should be glad to entertain him at Cowles Farms. He was just beginning to thank me for this when suddenly we were interrupted.

We were sitting some paces from the room where landlord Sanderson kept his bar, so that we heard only occasionally the sound of loud talk which came through the windows. But now came footsteps and confused words in voices one of which I seemed to know. There staggered through the door a friend of mine, Harry Singleton, a young planter of our neighborhood who had not taken my father's advice, but continued to divide his favor between farming, hunting, and drinking. He stood there leaning against the wall, his face more flushed than one likes to see a friend's face before midday.

"Hullo, ol' fel," he croaked at me. "Hurrah for C'federate States of America!"

"Very well," I said to him, "suppose we do hurrah for the Confederate States of America. But let us wait until there is such a thing."

He glowered at me. "Also," he said, solemnly, "hurrah for Miss Grace Sheraton, the pretties' girl in whole C'federate States America!"

"Harry," I cried, "stop! You're drunk, man. Come on, I'll take you home."

He waved at me an uncertain hand. "Go 'way, slight man!" he muttered. "Grace Sheraton pretties' girl in whole C'federate States America."

According to our creed it was not permissible for a gentleman, drunk or sober, to mention a lady's name in a place like that. I rose and put my hand across Harry's mouth, unwilling that a stranger should hear a girl's name mentioned in this way. No doubt I should have done quite as much for any girl of our country whose name came up in that manner. But to my surprise Harry Singleton was just sufficiently intoxicated to resent the act of his best friend. With no word of warning he drew back his hand and struck me in the face with all his force, the blow making a

smart crack which brought all the others running from within. Still, I reflected that this was not the act of Harry Singleton, but only that of a drunken man who to-morrow would not remember what had been done.

"That will be quite enough, Harry," said I. "Come, now, I'll take you home. Sanderson, go get his horse or wagon, or whatever brought him here."

"Not home!" cried Harry. "First inflict punishment on you for denyin' Miss Gracie Sheraton pretties' girl whole C'federate States America. Girls like John Cowles too much! Must mash John Cowles! Must mash John Cowles sake of Gracie Sheraton, pretties' girl in whole wide worl'!"

He came toward me as best he might, his hands clenched. I caught him by the wrist, and as he stumbled past I turned and had his arm over my shoulder. I admit I threw him rather cruelly hard, for I thought he needed it. He was entirely quiet when we carried him into the room and placed him on the leather lounge.

"By Jove!" I heard a voice at my elbow. "That was handsomely done—handsomely done all around."

I turned to meet the outstretched hand of my new friend Gordon Orme.

"Where did you learn the trick?" he asked.

"The trick of being a gentleman," I answered him slowly, my face red with anger at Singleton's foolishness, "I never learned at all. But to toss a poor drunken fool like that over one's head any boy might learn at school."

"No," said my quasi-minister of the gospel emphatically, "I differ with you. Your time was perfect. You made him do the work, not yourself. Tell me, are you a skilled wrestler?"

I was nettled now at all these things which were coming to puzzle and perturb an honest fellow out for a morning ride.

"Yes," I answered him, "since you are anxious to know, I'll say I can throw any man in Loudoun except one."

"And he?"

"My father. He's fifty, as I told you, but he can always beat me."

"There are two in Loudoun you cannot throw," said Orme, smiling.

My blood was up just enough to resent this challenge. There came to me what

old Dr. Hallowell at Alexandria calls the "*gaudium certaminis*." In a moment I was little more than a full-blooded fighting animal, and had forgotten all the influences of my Quaker home.

"Sir," I said to him, hotly, "I propose taking you home with me. But before I do that, and since you seem to wish it, I am going to lay you on your back here in the road. Frankly, there are some things about you I do not like, and if that will remedy your conceit, I'm going to do it for you—for any sort of wager you like."

"Money against your horse?" he inquired, stripping to his ruffled shirt as he spoke. "A hundred guineas; five hundred?"

"Yes, for the horse," I said. "He's worth ten thousand dollars. But if you've two or three hundred to pay for my soiling the shoulders of your shirt, I'm willing to let the odds stand so."

He smiled at me simply—I swear almost winningly, such was the quality of the man.

"I like you," he said simply. "If all the men of this country resembled you, all the world could not beat it."

I was stripped by this time myself, and so, without pausing to consider the propriety on either side of our meeting in this sudden encounter in a public street, we went at it as though we had made a rendezvous there for that express purpose, with no more hesitation and no more fitness than two game cocks which might fall fighting in a church in case they met there.

Orme came to me with no hurry and no anxiety, light on his feet as a skilled fencer. As he passed he struck for my shoulder, and his grip, although it did not hold, was like the cutting of a hawk's talons. He branded me red with his fingers wherever he touched me, although the stroke of his hand was half tentative rather than aggressive. I went to him with head low, and he caught me at the back of the neck with a stroke like that of a smiting bar, but I flung him off; and so we stepped about, hands extended, waiting for a hold. He grew eager, and allowed me to catch him by the wrist. I drew him toward me, but he braced with his free arm bent against my throat, and the more I pulled, the more I choked. Then by sheer strength I drew his arm over my shoulder as I had that of Harry Singleton. He glided into this as

though it had been his own purpose, and true as I speak, I think he aided me in throwing him over my head, for he went light as a feather—and fell on his feet when I freed him! I was puzzled not a little, for the like of this I had not seen in all my meetings with good men.

As we stepped about cautiously, seeking to engage again, his eye was fixed on mine curiously, half contemplatively, but utterly without concern or fear of any kind. I never saw an eye like his. It gave me not fear, but horror! The more I encountered him, the more uncanny he appeared. The lock of the arm at the back of the neck, those holds known as the Nelson and the half-Nelson, and the ancient "hip lock," and the ineffectual school boy "grapevine"—he would none of things so crude, and slipped out of them like a snake. Continually I felt his hands, and where he touched there was pain—on my forehead, at the edge of the eye sockets, at the sides of my neck, in the middle of my back—whenever we locked and broke I felt pain, and I knew that such assault upon the nerve centers of a man's body might well disable him, no matter how strong he was. But as for him, he did not breathe the faster. It was system with him. I say, I felt a horror of him.

By chance I found myself with both hands on his arms, and I knew that no man could break that hold when once set, for vast strength of forearm and wrist was one of the inheritances of all men of the Cowles family. I drew him steadily to me, pulled his head against my chest, and upended him fair, throwing him this time at length across my shoulder. I was sure I had him then, for he fell on his side. But even as he fell he rose, and I felt a grip like steel on each ankle. Then there was a snake-like bend on his part, and before I had time to think I was on my face. His knees straddled my body, and gradually I felt them pushing my arms up toward my neck. I felt a slight blow on the back of my head, as though by the edge of the hand—light, delicate, gentle, but dreamy in its results. Then I was half conscious of a hand pushing down my head, of another hand reaching for my right wrist. It occurred to me in a distant way that I was about to be beaten, subdued—I, John Cowles!

This had been done, as he had said of my

own work with Singleton, as much by the momentum of my own fall as by any great effort on his part. As he had said regarding my own simple trick, the time of this was perfect, though how far more difficult than mine only those who have wrestled with able men can understand.

For the first time in my life I found myself about to be mastered by another man. Had he been more careful he certainly would have had the victory over me. But the morning was warm, and we had worked for some minutes. My man stopped for a moment in his calm pinioning of my arms, and perhaps raised his hand to brush his face or push back his hair. At that moment luck came to my aid. He did not repeat the strange gentle blow at the back of my head—one which I think would have left unconscious a man with a neck less stiff—and as his pressure on my twisted arm relaxed, I suddenly got back my faculties. At once I used my whole body as a spring, and so straightened enough to turn and put my arm power against his own, which was all I wanted.

He laughed when I turned, and with perfect good nature freed my arm and sprang to his feet, bowing with hand outreached to me. His eye had lost its peculiar stare, and shone now with what seemed genuine interest and admiration. He seemed ready to call me a sportsman, and a good rival; and much as I disliked to do so, I was obliged to say as much for him in my own heart.

"By the Lord! sir," he said—with a certain looseness of speech, as it seemed to me, for a minister of the gospel to employ, "you're the first I ever knew to break it."

"'Twas no credit to me," I owned. "You let go your hand. The horse is yours."

"Not in the least," he responded. "Not in the least. If I felt I had won him I'd take him, and not leave you feeling as though you had been given a present. But if you like I'll draw my own little wager as well. You're the best man I ever met in any country. By the Lord! man, you broke the hold that I once saw an ex-Guardsman killed at Singapore for resisting—broke his arm short off, and he died on the table. I've seen it at Tokio and Nagasaki—why, man, it's the yellow policeman's hold, the secret trick of the Orient. Done in proper time, it makes the little gentleman the match of any size, yellow or white."

I did not understand him then, but later I knew that I had for my first time seen the Oriental art of wrestling put in practice. I do not want to meet a master in it again. I shook Orme by the hand.

"If you like to call it a draw," said I, "it would suit me mighty well. You're the best man I ever took off coat to in my life. And I'll never wrestle you again, unless"—I fear I blushed a little—"well, unless you want it."

"Game! Game!" he cried, laughing, and dusting off his knees. "I swear you Virginians are fellows after my own heart. But come, I think your friend wants you now."

We turned toward the room where poor Harry was mumbling to himself, and presently I loaded him into the wagon and told the negro man to drive him home.

For myself, I mounted Satan and rode off up the street of Wallingford toward Cowles Farms with my head dropped in thought; for certainly, when I came to review the incidents of the morning, I had had enough to give me reason for reflection.

(To be continued.)



THE LONG LABRADOR TRAIL

THE COMPACT WITH HUBBARD FULFILLED

BY DILLON WALLACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

XX

BACK TO NORTHWEST RIVER



E had now reached an English speaking country; that is, a section where every one talks understandable English, though at the same time conversant with the

Eskimo language.

All down the coast we had been fortunate in securing dogs and drivers with little trouble, through the intervention of the missionaries, but at Makkovik dogs were scarce, and it seemed for a time as though we were to be stranded here; but finally with missionary Townley's aid I engaged an old Eskimo named Martin Tuktusini to go with us to Rigolet. When I looked at Martin's dogs, however, I saw at once that they were not equal to the journey, unaided. Neither had I much faith in Martin, for he was an old man who had nearly reached the end of his usefulness.

A day was lost in vainly looking around for additional dogs, and then Mr. Townley generously loaned us his team and driver to help us on to Big Bight, fifteen miles away, where he thought we might get dogs to supplement Martin's.

At Big Bight we found a miserable hut, where the people were indescribably poor and dirty. A team was engaged after some delay to carry us to Tishiarluk, thirty miles farther on our journey, which place we reached the following day at eleven o'clock.

There is a single hovel at Tishiarluk, occupied by two brothers—John and Sam Cove—and their sister. Their only food

was flour, and a limited quantity of that. Even tea and molasses, usually found amongst the "livyeres" (live-heres) of the coast, were lacking. Sam was only too glad of the opportunity to earn a few dollars, and was engaged with his team to join forces with Martin as far as Rigolet.

There are two routes from Tishiarluk to Rigolet. One is the "Big Neck" route over the hills, and much shorter than the other, which is known as the outside route, though it also crosses a wide neck of land inside of Cape Harrison, ending at Pottle's Bay on Hamilton Inlet. It was my intention to take the Big Neck trail, but Martin strenuously opposed it on the ground that it passed over high hills, was much more difficult, and the probabilities of getting lost should a storm occur were much greater by that route than by the other. His objections prevailed, and upon the afternoon of the day after our arrival Sam was ready, and in a gale of wind we ran down on the ice to Tom Bromfield's cabin at Tilt Cove, that we might be ready to make an early start for Pottle's Bay the following morning, as the whole day would be needed to cross the neck of land to Pottle's Bay and the nearest shelter beyond.

Tom is a prosperous and ambitious hunter, and is fairly well-to-do as it goes on the Labrador. His one-room cabin was very comfortable, and he treated us to unwonted luxuries, such as butter, marmalade, and sugar for our tea.

During the evening he displayed to me the skin of a large wolf which he had killed a few days before, and told us the story of the killing.

"I were away, sir," related he, "wi' th' dogs, savin' one which I leaves to home,

'tendin' my fox traps. The woman (meaning his wife) were alone wi' the young ones. In the evenin' (afternoon) her hears a fightin' of dogs outside, an' thinkin' one of the team was broke loose an' run home, she starts to go out to beat the beasts an' put a stop to the fightin'. But lookin' out first before she goes, what does she see but the wolf that owned that skin, and right handy to the door he were, too. He were a big devil, as you sees, sir. She were scared. Her tries to take down the rifle—the one as is there on the pegs, sir. The wolf and the dog be now fightin' agin' the door, and she thinks they's handy to breakin' in, and it makes her a bit shaky in the hands, and she makes a slip and the rifle he goes off bang! makin' that hole there marrin' the timber above the windy. Then the wolf he goes off too. He be scared at the shootin'. When I comes home she tells me, and I lays fur the beast. 'Twere the next day and I were in the house when I hears the dogs fightin' and I peers out the windy, and there I sees the wolf fightin' wi' the dogs, quite handy by the house. Well, sir, I just gits the rifle down and goes out, and when the dogs sees me they runs and leaves the wolf, and I up and knocks he over wi' a bullet, and there's his skin, worth a good four dollars, for he be an extra fine one, sir."

The next morning was leaden gray, and promised snow. With the hope of reaching Pottle's Bay before dark we started forward early, and at one o'clock in the afternoon were in the soft snow of the spruce covered neck. Traveling was very bad and progress so slow that darkness found us still amongst the scrubby firs. Martin and I walked ahead of the dogs, making a path and cutting away the growth where it was too thick to permit the passage of the teams. Martin was guiding us by so circuitous a path that finally I began to suspect he had lost his way, and calling a halt suggested that we had better make a shelter and stop until daylight, particularly as the snow was now falling. When you are lost in the bush it is a good rule to stop where you are until you make certain of your course. Martin, in this instance, however, seemed very positive that we were going in the right direction, though off the usual trail, and he said that in another hour or so we would

certainly come out and find the salt water ice of Hamilton Inlet. So after an argument I agreed to proceed and trust in his assurances.

Easton, who was driving the rear team, was completely tired out with the exertion of steering the komatik through the brush and untangling the dogs, which seemed to take a delight in spreading out and getting their traces fast around the numerous small trees, and I went to the rear to relieve him for a time from the exhausting work.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when we at length came upon the ice of a brook which Martin admitted he had never seen before and confessed that he was completely lost. I ordered a halt at once until daylight. We drank some cold water, ate some hardtack and then stretched our sleeping-bags upon the snow and, all of us weary, lay down to let the drift cover us while we slept.

At dawn we were up, and with a bit of jerked venison in my hand to serve for breakfast I left the others to lash the load on the komatiks and follow me and started on ahead. I had walked but half a mile when I came upon the rough hummocks of the Inlet ice. Before noon we found shelter from the now heavily driving snow-storm in a liverye's hut and here remained until the following morning.

Just beyond this point, in crossing a neck of land, we came upon a small hut and, as is usual on the Labrador, stopped for a moment. The people of the coast always expect travelers to stop and have a cup of tea with them, and feel that they have been slighted if this is not done. Here I found a widow named Newell, whom I knew, and her two or three small children. It was a miserable hut, without even the ordinary comforts of the poorer coast cabins; only one side of the earthen floor partially covered with rough boards, and the people destitute of food. Mrs. Newell told me that the other liveryes were giving her what little she had to eat, and had saved them during the winter from actual starvation. I had some hardtack and tea in my "grub bag," and these I left with her.

Two days later we pulled in at Rigolet and were greeted by my friend Fraser. It was almost like getting home again, for now I was on old, familiar ground. A good

budget of letters that had come during the previous summer awaited us, and how eagerly we read them! This was the first communication we had received from our home folks since the previous June and it was now February twenty-first.

We rested with Fraser until the twenty-third and then with Mark Pallessor, a Gros-water Bay Eskimo, turned in to Northwest River where Stanton, upon coming from the interior, had remained to wait for our return and join us for the balance of the journey out. The going was fearful, and snowshoeing in the heavy snow tiresome. It required two days to reach Mulligan Bight where we spent the night with skipper Tom Blake, one of my good old friends, and at Tom's we feasted on the first fresh venison we had had since leaving the Ungava district. In the whole distance from Whale River not a caribou had been killed during the winter by any one, while in the previous winter a single hunter at Davis Inlet shot in one day a hundred and fifty, and only ceased then because he had no more ammunition. Tom had killed three or four, and south of this point I learned of a hunter now and then getting one.

Northwest River was reached on Monday, February twenty-sixth, and we took Cotter by complete surprise, for he had not expected us for another month.

The day after our arrival Stanton came to the Post from a cabin three miles above, where he had been living alone, and he was delighted to see us.

The lumbermen at Muddy Lake, twenty miles away, heard of our arrival and sent down a special messenger with a large addition to the mail, which I was carrying out and which had been growing steadily in bulk with its accumulations at every station.

This is the stormiest season of the year in Labrador, and weather conditions were such that it was not until March sixth that we were permitted to resume our journey homeward.

XXI

THE LONG TRAIL IS ENDED

The storm left the ice covered with a depth of soft snow into which the dogs sank deep and hauled the komatik with diffi-

culty. Snowshoeing, too, was unusually hard. The day we left Northwest River (Tuesday, March sixth) the temperature rose above the freezing point, and when it froze that night a thin crust formed, through which our snowshoes broke, adding very materially to the labor of walking—and of course it was all walking.

As the days lengthened and the sun, asserting his power, pushed higher and higher above the horizon, the glare upon the white expanse of snow dazzled our eyes, and we had to put on smoked glasses to protect ourselves from snow-blindness. Even with the glasses our driver, Mark, became partially snow-blind, and when, on the evening of the third day after leaving Northwest River, we reached his home at Karwalla, an Eskimo settlement a few miles west of Rigolet, it became necessary for us to halt until his eyes would enable him to travel again.

Here we met some of the Eskimos that had been connected with the Eskimo village at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Mary, Mark's wife, was one of the number. She told me of having been exhibited as far west as Portland, Oregon, and I asked:

"Mary, aren't you discontented here, after seeing so much of the world? Wouldn't you like to go back?"

"No, sir," she answered. "'Tis fine here, where I has plenty of company. 'Tis too lonesome in the States, sir."

"But you can't get the good things to eat here—the fruits and other things," I insisted.

"I likes the oranges and apples fine, sir—but they has no seal meat or deer's meat in the States."

It was not until Tuesday, March thirteenth, three days after our arrival at Karwalla, that Mark thought himself quite able to proceed. The brief "mild" gave place to intense cold and the blustery, snowy weather continued. We pushed on toward West Bay on the outer coast by the "Backway," an arm of Hamilton Inlet that extends almost due east from Karwalla.

At West Bay I secured fresh dogs to carry us on to Cartwright, which I hoped to reach in one day more. But the going was fearfully poor, soft snow was drifted deep in the trail over Cape Porcupine, the ice in Traymore was broken up by the

gales, and this necessitated a long detour, so it was nearly dark and snowing hard when we at last reached the house of James Williams at North River, just across Sandwich Bay from Cartwright Post. The greeting I received was so kindly that I was not altogether disappointed at having to spend the night here.

"We've been expectin' you all winter, sir," said Mrs. Williams. "When you stopped two years ago you said you'd come some other time, and we knew you would. 'Tis fine to see you again, sir."

On the afternoon of March seventeenth we reached Cartwright Post of the Hudson's Bay Company and my friend Swaffield, the agent, and Mrs. Swaffield, who had been so kind to me on my former trip, gave us a cordial welcome. Here also I met Dr. Mumford, the resident physician at Dr. Grenfell's mission hospital at Battle Harbor, who was on a trip along the coast visiting the sick.

Another four days' delay was necessary at Cartwright before dogs could be found to carry us on, but with Swaffield's aid I finally secured teams and we resumed our journey, stopping at night at the native cabins along the route.

Much bad weather was encountered to retard us, and I had difficulty now and again in securing dogs and drivers. Many of the men that I had on my previous trip, when I brought Hubbard's body out to Battle Harbor, were absent hunting, but whenever I could find them they invariably engaged with me again to help me a stage upon the journey.

From Long Pond the men I had did not know the way. When I traveled the coast before my drivers took a route outside of Long Pond, so that night, with no one to set us right, we wandered about upon the ice until long after dark, looking for a hut at Whale Bight, which was finally located by the dogs smelling smoke and going to it.

A little beyond Whale Bight we came upon a bay that I recognized, and from that point I knew the trail and headed directly to Williams Harbor, where I found John and James Russell, two of my old drivers, ready to take us on to Battle Harbor.

At last on the afternoon of March twenty-sixth we reached the hospital, and how good it seemed to be back almost

within touch of civilization! It was here that I ended my long and dreary sledge journey.

Mrs. Mumford made us most welcome, and entertained me in the doctor's house, and was as good and kind as she could be.

I must again express my appreciation of the truly wonderful work that Dr. Grenfell and his brave associates are carrying on amongst the people of this dreary coast. Year after year they brave the hardships and dangers of sea and fog and winter storms that they may minister to the lowly and needy in the Master's name. It is a saying on the coast that "even the dogs know Dr. Grenfell," and it is literally true, for his activities carry him everywhere, and God knows what would become of some of the people if he were not there to look after them. His practice extends over a larger territory than that of any other physician in the world, but the only fee he ever collects is the pleasure that comes with the knowledge of work well done.

At Battle Harbor I was told by a trader that it would be difficult if not impossible to procure dogs to carry us up the Straits toward Quebec, and I was strongly advised to end my snowshoe and dog journey here and wait for a steamer that was expected to come in April to the whaling station at Cape Charles, twelve miles away. This seemed good advice, for if we could get a steamer here within three weeks or so that would take us to St. John's we should reach home probably earlier than we possibly could by going to Quebec.

There is a government coast telegraph line that follows the north shore of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Chateau Bay, but the nearest office open at this time was at Red Bay, sixty-five miles from Battle Harbor, and I determined to go there and get into communication with home and at the same time telegraph to Bowring Brothers in St. John's and ascertain from them exactly when I might expect the whaling steamer.

William Murphy offered to carry me over with his team, and leaving Stanton and Easton comfortably housed at Battle Harbor and both of them quite content to end their dog traveling here, on the morning after my arrival we made an early start for Red Bay.



Natives of the lower Labrador coast.



A typical hut near Fox Harbor.



Battle Harbor, where Wallace left Stanton and Easton, while he sledged sixty-five miles to Red Bay, the nearest telegraph station.

Except in the more sheltered places the bay ice had broken away along the straits and we had to follow the rough ice barricades, sometimes working inland up and down the rocky hills and steep grades. Before noon we passed Henley Harbor and the Devil's Dining Table—a basaltic rock formation—and a little later reached Chateau Bay and had dinner in a native house. Beyond this point there are cabins built at intervals of a few miles as shelter for the linemen when making repairs to the wire. We passed one of these at Wreck Cove toward evening, but as a storm was threatening pushed on to the next one at Green Bay, fifty-five miles from Battle Harbor. It was dark before we got there, and to reach the Bay we had to descend a steep hill. I shall never forget the ride down that hill. It is very well to go over places like that when you know the way, and what you are likely to bring up against, but I did not know the way and had to pin my faith blindly on Murphy, who had taken me over rotten ice during the day—ice that waved up and down with our weight and sometimes broke behind us. My opinion of him was that he was a reckless devil, and when we began to descend that hill five hundred feet to the bay ice this opinion was strengthened. I would have said uncomplimentary things to him had time permitted. I expected anything to happen. It looked in the night as though a sheer precipice with a bottomless pit below was in front of us. Two drags were thrown over the komatik runners to hold us back, but in spite of them we went like a shot out of a gun, he on one side, I on the other, sticking our heels into the hard snow as we extended our legs ahead, trying our best to hold back and stop our wild progress. But, much to my surprise, when we got there, and I verily believe to Murphy's surprise also, we landed right side up at the bottom, with no bones broken. There were three men camped in the shack here, and we spent the night with them.

Early the next day we reached Red Bay and the telegraph office. There are no words in the English language adequate to express my feelings of gratification when I heard the instruments clicking off the messages. It had been seventeen years since I had handled a telegraph key—when I was a railroad telegrapher down in New

England—and how I fondled that key, and what music the click of the sounder was to my ears!

My messages were soon sent, and then I sat down to wait for the replies.

The office was in the house of Thomas Moors, and he was good enough to invite me to stop with him while in Red Bay. His daughter was the telegraph operator.

The next day the answers to my telegrams came, and many messages from friends, and one from Bowring & Company stating that no steamer would be sent to Cape Charles. I had been making inquiries here, however, in the meantime, and learned that it was quite possible to secure dogs and continue the journey up the north shore, so I was not greatly disappointed. I despatched Murphy at once to Battle Harbor to bring on the other men, waiting myself at Red Bay for their coming, and holding teams in readiness for an immediate departure when they should arrive.

They drove in at two o'clock on April fourth, and we left at once. On the morning of the sixth we passed through Blanc Sablon, the boundary line between Newfoundland and Canadian territory, and here I left the Newfoundland letters from my mail bag.

At Brador Bay I stopped to telegraph. No operator was there, so I sent the message myself, left the money on the desk, and proceeded.

Three days more took us to St. Augustine Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, where we arrived in the morning and accepted the hospitality of Burgess, the Agent.

Our old friends, the Indians whom we met on our inland trip at Northwest River, were here, and John, who had eaten supper with us at our camp on the hill on the first portage, expressed great pleasure at meeting us and had many questions to ask about the country. They had failed in their deer hunt, and had come out from the interior half starved a week or so before.

We did fifty miles on the eleventh, changing dogs at Harrington at noon and running on to Sealnet Cove that night, where we met several Indians who had just come, half starved, from the interior, having failed to get caribou, as had the Indians at St. Augustine.

Two days later we reached the Post at Romain, and on the afternoon of April seventeenth reached Natashquan and open water. Here I engaged passage on a small schooner—the first afloat in the St. Lawrence—to take us on to Eskimo Point, seventy miles farther, where the Quebec steamer, *King Edward*, was expected to arrive in a week or so. That night we boarded the schooner and sailed at once. I threw the clothes I had been wearing into the sea and donned fresh ones. What a relief it was to be clear of the innumerable horde “o’ wee sma’ beasties” that had been my close companions all the way down from the Eskimo igloos in the north. I have wondered many times since whether those clothes swam ashore, and if they did what happened to them.

It was a great pleasure to be upon the water again, and see the shore slip past, and feel that no more snow-storms, no more bitter northern blasts, no more hungry days and nights were to be faced.

Since June twenty-fifth, the day we dipped our paddles into the water of North-west River and turned northward into the wastes of the great unknown wilderness, eight hundred miles had been traversed in reaching Fort Chimo, and on our return journey with dogs and komatik and snow-shoes, two thousand more.

We came to anchor at Eskimo Point on

April twentieth, and that very day a rain began that turned the world into a sea of slush. I was glad indeed that our komatik work was finished, for it would now have been very difficult if not impossible to travel farther with dogs.

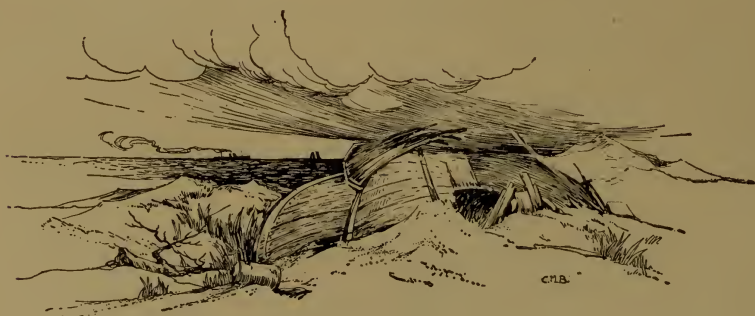
I at once deposited in the post office the bag of letters that I had carried all the way from far-off Ungava. This was the first mail that any single messenger had ever carried by dog train from that distant point, and I felt quite puffed up with the honor of it.

The week that we waited here for the *King Edward* was a dismal one, and when the ship finally arrived we lost no time in getting ourselves and our belongings aboard. It was a mighty satisfaction to feel the pulse of the engines that with every revolution took us nearer home, and when at last we tied up at the steamer’s wharf in Quebec, I heaved a big sigh of relief.

On April thirtieth, after an absence of just eleven months, we found ourselves again in the whirl and racket of New York. The portages and rapids and camp fires, the Indian wigwams and Eskimo igloos and the great, silent white world of the North that we had so recently left were now only memories. We had reached the end of The Long Trail.

The compact with Hubbard was fulfilled.

THE END



THE AMERICAN HORSE IN PORTRAITURE

A SERIES OF COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS

BY N. W. PENFIELD



DAN PATCH

Champion pacer of the world (time 1.55).



HERMIS

A spectacular favorite of the race-going public; a really great horse and the best "miler" of the past decade.



ARTFUL

The fastest two-year-old running filly of recent years; record maker of six furlongs in 1.08 on a straight course.



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The trotting phenomenon that is credited with the world's record mile of 1.58½ made behind a wind shield.



SYSONBY

A marvelous runner that beat every rival without being extended; the undoubted champion of the modern American turf.



BELDAME

The beautifully bred racing mare, which as a three-year-old swept the boards, ending the season queen of her year.



QUEEN

Considered one of the finest examples in America of the polo pony.



RETRIBUTION

A famous old hunter that followed the hounds until he was twenty years old.



PONY

A fire horse attached to Company 65 of the N. Y. Fire Department.



BILLY—a common truck horse of much work and no play.



ANGEL—the ragman's main dependence—a horse without a pedigree.



AFTER THE GAME—"Ma, can us fellers have sompin' ter eat?"

Drawing by Worth Brehm.

LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

A BUSY MAN'S VACATION

BY CHARLES EMMETT BARNES

IT was only a string of fish. Who can explain its strange fascination, the witchery, the mysterious something that attracts to it?

The happy-go-lucky boy stood on the sidewalk in front of my office with a fine catch of perch and blue gills strung upon a willow branch. It was a magnet that drew to him every person who passed, and his expression showed how pleased he was at the attention. It was a compliment to his skill as an angler. Each man, from the day laborer to the aristocratic banker, as he paused, asked the boy where he caught them. That string of fish made them all democratic. It was not strange that the drayman came over to look at them, but what was it that appealed to Banker Jones, who never recognized or spoke to any one; who never looked right or left as he walked along the street, always meditating? This self-absorbed man actually saw the fish and came to a standstill. It made even him akin to all the other onlookers. For that string of fish brought to memory happy, free-from-care "other days," before the strenuous business life had confined one everlastingly to the office without a vacation; a mental kaleidoscope that vividly pictured green fields, sylvan scenes, running brooks, placid lakes, sunshine, fresh air; thoughts of a time of freedom from care and business, and hope of holidays.

An outing! Let's see! I have not had a vacation from the office in ten years. I must——

"Been out of copy for half an hour," exclaimed the foreman in a vexatious voice as he rushed into my sanctum. To appease him I gave him an obituary of Smith that I had just finished writing when the boy

came along with the string of fish that had caused my meditations.

Smith's obituary set me to musing again. Smith was a successful business man and died worth \$100,000. Almost every week he had confidentially told me that next year he intended to retire from business and enjoy life. Next year came and he repeatedly told me the same thing. It was always next year. By-and-by he would enjoy life. Yes, by-and-by. But Smith died with apoplexy, and by-and-by never came to him on this earth, as it seldom does to any other business or professional man. He had worked like a slave, always anticipating that "good time" by-and-by.

Well, every other business man has the same dream of happiness, in the future, when he "quits business." As I mused, a forcible realization of the fact came to me that I, too, never took a vacation. The conclusion came quickly, that if a person did not enjoy life in the present, from day to day, he never would. It could not be deferred to be realized all in a lump—his pleasure must be *now*.

I had always been a great lover of nature, but the communion that I had established in boyhood had been rudely broken by the cold, ruthless, selfish demands of business in later life. To see more of, and to study nature; to renew my acquaintance with birds and flowers; to get the fresh air that was my natural inheritance, and hereafter to take an outing at least once a week, was a decision quickly and wisely made. I would consecrate Sundays to nature study and to the recuperation of the mental faculties and physical system by outdoor life.

For several years I have kept this covenant, taking an all-day outing on the Sabbath whenever the weather would permit. I have tramped along every river and brook, and around about thirty lakes in the vicinity of my city—traversed hills and dales; strolled through woods and

fields; studied birds, flowers, insects, trees and shrubs, and got more satisfaction and enjoyment and more physical benefit out of it than from any other recreation or physical exercise I had ever before indulged in.

In company with my young son I began my outings. Other friends were attracted to the novel one-day-at-a-time vacation idea by my enthusiasm, and asked to accompany us; so that three, then five, then a dozen nature students, in time, made up the party. The first season's outings were such a success and so beneficial physically, socially and intellectually, that when winter came the memory of the pleasant excursion days resulted in the organization of a "Nature Club." Every winter since then meetings of the club were held weekly and a study was made of natural history. The club now numbers eighty business, professional, and working men—is thoroughly democratic, the only qualification for membership being a love of nature. When spring comes the "call of the wild" is heard and the members cease to be indoor naturalists and become outdoor nature students, taking tramps in groups on Sundays during the spring and summer and until late in the fall. The work of the club has had its influence upon nature students in other cities. An outing was held at Gull Lake with the students from the Michigan Normal School at Kalamazoo, and the Kalamazoo River Valley Nature Club organized, to comprise all of the cities in the valley of that river.

My personal record for one year was twenty-two Sunday outings, Memorial Day, Fourth of July and Labor Day—making a total of twenty-five days' vacation without loss of time from business. During the long summer evenings many outings were taken after five o'clock, going direct from the office and carrying lunch along so that a return was not necessary until after dark. Does this not appeal to the man who loves outdoor life, but can never get away from business? This is what I would call the busy man's vacation or poor man's outing.

Our home city is very favorably situated for enjoyable outings. Running twenty-five miles to the west is an interurban line along the valley of the beautiful Kalamazoo River, into which flows several picturesque brooks. One branch runs to Gull Lake, the

largest inland lake in southern Michigan. Another line runs to Lake Goguac, the queen of Michigan lakes. Still another runs eastward for forty-five miles. In this county are sixty-seven lakes bearing names, with numerous small ones that are nameless. These, with many picturesque brooks and two rivers, make it a paradise for the nature lover.

The nature students, each Sunday, now divided up into several parties, take one of the interurbans, drop off the car at some new point and spend all day tramping, following the river or creek bottoms or visiting some lake. The visiting of a new place on each outing is essential in keeping up the interest. It gives variety and change, and arouses anticipation for the next trip.

Unless there is an interest in research an outing develops into a mere cross-country tramp, which soon tires and becomes uninteresting, as it has its limit. When on an outing attention is directed to objects animate or inanimate, the mind is aroused and the stroller "wants to know." Just as soon as this desire manifests itself his fate is sealed. He is converted into a modern gypsy. He will become a confirmed "tramp" and an enthusiastic nature student. He has got into the spirit of it. Each outing develops the power of observation to a wonderful degree. He is constantly on the lookout for something that he never saw before. Nature is full of surprises. He finds a new flower, a vine, a shrub, a tree, a berry, a nut, an insect, a bird, or some freak in nature; discovers some fact in woodcraft or forestry, or a geological specimen. He soon learns that the study of nature is inexhaustible, without end. Each flower or bird identified gives zest to the tramp, and the next Sunday's outing is looked forward to eagerly in anticipation of new discoveries.

A business man or professional man cannot be a specialist. He does not have the time or desire. He wants to enjoy nature and get the fresh air that the open brings to him. To do this all that is necessary is just a sufficient knowledge, to commence on, of the several branches of natural history, so that he can learn the names of things. When he sees a tree with a bird in the branches, a flower with an insect upon it, or picks up a geological specimen,

the name of each is what he is seeking. He will become so enthusiastic over this desire to know and to find that he will recklessly invade slimy marshes, muddy river bottoms and snake-infested tamarack swamps, to find a rare flower, bird, or nest, and is thrilled with delight when he finds it. Each member of the club has a nature library, and on the return home, the quest in books for information begins in earnest. All things unidentified upon the trip are searched out in eagerness, and—Eureka! He exults in the discovery. It is surprising what enthusiasm is aroused in the efforts to become acquainted with nature.

During the past year photographing from nature has been added to the regular attractions. This has increased the interest and brought into the club the photographers of the city.

The gun is barred. No firearms are allowed and no birds or harmless animals are ever killed. There is harmony upon all questions except one. Shall snakes be killed? This has been the subject of many an excited debate, and no unity of action has yet been attained.

The great need of this strenuous age, when there is such a waste of vital forces, is more fresh air and outdoor life for men and women, for a restoration of the physical and mental equilibrium. Nature excursions will do this. The mounting of wire fences, the jumping of ditches, the crossing of brooks and climbing of hills, will bring all of the physical benefits to be derived from golf and kindred pastimes, and in addition the nature lover increases his knowledge on every trip—it is a continuous education.

A feature of the outing is the enjoyable time that the dinner hour brings, when the lunch is eaten by the side of some swift brook or cold spring, with the grass for linen. The previous exercise brings a relish that makes the sylvan banquet most appetizing, and the social spirit reigns supreme, while the birds charm with their sweet melody.

As a climax the members of the club have awakened to the fact that there is beauty, picturesqueness, and even grandeur right at their own door and all about them; that the ordinary is extraordinary; that common things are interesting; that there is beauty in familiar things.

A FEW DOG STORIES

BY RALPH NEVILLE

NO one can fathom a dog's reasoning. From Addison in the *Spectator*, through the flight of years to Sir Walter Scott and on down to present-day writers, one hears of properly authenticated cases of the remarkable reasoning of dogs. There are records of talking dogs, but these are somewhat open to doubt; tales of thinking dogs are therefore much more acceptable. The knowing dogs so frequently mentioned in the old *Spectator* did so many wonderful things that there can be little doubt that the writers of some of these racy essays drew the long bow. So veracious a man as Sir Walter Scott, however, had a "wise" dog, a bull terrier. Said the novelist once: "I taught him to understand a great many words, inasmuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offense, after which, to the last moments of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever tone of voice it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said, 'the baker was well paid,' or 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered and barked and rejoiced."

This same Camp certainly possessed a singular knowledge of spoken language. After he was unable, toward the end of his life, to attend when Sir Walter rode on horseback, he used to watch for his master's return; then if the servant should tell him his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor, although using no gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side.

But to come to more modern instances: sporting dogs have a wonderful way of understanding the phrases of the human voice. The owner of a spaniel made up his mind to give him to a man who lived fifteen miles away. He spent a day in taking the dog by train to his friend's place.

The next morning when he opened his front door in walked "Ben" looking for all the world as if he expected a welcome. But the owner was not to be done.

He put him in charge of a guard on a through train, with instructions not to let him escape. A month went by, and the family concluded that they had at last got rid of the dog, when one day the head of the house, standing on his front porch, saw a thin, worn-out liver and white spaniel trotting up the walk.

The dog gave a bark of joy as he caught sight of the master, who gazed on him with amazement and then exclaimed:

"Great Jehosaphat! Are you back?"

The animal paused when he heard these unappreciative words, and, looking crushed and miserable, sneaked around the house. No amount of coaxing could persuade the dog to pay attention to his conscience-stricken owner, but he lavished all his affections on the lady of the house, who took the old fellow back to her good graces.

In the window of a cigar store in New York a dog sits looking out upon passers-by and smoking a pipe or cigar with a relish that makes a man's mouth water. Now and then he blows a ring of smoke toward the ceiling and gazes out at newsboys and pedestrians in a self-satisfied, contented manner that simply compels all who have the tobacco habit to step inside for the purpose of making a purchase. "Cap," as this money-making dog is familiarly known, has all the characteristics of a fox terrier except the contour of his face, which betrays the bulldog blood that is in him. John D. Dalton, his owner, found him roaming the streets when he was a puppy about five weeks old, and the dog has been showing his gratitude ever since in a most substantial way. "Cap" learned to smoke when still a puppy, and is now a confirmed slave to the Lady Nicotine.

Dogs frequently become proud when dressed in special uniforms. One has noticed this at shows and at dog races, where some of the most extravagant clothes and muzzles are to be seen. The police dogs of Ghent—much of the type of the sheep dog—wear for their uniform a leather collar strongly bound with steel and armed with sharp points. From this hangs a medal showing the dog's name and quarters and age. In bad weather they have

their mackintosh capes. The Belgian dog must obviously be well endowed with the instinct of self-preservation. He is taught to attack, to seize, and to hold a man. Dummies are at first used for training purposes, and woe betide any one the police dog finds in a crouching position, it having been driven into its mind that a man endeavoring to conceal himself is up to no good. Gradually the dog is broken off a dummy and a living model is used—and in four months the animal's education in the matter of saving life from drowning, scaling walls, and burglar catching is complete. Then he goes out with the town "bobbies." Ghent possesses sixteen dog policemen.

In England we recently had afforded us an excellent example of a black retriever's heroism. During the height of a gale a bark was seen at Fraserburgh to be helplessly driven before the wind, and the greatest excitement prevailed among the anxious watchers on the headland when it was seen that the vessel was making for the rocks at Rosehearty. The Fraserburgh Life Saving Brigade was summoned by telephone, but before they could arrive the vessel was among the breakers, with great seas sweeping over her. There was no possibility of launching a boat, owing to the rocks and the violence of the waves. The crew were seen clinging to the trail-board, expecting every moment to be engulfed. So great was their danger that they tied a rope to a piece of wood, in the hope that it would drift ashore.

Then it was that Mr. Shirran, a Rosehearty banker, relieved their anxiety. He had a fine black retriever, which he ordered off for the stick. The noble animal at once obeyed. Plunging among the breakers he made for the ship. The waves were too much for him, however, and he returned. Again he was sent off, and many times he was completely lost to view. Once more he returned without accomplishing his object. It was pitiable to see the anxious sailors watching their only present hope of rescue. The dog was again sent off, but without avail. Yet a fourth time the animal breasted the billows, and, after a heroic struggle, he reached the stick. The swim back, handicapped with the weight of a heavy rope, was a great task. Several times the dog was overwhelmed, and hope was abandoned, but at last the victory was

obtained, and the weary animal fell panting on the shore, dropping the stick at his master's feet. Communication was thus established between the vessel and the shore. Immediately after the brigade arrived, and with the life-saving apparatus saved the crew.

In 1829 a peasant was found murdered in a wood in the Department of the Loire, France, with his dog sitting near the body. No clew could at first be gained as to the perpetrators of the crime, and the victim's widow continued to live in the same cottage, accompanied always by the faithful dog. In February, 1837, two men, apparently travelers, stopped at the house, requesting shelter from the storm, which was granted; but no sooner had the dog seen them than he flew at them with great fury, and would not be pacified. As they were quitting the house one of them said to the other: "That rascally dog has not forgotten us!" This raised the suspicion of the widow who overheard it, and she applied to the gendarmes in the neighborhood, who followed and arrested the men. After a long examination one of the criminals confessed.

There is a strong trait of jealousy in a dog's nature. A story is told of a Birmingham dog that had been a great pet in the family until the baby came. There was suspicion that he was jealous, but he could not be detected in any disrespect to the newcomer. It always happened, however, that when the dog was left alone with the baby the baby began to cry. No signs of trouble were ever to be seen upon entering the room, and the dog was always found sleeping peacefully before the fire. Finally one day a peep through the keyhole disclosed the canine rubbing his cold wet nose up and down the baby's back.

There is a common rumor to the effect that a dog at Berlin was taught to say the word "Elizabeth" most distinctly. A more generally authenticated statement is to the effect that Sir William Gell had a dog which could repeat some words, though he could only do this when his master held his jaws in a certain manner.

Southey, in his "Omniani," tells us that he knew of a dog which was brought up by a Catholic, and afterward sold to a Protestant, but still refused meat on a Friday.

BRANNIGAN'S NERVE

BY NORMAN CROWELL

WALLOPIN' Tom Geery was in the final stages of a harrowing narrative when William P. Brannigan, puncher on the X L diggings, pounded in under a full head of steam and leaned over the bar with a familiarity that jarred the place. While Bill threw in a single, a double header and repeat without swallowing, the hair-raising yarn drew to a hurried and untimely close.

After methodically combing the froth off his mule-tails, the new arrival advanced toward the group about the stove with menace in his eye.

"Purty darn good remarks, them was, Wallopin'. Don't believe I could have ekalled that feat you was tellin' of even in my best days. Do I ketch ye right in thinkin' it was you what kidnaped that Injun chief's darter under that perfect hail er arrers?"

Wallopin' looked a trifle weary but admitted blushingly that it was none else.

"Well now, son, that was nervy—blame nervy! But tellin' about it was jest about as nervy or maybe a leetle more so," said Bill as he aimed himself at a chair and sat down heavily.

After whipping out a copious plug of tobacco and disconnecting a cheekful from a prominent corner he drew a deep inspiration and glanced at the faces round about.

"Boys," said he, as he made a mysterious pass wherein the plug faded forever from human eye, "after ye've knowed this here Wallopin' person th' time I have ye'll git onto th' fact that he loves th' truth jest as severe as he is infatuated with work. He'd do first class if he wa'n't some cross-eyed on th' fundermental principles o' th' business."

Following the approving chuckles the speaker hitched a leg across its mate and resumed.

"Speakin' about nerve makes me recall a leetle something that happened to me a few years ago. I was driftin' around th' streets o' 'Frisco broke clear in two an' with cramps in th' floatin' ribs from ridin' brake-beams. Feller run agin me one day an' he says:

"'Lookin' for work, pard?"

"Course he ketched me off my guard

some an', like a fool, I pervaricated an' said that I was.

"Any petikelar line?' he says.

"Not that I knows of,' says I.

"Jest so there's money comin', eh?"

"How'd you guess it?' I says.

"Then this feller took me by th' hand and pulled me to one side and begun whisperin' a few bundles of information into me. By th' time he'd got through my wool was stickin' up so's you could have druv it in with a mallet.

"But, bein' game, I agreed, as I was needin' th' money bad. He took me down to a big buildin' on th' aidge of town an' interduced me to four of th' toughest humans I ever see collected into one bunch. One of 'em hands me a long knife, ground sharp as a razor, an' I see right off I was in for it to th' eyelids. Then they led me into a long, thin room an' begun rollin' up their sleeves. I rolled mine up, too. Then I looked down an' see fresh blood on th' floor an' while I was lookin' at it one feller pulled his watch an' said we'd better begin.

"Jest about that time o' day Bill Brannigan was a-sayin' what few prayers he knowed, but I kept my grip onto that knife, callatin' on a desprit attempt if th' wust come to th' wust. Then I heard a noise—a sorter wailin' an' shriekin'—it was enough to make your blood back up to hear them groans, but th' fellers only gritted their teeth an' told me to git prepared.

"I heard men's voices—hollerin'—but I knowed they was too far off to help anyway, so I jest stood there waitin' fer them there pore critters what was comin' to their doom.

"Well, fellers——"

Here the speaker tossed his cud into the farthest spittoon and drew out the plug. The listeners were sitting in breathless silence, intent upon every word of the marrow-freezing tale. Suddenly Bill leaned forward in his chair and held up a finger.

"Boys——"

Deep pathos was apparent in his tone as he paused and glanced hurriedly for the spittoon, into which he spat with a power and precision that elicited the admiration of the audience.

"It was awful. I've been in skirmishes where men was killed—but them was fair fights—no murderin'. Each man took his chances then—but here them miserable critters came in onarmed an' unsuspectin' an' before they'd get their bearin's their throats would be cut. There's no use a-denyin', fellers, it was jest butchery, pure an' simple. I can't get around that—it was butchery."

The barkeeper's peg-leg came down with a thump that roused half the hearers with a gasp.

"But—but——" began Wallopin', hesitatingly.

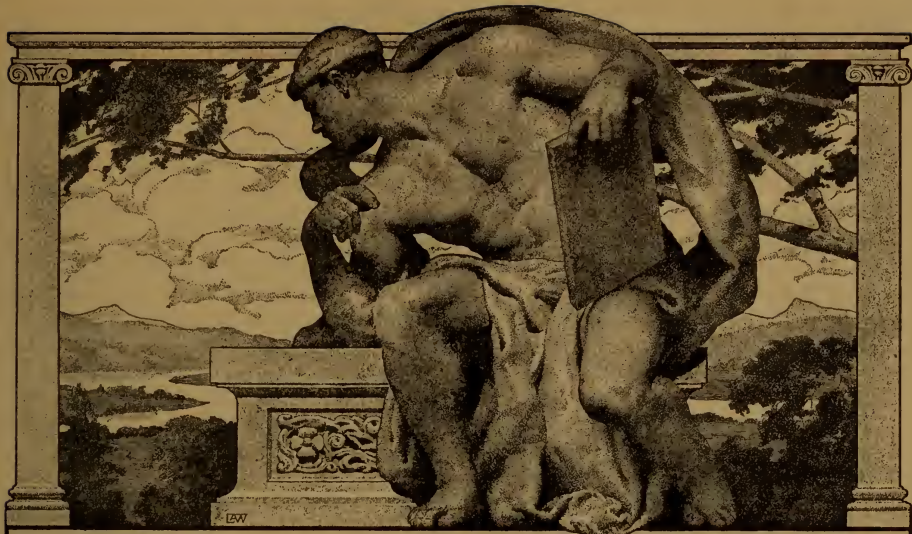
Bill gazed into the fire and shuddered.

"Wh—what—was it?" finished Wallopin'.

"Well, boys, th' only explanation I can give ye is what I jest said—it was butchery—jest butchery—it was in a packin' house."

A dense, violet-scented silence reigned for a brief instant. Then a noise that sounded like a run on the bank ensued and the entire crowd drew up in line against the bar, while William Brannigan gazed into the stove and chuckled hoarsely.





THE VIEW-POINT

~ BY CASPAR WHITNEY ~

How We Little Ducks Do Swim

Thomas Jefferson's birthday was celebrated in New York the other night by two simultaneously given dinners held by the derelict local factions of the long-suffering Democratic party. At one Hearst occupied the head of the table; at the other "Boss" Charley Murphy, Andy Freedman, and "Little Tim" Sullivan—owners of New York—Augustus Van Wyck, a one-time mayor, and Charley Harvey of pugilistic-ring fame, divided attention.

At the Hearst feed five dollars a plate was the price asked, and Hearst did pretty much all of the speech making. At the feast of "Boss" Murphy *et al* ten dollars a plate was the fee exacted, and each spoke the little piece he had prepared for the occasion. At both gatherings most everybody, except Hearst, threw rocks at everybody else not at the party.

Let us enjoy the closing paragraph of one of the ten-dollar-a-plate speeches:

Goodness
Gracious

Is it as
Bad as That?

"Is there no courage left in us? Must time-honored Democracy follow the Republican party in voluntary sub-

mission? Is there not somewhere to be found inspiration to tear down the conglomeration of

shreds and patches now waved insultingly in our faces, and raise, whether for success or failure, but everlastingly for the right, the flag of the fathers of the republic? May not one final attempt be made to join hands with the conservative South and blaze the way for the entrance of living truth and real sincerity to supplant the hollow sham and glaring hypocrisy before which now in shame we bow our heads? If government by the people must perish and the pendulum be swung back to autocracy, then woe, indeed, to the land! But let us at least go down with our faces to the front, trampling expediency under foot, spurning compromise, defying mobs, following the fixed star of undying principle, and trusting to the return to reason of the American people and the working of God's immutable laws for a resurrection that shall be glorious because deserved!"

This peroration was not borrowed from some Fourth of July oration of Col. Delphin Delmas, but probably was written by that other colonel of equally distinguished military record—G. B. M. Harvey, who delivered it at the close of the night's bombardment with obvious mental anguish and much impressive gesture.

Theodore
Roosevelt

To throw bricks at Theodore Roosevelt has become an obsession among "little Americans" and those impelled by corporate or other selfish interests. Lacking the creative they use their only quality in stock—the destructive;

after all, it relieves their "pent-up" feelings, and does no harm to the President, who is as far above them in genuine Americanism as he is in the esteem of the people.

Theodore Roosevelt, being human, makes mistakes, but he makes them while engaged in creative work, and he stands for the best interests of all the people all of the time; and he is honest—that is why he is indorsed by every citizen who really cares for Old Glory.

**Good Roads
Movement
Lesson in
New York**

The good roads movement moves, and very generally, although it is meeting many obstacles, and we must learn by experience in the different states how to overcome them. New York's experience is vexatious, and perhaps unique, and for that reason and for the lesson it conveys, I give it rather fully as set forth by Mr. White, the highway superintendent.

Ever since the two state aid statutes of 1898 were placed in operation in New York, there has been an insistent reference to the fact that while they were both fair on their face, in practice they did an injustice to the poor towns, in that the distribution of state aid under both statutes is based on the assessed valuation of the community liable to highway taxes.

This enables the rich communities with a low tax rate to obtain funds from the state treasury, with comparatively no burden of taxation, while the poor communities, burdened by their tax rates, are practically barred from receiving aid in the construction of their highways. This is more readily understood when one considers two towns of equal size and equal mileage with equal conditions, in regard to the cost and maintenance of their highways.

**Hard on the
Poor Towns**

One is assessed for \$1,000,000 and the other assessed for \$100,000 for highway purposes. The care of the roads in each town calls for the raising of \$6,000 for road maintenance. This makes a tax rate for highway purposes in the rich town of sixty cents on a farm assessed for \$1,000. In the poor town it makes a tax rate of six dol-

lars on the \$1,000. In the rich town the tax rate is no burden. In the poor town the tax rate is an excessive burden upon all of its citizens.

Our highway law comes direct from England, just as the old English system was in existence, and before Napoleon forced England into realizing the fact that the main highways should be built and maintained at national expense; for it was the fear of the all-conquering Napoleon that brought the main highways of England promptly into construction and existence, to carry the English forces down to the Channel to repel the expected invasion from France.

The following tables show how great is the unequal burden of taxation in the town tax rates, and why the poor towns cannot obtain improvement on their main or lateral highways under the present acts. The tables take as a basis any ten towns assessed from \$100,000 up to \$1,000,000, and show the burden of taxation on a \$1,000 farm for each of the respective towns, figuring that each town is to receive a mile of highway at a cost of \$8,000 a mile, and then increasing the number of miles in each town up to ten miles at the same cost.

The first group of figures show increased tax levy on a town, to be raised for the improvement of from one mile of highway in the town at a cost of \$8,000 a mile up to ten miles.

A road costing \$8,000 a mile under the bond issue is paid for as follows:

Maximum Annual Tax Levy		Being interest and sinking fund of 5 per cent. on
State, 50 per cent.	\$200	\$4,000
County, 35 per cent.	140	2,800
Town, 15 per cent.	60	1,200
	\$400	\$8,000

INCREASED TOWN TAX PER MILE.

Increased tax levy		Increased tax levy	
1 mile × \$60 =	\$ 60	6 mile × \$60 =	\$360
2 mile × 60 =	120	7 mile × 60 =	420
3 mile × 60 =	180	8 mile × 60 =	480
4 mile × 60 =	240	9 mile × 60 =	540
5 mile × 60 =	300	10 mile × 60 =	600

On the next page is a table showing burden of taxation on towns from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 according to the mileage improved in each town, each mile to cost \$8,000.

Assessed Valuation of Town	Increased Co. tax on assessed val- uation for m. of highway.	Two miles.	Three miles.	Four miles.	Five miles.	Six miles.	Seven miles.	Eight miles.	Nine miles.	Ten miles.
\$ 100,000. . . .	.60	1.20	1.80	2.40	3.00	3.60	4.20	4.80	5.40	6.00
200,000. . . .	.30	.60	.90	1.20	1.50	1.80	2.10	2.40	2.70	3.00
300,000. . . .	.20	.40	.60	.80	1.00	1.20	1.40	1.60	1.80	2.00
400,000. . . .	.15	.30	.45	.60	.75	.90	1.05	1.20	1.35	1.50
500,000. . . .	.12	.24	.36	.48	.60	.72	.84	.96	1.08	1.20
600,000. . . .	.10	.20	.30	.40	.50	.60	.70	.80	.90	1.00
700,000. . . .	.085	.17	.25	.34	.425	.51	.595	.68	.765	.85
800,000. . . .	.075	.15	.22	.30	.375	.45	.525	.60	.675	.75
900,000. . . .	.065	.13	.19	.26	.33	.39	.462	.52	.594	.66
1,000,000. . . .	.06	.12	.18	.24	.30	.36	.42	.48	.54	.60

Road Benefits Should be Widely Distributed

This shows clearly that the New York law as drafted gives to the rich communities which are able to care for themselves road improvement without a burdensome tax rate, while the burden of taxation for the same character of improvement is so heavy in the poor towns that they cannot accept the benefit. This places squarely in front of the state the question of which is the better policy, the building of poor roads in the poor parts of the state at state, county and town expense, or the building of expensive roads of equal strength and durability in all parts of the state, the state assuming and paying the entire cost of construction.

One argument is that to him that hath little, little shall be given. And that the more remote the town, and the greater the distance it is away from canals, railroads and cities, the less it should expect, and should be satisfied with inexpensive highways according to its present needs.

The other side of the argument is, that with roads of equal strength and durability built throughout the state, without creating a burdensome local or state tax rate, the back country, which is now cheap, would be increased in value, and that back farms and quarries, the mines, the timber districts, the mineral sections, with their wealth, would all be made accessible over the improved highway system, and by bringing their neglected products to the present shipping centers, great values would be created. Would not a short-sighted policy continue to leave the state undeveloped, where a large and liberal policy would create in the state, outside of the incorporated cities and villages, tax-

able assets that within a short period of time would become almost stupendous in their amounts?

Peary the Man to Find It

Commander Robert E. Peary is to make another attempt to reach the North Pole; he is trying to raise the \$100,000 needed for this, his sixth, expedition. It is not to the credit of America that Peary should have difficulty in securing financial support. In any other country than America the government would take entire charge of such exploring work—and it ought to do so in America.

The *Roosevelt*, which served him so well last year, is being repaired, and if the money is forthcoming Peary will start before mid-summer. This would put him in position, he expects, to make his final dash in the early part of 1908. May it be a successful "dash" and may he survive to bring us the news of his achievement!

Certainly if the Pole is ever to be found, Peary is the man suited to the honor; he has knowledge, experience, judgment—the three most essential qualities when the adventurer cuts adrift from his base of supplies and plunges dead ahead into the unknown—a brave heart and firm determination. No explorer ever went forth so well equipped; in fact Peary is the only American to have entered upon this hazardous voyage with adequate equipment.

And yet there is one element of that terrible last struggle for the "Farthest North," which neither experience nor provision is competent to provide against—and that is the "open lead," which cannot be presaged. It has closed the career of other expeditions and it all but cut off

Peary's retreat last year. None may know whence it comes or when, but it appears to be inevitable and is to be reckoned with.

The first explorer with sufficient provision who is so lucky as to escape an encounter with an open lead and therefore find foothold as he travels will reach the Pole—assuming it to be an ice cap.

Here's hoping that man will be Peary.

Hot Air With the loyal object of hanging upon the Pole the beautiful Aëro Club flag with which, at a New York love feast recently he was presented, Walter Wellman is preparing to float northward. Mr. Wellman is of a hopeful nature; with a sand bag or so, a few personal belongings, and, let us pray, something material to cheer the journey through the light, hot air, he will take seat beneath his huge gas bag and trust for the best. Since he will have very little more control over the direction of his balloon than either you or I sitting comfortably on earth, it is well his nature is thus hopeful.

To the less spectacular, if more practical, mind a trip across the Atlantic or even across New Jersey might suggest itself—especially since chance of reaching the Pole would seem to be equally as good from that starting point as Spitzbergen. Of course there might not be so much advertising in it—and we should like to see Mr. Wellman get all the notoriety he courts—and return to enjoy it.

For the rest, we cannot take Wellman and his gas bag seriously; aerial navigation has not yet advanced beyond the mere toy stage with the longest of its flights still within eye range. As for sending up a balloon to be blown whither the wind listeth—well, I hope Wellman is provided with a stout drag and a long rope.

Just Talk Do not be mislead into believing the newspaper stories that a one hundred thousand dollar appropriation is to be asked of Congress for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the team of athletes who will represent America in July, 1908, at the London Olympic Games. The yarn was born in the imagination of a poor soul on the lookout for a job; he started a similar

story on its rounds through the press last year at the time an American team was organizing for entry in the Olympic Games at Athens. There was no truth in the story last year, and there is as little truth in it this year.

The American end of the London Olympic Games is without restriction in the hands of a home committee which collectively and individually—officially and unofficially—has no thought of permitting such a request to be made. This Committee has not asked, will not ask for, and does not wish public money. The money to help pay the expenses of the American team will be raised as heretofore—from the clubs having athletic affiliations, from the organizations having the care of various sports in their keeping, and from individual sportsmen having enough interest in seeing America well represented to impel them to put their hand in pocket and help.

Timber Supply and Demand

Every person in the United States is using over six times as much wood as he would use if he were in Europe. The country as a whole consumes every year between three and four times as much wood as all of the forests of the United States grow in the meantime. The average acre of forest lays up a store of only 10 cubic feet annually, whereas it ought to be laying up at least 30 cubic feet in order to furnish the products taken out of it. Since 1880 more than 700,000,000,000 feet of timber have been cut for lumber alone, including 80,000,000,000 feet of coniferous timber in excess of the total coniferous stumpage estimate of the Census in 1880.

These are some of the remarkable statements made in Circular 97 of the Forest Service, which deals with the timber supply of the United States and reviews the stumpage estimates made by all the important authorities. A study of the circular must lead directly to the conclusion that the rate at which forest products in the United States have been and are being consumed, is far too lavish, and that only one result can follow unless steps are promptly taken to prevent waste in use and to increase the growth rate of every acre of forest in the United States. This result is a timber famine.

America Behind Europe

This country is to-day in the same position with regard to forest resources as was Germany 150 years ago. During this period of 150 years such German States as Saxony and

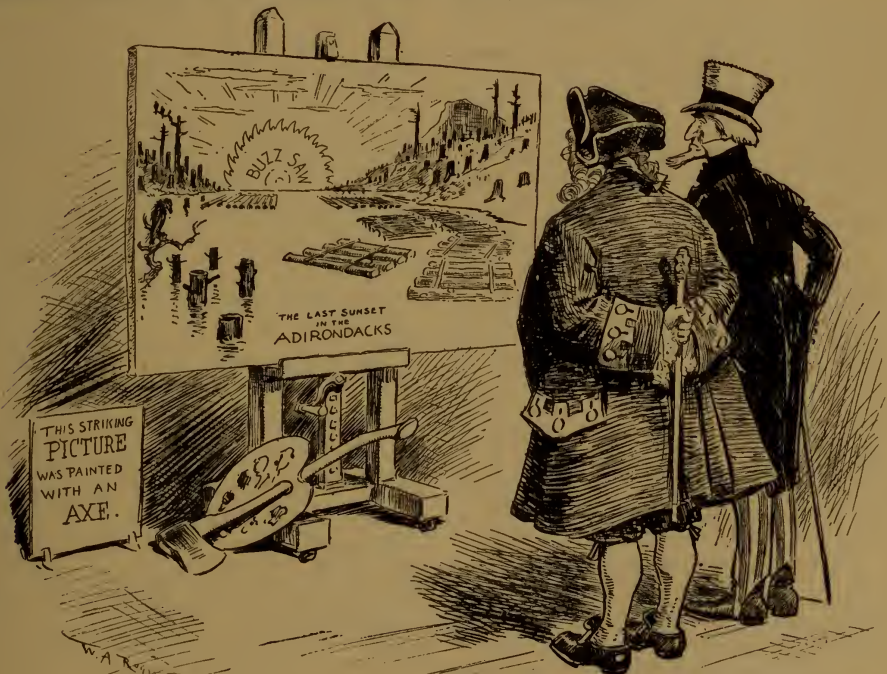
Prussia, particularly the latter, have applied a policy of government control and regulation which has immensely increased the productivity of their forests. The same policy will achieve even better results in the United States, because we have the advantage of all the lessons which Europe has learned and paid for in the course of a century of theory and practice.

Lest it might be assumed that the rapid and gaining depletion of American forest resources is sufficiently accounted for by the increase of population, it is pointed out in the circular that the increase in population since 1880 is barely more than half the increase in lumber cut in the same period. Two areas supplying timber have already reached and passed their maximum production—the Northeastern States in 1870 and the Lake States in 1890. To-day the Southern States, which cut yellow pine amounting to one-third the total annual lumber cut of the country, are

undoubtedly near their maximum. The Pacific States will soon take the ascendancy. The State of Washington within a few years has come to the front and now ranks first of all individual states in volume of cut.

Federal Control Only Hope

At present but one-fifth of the total forest area of the United States is embraced in national forests. The remaining four-fifths have already passed or are most likely to pass into private hands. The average age of the trees felled for lumber this year is not less than 150 years. In other words, if he is to secure a second crop of trees of the same size, the lumberman or private forest owner must wait, say, at least one hundred years for the second crop to grow. As a rule, such long-time investments as this waiting would involve do not commend themselves to business men who are accustomed to quick returns. But the states and the nation can look much farther ahead. The larger, then, the area of national and state control over woodlands, the greater is the likelihood that the forests of the country will be kept permanently productive.



A Fifty-Million Dollar Picture.

By courtesy of "The New York Herald."

CARE OF DOGS IN SUMMER*

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

SUMMER is the trying season on dogs, especially on sporting dogs. They suffer constantly from heat, from flies and fleas, from ill-judged feeding, from skin diseases and from excessive exertion. Perhaps the leading topic of the kennel at this time of year is the "dip," or wash, to be used. A perfect wash would cleanse the hair and skin, drive away insects, cure mange, smell sweet, be non-irritant and improve the coat, while costing little and giving the attendant the least trouble. In the warmest weather a dog should be dipped or sponged every day.

None is quite ideal. All in all, the best is the sulphur, or Gleason, dip. I do not know whether Andy Gleason, the trainer, invented the compound, but he introduced it to the large kennels. It is cheap, easily obtained, and effective. The preparation is worth a detailed description. Get two boxes of concentrated lye (Lewis'), empty the contents into a pail or jar, being careful that the caustic does not get on your hands. Have ready about five pounds of sulphur. Pour a pint of water on the lye and stir it a little. Add the sulphur, stirring vigorously all the time, because the usefulness of the mixture depends on the thoroughness with which the lye takes up the sulphur. As it mixes, the stuff will turn reddish brown. Keep stirring until no particles of sulphur can be seen, and the mixture has the consistency of cream. Maybe it will take a half hour. Meanwhile you will have filled with soft water, to about three-fourths of its capacity, a coal oil or whiskey or any other barrel which will hold water. Put in the mixture and stir. If the sulphur has not been taken up thoroughly by the lye it will be precipitated to the bottom of the barrel. No great loss is suffered thereby, as the sulphur will still be of some benefit, though it will never be dissolved. To dip the dog, stick his hind legs down into the barrel and "slosh" the stuff over him well. It will not hurt his eyes if a drop or two falls that way. If mange is present or suspected, rub and scratch until you are sure the dip has reached the skin. If nothing is the matter just put the dog in and take him out, merely seeing that the liquid reaches his ears with your hand.

The disadvantages of this recipe are that it calls for a little trouble in mixing, that the smell is something dire, and that it will hardly cure a bad case of mange. The smell, however, disappears in a few minutes

from the dog and your person. All coal tar, carbolic acid and oil applications have some advantage in odor at first, but are far more persistent and disagreeable in the end. The advantages of the sulphur dip are that it is non-irritant, wonderfully healthful and beautifying for the hair as well as for the skin, cheap and cleansing.

For a bad case of mange, the very best treatment is kerosene. The way to use is to dilute one part of coal oil with six of sweet oil or any other available and cheap oil. Rub on with the hand, remembering that only a small part of the body should be treated any one day. One of the most successful veterinarians of my acquaintance always uses for mange carbolic acid in glycerine—one dram of medical carbolic acid to one ounce of glycerine, diluted with from two to four ounces of water. The mange parasite gets under the epidermis in severe cases. Glycerine is very penetrating and seems to carry deeply the curative properties of the carbolic acid. Either kerosene or carbolic acid must be kept away from the eyes. If mange appears around or near the eyes, as it is likely to do, use the sweet oil without the kerosene.

All carbolic or coal tar washes are excellent. There are many of them and all are, or ought to be, very cheap. They come in concentrated form, to be diluted with from twenty to forty times their bulk of water. The drawbacks are the persistent odor, the irritating quality, unless much diluted, and the rather bad effect on the hair.

In the case of a house dog or a single dog about the premises, a regular dip in a barrel or tank may be too troublesome and an insecticide soap may suit better. Still, a washing with soap is a lot of trouble and in flea season is needed every day. Fleas come back in an hour during August. Even for one little dog, a small tank or barrel would please me better. Soap of any kind does not help the hair.

In behalf of the sulphur dip there is no harm in stating the homely information that it is highly beneficial to the human skin and hair. Once I overheard a charming lady whispering to a kennelman a request for a bottle of his decoction the next time he mixed it—before the dogs had reached the tank. It appeared that she was annoyed at times with a feverish scalp and dandruff. Observing the coats of the dogs, she secretly tried the dip and found a relief she had not obtained from a hair-

* The Editor will be glad to receive from readers any questions within the field of this article. While it may be impracticable to answer them all, yet such inquiries will undoubtedly suggest the scope of future contributions to the department. Letters should be addressed to the magazine.

dresser's attention. Needless to say, she made the application in the privacy of her boudoir at night and passed through the odorous stage before she appeared to her friends. Food in summer should be cut down to small quantities. The kind may be anything of the dog dietary. Water should be abundant and fresh. If there is no brook or pond around, see whether you cannot sink a tub or box near the pump, where a cool bath may be taken two or three times a day. Do not let a sporting dog take on fat. To get rid of adipose is a tedious and somewhat risky proposition in the warm early fall. Normally, meat is the most nutritious food for dogs. In summer, for

that very reason, it is better to feed on plain bread, and not much of that, as long as the animal's vigor is not weakened.

Lots of carbolic acid or kerosene may be with benefit freely applied to the floors and fences of a kennel. One greyhound kennel of fifty dogs used to reek with kerosene the year around. But that form of precaution is of little importance if the dogs themselves are frequently dipped or washed in antiseptic and germicide fluids. It should never be forgotten that, added to the well-being of the dogs, there is an interest to the owner. The hair of all animals is a vehicle of germs. So are fleas, lice and flies. Drive the whole army away daily.

PUTTING THE COUNTRY HOME IN ORDER

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

THE BOYS' ROOM

I HAVE advised fitting up home workshops in which the boys of the family can learn the use of tools, and in encouraging them to make themselves proficient with them. This is training of a very practical sort, and it is a training from which most boys will derive a good deal of pleasure as well as profit. But I recognize the fact that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and I want to urge the advisability of fitting up a place in which the boys can *amuse* themselves when so inclined. In most houses, the attic can be made into a boys' room with but little trouble. Provide it with such appliances as will delight the boy with a liking for athletic exercise. Make a gymnasium of it, in fact. But don't make the mistake of arranging it for him. Let him do that. He will take pride in it, and he will do it much better than you can, because he is the one who is going to use it, and he knows just how he wants it to be.

With such a room in the house—or the barn, if there is no place in the house for it—the average boy will devote a great deal more time to good physical exercise than he would be likely to without it, because of the convenience afforded for really scientific training. He may get plenty of exercise of a kind in work about the place, but the thorough development of brawn and muscle calls for special appliances for which there is no good substitute. Give the boy a chance to make the most of himself, physically, at the period when his muscular system is developing. Encourage him to give as much attention to the development

of his body as to his mind, and you will find that mental development is greatly benefited by the practice. There's a world of truth in the old saying of a sound body for a sound mind. We have laid too much stress on mental training, and neglected the physical. The two should go on together. The result will be an all-around man, ready for work in almost any avenue of life.

Boys are at a disadvantage in the average family. The girls have rooms of their own, but the boys can "get along almost any way." But because it has not been thought worth while to fit up a place for them to spend their spare time in, and invite their boy friends too, isn't proof that they would not appreciate such a place if it were offered to them. Suggest it to them and see if they do not fall in with the idea enthusiastically. The fact is, we treat our boys as if they weren't of much account, too often, and it isn't to be wondered at that they accept our apparent estimate of them as a correct one after a time. To encourage a boy to make the most of himself treat him as well as you treat the girls of the family. Treat him as a man on a small scale—a man in the making—and he will respond to your treatment in a way that will surprise and delight you. There's nothing too good for the boys.

NEATNESS ABOUT THE HOME

Neatness about the home place should be the rule, always. The writer of this article doesn't believe in an annual "cleaning-up," after which nothing more is done in the way of keeping the place tidy until another year rolls around. He believes in doing

whatever is necessary to be done to keep the place looking well as soon as the necessity for it is seen. If this is made the rule, and the rule is lived up to, all about the home will *always* look well, and the dreaded "cleaning-up time" will be done away with. Clean up as you go along.

MAKE REPAIRS WHEN NEEDED

The preceding paragraph reminds me to say a word about repairs to fences, gates, buildings, and everything about the place that is likely to get out of order. When the need of repair is seen attend to it promptly. It will be money in your pocket to do so. And it will add wonderfully to the appearance of the place. If one hinge of the gate is broken, it can easily be replaced, and the gate will be as serviceable as ever, but neglect it and the chances are that you will soon have a new gate to make, or an old one to patch up to such an extent that it will be a most unsightly affair. It is the same with anything else that needs attention. The longer it goes without getting it the worse its condition, and the more work and expense will be required to put it in proper shape. Do what needs doing *now*.

RUGS VS. CARPETS

I do not believe in carpets. Anything more unhygienic it is impossible to imagine. They breed and harbor more filth and disease germs than anything else about the place. They are hard to take up and put down, and because of this they are often neglected. If rugs could be substituted for them, our rooms could be kept clean with but very little trouble, for it is an easy matter to take a rug out of doors once a week and give it a thorough beating and airing. One will be surprised to see how much dust comes out of it, once a week, but with the old-fashioned carpet most of this dust would go into the fabric, or under it, and remain in the room for months. Many floors are being improved by running a strip of hardwood carpeting about the edges of the room. This carpet comes in many styles, and in a wide range of prices. It can be put in place with but little trouble, and is as pleasing in appearance as it is durable, and dust-proof. It is so laid as to become a part of the floor. This leaves the center of the room free for the use of rugs. If floors are of sound wood, and well laid, they can be stained to a depth of two or three feet about the sides of the room with but slight expense. This will not look as well as the parquetry carpeting, but it will be a great improvement on the old floor covered with a carpet. If there are wide cracks between the floorboards, fill them with putty before staining.

GASOLINE STOVES

The gasoline cook stove is to the kitchen what the low-pressure system of lighting is to the rest of the house, one of the great improvements of the age. The up-to-date

gasoline stove is quite as convenient and efficient as the gas stove so extensively used in the city. There is no need to generate heat with alcohol or gasoline before the burners can be lighted. With the modern gasoline stove all one has to do to put it in operation is to turn a valve, let on the fuel, and apply a match to the burner, and you are ready for business. Intense heat is afforded at the place where heat is required, but the temperature of the room is scarcely affected by it in the hottest weather. Such a stove is a convenience which any woman who has roasted herself over the ordinary coal or wood range will heartily appreciate. In buying, it is wisdom to get a good-sized one, for with such a stove quite as much can be done as on the ordinary range. These stoves are wonderfully quick in operation, are easily managed, and I consider them perfectly safe if the directions for operating them are followed. Most housewives who give them one season's trial generally have a range for sale.

PAINT VS. PAPER

I am not an advocate of wall paper. It is almost as unhygienic as the carpet. The ideal wall finish is paint, applied directly to the plaster. Give two good coats of it and you have a surface that can be washed with entire safety. Dust will not cling to it. Germs cannot find a lodging place in it. If care is taken in the selection of color, the wall will look better than it would if hung with an expensive paper, especially if it is to serve as a background for pictures. If the coloring does not prove satisfactory, paint of another color can be applied at any time. If it is not thought advisable to use paint, alabastine can be substituted. This makes a hygienic finish, costs but little, and looks well. Anything is better than paper with its musty paste and general unsanitariness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Renovating the Lawn. (H. D. F.)—If there are dead spots in your lawn, go over the surface of the soil with an iron-toothed rake and make it fine and mellow. Then scatter lawn-grass seed over it, using it very liberally, and press the soil down firmly to keep it moist until germination takes place. In this way you can secure a thick growth of grass in a short time. You will find this much more satisfactory than the use of sward, as you suggest.

Screens for Porches. (C. C. A.)—You can make your porches insect-proof with but little trouble, and the expense will not be great. Get a carpenter to come and look them over, and tell him that you want panels made to fit the sides and ends. If he understands his business he will find little difficulty in fitting frames to each space. These frames should be covered with a fine wire netting. Mark each panel as it is put in place, so that there will be no mistaking where it belongs next season.

These can be attached with screws to the woodwork of the veranda. If a good job is done, you will be enabled to make use of your veranda at all hours of the day without being annoyed by flies and mosquitoes.

Storing Stoves for the Summer. (A. A.)—I have seen the blacking you ask for, but I do not know what its name is. I presume almost any hardware dealer can furnish it. I think it answers its purpose well in preventing stoves from rusting, when stored away for the summer, but I would prefer giving them a coat of ordinary linseed oil. This furnishes all the protection necessary, is easily applied, and will not burn off next fall with the very disagreeable odor which results from the use of the liquid blacking you have in mind. Always put your stoves in a dry room, and wrap them in thick paper if you do not give them a coat of oil or an application of blacking.

Vine for Veranda. (Mrs. W. E. R.)—This correspondent asks for a rapid-growing vine suitable for use on an upper veranda or balcony. I would advise the Madeira vine. This grows very rapidly, is luxuriant in its production of branches, has very pleasing foliage, and soon affords a thick shade. It is grown from tubers, which should be planted in a rich and sandy loam. Use five or six of them to a box a foot wide and deep and four or five feet long. The vines can be trained on strings, but wire netting is better. This plant blooms profusely in fall. Its flowers are white, and very sweet-scented. It is seldom attacked by insects.

Perennials from Spring Sowing. (C. N.)—You will not get flowers from perennials grown from seed this season. They will bloom next year. For immediate effect, buy plants of last year's starting. Plant your hollyhocks in groups, rather than singly. Set at least half a dozen in a place. If you prefer to grow your own seedlings, do not sow seed until the middle of summer. When the plants have made considerable growth, set them where you want them to flower.

Tin Roofs (A. F. G.)—A tin roof is satisfactory if you use good material and it is put on properly. But the ordinary tin sold about the country is short-lived, unless given a good coat of paint every year, and the ordinary workman cannot do a good job in putting it on. You will find it money in your pocket to go to a good tinner and find out what kind of tin to use, and let him put it on for you.

What Kind of a House to Build. (S.)—This correspondent is going to build a house this summer, and he asks what kind of a house I would advise. This is a question more easily asked than answered. I don't know anything about his tastes in the architectural line. I can only tell him what I would build if I were going to make a house for myself, I would select a plan that has a substantial look about it, and very little flummery. The days of the

"Queen Anne" house are ended. Nowadays we see comfortable houses rather than showy ones. Don't pay so much attention to the outside of the house as you do to the inside. That is, make sure of a convenient arrangement of the rooms, and fit the house to them rather than plan from the outside, and let the rooms take their chances, as is so often the case. The trouble with us has been, we have built our houses for looks rather than convenience, heretofore. We are getting to be more sensible, and the modern house is constructed more with regard to the convenience of the family than to the opinions of our neighbors. I would advise you to consult the advertising pages of the magazines. You will find the advertisements of many architects in them, and from their books of plans you can most likely find something that is about what you want. If not quite satisfactory, your builder can make such changes as seem advisable.

Fern for Window. (S. J.)—This correspondent asks for the best fern to grow in a large window, where but one plant will be kept. I would advise the Pierson fern. This is a sport from the Boston fern, one of our most popular plants for several years past. The sport has its leaflets divided in such a manner that each one of them becomes a miniature frond, and this gives the large frond a rich, heavy look which is greatly admired by all who grow the plant. Give it a soil of loam and sand, with good drainage. Shift it to pots of larger size as its roots fill the old pot, until you have it in a ten or twelve inch pot. This ought to be large enough for a fully developed plant. Water well, and keep the plant out of strong sunshine. A fine specimen will appear to much better advantage when kept by itself than when crowded in among other plants.

How to Treat Hybrid Perpetual Roses. (Mrs. T. H.)—This correspondent writes that she bought several plants of hybrid perpetual roses which were warranted to bloom all summer. She has had them three years. They bloom quite well early in the season, but she has not had a dozen roses from them after the first crop. What's the trouble? The fact is, the term "perpetual" is a misleading one. These roses will bloom occasionally during the latter part of the season if given the right kind of treatment, but they will seldom bloom at all after June or July, with ordinary treatment. They produce their flowers on new branches, and in order to get flowers the bushes must be kept growing. It is necessary to cut back the old branches after each period of flowering, and to manure the plants so heavily that they are constantly spurred on to new growth. If this is done, it is possible to secure bloom in small quantities up to the coming of cold weather. But if the bushes are not pruned severely after the summer-flowering period and are not well fed, they will refuse to bloom.

YACHT MEASUREMENT AND RACING RULES*

BY C. SHERMAN HOYT

THE modern trend toward organization and standardization is becoming more and more strongly marked among yachtsmen, and yacht racing, like all other sports, with the increased keenness in competition, must be conducted on more businesslike principles, or the regatta committees are confronted with a falling off in their entry lists. The formidable sheaf of literature and instructions which are nowadays handed to skippers of competing craft, would have staggered any of the old school racing men of a few years ago, and even now the different methods of signaling courses, etc., in vogue among the different clubs, cause many anxious moments. The last eighteen months, however, have seen the adoption by all the leading yachting communities in this country of a uniform measurement rule and a standard set of rules governing the right of way, while in Europe all countries interested in yacht racing have entered into a ten years' agreement to abide by a certain measurement formula which, unfortunately, is not the same as ours.

In the early days of the sport the necessity for measurement rules as a basis for time allowance was soon realized; likewise the need of special rules to determine which of the participating craft should have the right of way in the various complicated relative positions in which they were liable to find themselves during the course of the races. Different rules were adopted for varying periods of time by different clubs in different localities; some based upon displacement, or tonnage, and others upon sail. It was always found that after a few years the newer boats took advantage of the untaxed elements, and in this country was evolved the broad and shallow center-board, or so-called skimming dish type; while in England, where length and depth were little penalized in comparison with beam, the long narrow plank on edge cutter was the most successful racing craft, or rule evader.

During the eighties the "length and sail area" or Seawanhaka rule was formulated, and by 1890 may practically be said to have been universally adopted both in this country and abroad. It worked well for many years until the introduction of fin-keels, long overhangs and light construction produced a type of yacht which was

all above and little below the water line, which while very fast in average conditions, were anxious craft to be caught in a heavy sea and blow. They pounded fearfully and were difficult, if not impossible, to heave to, on account of their short lateral planes, lacking any forefoot; the position of their rudders, near the pivotal point, and their long overhangs which presented large areas to the wind and sea. They were just as bad when put before the wind, and seemed possessed of the strongest desire to broach to and look at their own wakes. Moreover, save in the large classes, owing to the reduction of the displacement, and the loss in the depth of the hull proper, it was very difficult to get comfortable head room without excessive freeboard, except by means of unsightly trunk cabin houses, or a plentiful sprinkling of hatches and skylights. Construction was so pared down that straining and distortion of form was common in most racing craft, especially among the smaller classes. A first-class racer, extremely expensive initially, was usually outbuilt and outclassed in the following season or so by another craft, a little more extreme, so that her days of utility were usually limited pretty well to one or two season's racing. After this brief racing career, even if she still held together, she was ill-adapted for cruising and perfectly useless for the fishing or merchant trades, within which so many of the stanch old schooners of earlier days have or are still working out useful ends.

The natural result was a falling off in racing, save in one design, restricted, or very small classes (phases of the present yachting situation which will be discussed with some other points in another article), and large class racing received a setback from which it has not as yet been able to recuperate, save spasmodically at times of international events. The dissatisfaction was general, but it took a struggle to overcome the opposition of vested interest in the form of owners of successful boats, before a new rule could be enacted.

In England came the first break away; there the Yacht Racing Association embarked on a series of rules leading up to one that remained in force for five or six years, until the present time when the new European Universal Rule goes into effect this coming season. The English, after abandoning the old Seawanhaka rule, tax-

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ing as has been stated simply sail area and length water line, introduced into their formula the additional factors of beam, chain girth of section (that is the girth as measured by a taut chain, rope or tape line, stretched around underneath the keel from the water line on one side to the water line at the other side at a specified cross section), and girth difference. The last factor was the difference between the chain girth and the actual girth at the same section. This "girth difference" was heavily penalized and was aimed at the then prevalent fin-keel type, two of the most successful exponents of which, the Herreshoff designed *Dakota* and *Niagara*, were at that time sweeping all before them in their respective classes in British waters.

It will be readily seen that if the section where the girth was measured was a triangle in form there would be no "girth difference." Now fin-keels of the *Niagara* type were anything but triangular in section, and although in *Niagara's* case by filling in the corner between the fin-keel and the bottom of the hull, and if I remember correctly, by reducing her draft slightly, it was possible to keep her within the class limit and to still win races for one more season, yet in due course of time the fin-keels were driven to the wall and the British rule in its later years evolved a distinct type of its own. Personally, in the larger classes at least, I think the type was not such a bad one; certainly it was far ahead of the latest developments under the old Seawanhaka rule, with the all-important exception of speed. However, in the smaller classes, it was a distinct failure as far as internal accommodation was concerned, and boats of thirty feet and more water line length were built with open cockpit and practically without cabins of any sort, an extreme which we have never reached in such large sizes. Owing to the exigencies of British winds and steep, short seas they were well decked in, however, and were seaworthy enough from a racing standpoint provided that their construction was sufficiently heavy, which alas, could not always be claimed. All, whether large or small, were inclined to be rather narrow, and with profiles well cut away forward, sweeping down to the deepest draft at heel of the rudder post, which usually showed an excessive rake. The large racing cutters ceased to exist, and the only really active pure racing class of any size, for the last four years at least, has been composed of fifty-two raters, the outgrowth of the old twenties such as *Niagara*. Such was the condition of affairs in the fall of 1905 when, helped by agitation first started in Germany, representatives from all yachting countries almost all of whom had different rules were invited by the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain to join in a conference to fix upon some common rule.

With us, when the break away from the old rule came, a perfect state of chaos ex-

isted, as clubs and racing associations thrashed about in their efforts to hit upon the perfect formula. The object of all was of course to encourage a more wholesome type, by putting a premium on displacement to develop bigger bodied craft, and to hit upon some way of taxing the excessive overhangs and the scow forms of the then successful racing fleet. Some of the rules evolved seemed to work well and some poorly; none perhaps were given a thorough trial, as the changes were frequent and owners showed slight desire to build to rules which bid fair to be altered in the near future, and would leave them with a craft which might or might not rate very badly under the next change. The confusion was so great that during the winter of 1904-5 the clubs and associations in and around New York decided that something must be done, and after much discussion a rule was adopted by all in that neighborhood.

A year later this rule was also accepted by the eastern clubs around Boston, and once again we have a measurement rule which is practically universal throughout all the principal clubs and organizations of the Atlantic Coast. This, of course, is a tremendous gain in the saving of time and expense both to the owners and to the race committees. A yacht now, furnished with a certificate of measurement by her own particular club measurer, can compete in the regattas of other clubs without any re-measurement. During the previous few years, however, she frequently had to have two or even three different racing lengths, due to the various club rules in force in the same locality, and we were confronted with the peculiar condition of seeing boats giving time to certain others of their own class in a race in one yacht club, and receiving time from these same ones when racing under another club's rules. This state of affairs naturally caused great confusion and dissatisfaction among all hands, and while many are not in full sympathy with the form of the present rule it is freely admitted that its universal adoption is a tremendous advantage.

It is rather soon to judge whether the present American rule is all the success that some claim. The principle is correct enough, as it taxes sail area and length, the two speed-giving factors, and puts a premium on displacement. As to whether these three factors are properly proportioned, time must prove. The length taxed is not the load-water-line length in the upright position, but it is what may be assumed to be the approximate length of the boat when sailing on the wind in average conditions. It is, unfortunately, very difficult to measure this length with any great degree of accuracy, taken as it is at one-quarter of the load-water line beam from the center-line, and one-tenth of the beam above the surface of the water. Moreover it is left to the discretion of the measurer as to whether he shall measure

this length himself, in some way or another which he may devise, or whether he shall take the designer's word for it. It is the same with the displacement, and the consequence is that no two club measurers pursue the same methods in arriving at their figures for length and displacement, and it is very much to be doubted if two different measurers would get the same final racing length for a given boat.

The new rule, of course, has worked havoc with vested interests, and there was some complaining on the part of owners of existing boats who found themselves compelled to give time to others, formerly rated much higher, and which, boat for boat, were larger. Such conditions are bound to occur with any change of rule and are scarcely arguments worth considering for or against. Certainly thus far the boats built to the rule may be said to be large, roomy and able, compared to the old boats racing in their classes, and as a rule have been successful in the majority of their races against old rule boats. This extra speed with greatly increased size, of course, has been brought up as a great argument in favor of the new rule, but it must not be lost sight of that a boat built to the new rule for a certain class, is really of about the same length water line, and the same sail area, as the old boats in the class next above, and not as fast, and that it is simply by means of slight modifications in the form and length of the overhangs, with a little increase in the displacement, that the new boat is enabled to be classified with, and to beat old boats, which are really a class below her in size judging the latter by the speed giving factors of length and power, as represented by water-line length and sail area. On the other hand, the new boat is certainly a more wholesome craft than either her old class sisters or the old boats of her same length in the class above. So far, in the yachts built under the new rule, little need has appeared for any scantling regulations, such as cropped up in the English rule. Designers, in most cases, seemingly have not sacrificed any needed strength of construction to utilize the weight saved in additional lead, and the proportion of lead weight to total displacement has kept within reasonable limits.

As the draft, under the rule, is limited rather severely by the length it is open to the designer to increase the displacement by adding to the length of the hull. This length, of course, is taxed, but he is enabled at the same time to increase his draft, and to compensate for the tax on the added length by the premium on the increased displacement, without departing to any great degree from the canoe-shaped hull and usual midship section of the last few years, save in the finer lines at the ends. It will be extremely interesting to see if the rule will tend to produce boats of such a type, or whether it will be successful in the

encouragement of the fuller and deeper bodied craft desired by the formulators.

The new boats have been pretty well divided between these two types up to this time. Among the larger ones Herreshoff, with the very successful *Queen* and the very unsuccessful (so far as ability to win races is concerned) *Irolita*, has produced yachts with rather deep bodies and good head room. Both are able and very roomy craft of ample strength with a very distinct value aside from racing purposes. *Queen* has shown remarkable speed, especially in a breeze, but has not had to compete with any craft in her own class built purely and simply with the present rule in view. *Irolita* on the other hand met it in *Effort*, the highest development of the racing machine as yet built under the new rule; a craft with inferior accommodations compared to *Irolita*, very much disputed strength, and the greatest turn of speed to windward in a fresh breeze probably yet reached in a boat of her length. Her midship section, however, below the water line is distinctly of the same type as that produced under the old rule. Among the smaller fry in the twenty-two foot rating class, for example, all active members of which are boats built to the rule, the lightest boat of the lot, the Boston *Orestes*, in a series of races under varying conditions succeeded in lowering the colors of the heavier and deeper bodied New York crack *Soya*.

From present appearances our rule will be allowed to stand for some time without any radical change in its form, although an addition to it in the form of scantling restrictions will doubtless shortly be adopted, and it is probably very wise to put these in force before any urgent need for them has arisen. Of course there are many changes being advocated, some like Mr. Herreshoff wishing to reduce the proportion of sail area to length as allowed at present, while Mr. Gardner thinks there should be some limit placed upon displacement, and others like the writer are anxious to have more definite and simpler instructions issued to measurers when computing a yacht's rating. On the whole the situation may be said to give reasonable satisfaction to the majority, and we are better off than the European yachtsmen with their ten years' agreement.

As mentioned before, a conference was called in England in the winter of 1905-6, to which all yachting countries sent delegates with the exception of our own. Those in charge on this side wrote that they could, under no circumstances, advocate another change in our rules so soon after the long desired adoption of a uniform rule here, and while they strongly recommended our own formula to the conference they sent no delegates, probably feeling that they would have little chance of swinging the others into line for our practically untried rule. As a matter of

fact this rule was seriously discussed, but was dismissed owing to what seemed to the conference to be unsurmountable difficulties in making accurate measurements of boats under the rule in its present form. The French delegation especially was strong in its support of a modified, and more easily applied form of the American rule, and protested to the end against the one finally adopted, which is a combination of the previous English and German-Scandinavian rules, and in the end, when referred back to the French clubs and associations for ratification, they refused to adopt it for the smaller classes, in which the bulk of their yacht racing is done. On paper the new European rule presents a formidable appearance, involving the seven elements of length water line, fullness of overhangs, beam, chain girth, girth difference, sail area and freeboard, a premium being put upon the latter. Actually it is far easier to apply than our own, and is very clear in its directions as to how measurements are to be made. It goes into effect this coming season and is to remain in force unchanged in form for ten years. Certainly it should be well tested by then, but I should consider it a safe gamble to say that it will prove even more unsatisfactory in the small classes than the previous English rule. Beam is singled out for severe penalization, taxed as it is directly once and indirectly three times in combination with other elements, and how it will be possible to get more than dog kennel accommodation in the smaller boats I fail to see. Three interesting points about this rule are that there are scantling restrictions in connection with it; that all measurements are to be made by the metric system; and last, but not least in interest to this country, there is a call for the black bands on the spars marking the limits to which sails may be stretched, as has been stipulated in our rules for some time and which we rather seldom comply with. But enough of measurement rules, we have at least reached a point where there are only two different formulas in all the main yachting communities of the world, with the Atlantic Ocean separating the two. Let us hope that the best will win out and that the next decade will see the same in force on both sides of the pond.

The other point which has caused great confusion up to the past season has been the slight variations in the rules of the right of way as enforced in different clubs and localities. In the main they were much alike, but skippers were confronted with many minor discrepancies which caused great confusion, many protests, and some hard feeling. It was difficult to sail ordinarily under one set of rules, and then occasionally another race where in identically the same positions the right-of-way would be reversed. Unless one was thoroughly conversant with these variations, in the sudden contingencies of a closely fought

match the tendency was to pursue the most accustomed course of action which in this particular case might be quite wrong and cause the loss of the race through a foul. It was a much simpler matter to arrive at an agreement among the various clubs on these points of right-of-way than it had been to bring about a common measurement rule, and the committee appointed to consider this matter in the winter of 1905-6 were successful in their efforts to give us standard rules here also.

The most serious difference which confronted them, aside from the various wording of practically the same rules, which were easily made identical in all cases, were the rules which pertained to overtaking, luffing and bearing away. The New York Yacht Club rules, for instance, on this point differed radically from those in force in the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. The former rule, which was adopted, is the one in general use in England and Europe and has the great advantage that a yacht may still luff to prevent another boat passing her to windward after an overlap has been established. The original rule in use here forbids such luffing after the establishment of an overlap, and race committees were constantly called upon to decide whether it did or did not exist at the time luffing commenced. This is an extremely difficult question and has caused much hard feeling, as it is very easy for one party to be sure that there was no overlap, while the other with equally good faith is ready to swear that it did exist. On the other hand, the New York Yacht Club rule has rather dangerous possibilities, as the overtaken boat, if in unscrupulous hands, might not luff until the other boat was close aboard and nearly by, when she, if luffed sharply, would cause the weather boat great difficulty to keep clear and avoid a foul. This rule caused considerable debate before some associations agreed to adopt the recommendations of the committee in charge of the unification, especially as the rule as worded is inapplicable to cat-boats, but it is a remarkable fact that after its adoption so far as I know no protest was handed in to any regatta committee in the neighborhood of New York, based on fouls or alleged fouls incurred in luffing matches, while in previous years a large proportion of the protests considered involved this question. There were some amusing incidents at first before all hands became acquainted with the change, and there was one case within my knowledge in a private match race in which the contesting boats came together pretty hard through the overtaking boat in the excitement of a down wind jibing match placing herself so near the overtaken boat that when the latter luffed with extraordinary smartness the former had no possible way of avoiding a collision. She had no right, of course, to be so close, but the temptation is often great; and here lies the great danger in the

rule, if as before stated the overtaken boat happens to be in unscrupulous hands. In this case there was no such question involved and the two craft after some words and considerable untangling of sails and gear proceeded with their test of speed without entering protests. One shudders, however, at the damage which might be caused by two ninety-footers, say, in the same predicament where, with such a stake as the America's Cup in the balance, the overtaken boat, foreseeing defeat might feel justified in trying to win by such a foul, in which she would be technically right. This is, of course, a remote possibility and no such regrettable incident has yet occurred in the many years in which the rule has been in force abroad.

These uniform rules of the road, with the general measurements rule, the permanent

racing numbers now usually assigned to each craft, and the effort which is being made to issue racing instructions of a similar form regarding courses, starting signals, etc., by the clubs in the same localities, have greatly simplified the troubles and worries of all those connected with the fine sport of yacht racing, and with the prospect that the present rating rule will remain in force unchanged in its present form for a considerable period, should greatly encourage the building of new boats. On the whole it may be said that the prospects are better than they have been for some time for an owner to get more satisfactory use out of the money spent in building a new craft, and that he should be able to realize at the end of a few years much more nearly his original investment than has been possible for some time past.

THE RACQUET SEASON OF 1907

BY GEORGE H. BROOKE

THE season in racquets just past has been notable for two things: first, the presence of more players in the field, and second, the showing of a higher average of skill in the game.

That there are more good players in the field to-day than ever before, is shown by the great uncertainty of these tournaments. No one ever seems to be able to pick a winner beforehand out of the six or seven good men named as having even chances for first honors. These men and a few dark horses fight it out among themselves in the hardest kind of battles before the finals are reached. For this reason the tournaments are every year becoming of greater interest with new experts coming into the field, and enthusiasm runs high among the racquetters themselves and the clubmen who follow the game.

In point of average skill the game has gone so far ahead of what it was, say six years ago, that any comparison is really almost laughable. For instance, go back six years and imagine putting the best four English amateurs against our best four in singles. The result would have been a walkover. Arrange the same matches in 1908, and see what happens. Although the Englishmen would probably win, yet there would be a chance for a wager at odds at least. In this country no one ever learns racquets, for various reasons, until he attains his majority. In England they learn it as schoolboys. But where we lose in this particular, we gain in our strenuous

and concentrated efforts in going at a game to master it.

Racquets is a tremendously swift game, a quality that is attractive and adapted to Americans. In the last year or two our players have caught up with the real speed of the game. They volley and half volley much oftener and harder, instead of waiting for long bounds, or for the ball to take the back wall. As compared with the English schoolboy method of learning racquets, our nearest approach, it seems to me, is the course of development which this year made R. R. Fincke our singles champion. Mr. Fincke learned to play tennis as a boy, and is now an expert at that game. After tennis he took up squash, which is a mild form of racquets, and is a splendid teacher of form. Then, when a couple of years ago Mr. Fincke went into the racquet court he took to the game naturally and correctly and thus was enabled this year to play as well as he did.

Robert D. Wrenn, the ex-tennis champion, took up racquets about three years ago, and has mastered the game very well. In fact so well that, partnered with Fincke, he won the doubles championship this year. Mr. Wrenn did not go through a course of squash, however, like Fincke, and his form shows the lack of this training and therefore is not so easy and natural as that of the present champion.

One of the best natural players the writer has ever seen was F. M. Rhodes of Philadelphia, who learned to handle his

racquet as a schoolboy at St. Paul's, where they have a hardwood court. It is a great pity that more of our schools do not have courts and more boys take up the game.

Clarence Mackay is perhaps the most striking example of our American course of development. His skill and finesse are remarkable for one who did not learn the game as a schoolboy, and I have no doubt he would be fully able to take care of himself in competition with the best English amateurs. Mr. Mackay went to school in England, but did not play there as a boy.

There is a good deal of simplicity about the game of racquets, but it is so fast that one has to move into position rapidly, hit rapidly, and recover rapidly. The movements of a player must be almost instinctive. This is the reason why those who learn the game very young have better prospects. The greatest mistake of men who take up racquets in this country is that they often learn bad form at the start, which only the most careful practice will enable them to ever overcome. As a matter of fact, a good many of our players do not care to take the time for such practice. Bad foot work and a poor wrist are the cause of the downfall of nearly all of our second and third class players. Plenty of men, physically well-equipped for the most strenuous racquets, will peg along for years, and never learn the game properly, simply because they began badly, and either have never taken the trouble, or do not know how to correct their faults. In praise of our advancement it can be said that no one now need hope to get the championship of America without clever foot work, a first-class wrist and a fairly easy style. It is an interesting fact to note that most of our past racquet champions have been clever all-round athletes. This may be partly due to the fact that our form has been so bad and strained, and with such hard work about it, that only the most seasoned athlete could stand the pace of a long tournament. Racquets, as played by the best professionals, is a beautifully easy and graceful game, and these men can go nine or ten games at almost top speed without greatly feeling it.

The tournament at Tuxedo this year showed very clearly the superiority of easy, graceful racquets over the cruder smashing game. Both Mackay, who won the gold racquet at Tuxedo, and Fincke, the National Champion, are easy, graceful players, who hit freely and properly, and who are nearly always in position for their stroke. The bat used in racquets is a delicate instrument, which breaks very easily. When a man is in best form he is not particularly hard on his bats, which is shown by the play of professionals. Bad form tells the tale in dollars and cents. In 1887, when the New York racquet court was in West Twenty-sixth Street, there was a player named Miller, who struck with such vigor that the ball broke the gut and

wedged itself in between the strings and the wood on the racquet. In the Racquet Club in Philadelphia this year, a player hit a ball so hard that it lodged in the middle of the racquet tight in the strings. He had hit the bat with a full face, instead of with the slope for a proper cut. The rules do not provide for such a contingency.

We have a number of players in this country who handle themselves in the racquet court in beautiful form, but yet who do not seem to be very effective in winning tournaments. A notable instance of this is Clarence Dinsmore of Tuxedo. When Dinsmore is at the top of his game his style is nearer to perfection than that of any amateur in this country, and when he is on his game, about the only thing to do is to stand by and watch him go through. On the other hand, there are some very awkward players who never seem to have their feet in position, but who hit out tremendously and are very effective in tournaments, and always dangerous. If England sent her best amateurs to play our best, one would probably see the Britishers hitting volleys and half volleys off the side walls with far more skill than we do. These shots practically have to be prejudged; in other words, the player has to aim his bat and start it before the ball has reached him, for he cannot see it in the last part of its flight. Nothing but years of practice can teach a man to handle his bat with such instinctive skill.

I was sitting beside a veteran racquet player in the galleries of the New York courts, watching an exciting match in the recent championships, and was much interested to hear him say that our racquets in this country is improving each year.

"One soon tires," he said, "of the heavy smashing kind of game. We old-timers want to see real racquets; the clever nursing of the ball, good length on the side walls, and hard low hitting; none of this freak racquets, when the ball is smashed all round and over the court without regard to anything but hitting it hard. It is like football was under the old rules when it was smash bang into everything with little of the skill and finesse that we all love to see."

The courts have improved very greatly in this country. New York, Tuxedo, and Boston have the hard wall Bickley courts, and Philadelphia will soon have them in the new club home now being built, and which is to be occupied early next fall. Out in St. Louis a new racquet club has been formed, and the courts will have the uniform Bickley cement. There is a similar club in Detroit. Chicago seems to have pretty much dropped out of racquets, for at the Chicago Athletic Club they have turned the racquet courts into bowling alleys, or some such thing. Harold McCormick of Chicago at one time gave promise of being a champion, but he has dropped out of the game, and since this

they seem to have lost all interest out there.

The Bickley courts have made our game in this country much faster, and serving to a hard front wall is a different proposition from serving against one of our old cement walls. To bring the ball down effectively, takes a much cleverer wrist. In the old courts in Philadelphia, all you have to do is to smash into the wall as hard as you can with a heavy cut, and you can bring it right down into the corner. If you try this on a Bickley wall, you probably will land the ball in the gallery, for the hard surface prevents the cut from taking hold and reducing the angle of deflection. The service, therefore, in the best courts is a nicer piece of work, for you cannot depend so much on speed and cut, but must vary speed and length more according to the moves of the receiver.

The best two courts at present are Boston and Tuxedo. The New York court, while very fast, is somewhat tricky and uncertain, especially the back wall, and the front wall is so hard it is almost impossible to serve a ball with any cut to it.

The gold racquet singles at Tuxedo was won for the third time by Clarence Mackay, playing in his usual consistent and brilliant form. His opponent in the finals was Brooke of Philadelphia. The winner took three straight games, and his all-round-the-court play was very pretty, the nursing of corner shots for easy kills being especially deadly. Mackay has no equal in the country on these corner shots and they are immensely effective in running an opponent off his feet. Brooke's service, which had been very largely instrumental in carrying him through the tournament, was easily handled by Mackay, who is an adept at volleying and half volleying service off the backhand side wall. The latter had his service under perfect control and varied to perfection and throughout played the finished game of which he is capable. Brooke's foot work in such a fast game was poor, and the rapid pace made his shots uncertain. Mackay pulled himself out of several tight places by clever boasting on the forehand wall, the ball often carrying to the far left hand corner for a kill. Mackay uses a fuller swing in hitting the ball than any other American player, even including the professionals. The great quickness required in swinging freely and accurately on the fastest balls is one of the best qualities of his game. His foot work is better than any other player, with the possible exception of Fincke, and he almost invariably hits low and hard. In fact he has a tendency to keep the ball too low, losing shots in the tell tale. A professional allows himself a foot or two on the tell tale and depends more on length and speed.

Among the other entries in this tournament were Payne Whitney, Milton Barger, Lawrence Waterbury, Robert and George L. Wrenn, Erskine Hewitt, W. B. Dins-

more, and Charles Sands. Some of the matches were very good indeed. Barger played beautifully in his match with Waterbury, which he took three games to one.

It is very hard to criticise any one's play when the other man is on top of his game and winning easily. With a few exceptions reversals of form are so common among many of our best amateurs that it seems their games must be judged by their average of play. Waterbury, who was champion in 1905, was off his game all through this year. His form is very pretty and he has been noted for his good eye and activity. This year he hit too many balls into the tell tale and misjudged pace badly at times, hitting either too soon or too late. There was a deadly certainty about Barger's play in his match with Waterbury that left no room for doubt as to the victor. Barger like Whitney has a terrific forehand stroke and is a remarkable "getter." Neither of these first-class men, however, play their backhand strokes quite correctly, and an opponent who knows this weakness will keep the ball as much to the backhand as possible. Both of these players use the forehand above the shoulder service and hit with tremendous force and cut. On the second day of the Tuxedo tournament they met and Whitney won from Barger just as easily as the latter had won from Waterbury. There was a falling off in Barger's work as compared with the day before and he only made 15 points to Whitney's 45 points. The loser's play was lacking in accuracy and his service was ineffective. When both these men are at top form they put a terrific battle against each other with the outcome uncertain. Neither one of them, however, ever attempts the delicate corner nursing used by Mackay, Fincke, and Percy Haughton. The next day after this match Whitney went down easily before Brooke and seemed utterly unable to handle the latter's service or break it up as Mackay later on succeeded in doing. When Whitney did get the ball up it was usually with an easy kill left to his opponent.

R. D. Wrenn put out the brilliant but erratic Dinsmore and G. L. Wrenn beat George Clarke. Both of the Wrenn brothers played hard and consistent racquets and forced their opponents so hard that neither Clarke nor Dinsmore were seen at their best. R. D. Wrenn using a heavy cut left-handed serve won from Dinsmore three sets to one set. In the semi-finals he defaulted to his brother George L. Wrenn.

Brooke won from Sands, who put up a remarkably rapid game. Sands is more of a tennis than racquet player, but he handles his bat like a professional. His play in the volleys excelled that of his opponent. He half volleyed the most difficult shots with deadly accuracy into the corners. Brooke won on his service which he dropped dead in the forehand court and varied in the

backhand court. Sands allowed Brooke to volley his service, otherwise the final outcome might have been different.

In the tournament finals Brooke won easily from G. L. Wrenn, the latter seeming nonplussed by the service. G. L. Wrenn gives great promise of becoming a very brilliant player. All he needs is experience at the game and a knack of killing the easy shots. The Mackay-Brooke match has been discussed.

A week later, in the courts of the New York Racquet Club, the National Singles Championship was played off. There were originally twenty-six entries in this tournament, but ten withdrew, leaving sixteen who were drawn in the Bagnall-Wilde system. Percy Haughton of Boston, last year's champion, and one of our most easy and graceful players, unfortunately had to default. Also Quincy A. Shaw who used to win the championship regularly.

Haughton was a dark horse in the championships last year like Fincke was this year. These two men play very much in the same form, only Fincke is more active on his feet and a trifle more severe in his hitting. Haughton plays an easy, shifty and graceful game and uses a deadly "nick" service. Next year when the singles championships are held in Boston both he and Shaw will doubtless compete and add greatly to the interest. Shaw when at his best is a remarkable player. He hits the ball more like a professional than any of our players and gets terrific speed. It might be said that he cuts his game too fine in attempting to kill every ball and lands in the tell tale too often.

On the first day of the tournament R. D. Wrenn put out H. D. Scott of Boston, last year's national doubles champion, and Brooke put out Waterbury. On the second day's play, Mackay, owing to sickness, defaulted to Clarke. This was greatly regretted, as Mackay has not been in a singles championship since he won the title several years ago. A match between Fincke and Mackay would have been tremendously interesting. The latter won in their match in the club tournament but it was a close affair and Fincke was improving every day. These two men are the most consistent of our players. The Tuxedo tournament was remarkable for the inconsistency displayed. Perhaps it is because both these players have easy and correct form that they maintain their best form in all matches. If Mackay had remained in the tournament he would have met Brooke in the semi-finals.

The Whitney-Wrenn match on this day proved to be a very exciting affair, and the former, contrary to expectations, won in three straight games, playing almost the best racquets of his career. From the start Whitney went in to volley Wrenn's hard service, and when he turned on the wide ones he nearly always killed with strokes to the forehand corner. In the last

set at 14 all Wrenn displayed the fighting ability that used to make him champion on the tennis courts, and each hand went out about five times at this point.

Fincke beat O. W. Bird easily, and Brooke went through Dinsmore. In the semi-finals Fincke took Whitney into camp in the best match of the tournament by three games to two games. With the score 11-8 against him in the deciding game Fincke's tireless energy began to tell against his veteran opponent, and he won out in brilliant form. Whitney used splendid generalship and forced Fincke so hard that the latter was unable to play as much to Whitney's weak backhand as he evidently desired to do. Whitney dug out some perfect gets right off the backhand side wall. Fincke played with the utmost coolness and took chances on nursed corner shots at all times, knowing full well that it would pay to run his heavier opponent as much as possible.

Fincke in his final match with Brooke played the same cool-headed game, and when Brooke began to tire he began to hit the ball away out from the back wall to run his opponent hard. Fincke took the first game easily and Brooke took the second in just as easy form. In the third with the score 11-5 against him Brooke ran to 14-11 in his favor. At this point Brooke missed a kill for game by a narrow margin and his last chance went. Brooke was at his best, but Fincke set such a fast pace that he ran him off his feet and made him force his strokes, especially in the last game which Fincke won easily. Fincke volleyed, half-volleyed and hit from every conceivable position with seemingly equal ease and certainty, and won not only this match but the tournament strictly on his merits. His game displayed few weaknesses and considering his short experience he should improve steadily.

Next season promises to be the banner one in racquets in this country, with a great many events. The Philadelphia Racquet Club will open new courts with a big tournament; the St. Louis Racquet Club will also open its new courts with a tournament, invitations to which several of the eastern cracks have already accepted. Then there will be the usual inter-city doubles between Philadelphia and New York and Philadelphia and Boston; also the Tuxedo gold racquet championship for Clarence Mackay, who is going to offer another trophy similar to the one which he won this year. Then there will be singles and doubles championships. Mr. Mackay has suggested another event for which he will offer a handsome trophy. This is a double championship in which no team shall be composed of two members from the same club. For instance, any New York man would have to choose his partner from Boston, Philadelphia, or somewhere else. W. R. Furness of Philadelphia has suggested still another event,

to be called the junior championship. It would be a tournament in singles, in which no player who has ever won a national doubles or singles championship will be allowed to compete. The idea of this is to encourage younger players, and it should undoubtedly prove successful.

Probably nothing could be done to boom racquets in this country better than to secure a racquets team from England to visit us here, exactly the same way that our tennis team goes to England. The idea should be perfectly feasible; four or five men to be selected for both teams, to meet in both singles and doubles. Mackay and Fincke would undoubtedly be chosen for America, the other three members

would have to be selected from seven or eight men. Very often men who play singles well, are not at all good at doubles, and vice versa. Fincke, however, won not only the singles but was one of the doubles champions, a record which has not been equaled for some years. H. D. Scott when in good form is the best doubles player in this country, and would be selected as one of our doubles team to meet England. Such an international contest would be extremely interesting not only from the standpoint of great rivalry but to show a comparison of style and form. It would be our dash and aggressiveness versus the more finished form of the school bred Britisher.

CULTIVATING FISHES IN YOUR OWN POND*

BY C. H. TOWNSEND†

IT would seem that notwithstanding the abundant literature relative to public fish-culture, which has been distributed freely in this country, there has been left almost unconsidered a field of pond culture simpler and cheaper than that connected with our admirable system of stocking public waters, and with possibilities greater than have been realized. Wholesale methods in fish-culture, requiring artificial fertilization of eggs, hatchery buildings, and series of rearing ponds, are seldom applicable to the farm and the private estate.

The writer devoted considerable time to the study of small, natural and artificial lakes in the region about New York, with a view to ascertaining their possibilities for producing the commoner kinds of fishes with a moderate amount of expense and care. It is hoped that the present paper, relating merely to the *actual requirements* for success in home fish raising, will be of interest not only to members of the New York Zoological Society, but to the out-of-town public in general. It is presented as a primer on the subject, not as a general treatise. Its publication will at least serve the original purpose of the writer—that of facilitating the handling of a portion of the correspondence of the Aquarium. As a good many years have passed since he served an apprenticeship at a government fish-hatchery, recent publications on fish-culture have been used freely.

POND CULTURE IN GENERAL

It should be made clear that the instructions which follow will be of little use to those who suppose that the pond can be

filled with fishes and left to take care of itself. To be made productive it will require intelligent care and considerable work. Those who are not interested to that extent may as well abandon the idea of raising fish and save the expense of stocking the pond.

For the encouragement of those who are disposed to make a trial it may be stated with perfect fairness that food fishes can be raised with no more difficulty than chickens or vegetables. All persons who have experimented with the poultry yard and the garden know that they demand attention. A neglected fish pond may be compared to a neglected garden, and will eventually reach the same gone-to-seed condition.

The raising of trout is not considered in this connection. Trout require special conditions of water supply and temperature, and there are already in existence many volumes on the subject of trout breeding. While it is a fish that most owners of ponds hope to cultivate, it is essentially one that cannot be managed except under naturally favorable conditions, and it demands more attention than it is likely to receive at the hands of the amateur. Trout culture is in active progress all over the land, and there are numerous commercial trout culturists from whom fry and yearlings may be purchased. Brown trout and rainbow trout, it should be stated, are more suitable for small lakes than brook trout, and will stand warmer water and grow considerably

*By permission of the New York Zoological Society.

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larger. The brook trout does not naturally inhabit waters having a temperature much above sixty degrees.

With the ordinary run of ponds in the New York region, where the water becomes rather warm in summer, it is necessary to restrict the list of available fishes to the basses, perches, and sunfishes to which they are adapted. This paper, therefore, deals with the commoner fishes only.

There are few sections of the country so lacking in native fishes that enough black bass, rock bass, yellow perch, white perch, crappie, blue-gill sunfish, long-eared sunfish, or catfish cannot be procured for the purpose of stocking.

State fish commissions cannot usually furnish fishes for private waters, and much of the fish stock supplied by the national commission for private waters has, through ignorance on the part of the recipient, been lost, washed away by floods into public waters, or consumed when mature, without the conditions necessary to propagation having been supplied.

Some of the above-named pond fishes occur in almost every county, and are to be found in the streams, lakes and ponds of the region about New York City and on Long Island. A little preliminary personal effort in fish catching and transporting on the part of the pond owner, will help to increase his interest and knowledge, and thus increase the chances of the pond getting some necessary attention later on.

Fishes already acclimatized are safer for stocking than those brought from distant points in the North or South. In transporting fishes all necessary changes in temperature should be made gradually. Changing to a lower temperature is safer than to a higher.

State fish commissioners are usually able to inform correspondents where desirable kinds of pond fishes occur in each state.

In applying to the Fisheries Bureau at Washington for fishes, it is necessary to send full information respecting the extent, depth, summer temperature, etc., of the waters to be stocked, and to do the same through local representatives in Congress. Fishes will not be sent at once to a single applicant, but only after enough applications have been filed to warrant large shipments to each state. Long delays are therefore liable to happen.

It is possible to procure the fry of bass and some other species from dealers. If they cannot be purchased it will be necessary to procure them from the nearest lake or stream, which can be done, if necessary, with ordinary fishing tackle. For transportation a couple of milk cans of the pattern used by dairymen will be most convenient and the cans will be almost indispensable in handling the fishes from the pond later on.

The fishes need not be injured by the hook, if they are unhooked carefully, and they will stand the trip in wagon or bag-

gage car very well, if they are not crowded, and the temperature of the water is kept down with a little ice.

If a fisherman who has a seine can be hired, so much the better for the fish. The fishes wanted may very likely be found in one's own neighborhood, and it may only be necessary to subsidize the barefoot boy, who won't take long to find some stock for the pond. Beware, however, of the common sunfish, which is usually too small to be worth saving and becomes a positive annoyance when one is angling for something larger. Other species which it is well to avoid are the pike and pickerel on account of their voracity and destructiveness to other species.

Practice teaches one rapidly, but it is unwise to try to get along without study when helpful books may be had. If fish raising is to be merely a passing fancy it is just as well not to attempt it, but interest in most things comes with learning about them, so the books should be read at the beginning—not after failures have led to discouragement.

NATURAL PONDS OR LAKES

It is assumed that the position of the natural pond is such that no arrangement can be made for drawing off the water. Its possibilities will therefore have to be considered separately. Its fish life, moreover, can never be brought under complete control.

If the character and abundance of the fish life in the pond are not known it is desirable that it be ascertained as far as possible by fishing or netting. If the pond is without any fishes it should, of course, be stocked at once, and the selection of fishes made with due regard to its natural conditions. The extreme depth, mid-summer temperature, plant life and character of the bottom of the pond should all be ascertained. The summer bottom temperature of deep ponds should be known. It can be taken by lowering the thermometer in a pail and allowing it to remain some time. If pulled up rapidly the temperature will not have time to rise materially. A series of bottom temperatures will serve to indicate the presence of bottom springs.

A wide area of shallow water in a pond not well supplied by springs or rivulets usually means great warmth in summer. If such a pond can be temporarily lowered and deepened in places, its conditions for fish life would be greatly improved, as there is a decided difference in temperature between surface and bottom waters. Below six or eight feet the temperature decreases at the rate of about two degrees for each foot of depth. Increased depth would also give fishes an additional chance for life in winter when heavy ice cuts off their supply of air.

A small pond, supplied chiefly by rainfall, may be increased somewhat in water

supply by leading to it ditches from adjacent fields; while its depth may admit of some increase by embankments. If water can be had by boring, an artesian well may make just the difference between a poor pond and a good one. Fish ponds should have water plants to afford shelter for young fishes and harbor the various forms of aquatic life on which they feed. Several kinds of common pond-weeds will serve for this purpose. The broad leaves of water-lilies afford shelter in summer for the larger fishes and should be introduced. If the pond be very small and unshaded, some floating boards will afford shelter. Too many large fishes in the pond are detrimental, since they are consuming the food supply and are themselves going to waste. When such fishes cannot be taken with the hook, as sometimes happens, they should be removed with a seine if it is possible to do so, and marketed. It is important that the mature fish crop of a pond be utilized and the young of the year be given a chance to develop. The accumulation of large fishes serves no useful purpose, but results in overstocking, exhaustion of the food supply, cannibalism, and stunted growth.

If a natural lake or pond is already stocked with carp, which are not desired and cannot be entirely removed, their further increase may be checked by the introduction of black bass, which feed freely on young carp. Black bass will also keep other species in check by devouring their young, and thrive amazingly in the process.

If the waters contain black bass, or other fishes which have become stunted from overcrowding and the exhaustion of the natural food supply, it is important to reduce their number by any methods of fish catching that will prove effective and to restore the food supply by introducing other species.

If numerous adult yellow perch are added their young will contribute to the food of the bass and other large species. Experiments have shown that fishes stunted from overcrowding are not necessarily permanent dwarfs, but will attain a larger size if well fed or removed to more favorable waters. No fishes could be more stunted and worthless than those now swarming in the lakes of Central Park, yet we have succeeded in doubling the size of such fishes in two years. Stunted European rudd, transferred from Central Park to Prospect Park, began developing, and later, when we seined them out for exhibition at the Aquarium, it was found that their size compared favorably with that which they attain in Europe.

It has been shown at government fish cultural stations and elsewhere that a few adult carp placed in waters overstocked with bass do not increase in number, their young being wholly consumed each season.

It is well to introduce only a limited number of carp, since too many of them, owing to their rooting habits, will not only destroy the water plants, but also make the water too roily. It has been found that the introduction of carp for feeding fishes is also favorable in ponds containing crappie, the slight roiling of the water, which they cause, being beneficial to the latter rather than otherwise. It should not, however, be introduced into overstocked bass waters as a food supply until yellow perch or other species have been tried.

All ponds, whether natural or artificial, containing food fishes should be stocked with brook-minnows, shiners, chubs, freshwater killifish and other small species to constitute a food supply. The killifish and other small species, it may be noticed in passing, are useful in small ornamental ponds in destroying the larvæ of mosquitoes.

The full use of the fish crop of a large natural pond or lake can seldom be secured by ordinary fishing. It is necessary that seines and trap-nets be used. Experience has proved that such ponds usually contain many large fishes which will not take the hook.

A deep spring-fed lake on Long Island had for years furnished only moderately good bass fishing and no one imagined its wealth of fishes until the embankment which formed it gave way and distributed hundreds of good-sized black bass on the flats below, many of them weighing from four to six pounds. It is possible that these fishes were so well fed on the small fry of their own kind, as well as other species coming over the dam from the pond above, that what the angler could offer did not tempt them.

The introduction of new adult stock may be desirable in an old pond where there has been in-breeding, but overstocking is the main trouble, the remedies for which are thinning-out and re-establishing the food supply.

Owing to the customary preference for "game fishes," many excellent pond species, such as rock bass, calico bass, yellow perch, white perch, long-eared and blue-gilled sunfish and catfish, have been overlooked. Other kinds, such as the warmouth or the white bass, inhabiting waters of the south or middle west, are equally desirable. All of these fishes increase rapidly, take the hook readily, and are good food fishes. They will multiply in favorable waters with less care than probably any other native fishes. With the exception of the catfish, they will take the artificial fly and afford good sport. They are of considerable commercial importance since, according to government statistics, the quantity annually sent to market exceeds twenty-eight million pounds. Nearly all of them are known to attain weights exceeding two pounds.

PONDS MADE BY DAMMING STREAMS

Ponds created in this way should on no account be completed without the placing of drain-pipes and penstocks, so that the water can be lowered and the fish life controlled. There are marketable fishes going to waste in ponds everywhere for lack of simple facilities for getting at them. The deepest portion of the pond should be at the lower end, where the fish will gather when the water is drained down. Ditches dug in the bottom of the pond, leading to the deep hole or "kettle," will greatly facilitate the concentration of the fishes at that time.

Two or three ponds will be found to be much more satisfactory than one, since they will permit of the sorting of fishes according to size. Angling or other fish catching would then naturally be confined to the pond containing the large fishes. If properly managed, a series of fish ponds will naturally yield a surplus for the market.

It is dangerous to construct a fish pond in a narrow ravine as the dam is liable to be broken during spring freshets or exceptionally heavy rains, and the pond will gradually fill up with silt. Even if the embankment is not broken during high water it is difficult to screen it so that the fishes will not escape. A safe plan is to make the pond at one side of the stream, by excavation and embankments, leading the water to it through a ditch, and damming the stream sufficiently at the ditch-head to divert a portion of its flow. In case of freshets, the deep pool formed in the stream by the dam at the ditch-head naturally receives the silt brought down stream, thus guarding against the filling up of the fish pond. The ditch itself should be screened at both ends to prevent the ascent of fishes to the stream, and keep floating drift out of the ditch.

If the pond can be excavated in marshy ground so much the better. A layer of clay on the bottom will render it more watertight than it would be otherwise. The embankment should be broad, and before it is thrown up all sod should be removed so that there will be no subsequent seepage caused by the decay of vegetable matter. The earth used for the embankment should also be free from sods or other matter liable to decay. The ground cleared for the embankment should have a ditch extending its full length into which the new earth will settle, thus increasing the stability of the dam.

The embankment of the dam if it is to be 6 feet high should be 10 or 12 feet wide at the base and 4 feet broad on top. The earth used in its construction will naturally be derived from the bottom of the proposed pond, which will, of course, serve to increase its depth.

The overflow should be large enough to carry off the surplus, when the water is high, without danger to the dam and the

outlets in general should be screened with wire netting to prevent the escape of fishes. The drain for drawing off the water should, of course, be put in place before the dam is thrown up. Earthen drain-pipes are risky, as no matter how closely the joints may be set and cemented, plant roots will eventually find their way inside and clog them up. Iron pipe of not less than four inches diameter, with the joints well soldered, is more reliable. A hollow log will serve as a drain-pipe, and wear well.

If the drain or bottom outlet is built of concrete and large enough to be conveniently cleared, it would be more effective in lowering a large area of water. The upper end of the drain should fit tightly into the foot of the upright penstock in the pond.

The penstock itself is merely an upright drain or sluice of planks or concrete, having about the same capacity as the drain-pipe itself. It is fitted on one side with short "water boards" sliding in grooves which can be removed one after another to permit the escape of the water. A heavy plank should connect the head of the penstock with the top of the dam.

Before the new pond is filled, all roots, stumps, rocks and everything else that would prevent the free sweep of a net along the bottom, should be removed.

All ponds, whether natural or artificial, accumulate debris of which they cannot be cleared except when empty. A muddy pond will give the fish a muddy flavor. When the pond is being cleaned it is necessary to remove the fishes from the deep hole or kettle. Any attempt to remove decayed matter and sediment, while fishes still occupy the deeper portions of a pond, may be fatal to them, as dangerous gases are then liberated among the crowded fishes. If the pond is very foul it should be only partially lowered at first and the fishes removed with a seine.

With a reserve pond or two, it is possible not only to thoroughly clean a pond, but to "winter" it: that is, leave the bottom exposed for a time to the action of the sun and frost. It destroys excessive plant growth and kills out destructive water beetles and other enemies of young fishes and is approved by most professional fish culturists. With a series of ponds constructed at different levels, the overflow of the upper ponds will serve to feed those below. The more fall there is to the water the better will be its aëration—a matter of great importance to small ponds.

It is desirable that surface water caused by rainstorms be kept out of small ponds by banking up or ditching.

WATER SUPPLY

The water supply of the fish pond is the most important thing to be considered. It must in fact be taken into consideration before the artificial pond is made. The flow of water should be abundant. About

twice as much will usually be required as the beginner thinks is necessary.

Ponds fed by strong springs are excellent and are not subject to the dangers to which stream-fed ponds are exposed. Their temperature is naturally more equable throughout the year and they are less liable to heavy freezing in winter. In warm weather and in the winter time, pond fishes avoid extreme temperature by frequenting the vicinity of bottom springs. Spring water, however, contains less life available as fish food, and less air than that from brooks. Its value for pond supply will be improved, if it can be led some distance in rivulets.

Fish-life in small ponds with limited water supply will suffer from heavy ice in winter. The ice should be broken daily, and masses of brush and branches placed partly in the water will aid in keeping air holes open, especially if moved by the wind.

EXTENT AND DEPTH OF PONDS

The extent and depth of ponds made by damming streams, will be governed somewhat by the nature of the situation available.

A pond of an acre or more in extent, and with 8 or 10 feet of water in the deepest part, will, if properly managed, give excellent results. It may be necessary to make it less than one-quarter of an acre in extent, but a small pond should have an extreme depth of not less than 6 feet, although it is quite possible with a strong water supply to raise fishes in very small and shallow ponds. This, however, means active cultivation, with daily feeding of the fishes, numerous ponds to permit of sorting, and all the details of a fish-cultural establishment. As a matter of fact, nearly all of the extensive fish breeding carried on by the National and State fish commissions has been done in ponds of rectangular shape, averaging perhaps less than 100 feet in length and 25 feet in width, having depths of only 3 or 4 feet. Such ponds are worked in series, as nursery and rearing ponds, and there are generally two or more ponds of large size in which fishes of different growths can be held.

The following extract from the report of the fish commissioner of Indiana for 1903-4, is worth inserting in this connection:

"Mr. Carl H. Thompson, of Warren, Indiana, has a fish pond 60 x 120 feet in surface dimensions, and from 4 to 6 feet deep. In May, 1895, he placed in this pond four pairs of small-mouthed black bass. Fifteen months later he seined the pond and took therefrom, by actual count, 1,017 black bass averaging one pound each. In addition to the above he took between six and seven hundred yellow perch, weighing, according to his statement, 'not less than 250 pounds.' This makes the production of the pond amount to 1,267 pounds for a period of fifteen months."

Ponds to be used for black bass and in fact most other fishes, ought to be several acres in extent and quite deep. In general, fishes kept in small ponds do not attain the size of those in large ponds since their range and food supply are restricted.

FEEDING

If young fishes are removed for safety to smaller ponds where they may exhaust the natural food supply, it will be necessary to feed them. If they are put in small "nursery ponds" where they are crowded, feeding is imperative. The principal natural food of fishes is *fish*, which should be perfectly fresh. For young fishes it must be cut and boned, then rubbed through a fine wire screen. Fresh meat or liver must be prepared in the same way. For the details respecting the feeding of young fishes the reader is referred to the Manual of Fish Culture, or some other work on the subject.

Adult fishes kept in restricted quarters will also require feeding. They may be fed largely on live minnows. Among the fish foods used at the New York Aquarium, are live minnows, live shrimps, chopped fish, beef, liver, and clams.

It is a mistake to suppose that fishes do not require an abundance of food. They may *live* without it but cannot grow.

WATER PLANTS

About one-quarter of the ordinary pond should be as shallow as 10 or 12 inches and planted with pond-weeds, such as *Potamogeton*, parrot's-feather (*Myriophyllum*), water-celery (*Vallisneria*), hornwort (*Ceratophyllum*) and *Cabomba*. They may be planted by tying to stones and dropping them from a boat, or set in the ground after the water has been partially lowered. The slightly greater depths—from 1 to 3 feet may be planted with water-lilies, while the more extensive and deeper portions should be kept clear of vegetation. If the vegetation becomes too thick it can usually be pulled out with a rake, but it is sometimes necessary to cut it with the scythe. Willow and other trees should be planted at some points to furnish shade.

Aquatic insects, crustaceans and mollusks, bred among pond-weeds, constitute no small feature of the pond's food supply. It is recorded in the American Fish Culturist that an electric light over a certain pond was found to attract insects which fell in the water in such numbers as to supply an important quantity of fish food. If the pond-weeds, together with the brook-minnows, frogs, crustaceans and other small fry which are to establish the natural supply of food, can be introduced a year before the stock fish are put in, the conditions for success will be greatly improved.

SPAWNING PLACES

Fish ponds should be supplied with spawning conditions suitable to the fishes occupying them. Small-mouthed black bass, which make their nests in gravel, will require gravelly bottom. Large-mouthed black bass, which nest among the roots of plants, will find the conditions they require among the weeds of the pond. Yellow perch, which spawn among twigs under water, are easily accommodated—pieces of brush may be set firmly in the bottom where the water is shallow, in the branches of which they will deposit large whitish masses of spawn. If the brush tops extend several inches above the surface of the water, so that they will be swayed by the wind and kept free of sediment, the hatching of masses of spawn will be greatly facilitated.

Rock bass and the various species of sunfish which, like the small-mouthed black bass, make their nests in gravelly places, will absolutely require places of that character if they are expected to increase and a few cartloads of gravel dumped around the lake in water about two feet in depth will furnish the necessary conditions.

Since ponds, to be successful, must have proper spawning conditions, some study of the habits of pond fishes is important, and there are numerous helpful books available. It is now the custom with professional fish culturists to supply artificial spawning nests in ponds containing small-mouthed black bass. These are small shallow boxes about two feet square filled with mixed gravel and sand, which early in the spring are placed everywhere in shallow water around the pond. They are at once appropriated by pairs of basses seeking spawning places. The boxes have boards nailed on two sides at adjoining corners, which extend about a foot higher, affording shelter for the basses similar to that which they naturally seek under the shelter of submerged logs.

Basses guard their nests for several days after the spawn has been deposited, and it is the custom at fish-cultural establishments to place over nests before the young fishes leave them, a light circular frame of iron covered with cheese cloth, one end of which protrudes above the water. This prevents the young fishes from wandering away from the nest, and makes it possible for them to be removed with the dip net to nursery ponds, where they are safe from

their enemies and the cannibalistic tendencies of their parents.

NUMBER OF FISHES REQUIRED

In stocking waters it is not necessary to have a large number of adult fishes. For a pond of about an acre in extent, twenty pairs of black bass will be sufficient, and perhaps fifty pairs of any of the other kinds of fishes mentioned. These numbers will in fact suffice for still larger ponds and should be reduced for smaller ponds. When the conditions are right the progeny of the first year will usually stock the pond to the limit of its natural food supply. It should be borne in mind that heavy stocking serves no useful purpose, unless it is the intention to catch some of the adults the first year. It is just as well to stock with two or three kinds of fishes and time will show which species are the best adapted to that particular body of water. With black bass the yellow perch may be placed with safety, not only on account of the food it supplies to the former, but also on account of its own value as a food fish. It is remarkably prolific, and with a good start can usually take care of itself. The same may be said of the catfish. It is harmless, since the basses and sunfishes are active in guarding their own nests. The yellow perch and the catfish may also be introduced into ponds containing rock bass or calico bass. There is no reason why black bass, rock bass, and calico bass should not be kept together if the pond is of considerable size.

COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF CERTAIN
BASSES, PERCHES, ETC.

The following figures relative to the annual catch and value of the fishes named, are derived from recent Government statistics and show only the quantity and value of fishes *marketed*. There are no means of ascertaining the catch of the same species made by anglers and other non-professional fishermen, although the aggregate must be very great. The catch is of course made in public waters.

	Pounds.	Value.
Black Bass	1,939,571	\$150,471
Yellow Perch	7,071,220	181,504
White Perch	1,397,306	161,188
Crappie and Strawberry Bass	2,686,230	161,122
Sunfish (all kinds)	2,094,946	52,846
Catfish (all kinds)	13,103,706	534,425
Total	28,292,979	\$1,141,556

CHOICE AND CARE OF SADDLES AND BRIDLES

BY F. M. WARE

THE fit, comfort, and "feel" of the saddle has everything to do not only with the sensation of security afforded to the rider (of either sex), but to his actual retention of a seat. The same features apply not only to the equestrian himself but to the animal he bestrides, and it is perfectly amazing to the uninitiated, to whom any saddle or bridle seems appropriate for use if only it is strong and whole, what a difference in gait, mouth and manners these equipments make if the one exactly fits, and the other is not only equally comfortable but exactly suitable as to bits and their placings, to the mouth. The best investment any one who rides can make is a first-class saddle and bridle which not only suit his ideas of comfort and appearance perfectly, but neatly and becomingly fit and decorate his horse. Better far to economize in horse flesh than in saddlery, for one's pleasure is thereby more surely enhanced, and nothing looks so workmanlike as fastidious care and neatness in the matter of material, shape and fit, while for feminine use especially the whole outfit should be ultra-smart in every detail.

The heavy man should be most particular about his saddle, and that it shall be not only broad-seated but long in the tree that his weight may be distributed over as large a surface on the horse's back as possible, and should exercise great care that not only is it well stuffed, especially about the withers, but that the stuffing is constantly worked light, and kept from caking or becoming lumpy anywhere. Neglect of these precautions will inevitably lead to chafing and bruising of the back, or painful pinching and bruising of the withers; this latter injury leading very possibly to further complications in the way of fistula, etc., which may result in permanent and very severe complications. The individual of lighter weight is more fortunate in these respects, as he is not so likely to injure his mount severely by the mere amount of weight he represents, but even he must be duly careful not only upon the grounds of self-interest, but upon those of ordinary humanity.

No matter how well the saddle fits or how expensive it was originally it will not protect the animal's back from harm for very long unless its user sits in the middle of it as he should do. The majority of equestrians from heedless methods sit jammed back against the cantle of their saddles, causing these to tip up, as it were,

and to grind the backbone and the skin beneath at every step, forming frequently obstinate sores, and quite often leaving lumps ("sitfasts" as they are called) of more or less size, which make a permanent blemish, and serve to remind the horse each time he is mounted of the fact that his back was once hurt, caused him much suffering, and may be about to be damaged again; wherefore he flinches and crouches in an effort to escape harm as soon as he feels his rider's weight on the stirrup. This apprehension it is which causes so many of our American saddle horses to cringe and squat at mounting; most of these are animals from the West and South, where the very short-seated saddle and the seat back on the cantle are most in vogue.

It is most singular in view of this that dealers and trainers who fit such animals for market do not adopt a more sensible style of saddle, and a more nearly balanced seat. No horse can use himself properly anyway when the weight is thus far back over the loins, and a change in attitude makes all the difference in his agility, balance and carriage—merely because he is comfortable and at liberty to handle the weight of his rider in the fashion that makes it least inconvenient. Women are not so likely to chafe a horse at the rear of the saddle, because theirs are usually so long that the weight is not at the extreme end. They do, however, needlessly grind a saddle about upon an animal's back when learning, or after they become fatigued. Injuries are worked upon the withers, generally upon the off side; and it is an open question which shaped horse suffers the most from this cause—the high-withered animal which carries a saddle well in place, or the flat-withered beast which provides a precarious resting place for the side saddle, and must be more tightly girthed than the other with the result that once the saddle shifts to the left (as it almost always does under the average horsewoman) it cannot return to its square position as in the case of the slacker-girthed, good-withered horse, but must grind and dig into sensitive skin until the worst happens. The days of the side saddle, however, are numbered, and when the time comes that all women ride astride we shall wonder that the fashion has been so long in arriving, while neighs of thanksgiving will ascend from every riding school and stable in the land.

While fashion and practice decree against the use of the saddle cloth or

numnah (as it is called) it is by no means certain that the objection is well founded; nor is a properly cut, fitted and fastened cloth or felt an objection or even noticeable; while it is so easily and thoroughly dried when wet, and renewed when worn, that as a thoroughly practical economy it has much value; this is further practically enhanced by the fact that saddles thus equipped will fit the horse fairly well, and are therefore just so much more useful; nor will even the sharpest-withered horse be bruised by such a one. The cloth, if used, should be of thick felt with loops through which the girth-points may pass to keep it in place, and a further attachment at the cantle is of value as maintaining it unwrinkled when in use, and holding it better in place when the saddle is removed. If the full cloth is not used a pommel pad of felt or thick knit woolen material is a great protection to the sensitive withers, and some such arrangement will come in use with any horse in hard work; for if the saddle fits him properly when he is fresh and fat, and the article is new, it will surely fail to do once its padding is flattened by use and his flesh shrinks through the same cause. Indeed an ordinary English saddle from which the panels have been removed, leaving a mere leather and iron framework, and then placed upon a very thick felt numnah, affords a most excellent arrangement, even if unconventional, and gives a closeness of seat to the man, and a thoroughly comfortable surface to the horse which cannot be improved. For a woman's saddle the cloth or numnah is very valuable, almost indispensable if properly arranged, where much long-continued riding is to be done upon horses of various shapes. When teaching riding, as the writer did for about six years, he derived great satisfaction from the use of such a cloth, girthed on separately independent of the saddle itself. When the horses had been dressed over in the morning the saddle cloths were put on and girthed in place, and throughout the day, even though the animal might be—as he always was—sent into the ring several times—the cloth was never taken off, but the saddles were put on above it as required, and at night, when work was done, the cloths were taken off, dried, and thoroughly beaten, while the back was well sponged with a cold astringent lotion. By this means if the saddle shifted it turned, *not* upon the *unprotected back*, but upon the thick pad which was tightly girthed about the body when in work (loosened when idle). By this means, while working from twenty to fifty horses very hard, a sore or bruised back or withers was almost unknown, nor was any special attention paid to the padding or fit of the saddle so long as it was not too narrow in the gullet to allow for the thick felt protection. No more satisfactory arrangement or more economical one can be made for

any horse; and while the fastidious may imagine that it is not "smart" enough in effect, the details are unnoticeable, as the cloth is cut to the shape of the saddle and shows nowhere except on the near side of a lady's horse where it shields her habit from defilement by sweat and dirt.

Leather panels are in vogue with some people, and for brief rides they do very well, but in the writer's experience with them they have appeared to blister the back unduly, and to "draw" it, as it were, like a rubber boot, nor is it probable that any substance which does not freely absorb perspiration will give satisfaction for such purposes. The polo saddles made in this way are shaded off on the skirts to almost nothing so far as panels go, and are supposed to give a closer grip of thigh and knee, but it is doubtful if the difference is appreciable enough to make it of value as an extensive innovation.

For most people the saddle cannot be too long and flat in the seat, or, if curved, the curve should be very slight, and the seat not nearly so deep as many saddlers construct it. A very large and long saddle may be in reality very short seated if the slope is abrupt, as the occupant will either by inattention, or by accident when fatigued, sink down into the middle of it where he belongs, and find his own level, like water; while on the contrary a level-seated saddle may be in effect long, although it is quite short-seated. Particularly should the lady's saddle be long and flat of seat, for if thus made it will fit every one from a child of seven to a very tall and long-legged woman, and all sizes will find comfortable and safe accommodation upon it. Saddlers do not advocate this because the different sizes and lengths make better business for them and the varied curves must be changed, as one increases in growth, to newer models; whereas the flat shape will last a woman from infancy to old age if given ordinary care. Riding without stirrups will give the proper seat, and find the right place in the saddle for one to rest comfortably—the actual middle—as nothing else will, and the flat seat enables any length of limb to be accommodated.

Additional closeness of the thigh to the horse's side will be gained if the girth points on each side are moved, the one as far back and the other as far forward as possible, and the two girths crossed in buckling, the front girth on the rear point off side, and vice versa. Thus crossing they bind, and the animal will not (for a man's use) be nearly as tightly girthed as when they are fastened in the ordinary way, while the buckles, etc., are removed from their usual position beneath the thigh to points before and behind it. Even in the lady's saddle this is practical, and not only allows a trifling amount of extra freedom to the horse for the play of his ribs, in breathing, but also steadies the saddle as the

points are so far apart. The writer has also had considerable satisfaction in the use of very short girths and very long points which brought the buckles well below the rider's legs, although this was noticeable as an innovation from the fact that the buckles and the ends of the points showed on the horse's sides. The inner girth-flap may also be cut away to further assist connection.

Nearly every horse has a sore or at least a sensitive back where the surcingle rests, from the fact that nine times in ten his groom girths him far too tightly with the intention of keeping his clothing in place. The gristly and sharp spines of the backbone were never meant directly to support weight, pressure, or to sustain friction, and any of the three causes is enough to cause irritation there, and pain at a touch. The average surcingle when tightly girthed frequently causes so much pain, especially in horses already light in flesh, that the animal will not lie down, and is nervous and irritable to a degree. The padding of the saddle and of the surcingle should be stuffed so that no pressure may ever rest here where the least motion of the ribs in breathing causes discomfort if not actual pain.

The blankets, which are so common and practical nowadays, dispensing with surcingles entirely, may not be as conventionally smart in appearance as the surcingle, etc., but they are far more practical, not only for this reason, but because they stay in place much better; their only objection being that they work back until the front is against the chest, and may possibly, in horses fed from the floor, cause the hair to break and to wear away slightly on the shoulder points.

The cantle and the pommel of the man's saddle cannot, in the writer's opinion, be too low, and the usual sharp elevations are extremely dangerous, both in case of a fall, and in event of being thrown on to the pommel, beside which the unduly elevated wear away very soon along their edges and top surfaces, and soon need repairs, especially in the cantle, where the saddle is so often carelessly dropped about upon its seat surface.

There has never seemed any good reason for the double stirrup leathers, and a single strap adds greatly to the comfort of the rider. Of course this will not answer if many different people are to use the saddle; but for one individual's use, where no alterations of more than a hole or two will ever be necessary, the writer has derived much satisfaction from the single leather. This is arranged so that the buckle is about four inches from the end of the stirrup strap where it attaches to the saddle, and the leather is buckled in a small loop which

can be altered by two holes each way. If so arranged that it has five holes, and that the usual riding hole is the one in the middle, it will admit of lengthening or shortening two holes each way, which is about all that one will need in order to suit all the various sizes and shapes of horses. Of course the leather should be thoroughly stretched first by hanging very heavy weights from it for twenty-four hours after it is cut and before it is measured and finished for use. Another arrangement has a loop to affix it to the saddle, and at the stirrup end a double buckle without billets, which holds by gripping upon the leather, and may be shortened to any extent. This is not so smart in appearance, but is very practical, and may be shortened to any fraction of an inch.

The plain-flapped saddle has almost entirely superseded the knee roll in all first-class establishments. There never was any real reason for the knee roll except that it gave the rider imaginary security. On the contrary it had drawbacks—as for instance in hunting at a drop fence, or when a horse bucked and plunged so that the rider's knee slid forward—for it could not as easily slide back. The effect of the knee roll may be secured to those who fancy it by having the panel-edge underneath slightly (or considerably) thickened, and being sure that the saddle skirts are of very pliant leather. After a day or two usage this gives precisely the same "feel" to the rider as the roll, while preserving the smart appearance of the plain flapped saddle. Flaps that are quite well curved are most in favor, and certainly look better than those whose outline is too straight in front. For a fine-fronted, good-shouldered horse, which carries his saddle well—and "bridles well," as it is called—there is nothing yet made smarter than a low-pommeled, low-cantled, straight-seated, curved flap and plain flap saddle put *just* in the right place.

To add to the appearance of smartness, and to further avoid the possibility of bruising withers that are sharp, the man's saddle may be cut back at the pommel, nor will this alteration in shape affect its strength if the article is made of first-class material, and by a high-grade maker. In the same fashion the lady's saddle may be cut away, in which case the near flap of the saddle continues over the withers in a sort of thick pad which arranges for the leveling of the rider's seat as if the article were of conventional shape, while avoiding any possibility of bruising the withers. The gullet plate under the pommel is not infrequently made rather narrow, and especially so for our native horses which are not all as finely finished there as could be wished.





Drawing for "The Planting of a Nation"
by Stanley M. Arthurs.

Two women came with Newport to starving Jamestown, and the first Anglo-Saxon homes were established in the New World.

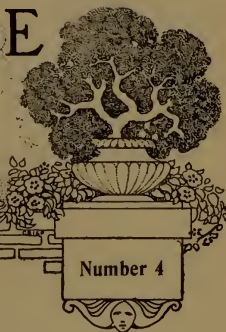
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THE OUTING MAGAZINE



Vol. L

JULY, 1907



Number 4

A RIDE TO FEZ

THE SULLEN LAND OF THE MOORS

BY HAROLD F. SHEETS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



NOT many months ago the western world was fluttering with excitement at the possibility of an armed conflict between France and Germany over the question of supremacy in Morocco. But at length mutual differences were settled, and certain rules and regulations were drawn up in treaty form, defining the rights and privileges of each of the signatory powers and conferring upon specially designated governments the duty of policing and maintaining order throughout the Sultan's domain. This treaty or concordat was given to the Italian Minister who, in turn, was to present it to the unwilling Sultan for signature, and accordingly with great pomp and a spectacular military escort, the Italian Mission proceeded to Fez.

Two weeks after their arrival, I, with a companion and caravan, set out from Tangier for the capital. We went by boat to Larache, a small seaport on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, thus avoiding passing over the "Red Mountain" and through the

territory of Rasuli, the captor of Pericardis. The general impression pictures the native of this land as a Moor, dressed in flowing robe, with shaven head and large turban, wearing heavy earrings, savage and immobile of countenance. In reality, the Moor, ethnologically speaking, is only one of four general types that go to make up the population of Morocco, which in 1905 was estimated at nine million people. The "Berbers" form over two-thirds of the total. They are a warlike, industrious, but indomitable race who for over fifteen centuries, have successfully resisted the invasions of the armies of the North. Neither the Carthaginians nor the Romans, the Vandals nor the Goths, nor even the Spanish or Portuguese, have succeeded in subduing them. To be sure, they have constantly retreated inland with each successive invasion until to-day they occupy the mountainous and inaccessible regions of the interior to the south and east of Fez. They recognize no government and only submit to the Sultan in so far as he is the "Islam" or High Priest of the Mohammedan religion in Morocco. As a race, the

"Berbers" are hardy, stalwart, prolific, and industrious. Their complexion is a dark brown. It has not yet been found safe for foreigners to travel among them.

Next in importance and numbers are the Arabs, who occupy the valleys and fertile regions from Fez to the coast. They are of medium stature, of light brown complexion, and nomadic. They cultivate fields of wheat and oats, but seem unable to remain in one place, moving from district to district as the spirit and their needs impel them. They number in all about 1,200,000.

The Moors, commonly speaking, are the remnants of the race which formerly occupied the Spanish peninsula and who were subsequently driven out by the Spaniards and Portuguese. They live to-day in the cities, and from among their ranks are drawn the great merchants as well as the ruling classes. They dominate the country mentally, socially and financially, and to them is due any progress toward western customs which may have been made. Their numbers are estimated at a million.

The Jews, so conspicuous to the traveler, number only about two hundred thousand, and are simply endured by the Moors, who regard them much as we regard vermin. For mutual protection they have grouped together in certain quarters of the cities, Fez and Tangier, and have built up their own state, based naturally upon their religion and subject always to the dictates and impositions of the Moorish rulers. The only real schools are found among them, as well as the only approach to a home.

Lastly, we find the negroes who have been almost entirely imported from the Soudan as slaves or mistresses. The slave market in Fez still exists to-day and you can buy a young girl for five hundred francs and an old woman for seventy-five francs. The negro's position in the state is about that of a dog, except where by marriage they have grafted their blood on the old Moorish stock. There are about two hundred thousand in the kingdom.

The "Berbers" have their own language, but this is gradually being replaced by Arabic as spoken by the Moors and the Jews. My observations concerning the customs of the country, in so far as they treat of people, refer only to the Arabs and Moors. I did not go into the country of the "Berbers," as that lies to the other side of Fez.

A trip into the interior of Morocco is of necessity an arduous undertaking. One must be prepared to meet with all possible discomforts from poor food to numberless vermin. As there are no roads, the journey must perforce be made on mule or horseback, and as there are no towns, with one exception, for over one hundred and five miles, it is necessary to provide oneself with supplies of all kinds. We carried canned meats, canned vegetables, tins of crackers, soups, etc., as well as a complete cooking outfit. It was even necessary to carry charcoal, as there are no forests in which to obtain wood. As we subsequently learned one should take a full supply of bottled water, for we were forced often to drink the most revolting and filthy compound which ever passed under that name.

Larache prepared us for anything. It is a city of tortuous, narrow, ill-smelling, unpaved streets, into which all the refuse is thrown. Some enterprising Frenchman had set up a hotel. He called it the "International." My friend and I sought rooms there, and in order to accommodate us it was necessary to dislodge the dirt of a year's accumulation. We found that the dining room was located alongside the lavatory, which emitted the most unhealthy and germ-breeding odors that a sane mind can imagine. Finally we were forced to get out of our beds at one A.M., dress, pack, and leave the hotel. We walked the streets until dawn, vainly striving to forget the overcoming hospitality of the Hotel International. On this midnight walk we were stopped at almost every step by the prostrate form of some Arab stretched full length across the street, or rolled up on some doorstep. A chill night and thick dew had no terrors for these hardy sons of Mohammed.

At dawn our caravan was ready to start. We numbered in all nine men and eleven animals, three being horses and the remainder pack mules. In order to leave the city before daybreak we had to obtain special permission from the Governor, who sent a man to unlock the great gates for us. He carried in his girdle keys which resembled sledge hammers and must have been forged by Vulcan, centuries before. As the great gates, released, swung back we were greeted by a deafening noise. It seemed as though all the hosts of darkness



The gates of the town of Larache.



A Moorish hut, surmounted by the customary stork's nest.

had broken loose into a howl which would wake the dead. Suddenly candles and diminutive olive oil lamps appeared, and we found ourselves in the center of a great caravan which had arrived during the night and pitched camp at the walls of Larache. The hosts of darkness were only mongrel dogs. To count them was impossible, for they flitted here and there in the dusk like so many wolves, and we could only follow them by their dismal howls. About us on all sides were camels, some sleeping, others moodily chewing their cud and blinking blearily at the lights which we bore. All were lying down. As we passed by them, one would rise here and there and we could then distinguish their gaunt lines, their long necks, flat ugly heads, and ungainly legs. Although the load had been removed the pack saddles remained fastened to their backs. I later learned that this was the universal custom, not alone for camels, but also for mules and horses.

As we climbed the hill to the rear of Larache, and slowly picked our way up the stony path, we could hear behind us the weird barking of the dogs, seeming to warn us of still stranger experiences and untold

troubles to come. As the sun rose over the silver walls of the sleeping city, and here and there white-robed figures silently passed us, we forgot ill omens, and were intent only upon the panorama which gradually unrolled. We had left western civilization behind. We were bound for the culmination of Oriental "unchangeableness."

Part of our first day's journey was through a wonderful cork forest, some ten miles long and five miles wide, untouched by the hand of man. It will certainly be a "bonanza" to whoever obtains a concession from the Sultan to take out the cork.

There are no roads in Morocco. We consequently followed the principal caravan trail across the open prairies. The passing of countless hundreds of camels, horses, and mules has marked the prairie with these endless paths which wind in and out like the intricate meshes of a great net.

We pitched camp at four o'clock in the afternoon, having ridden ten hours on horseback, with a rest of three-quarters of an hour at noon. The Sultan, for the safety of foreigners, has designated certain small villages on the caravan routes which

shall afford protection to the traveler; we pitched our camp in one of these. It was a queer place. The huts were constructed of thatched straw and dried out cactus leaves and resembled water jugs more than anything else; that is, the bottom, or living part, was large, tapering to a small circle at the top, then enlarging again to form a nest for the storks which are deemed to be birds of good omen, and consequently sacred. It is very strange, indeed, to see these large birds flying about in such numbers, and yet so tame. There is no doubt that the people would have assaulted us had we killed one in their presence.

For the most part the villages through which we passed were all temporary, that is to say, each tribe or clan led a nomad life, building its summer home and its winter home, according as the winter was warm or cold, rainy or dry. The food of these people, so far as we could ascertain, consists almost entirely of wheat cakes made out of a coarse flour which is obtained by grinding the wheat between two large stones. With this wheat bread they have

butter and buttermilk, occasionally indulging in eggs. The meat diet is unknown to them. This is largely due, however, to the Mohammedan religion.

The country after the first day's journey was somewhat wilder, and although presenting every appearance of fertility and richness was only cultivated in rare instances. Just before arriving at Fez we passed over a series of foothills and came into a large valley, which, for picturesqueness and agricultural value, I have never seen surpassed. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, could be seen waving grain, green grass, and in some parts large orchards of apricot trees and olives. In fact I was more than ever impressed with the idea that this country could, if properly cultivated and exploited with modern machinery and western methods of sowing and reaping, supply all the wheat for neighboring southern Europe. There are immense tracts of land of black earth, red earth, and sandy loam which, at the present time, are unused except for grazing purposes. As in certain regions of the west-



Environs of the city of Fez.

ern part of the United States, there are no trees, and consequently no means of causing the rain clouds which go over the Atlas Mountains to deposit their moisture with any degree of certainty.

Our first view of Fez—the “Tombeau du Désespoir” as the Moorish legends have it—was an experience never to be forgotten. We had made of our last day’s journey a forced march; leaving our caravan behind us we covered the last thirty miles in five hours, reaching the hills which dominate Fez and the valley in which it lies about six-thirty. A turn in the road suddenly disclosed to us the end of our pilgrimage. It lay at our feet, an immense mass of white buildings, surrounded by high, gray and ruined battlements. The golden rays of the setting sun seemed to bring out in strong relief the minarets of the mosques and to bathe in a flood of light that great monument of Moroccan life. There, before us, silent, isolated and ancient, lay the highest example of Moorish civilization. And yet no paved roads led up to it. No carts or wagons disturbed the death-like silence

which covered the city. No shrieks of engines, no hum of harvesters, no smoke of factories, no signs of life, pulsating, moving, producing western life, were in evidence. We gazed long and fondly upon the picture before us and reluctantly followed our guide along the road to the gates of the city. Our illusions of beauty and charm were soon dispelled! Outside the walls we passed innumerable camps of traders who had come from the four corners of Morocco to dispose of their merchandise. At the very gates we found great numbers of dead animals, camels, mules, horses, dogs and donkeys, abandoned by their owners to rot and pollute the air with the fearful odor of their decomposition.

The gates through which we entered the city opened on to a market place. Here was assembled a motley array of vari-colored humanity which would have done credit to the “streets of Cairo.” Negroes, Arabs, “Berbers,” Jews, Moors—brown, white and black—were squatting side by side on the edge of the road, while others, on mule or horse, slowly passed between them. Beg-



Moorish women harvesters in the fields.



The little nurses of Morocco—a familiar street type.

gars, half naked water-carriers with pigskin bags, shoemakers, scavenger-mongers, vegetable venders, horse traders, mingled indiscriminately. The din of the voices made conversation impossible, while the odors of decomposing vegetable and animal filth were overpowering. We made our way through this crowd with the greatest difficulty.

I was indeed surprised to note the apparent indifference of the people to us. Recently there have been so many missions of foreigners, or "Christians" as they call us, that to-day their entrance or exit causes no undue interest. We passed through the main street, known as the "Soto," about ten feet wide at the widest part. The pavement consists of a few cobblestones with a drain in the center into which is thrown all the filth and dirt of the merchants whose small shops line the street. Each shop is built exclusively for one kind of goods. One merchant sells cereals; another, fruits; another, paraffine candles; another, Manchester cloth; another, vegetables, and so on. The shop fronts are raised during office hours, forming thereby a sort of awning for the inmates. Owing to these projecting doorways, the street was almost

in total darkness, so that as we rode through at seven o'clock at night we had to pick our way with great care. Very often the street would pass through and under some large building and become completely obscure. No attempts at street lighting were made. We finally reached our destination, having traversed the entire length of the city, which at once impressed us with its size, its secretiveness, its lack of harmony in structure, and above all with its supreme disregard for all the laws of sanitary and hygienic regulation. Through it flows a large river which at one and the same time serves to supply all the water and to carry off the filth. This river passes through the heart of the city, under and through buildings, and is tapped in a thousand places by canals which carry the water to every point of the town; so wonderful is the system of canalization that it is possible to flood at a moment's notice any particular district, or any garden or court. This running water should render the city healthy, did it not serve as a sewer to carry off the filth of the population and a well to supply them with drinking water. As a result Fez is to-day



A typical residence street in Fez.



A market street in the capital city.

suffering from an epidemic of typhoid fever which carries off from three hundred to three hundred and fifty people daily, and to which, at this writing, the English military attaché to the Sultan has succumbed.

Fortunately, the Sultan has supplied the majority of the foreigners with houses, nearly all of which have wells independent of the canals. We were fortunate enough to share the English instructor's house.

Inasmuch as the Italian Mission was in Fez at the time of our arrival, our host had the greatest difficulty in obtaining fresh meats, eggs, and vegetables for our table. The Sultan supplies gratuitously the provisions for all official missions and his buyers literally corner the market for fresh meats, forcing prices sky-high, and in many instances seizing all the available supply.

We were unable to see the mosques, or religious temples of the Mohammedans. We were given to understand that all the art of the Moor so wonderfully manifested in the Alcazar of Seville, the Mosque of Cordova, and the Alhambra of Granada has been lavished upon the interior decoration of these Mohammedan temples in Fez. From the exterior, however, one sees absolutely no signs of artistic decoration or Moorish architecture in any of the buildings.

It would surprise the European governments and diplomats to learn how little effect and impression the Algecirian Conference has had in the interior. Not one per cent. of the population knows anything about it, and these care less. The supreme ambition of the Moor is to be left to himself, to exclude the Christian from his lands, and to fight out his own existence according to the dictates of his religion and of his ancestors. It is this religious structure, this ever-present idea of a deity to whom they can appeal for help in the smallest of their tasks, this conception of a power that is capable of doing no wrong and of protecting and guiding its followers, which accounts for the peculiar disregard of physical punishment, and even of death, so characteristic of the Moors. I remember one morning as we were passing through the country hearing a man on one of the hillsides crying out in a loud voice. He had with him some ten or twelve dogs. Our guide informed us that he was praying to Mohammed to help him catch a jackal which he was hunting.

Twice we heard laborers cry to us that they were going to pray to Mohammed to give them a Sultan who would exclude the Christians, and what we heard twice seems to be the universal cry throughout the entire Moroccan kingdom. The Sultan is a prisoner in his own palace; he never goes out, he never rides the streets, he dare not lead his own troops; in fact, he is a figure-head whom the people still recognize as Sultan, but whom they would readily depose were it possible to bring in the pretender. As a ruler he only exercises his authority over the coast, the large cities, and the plains from whence his troops are drawn. Over the rest of the country he is simply the chief, the representative of Islam in the west. He cannot exact tribute or taxes, and only in case of a holy war can he call for troops. The army which he has drawn about him and which is his only visible claim to power is a bizarre amalgamation of recruits from the four corners of his kingdom, armed indiscriminately with every model of rifle from the old blunderbuss to the modern Mauser. To picture accurately a company of these soldiers with their weird uniforms would require a skilled brush; red predominates in everything, in the great saddles formed of an infinite number of folded blankets, in the baggy zouave trousers, in the Fezes, and even in the holsters for their rifles.

There is no education, as we understand it, among the Moors. There are no clocks, and it is estimated by one who knew that not fifteen per cent. of the population are able to reckon the time of day. As the sun crosses the meridian at seventeen minutes past twelve, a flag is run up on the tower of the principal mosque, and immediately other flags appear upon the towers of the other mosques throughout the city. This is noon. At half-past one another flag is run up, and at sunset the evening gun is fired. This is the extent of the Moorish idea of time. Only a few of the better class have books, or can read or write.

The mails are carried by runners who go from Tangiers to Fez in two days. They carry a loaf of coarse wheaten bread which, together with an occasional drink of butter-milk, serves as their only sustenance.

The women are treated as slaves, not companions, and the marriage ceremony is a mere formality. Throughout the coun-



The Moorish girl the author was offered by her mother in exchange for a gold-plated watch.



The brothers of the Sultan and their escort.

try children are considered as merchandise to be sold and exploited by their parents. We had this brought to our attention very forcibly. Upon stopping at a village to ask for milk, an old lady with her daughter brought it out to us. Out of curiosity we asked her what she would take for her daughter, a girl of about twelve years of age and of an exceptionally clean and healthy appearance. She replied that if we would fill with silver the small tin in which she had brought the milk, we could have the girl. We then offered her a gold-plated watch for the girl, and she said that she would accept it; what this woman would have done hundreds of thousands of others are daily doing, for the Moorish woman, like the squaw of the American Indian, is but a slave to perform the manual labor of the home and the field.

The strongest impression which Fez left with me was the apparent hopelessness which characterizes the Moor's life. He seems to feel that there is nothing better in store for him, and consequently he is become a fatalist and regards death and physical tribulation without fear. As a type of physical manhood he is equal to the Dane or Russian, and more warlike than our Indian. Were the Moors throughout Morocco to declare a religious war of extermination and of rebellion against the Christians it would be almost an impossibility to conquer them.

Our return journey from Fez was uneventful up to the third day. On that night we pitched our camp some forty minutes from Al-Kazar, a large walled city on the road from Larache to Fez. We did not take the precaution to seek out a village under the Sultan's protection, as we had always done heretofore, but hired four guards from among the villagers, two of whom were armed with antique rifles. Subsequent events justified this.

It seems that a band of about twenty-five native bandits had been following us hoping to capture our horses. At about eleven o'clock they passed up through the village, dividing into two bands, one of which passed behind our tents and the other some distance in front. As they came, the second group drove off all the cattle they could find, while the others continued until they came to our tents. Here our guards spied them and two of

them rushed out, the others remaining to protect us and the horses. The two who went out were instantly shot, as well as a third man who had come from the village. A woman was stabbed who had rushed out to beg mercy from them for her husband. For about ten minutes the firing kept up and we were constantly in danger of being hit, our tents being shot through in several places. Then the bandits passed on down the hill and, according to some of the villagers who followed them, entered the gates of Al-Kazar with the cattle which they had driven off. It is probable that when they saw our horses tethered in front of the tents and when our guards fired on them, they desisted, believing that we were well armed and that our horses were saddled, thereby enabling us to follow them.

Our experience was not an uncommon occurrence. We realized more fully than ever the savage state of lawlessness which prevails throughout Morocco. The tribesmen and peaceful farmers are constantly subject to raids from armed bandits against whom the government takes no effective steps for repression.

The following morning we continued our journey to Larache, arriving there at twelve o'clock, having come from Fez in three days and six hours, a record for Europeans. When we arrived and found that there were no steamers in the port, and none expected, we made arrangements with a Moor to take us to Tangier for thirty dollars Moorish money—about fifteen American gold. He owned a small open sailboat without deck or covering of any kind. Into her we put all our baggage, sending tents, provisions, etc., overland. After spending sixteen hours at sea, constantly in danger of capsizing, forced one night to make fast to a salvage boat off Cape Spartel, without sleep for forty-eight hours, we reached Tangier.

Our expedition began on June 7th and ended on June 18th. During this time we had ridden two hundred and fifty miles on horseback across open country, sleeping in tents which at dawn were pulled down over our heads by our zealous muleteers. We remained three days in Fez, all of which were Sabbaths, for the Moorish or Mohammedan day of rest is Friday, the Jewish Saturday, and the Christian Sunday. And we were ready to return once again to European civilization.

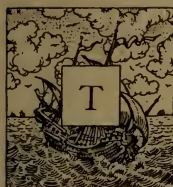


LANDING HER FIRST CATCH OF THE SEASON

Drawing by Hy. S. Watson.

THE PLANTING OF A NATION

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE



THE planting of the first successful Anglo-Saxon colony on the mainland of North America was an event in the history of the New World second in importance only to its discovery. As all

our readers know the three hundredth anniversary of that event is being celebrated by an exposition on the waters and shores of Hampton Roads, Virginia, during the pleasant months of 1907. The situation is about twenty miles below the ghostly remains of that old town of Jamestown which is sacred, as are few places in the limits of our republic, to tragedies dark and grim and agonies long-drawn-out.

To speak of old Jamestown as the "cradle of the republic" and of the men who built their rude cabins there as "the seeds of the American people" is, of course, to use very figurative language. As world conditions were at the beginning of the seventeenth century the people of Great Britain were the one race fitted to prevail in the limits of our nation, and there were other centers of English colonization equally potent in results of which we are patriotically proud. But the strangely assorted colony on the banks of the James was at least the foundation of that Old Dominion which for centuries was all-important in shaping the destinies of our race, and the men who first landed there should appeal greatly to public interest.

We may pass over the commercial and political history of the London Company which in 1606, after much effort, equipped an expedition to form the first Virginia colony. On the 19th of December of that year the expedition sailed from Blackwall, England, in three small ships, the largest

being of only one hundred tons burden, the second ship of forty tons burden and the smallest a mere pinnacle of only twenty tons burden. The number of men who embarked was but one hundred and five, and so ignorant was every one engaged in the enterprise, from the highest official of the London Company to the lowest servant, of the conditions to be met in the new world, that the personnel of the intended colony excites wonder in the modern mind. The London Company dreamed, as all early adventurers to the new world did, of gold mines and of nations of barbaric splendor to be trafficked with, and of that long-cherished delusion of a sea passage to the wealth of the East Indies. The exploits of Cortez and Pizarro were intoxicating the fancy of Europe and a credulous and ignorant age looked to the new world for any miracle. Instead of sturdy yeomen with families, nearly half of the voyagers were gentlemen, bent on mending their fortunes, who looked on physical labor as a degradation. Many were servants. There was not an agriculturist nor a huntsman in the party. There were only twelve laborers and four carpenters, but there were goldsmiths and even a perfumer for the subduing of a wilderness. There was probably little patriotic thought of winning new territory for England and St. George on the part of any one concerned. Personal gain was the motive of each and all.

James I. had graciously composed the worst form of government for the London Company, and consistent with the temper of the Stuart dynasty all power lay in the pedant monarch himself. But of necessity a local council was to govern in far away Virginia, and it pleased the King to put the names of this council in a sealed box which was not to be opened until the arrival of the

expedition in Virginia. As a consequence there was much jealous bickering among the gentlemen during the long voyage as to who was in authority. A bragging soldier of fortune named John Smith was, in particular, so offensive with his claims that before the voyage was done he was put under arrest as a mutineer.

Sailing by the old West Indian route, and so wasting supplies, the three frail ships did not arrive on the coast of Virginia until April 26th. The site of Raleigh's lost colony on the isle of Roanoke is supposed to have been aimed at, but a storm drove Captain Christopher Newport and his ships into the Chesapeake Bay. Old Point Comfort was so designated in a spirit of gratitude, and as loyal subjects the new river which soon opened before the colonists was called the James River, and the two capes at its mouth were named after the royal princes, Charles and Henry. The colonists spent some days in haphazard explorations on shore. Once a landing party was greeted by a cloud of arrows from hidden Indians and two of the explorers were wounded. Another party met a more amicable band of savages with whom they could not converse, but by whom they were introduced to that deifying plant, tobacco, which was to play such an important part in the making of the Old Dominion. The colonists now ascended the river about thirty miles through a country which "heaven and earth seemed never to have agreed better to frame as a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation." The worst possible site on a low peninsula was selected for a settlement, and there the ill-fated colony, loyally named Jamestown after the bigoted king, was fixed.

A more incompetent party for the founding of an empire and facing the needs, hardships, and perils of the new world can scarcely be conceived of. They differed from the trained, hardy American-born pioneers whom Boone, Robertson, and others during the last of the following century were to lead into the West about as helpless sheep differ from cunning foxes, and when we inquire what manner of men they really were for the purpose in hand, and how they lived in the wilderness, the brief answer is that they were, to our view, mere children, and that most of them

straightway died. Yet the panegyrics of patriotic writers and popular orators are not wholly undeserved, for there lay in some of these men a determined, if misguided and inexperienced heroism, and the seeds of that inflexible pluck which was to make the Anglo-Saxon race the master of the world.

On the 13th of May, 1607, they disembarked, and then, according to Smith's account, "falleth every man to worke; the counsell contrived the forte, the rest cut down trees to make place to pitch their tents, etc."—and so was gained the first foothold which the English were to maintain in the new world at a cost so frightful that the mere story is painful. In the first few days everything went well enough. A thankful spirit at the deliverance from the long voyage with ships in which a modern yachtsman would scarcely dare to cross the harbor, promoted good-will and induced some energy. The sealed box had been opened in the Chesapeake, and Smith was found to be of the council. According to his own story he demanded a trial, was acquitted, and his accusers fined—the fine being turned by Smith into the common fund. The others named of the council were Bartholomew Gosnold, Edward Wingfield, John Radcliff, George Kendall, John Martin, and the old navigator Christopher Newport, with Wingfield as president. The names are memorable. It was perhaps prophetic of the republic that never were few men so torn and distracted by rancorous politics, and indeed petty bickerings were about the only occupation of the colony. Of industry, frugality, forethought, there seems to have been scarcely a trace after the first burst of pent-up energy.

Gentlemen of that age could not be supposed to work, but they spent their time roaming the woods in search of rubies and sapphires, or diving in the stream for pearls, while the idle gang of servants searched the sands for gold. The most fantastic beliefs regarding the wealth of the new world seem to have filled the imagination of the soberest. Some few miserable cabins were erected by the carpenters, and remembering the hostile reception accorded by one of the Indian bands, some trees were felled across the little isthmus as a fort. All the settlers were ignorant of sanitation,

and knew as little of woodcraft as of microbes. Not one of them seems to have had any guess of the awful trials just ahead. The provisions that were brought from England were as recklessly used as though the mother country lay across the James, and all acted as though the business in hand was a holiday picnic rather than the conquering of a continent. The one great desideratum was a trained and forceful leader—a master of woodcraft, and even now one cannot read the pitiable tales that a few weeks were to unfold without a sad regret that these vain, shiftless adventurers had not among them one of those masterful pioneers like Kenton or Sevier that a later age was to develop from the race of which they were the seed.

Captain Newport after landing the colonists was to return to England with two of the ships, leaving the little pinnace with the settlement. A week after putting them ashore he started up the river on an exploring expedition in the hope of finding that stream a passage to the south seas, or of discovering a wealthy and barbaric city. Nothing is stranger than the persistence with which all the earlier explorers believed the North American continent a narrow strip of land beyond which lay the Pacific and fabled Cathay. Newport with "five gentlemen, four maryners, fourteen saylours, with a perfect resolution not to returne, but either to find the head of the river, the laake mentyoned by others heretofore, the sea againe, the mountaynes Apalatai or some issue," ascended the river till he came to the falls where Richmond now stands, meeting many friendly and curious Indians. Then he returned without finding any "issue" of moment, but a waste of much energy and provisions. The gentlemen of his party looked upon everything with European and feudal eyes, regarding the Indian chiefs as nobles, the head chiefs as kings, and old Powhatan, of whom they now heard, as a mighty emperor. As their boats descended the river the Indians grew more and more unfriendly and finally hostile, and when they reached Jamestown they found that the camp had been attacked—a boy had been killed and several men wounded, and President Wingfield himself had narrowly escaped death. But the Indians had been terrorized by the discharge of firearms, and so the almost

defenseless colony had escaped destruction. Newport stayed two weeks longer, the sailors helping to consume the scanty provisions, and then he sailed for England.

Scarcely was his ship out of sight before the bitterest quarrels broke out. The doughty old mariner, who seems to have been a brave and peaceful, if somewhat visionary, old soul, had tried to reconcile the council, and quiet what he calls "a murmur and grudge against certayne preposterous proceedings and inconvenyent courses," and by his "fervent perswayson" bring them to "a faythfull love one to another." He did indeed bring about a kind of peace that lasted until his ships were out of sight, and it was during this brief space of good-will that Smith was restored to his seat in the council. But the trying conditions proved too much for the undisciplined wranglers and visionary idlers. It was found that what was left of the provisions was almost spoiled by dampness. The hot and humid climate of the marshy land soon debilitated all the colonists; there was no proper shelter from continuous rains and the poisonous exhalation of the soil soon did deadly work. All trace of discipline and order vanished. Of energy and effort toward betterment there never had been more than a trace. The liquors were now consumed in the hope of warding off sickness, and the food ran so low that starvation set in. By mid-July there was not a well man in the settlement. The suffering from disease and starvation was horrible. Two or three of the settlers went mad; one dramatically threw his Bible in the fire and declared that God had forsaken them. "Our food," wrote Percy, one of the gentlemen of the colony, "was but a small can of barley sod in water to five men a day. Our drynk cold water taken out of the river which was at flood very salt, at low tyde full of slyme and fylth, which was the destruction of many of our men," and he adds: "Some departed suddenly, but for the most part they died of mere famyne. There were never Englishmen left in such misery as we were in this newly discovered Virginia." Among those who died during that awful summer was Gosnold, the original promoter of the London Company and of the expedition, a valiant, able, and sensible gentleman who had made a previous voyage to America

and whom all respected, but who, like the rest, had little knowledge of the needs of a pioneer. The miserable survivors crawled about the settlement in the most abject condition, quarreling and thieving from one another. Before fall nearly one-half of them were dead. It would seem that only the contempt which the Indians felt, and their dread of guns prevented the extirpation of settlers who were reduced to begging abjectly of them. But, strange to say, amid all this misery the bitterest wrangling still continued. Wingfield, who appears to have been well intentioned, if inadequate for leadership, was deposed. Kendall was deposed also, and a little later was killed in a revolt. Others of the council had died. It is useless to try to trace the bitter quarrels and impossible to know the truth. On one point all accounts are agreed—that the condition of all was as wretched as could be endured. Such was the first miserable beginning of permanent English colonization in the new world.

We are prone to read into the past our own knowledge—the wisdom, experience, and environment that that past has bequeathed to us, but it should be borne in mind that the men who planted the first English colony were the creatures of the manners, traditions, and beliefs of three centuries ago—an age of servility, credulity, and superstition. Yet if the first settlers were unfitted for the momentous task fate had called them to, they had one advantage of which later colonists were deprived. The savages were as yet in awe of this new pale race in strange dress coming out of the sunrise on the backs of great white-winged sea fowls, and though now and then their native savagery broke out, they were as yet restrained by superstitious dread, and especially by their terror of firearms, from destroying a settlement that was too weak to make resistance. The Indians with whom they first came in contact appear to have been of the Algonquin race, and the great overchief of the tribes in the vicinity of the James and the York was an able warrior known to history as The Powhatan, or Powhatan. He was a most powerful, wily, and sagacious chief, a sort of early Pontiac, who had given his common name to the confederation of tribes of which he had made himself the head. But, fortunately for the new settlers, he was now very

old and indisposed to war and trouble; yet his cunning and treachery were still keen and active, and were often to outwit the simple English.

It was during the bitter first starvation time that Captain John Smith rose to leadership. He left various accounts of the hardships and sufferings of those first years of the colony, and for something more than two centuries these were followed by all historians. Yet he was a very robust liar, as other contemporary accounts, which have come to light in comparatively recent times, conclusively prove. Indeed the pure romance of much that he wrote is evidenced by the knowledge we now possess of the Indian, and the utter disagreement of his own writings, to say nothing of the miraculous incidents he gravely relates. Yet Smith remains, in spite of all, the most romantic figure in our earliest history, and such is the fascination of his individuality that many scholarly historians still maintain the essential truth of his narratives. He appears to have been a sort of early Andrew Jackson, without Old Hickory's chivalry, but with a superior gift for mendacious narrative—an explosive, domineering, intolerant, opinionated old fire-eater of indefatigable energy and enterprise, capable of neither fatigue nor fear. He was the one man who seems to have profited by experience in the new world and to have learned lessons from the wilderness, and alone of all the band he possessed the resource and common sense for leadership that characterized our own later pioneers.

We need not follow Smith's doubtful adventures with the Indians or his accounts of his own personal wisdom, courage, and prowess. But we cannot resign without regret his picture of Pocahontas, and his story of her intercession for his life. Yet his pretty tales in relation to her are in all probability for the most part pure figments of Smith's prolific fancy. Far from being the beautiful, gentle, and humane princess that Smith depicts, she could have been at first in the nature of things only a privileged young squaw, barbarous, ignorant, and uncleanly, whose range of ideas was that of her people. Wingfield in his detailed account of affairs records Smith's capture, but makes no mention of Pocahontas saving Smith's life, nor does Hamor or other writers of the time. Strachey who arrived in

Virginia in 1610 speaks of Pocahontas as "A well featured but wanton young girl, Powhatan's daughter, sometymes resorting to our forte, of the age then of eleven or twelve yeares. She would get the boys forth with her into the market-place and make them wheel, falling on their hands and turning up their heeles upwards, whom she would followe, and wheele so herself, naked as she was, all the fortē over."

Death and deposition had soon left, as we have already shown, but three men of the council—Ratcliff, who became governor, Martin, and Smith. Suffering and sickness had broken the spirit of the first two incompetents, and the more sagacious of the settlers soon came to look to Smith for all direction. The resolute, tempestuous and vain captain was not slow in making himself complete master. It was in fact a sort of natural selection of the fittest to command. But it is difficult to see how any one's command could have rescued the perishing settlers that first summer but for a strange and providential act on the part of the Indians toward a race that was in a few years almost to exterminate them. When the last of the provisions were exhausted, and four-fifths of the colonists too weak to stand, and hope dead in every heart save that of the irrepressible Smith, a band of Indians, among whom was Pocahontas, walked into the despairing town loaded with fruits and corn. It was one of those capricious acts of which savages and children are sometimes capable. Smith looked upon it as a divine favor. It is certain that his unfailing faith in himself did much to revive the spirits of his followers.

Strengthened by food, things now wore a brighter aspect in the town. The doughty captain, by his own example and the sternness of his rule, soon brought about some order. He built better shelter, cleared and drained the ground about the town, and soon had his followers comfortably lodged. He labored vigorously himself. "Who will not work shall not eat" was his wise command. When food began to run low he went up the river in the pinnace and obtained more corn and meat from the Indians. When he could trade for supplies he did so, but as often he resorted to cunning or threats. He had one or two brushes with the savages. Much of

his self-glorification relates to this time. He boasts loudly enough of his deeds of valor and of his wisdom, and it is quite possible, however false his related exploits may be, that at this period he saved his followers from perishing.

At length there was an end to the colonists' worst sufferings. The terrible summer wore away; the cool September wind brought new health; wild ducks alighted on their southern flight; flocks of pigeons darkened the sky and settled in the woods where berries and wild fruits were now ripening. The first starving time was over.

By all accounts Smith, while master, made several expeditions into the Indian country. On one occasion while he was absent, Kendall and the disgraced and broken Wingfield hatched a conspiracy to steal the pinnace and desert their starving brothers. But Smith returned just as the little vessel was weighing anchor, and, training his cannon on the deserters, brought them to terms, but not until after Kendall was killed. On another occasion while foraging and exploring Smith was taken prisoner. But his marvelous accounts of himself seem to have awed Powhatan, and that chief, Smith says in his first account, "having with all kindness he could devise sought to content me, he sent me home with four men, etc." When home in England with leisure for his fancy to run riot Smith tells the new and exciting version of his captivity, how he was fattened for a feast for the savages, how his head was upon the block (after the manner of English executions), and how the executioners stood over him with raised clubs, when the beautiful Pocahontas threw herself upon his prostrate form and successfully begged his life. When Smith returned to Jamestown after each absence he always found waste and disorder, if he may be believed. Yet the ungrateful people seem little to have appreciated his extraordinary services since shortly after the return from his captivity he was arrested and tried for his life, and according to Wingfield was sentenced to be hanged, and only spared because of the intercession of Captain Newport who just at this time arrived from England with supplies. It is in truth a very muddled and perplexed period, not from lack of evidence, but by reason of the contradiction of contemporary accounts,

and all we may be certain of are the miserable bickerings, starvation, and terrible suffering, which possibly half crazed them all.

With Newport's second arrival all differences seem for a time to have been settled. Among these children of another age supplies and news from home gave birth to new hope. But it was a most heartrending condition that the old mariner found. Only forty of the original settlers were now alive, and the woes of the nine months since he had sailed away argued ill for the future. Newport remained some time in the colony, loaded his ship with yellow sand which he supposed to contain gold, and then sailed away for England again, leaving Smith in charge. The boastful and impetuous soldier during the summer of 1608 did make two wonderfully daring explorations of the Chesapeake and prepared a map which, all things considered, was wonderfully accurate. This second summer and fall were seasons of comparative comfort, though not without suffering. But at the close of the year Newport came again and brought new supplies and more settlers, who were mostly broken gentlemen, adventurers and libertines, and as pioneers a much more worthless lot than the first. Again there was not a trained huntsman nor an agriculturist nor a farmer among them, but two women came with Newport, and the first of real Anglo-Saxon homes was soon established in the new world. Smith, who had by this time learned the Indian tongue and something of woodcraft and the real needs of colonization, was justly incensed at the material sent, and wrote the London Company that the need was for "carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons and diggers up of tree roots."

But the London Company was by this time discouraged with the ill success of the venture from a financial and commercial standpoint. There was a reorganization of the corporation, and colonization was attempted on a more extensive scale. Nine ships containing five hundred passengers sailed in May, 1609, for Virginia. The fleet was dispersed by a storm. In August, seven small shattered vessels with most of the new colonists and supplies gained the Chesapeake, but the *Sea Adventurer*, on board of which was Sir Thomas Gates, who

was to be the new resident governor, was wrecked on the Bermudas. This vessel carried the new council, and their adventures are among the most romantic of historic sea tales. The wife of one John Rolf, the future husband of Pocahontas, died on the islands. The wrecked voyagers succeeded in rebuilding their ship, and reached the Chesapeake Sept. 6, 1610.

Captain Newport on his second return with supplies had brought royal robes and messages from James to Powhatan, and after ludicrous negotiations and much unwillingness on the part of the old chief, who was not without his savage dignity, there was the mummery of a coronation by which the old Powhatan became a feudal king with James as his liege lord, a position, it is needless to say, quite without the pale of the old warrior's understanding. It is curious and characteristic that the early English persisted in the old shams and forms of mediævalism after the real character and condition of the savages were known. When, for instance, in 1613 Rolf married Pocahontas there was much rejoicing in the colony, and many high phrases about the welding of great nations, but needless to say the amiable relations of the races were neither very real nor very lasting. Nor must it be supposed that the example was new. Gentlemen rascals had before then taken dusky girls to wife with scant ceremony, and one is glad to know that a subsequent and very able governor, Sir Thomas Dale, while possessed of a wife in England, made overtures to Powhatan for the hand of Pocahontas' sister and was rejected. Presumably he had bid too low. Yet such were the feudal notions of the time that James I. was disposed to think Rolf guilty of treason in presuming to espouse a royal princess without the consent of his sovereign. Previous to marrying Rolf, Pocahontas had been much in the settlement. Rolf had the pleasing task of teaching her English, and converting her to Christianity, and when he took her to England three years after she became his wife, and she was received at court, she appears not to have behaved amiss. Pocahontas was accompanied by one of her father's sub-chiefs who carried with him a bundle of sticks on which he meant to make tally by niches of the number of English. This warrior was very much surprised to find

King James no bigger than an ordinary man, but he was especially angry because no one would show him where God lived. Pocahontas fell a victim to the chill dampness of the English climate in a little less than a year, but she left a son from whom many distinguished Virginians claim descent.

After the departure of Captain Newport, and before the arrival of Sir Thomas Gates, things were far from pleasant at Jamestown. Though Smith had induced some order and compelled a degree of industry among the colonists who arrived in August, he constantly quarreled with a new faction, and discontent ran high. There were conspiracies and one or two inchoate rebellions. An attempt was made to murder Smith in his bed, but the fiery captain succeeded in keeping the upper hand, and despite all opposition declared that he would not resign the leadership until Gates himself arrived. At length, however, before the new governor reached the Chesapeake, Smith met with an accident from the explosion of gunpowder, and returned to England never again to visit Virginia. George Percy became the governor, pending the arrival of Gates. But Percy was ill and could do nothing to discipline the "lewd company wherein were many unruly gallants packed hither by their friends to escape ill destiny." The settlers gambled, drank up their liquors, played fast and loose with native red beauties, and utterly lost the friendship of the Indians. They would not work, and their intemperance and the trying climate to which they were not inured brought disease and death. Soon a new starving time was upon the colony. When Gates arrived after his own desperate voyage he found alive of the five hundred whom Smith had left Percy to govern only fifty men. Desolation was everywhere. The colonists were mere skeletons. Many buildings had been torn down for firewood. The Palisades were in ruin. The Indians, too, were in open hostility, and nothing but their terror of firearms kept them from massacring the colonists. Valiant and iron-willed Gates had already proved himself to be, but he was almost without supplies himself, and it is no wonder that he resolved to abandon Jamestown and sail to New Foundland, where there was an English fishing settle-

ment that might afford relief. His four ships were accordingly laden and the anchors weighed. Jamestown, after all the frightful cost, was to be abandoned. The settlers wanted to burn down the town that had been the scene of so much horror and suffering, but this Gates would not permit. By his resistance he possibly effected the destiny of our race, for next day as the vessels lay at anchor in the river waiting for the tide, there sailed into the bay three English ships under Lord De La Ware, or Delaware, and the despairing colonists were forced by that energetic nobleman to disembark.

Delaware brought new colonists and a large supply of food, and though his settlers were still of a wretched type, here at last there seems to have been a man gifted with the qualities of a leader. His birth, too, gave him in the eyes of men of that time high authority. He upbraided the old colonists for their vices and laziness, and though he established a miniature court, he ruled with an iron discipline, punished crime with frightful severity, and compelled all to work. He succeeded in establishing friendly relations with the Indians again, and made them trade their corn for his trinkets. He built three forts near the mouth of the James, and some signs of prosperity began to show themselves. But the health of this too energetic nobleman soon failed, and he returned to England leaving poor Percy governor a second time. Again distress followed, but in the spring a new governor, Sir Thomas Dale, arrived with new supplies and more colonists. He was another man of ability. He abandoned the community system, gave each settler a small tract of land, and ruled with an iron will. From this time there was never any danger of abandoning the colony. New settlements such as Smith had attempted were made in more healthful localities, and as hope of gold discoveries were relinquished, the fertility of the soil and the value of the timber and of native crops began to be appreciated. But the character of new settlers continued in the main to be so bad that Dale was forced to be a tyrant, and his rule seems utterly barbarous in these days. He and some of the governors who followed him surrounded themselves with a guard. A religious intolerance was in vogue and capital punish-

ment was inflicted for trifling offenses. Husbandmen, builders, and bakers were publicly whipped if idle or slack in their work, tradesmen who neglected business were sent to the galleys, profanity was punished by a bodkin being run through the tongue, and for slight crimes men were broken on the wheel or chained to trees to perish of starvation, or flogged to death. Our land of freedom had a tyrannous birth. No waste was permitted; the colonists were not allowed to kill even their own domestic animals without permission.

The quality of the colonists, however, continued to be in the main the mere refuse of England. With a few yeomen and fewer gentlemen who came as proprietors, arrived shiploads of paupers, felons, and bonded servants—often wretched people kidnaped in the streets of English towns and shipped to the colony to get rid of them. They perished in those first decades by thousands and their degenerate offspring are the poor whites of this day in that section. Thus the people of the South became divided early by rigid lines of caste, and Virginia developed an aristocracy of planters.

The first half century of the colonization of Virginia is rich in exciting and tragic happenings, but before the year 1620, when a different type of Englishmen were planting in the north the colony that gave New England its grim and thrifty character, three things of vast importance in the shaping of the life of the Old Dominion had occurred. Tobacco had become the staple production of the colony as early as 1617, and laid the foundation of its wealth. In 1619 the first assembly of the Virginia burgesses met at Jamestown, and so was born representative government in America. In that year, too, a Dutch trader brought to Jamestown a cargo of Guinea negroes and sold them to the planters for slaves. It was a momentous year that gave birth at once to democracy and slavery in the new world.

We have shown that the first seeds of the Anglo-Saxon people that were sown in the new world were not such as to excite our pride of race. But for all that, the taunts of English and even some American writers

are without truth. For in the wilderness in that early time an inexorable law of natural selection soon weeded out the most vile and worthless. Later came sober yeomen and their families, and thrifty Scots and hardy Irish, and, as a rule, it was the better class that thrived and prospered.

The quarrel about the original stock of the Old Dominion runs high, and like the dispute over the tales of John Smith, will not admit of compromise. We may admit that during the first half of the first century of the colony the majority of the settlers were the scum of England; that the middle class proportion was much less, and the cavalier element very small. A hundred years previous to the Revolution the character of the immigrants, coming now of their own free will, was probably much above the average English. The task of making a home in the new world would appeal only to men of resolution, courage, and adventurous spirit. And with every generation the tide of immigration increased in volume and improved in quality. In 1616 there were still less than five hundred Englishmen in Virginia; in 1622 there were four thousand. By 1650 there were fifteen thousand whites, with three hundred slaves, and it is at least some evidence for those contending for a large influx of cavalier blood during the English Commonwealth, that in 1670 the population had increased to forty thousand. Still it took longer to people Virginia west to the Alleghany Mountains than it did the rest of our national domain to the Pacific. By the time independence was declared Virginia was without any colonial taint from her felon class. No colony gave so large a band of patriots to the cause of liberty or one that was so highly distinguished for honor and every gentlemanly virtue.

With the burning of Old Jamestown by Nathaniel Bacon in 1676 during the rebellion that bears his name, her annals came to an end, and to-day on the site of the first settlement of our race there remains as fitting witness to that colony's tragic and solemn history only some few broken gravestones and the ruins of an old stone church tower.

LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

THE FIGUREHEAD OF THE FRONTIER

BY JAMES W. STEELE



THE head of the bull buffalo is very imposing. Bearded and big, there is about it as well a look of platonic majesty that has placed it as a kind of escutcheon, an armorial emblem, a figurehead, wherever such a thing has been turned to the uses of business, even down to a land-advertising billboard beside a country road.

Yet so far as being the representative animal of the vast region beyond the Missouri is in question, that animal seems not to have been the bison. There is a little beast which has been the outcast of the western frontier from the days of Lewis and Clark and the plains experiences of Washington Irving down to the times when the man with the plow came, and immediately accused him of stealing his chickens. He has the universal reputation of being a sneak-thief, a scavenger, an arrant coward. He is the ideal animal vagabond; a wanderer o' nights and a liar-by by day; a scalawag in whose character there is not a redeeming trait. With an extensive connection but no family, he is an Esau among the tribes of the desert. He is disowned by the dogs and not recognized by the foxes, yet is a near relative of both of them. Nearer than the buffalo he comes to being the figurehead of the great West.

This is the coyote: Co-yo-tay, with all the syllables, to the Mexican who named him; "Kiote" merely to the American wanderer who has come and gone so often that he at last regards himself a resident stockman and farmer. It is this little beast's triangular visage, his sharp nose fitted for the easy investigation of other

people's affairs, his oblique green eyes with their squint of cowardice and perpetual hunger, that should have a place in the adornment of escutcheons. It is notorious that the vicissitudes of his belly never bring to him the fate upon whose verge he always lives, and that nothing but strychnine, and not always that, will bring an end to his forlorn career. As his gray back moves slowly along above the reeds and coarse grass, and he turns his head to look at you, he knows at once whether or not you have with you a gun, and you cannot know how he knows. Once satisfied that you are unarmed, he will remain near in spite of any vocal remonstrances, and by-and-by may proceed to interview you in a way that for unobtrusiveness might be taken as a model of the art. Lie down on the thick brown carpet of the wilderness and be still for twenty minutes, and watching him from the corner of your eye you will see that he has been joined by others of his brethren hitherto unseen. He seems to be curious to know, first, if you are dead, and, second, if by any chance—and he lives upon chances—there is anything else in your neighborhood that he might find eatable.

If you pass on with indifference, which is the usual way, he will sit himself down upon his tail on the nearest knoll, and loll his red tongue, and leer at you as one with whom he is half-inclined to claim acquaintance. He looks and acts then so much like a gray dog that one is inclined to whistle to him. Make any hostile demonstration and he will move a little farther and sit down again. If by any means you manage to offend him deeply at this juncture the chances are that he and his comrades may retire still farther, and then bark ceaselessly until they have hooted you out of the neighborhood. That night he and some of his companions may come and steal the straps from your saddle, the meat from the frying pan—and politely clean the pan—and even the boots from beside your lowly bed.

The coyote's business in life is not essentially different from that of most of us, namely, to find and get his daily meat. He looks for this with assiduity and singleness of purpose, and with a scent so keen that it includes and recognizes everything that ever had relation to any form of animal life. Nothing comes amiss to his phenomenal omnivorousness. The disposition to gnaw something, to have something rancid between his teeth, to delight in the by-ways and obscurities of wilderness life, has never left him and is long ingrained in his nature. Withal, there is no more formidable array of ivory than his, and that which even his neighbor, the skunk, rejects as unavailable, he with untiring industry reduces to a pulp that is available for the always immediate necessities of his stomach.

Yet no one ever saw a starved coyote, notwithstanding the problem how a beast so wanting in ferocity and so slow of foot can obtain a livelihood from nature. On all the wide plains that stretch away for hundreds of miles, in all the foothills of New Mexico and Colorado, he lived and still lives in almost countless numbers. It is a barren land. Even the dead things are casual and far between. His companions in the solitude are the jackass rabbit, the wee little cottontail as big as a kitten that dodges from rock to rock, the mountain quail, and countless multitudes of the preposterous lizards that are called horned toads. In his wanderings, which were ceaseless and long over a country of limitless extent and all alike, he must have occasionally met the chaparral cock, or road-runner, a queer bird that is built like a heron but that cannot fly, whose powers of locomotion are capable of saving him in almost any emergency. Then there is the raven, who in the far southwest is merely a larger crow, living in the same way but with a crow's usual resources so circumscribed that he and the coyote must share the same poverty-stricken field as scavengers.

Nevertheless, there are resources. The coyote follows the quail to the bundle of twigs that serves her for a nest, and laps the sweets of her dozen eggs, and retires licking his chops. In the night watches he creeps upon the covey resting in some obscure nook of the chaparral, their tails

together and their heads beneath their wings, and throwing his sprawling paws over as many as he can leaves the others to whirr screaming away in the darkness. The jackass rabbit—a hare in nature and habits, except that the average American does not choose to know anything about hares—frequently falls a victim to this gray wanderer, notwithstanding he is the swiftest runner and the longest jumper of all the beasts of the wilderness. Under all ordinary circumstances he might be supposed to be able to sit upon his hinder legs and derisively smile at all his natural enemies. But he is sometimes tempted by a damp and shady nook to lie upon his back like a squirrel, and, with his enormous ears conveniently doubled under him and his long legs in the air, too soundly slumber. Then the coyote creeps upon him, as quiet as to voice as though he had never waked the echoes while others tried to sleep. He may spend a long time in the task, but finally he makes a spring, not the less effective because it is awkward, and there is one rabbit less and one dinner more, and no retributive justice in the case.

All these things require an inexhaustible fund of patience: the animal patience that so far excels the virtue known by that name in men and women. He fails hundreds of times in the things in which he must succeed to live. There was, of course, always final success in his endeavors with the bison on the plains farther to the east. It was an instance of perpetual yapping by relays. Death finally ensued in all cases, and then there was a general fight about the question of an inequitable sharing of the gaunt remains among the horde of vagabonds who had made common cause, a gray assassin on every hand.

Yet even here on the high plains all the other modes of obtaining a livelihood were mere by-play to the chief business of the coyote's life, which was stealing. In the exercise of a preternatural talent for sly appropriation he excelled all the night-wanderers beside. He understood instantly all the appliances of civilization so far as using them in his way was concerned. He had a penchant for harness, rawhide and boots. He would gnaw the lariat from the pony's neck, and bodily drag away the saddle and chew it until it looked like something else. He would steal the leather

accouterments from beside the soldier's bed and the shoes from under his head. He would walk backward and draw after him a dry rawhide, hard and juiceless as a board, a mile from where he found it. Old hoofs and shriveled horns he had always by him. He was largely endowed with the sense of smell, and the savory odors of the camp-fire frying pan would cause him to lift his pointed nose to heaven and bark so far away that one could hardly hear even that far-carrying cry. With drooping head he came nearer and nearer—he and all his friends—his appearance in the starlight the picture of hungry treachery. He could not be driven far, and would sit down and wait a hundred yards away, and lick his chops and faintly whine. Every camp was regularly besieged by a cordon of patient, harmless, annoying, famine-stricken mendicants, who waited and longed and faintly whined until the sun rose.

These were the times, and only these, when the coyote was almost silent. Upon all other times and occasions his voice was the principal part of him in the opinion of all the human wanderers in his vast domain. This *vox et prateria nihil* was his pride and joy, and he threw back his head in an ecstasy of discord and gave it to the wind and the silence in a succession of staccato yelps that made two of him seem like two hundred. Nobody ever knew why he did it, the common opinion being that it was for amusement; not for others but for himself, like a man practicing upon a brass horn. This voice of one crying in the wilderness was the standing bane of existence there to all but the hardened. To the newcomer sleep was impossible, and when the little fire died out and the discord-burdened hours slowly passed, he lay and recalled all the childhood stories about Russian wolves, and passed the night watches in wondering why he was there, and in longing for sunrise and peace.

There is one item in which this gray-coated western vagabond made a near approach to respectability, and only one. He was a creature of family, for which the mother carefully provided. Any morning in early spring upon the side of some dry knoll one might see three or four brown-colored, stupid-looking puppies, lazily enjoying the early sunshine and clumsily chewing each other's legs and ears. At the

slightest alarm they tumbled with much more alacrity than gracefulness into the open hole in which they were born. It slanted deep and far into the hillside, and much patient digging would not unearth them. Always might be seen the mother, not far away and watching the intruder's footsteps, and with a near approach to fierceness in her slanting green eyes. But there were no picked bones there, or any tufts of hair or dilapidated feathers. The adolescent coyote subsists entirely upon his mother's scanty udders until he has attained his teeth and his voice, when he is launched upon the world as fully equipped as he will ever be to follow in the ways of all his ancestors, to eat what he may find and nothing more, and to practice all the variations of theft and cacophony to the end of his career.

There is a sense in which this little beast owned, and still owns, the wilderness. In the old times before the cattle-men came he had colonies that were located upon the southern side of some lonely hillock, and where a village of a dozen dens, each with a little hardened heap of yellow earth before it, was occupied from year to year. Sitting upon these platforms like a dog on the front porch, he calmly surveyed the wide and silent world that lay below him. When one came too near he disappeared into the den behind him, to come forth a moment later and bark at the retreating figure, like one upon whose demesne a trespass had been committed that could not be so easily condoned. A strange thing it is that in captivity he learned to know his master, and chained to a stake around which he walked in his wretchedness like the Prisoner of Chillon, he would wag his tail like a dog at the approach of the man he knew. Such little things proclaim the outcast's near relationship to that beloved beast who is mankind's most devoted friend.

The invasion of the coyote's domain by white men did not result in his extinction. The Indian and he had, passively at least, been friends. The coyote's hide is the only part of him that is of any value for savage uses, and the meat yielded by his attenuated carcass would be starvation rations even for the mountain Apache. The white man has been at enmity with him from the beginning, and the white man has long-range guns, and many cartridges, and

strychnine, and dead animals for bait, and immediately upon the organization of his inchoate counties and the survey of his sections offered a bounty for the outcast's scalp. The intention was that he should not survive. He did.

His eastern boundary had been the Missouri River. As settlers came he retired westward and was rarely to be seen on the plains, now almost a continuous farm in eastern and central Kansas and Nebraska. Later his high-plains domain was also invaded to a degree that must have seriously interfered with his notions of comfort and the getting of an honest living, and he began to return to the country he had abandoned. The vernacular expresses this return as being a "sneak," and it has been frequently mentioned with an adornment of adjectives more or less suitable to the case.

But the strange thing about his coming back was the change of life and habit it involved. He had been an animal who lived always in the open plain, content to be hidden by rocks, ravines, and little hills, and making his burrow high and dry upon a slope. One does not find those dug-outs now, and the coyote has become a resident of the thick growth of creek-banks, and the little woody copses that shelter themselves at the heads of prairie ravines. The smell of something eatable no longer impels him to the lifting of his voice in discordant song. The dogs hear him and the farmer pauses in the furrow to listen, and brings his gun when he comes back from the noon-day meal. Like a weird gray shadow, almost indistinguishable from the tall grass of the yellowing pasturage, he lopes across the field looking furtively behind him, and leaves a wisp of hair from his back where he has crept under the barbed-wire fence.

He has grown more predatory than he ever was before, because there is more to prey upon. Young pigs are especially to his liking, and wandering fowls, and the chicken that insists upon roosting on the fence, and the very young calves that lie perdue where their mothers have hidden them at birth in a far corner of the pasture. Yet his vigils for small things he still keeps. All day he stands at the edge of some towering hayrick in a far field, waiting while the wind blows and the snow flies for

the casual appearance of the little field mouse who has made her winter nest beneath the mass. Molly Cottontail and her bead-eyed progeny are still his lawful prey, and nobody cares. The dead thing, wherever it lies, still remains his choicest feast. A creature without a friend, an Ishmaelite whom men and animals have combined in despising, the ideal thief and vagabond of the animal world, this gray, gaunt figure-head of the western world still survives, as much the owner of his empire as he was in the days when his ancestors looked with cock-eared astonishment and staccato exclamations upon the expedition of Lewis and Clark feeling its way slowly across that trans-Missouri wilderness whose future was then undreamed.

BOGGS ON FISH

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL

THERE was tense silence in the grocery store as Uncle Ezra worried a chunk off the salt cod and conveyed it to his mouth. After a brief preliminary mastication he removed the morsel and critically selected three fine bones therefrom which he cast scornfully aside. Having seen the cod returned to its hiding place, the assemblage drew a deep breath fervent with hope.

"Fish," remarked Ezra, thoughtfully stroking his cheek, "are peculiar critters. They're smart, considerin' they ain't troubled with brains to speak of. I've seen fish that was blame nigh as intelligent as I be, if that ain't puttin' it too strong."

He paused and glanced truculently at the row of listeners.

"Recollect once seein' Bill Fikes get hooked to a big trout over back of Kevaney's Point. Weighed about nine pounds, that fish did, an' he did give us an everlastin' swift time of it.

"Soon's Bill got the strike he dropped to 'is knees in th' boat an' begun yellin' for me to grab holt. But I was too busy hangin' on, for that dern twenty-two pound pickerel was towin' us round in circles so fast it made me plumb dizzy. In a minute or so th' critter jerked Bill overboard, but I jumped an' ketched 'is heels an' hung on for all I was wuth, but what chance had I



"I see I'd hooked Bill in the collar."

agin that there thirty-nine pound pike with 'is dander up?

"Had to let Bill go, o' course, an' then I wore my hands to a blister rowin' to keep in sight of 'im. After a while that fish took a notion to harass Bill some an' he doubled on 'is trail an' drug poor Bill right under th' boat.

"'Hang to 'im, Bill,' says I, when I see 'is head pop up on th' far side.

"Bill blowed about a quart of dirty river water all over me an' told me he'd make me resemble a dropped custard soon's he'd landed that whale.

"Jest then he faded away an' was under quite a long time. When he come up he was still hangin' to th' pole, though, an' I says:

"'Kin you hold 'im, Bill?"

"'Hold 'im!' yells Bill, 'you jest bet your—oomp!' He went under jest then.

"While Bill was down below I got a wonderful fine strike on my line an' grabbed it jest in time. Whew! How that fish did weigh! I looked around to see if Bill was in sight so I could tell him to let go his fish

an' help me land mine. Couldn't see Bill, though, an' I jest laid right back an' sawed for dear life. Purty soon I felt 'im weakenin' an' knowed he was comin' to th' top. Sure enough, up he come—an' he hadn't no more'n got in sight afore he let out a yell that nearly paralyzed me. I took one look an' see I'd hooked Bill in th' collar an' was chokin' 'im to death.

"I let go, an' after gurglin' a time or two Bill located me an' begun. Have ye ever had a real mad individual of Bill Fikes' powers o' conversation tell ye all about yourself, beginnin' from th' landin' at Plymouth Rock down to th' layin' o' th' cornerstone o' th' new Methodist church? That's what Bill done for me an' I guess he wa'n't far wrong.

"I aided th' boat up alongside o' Bill an' asked 'im if he felt like climbin' in.

"Do you expect me to ramble home afoot, you wall-eyed, pockmarked, hide-bound ol' goriller," he says.

"I dragged Bill in an' he set there a-tricklin' into th' bottom o' th' boat an' lookin' holes right through me. Bill was

mad enough to eat hay an' I kep' pretty shet, you bet ye.

"We got home without any bloodshed, but I never mentioned fish to Bill for over six weeks until one night down to th' store I asked 'im if he been fishin' recently an' th' poor cuss choked on a prune. When he come to it took five men to keep us apart."

Uncle Ezra paused and looked earnestly toward the cider barrel. The proprietor slid a glass under the spigot and shoved the handle deftly to the left. The satisfying gurgle of apple juice echoed through the stillness.

After Ezra had taken a long look at the ceiling through the bottom of the glass he handed it back with a sigh of untarnished joy.

"By gum," he said, "that's th' same stuff me'n Bill had on that fishin' trip—th' identical stuff."

And he dropped a casual hand into the raisin box.

THE PEDESTRIAN GOES OUT AND FINDS SOMETHING

BY DR. ALFRED C. STOKES

IT has been a wearying trudge over the city's ugly pavements, and between the citizens' ugly walls with their endless rows of windows, screened and curtained into a privacy which I have no desire to invade. Electric cars shake the earth, their gongs rend the air; the peanut vender's whistle shrieks on the corner; small boys yell and curse; drays rattle over the cobblestones; "devil wagons" leap through the streets, hissing and thumping, and leaving behind them the stench of Antiochus who came out of Persia. The east wind that has been loitering about the oil-cloth factory bears on its wings the vapor of boiled oil, and the sickened pedestrian sighs for that "lodge" which is off yonder in the "vast wilderness," but a long way off; still it is there.

Right here, just at this point, is where I fall on my knees to crawl under the fence among the blackberry vines and the poison ivy, and stop midway for a moment, with a prickle in my hand, to feel thankful that

the wilderness is in sight, with nothing above but the dome of heaven; nothing below but the daisies and the bloom of the "blue-eyed grass"; nothing to assail me but the dainty fragrance of the wild roses, and the trill of a bird beneath a cloud—and all we good friends, brothers out of the same soil, are alone. Alone? Indeed not. As I lift my face toward the sky, and my soul to the throne of God, the peace unspeakable fills my heart, and I am not alone.

How still it is! How delightfully still. Only the snap of the daisy's stem as I pluck it, the swish of my steps through the grass, the soft murmur of the wind, and a voice singing faintly in the distance.

To be in the open fields with no human companion, to be embraced by the sunlight, and to see only the flowers beneath and the sky above, is what the soul and body of every mortal man must have, if the man would not lose his mind. An amateur naturalist immured within prison walls, without a Picciola to cheer him, or a spider on the ceiling to amuse him, or a mouse to run from its hole to lighten his mind, would soon become hopelessly insane. Every state prisoner welcomes the weekly bouquet that the good women put in his cell. Picciola between the stones of the French prison yard, Bruce's industrious spider, and all the other captive plants and animals that have graced our literature, are something more than the visions of a writer's imagination. They voice the longing that we all feel, not only for the companionship of some of creation's humble subjects to while away a dreary solitude, and which every one of us tries to satisfy with a pet dog, or the "harmless, necessary cat," with a parrot or a canary bird, but they are the expression, imperfect at its best, of that liking for nature concealed within every man's soul—although there are some who seem to be ashamed to confess that affection. It is, as some one has said, the recollection of the moccasin which our ancestors wore, and we are really contented only when we can press our own foot into the faint traces left in the fields. Although some of us seem to have made Macbeth's bargain, yet we have an innate longing, hesitate to admit it as we may, for out-of-doors, for what the child calls a walk, the naturalist styles a tramp, or a pond-hunt, or a field-day; what the botanist dignifies

by calling a botanical tour. It is the same in the end. The boy frolics along the country road to the lake and pretends to fish, until with a spasmodic wriggle he sheds his clothes and becomes a swimming, shrieking, splashing animal. The adult man's Sunday afternoon stroll is expressive of a similar desire, but one that soon becomes perfunctory and stupid, if it have no special object.

To roam the fields for no other purpose than to pass the hours in gossip with an inane companion, speedily grows unprofitable and irksome if one's skull be filled with anything else than boiled rice or tapioca pudding. To be spiritually inspiring or bodily stimulating, the walk must have a purpose. The incidents that may occur are only the ornaments that embellish the experience, as the prisms of the dew illuminate the dusky hollows of the turf. The artist knows why he escapes from the town. The driver of the "devil wagon" may have an object better than the making of a dust and a stench, and the exhibiting of his own insolence—be charitable and hope so. The amateur naturalist is never at a loss for a reason. The botanist may almost anywhere wade knee-deep in a sea of floral wealth. He may reap a lichenous harvest from any old fence-rail, and find rarities in the swamp; while to the student of microscopical botany an old stump in a damp spinney may be better than the treasure-house of the Incas; the moist ground beneath the trees may become a mine of instruction and of entertainment.

I thought that some mischievous boy had been hurrying along under the maples that form an avenue of shade and an arch of leafy boughs above that suburban path, and had spilled splashes of green paint around the projecting roots, and I amused myself by trying to imagine what would be his experience when he reached the authorities at home. The boy appeared to have gone about his sport in a methodical manner, for the splashes were frequent.

A sluggish policeman strolling that way through the city's suburbs, looked with ill-concealed disdain, and paused in languid surprise, when a full-grown man with a gray mustache bowed before a tree in the attitude of worship and scraped the earth with a penknife.

Whatever the cause of the appearance

might be, I by this time knew that no boy had been wasting his paint, but that the green stain had been placed there by the fingers of nature; for a closer look revealed minute growths standing upright in little mats of microscopic velvet, and doing all in their power to tell me what they were. I carried them home in the palm of my hand, and the microscope narrated their story, a tale as beautiful, as wonderful, as entrancing as fairy romance ever was in our youth. They were a collection of freshwater seaweed growing on the ground. A terrestrial Alga. It was amazing. It might have aroused even the sleepy policeman.

I fled to the bookcase, and crouched before the books, and dashed them open—and the flame of the lamp on the floor beside me trembled, flashed up, and went out. Of course. It always happens in that way. But I identified the plant.

I have been over the path many a time and oft, but I discover something new and beautiful whenever I pass this way. The unripe blackberries look acrid and irritating, but they are plentiful, and I am tempted to experiment internally with a few. A coatless, barefoot boy is sitting under the fence, his shirt-front bulging with its hidden load of apples, which he is carrying there against his skin. They are surely as big as walnuts.

"Are you eating those green apples?" I said.

"Yep. Have one?"

"Don't you know where they will give you a pain?"

"Yep. Got it there now."

The delicate perfume of the magnolias comes undulating in spicy waves on the quivering wind. The swamp must be starred with the blossoms, for every puff of the warm breeze brings their aromatic breath in ripples and eddies across the road. Would the delicious odor have been wasted if the boy and I had not wandered along there? Do the birds and the "bugs" observe it?

We humans pass through life enveloped by a cloud of ignorance, with here and there a little aperture out of which we peer for a moment before the cloud closes, and we feel that we have learned something. Perhaps we have. The momentary glimpse may enlarge and widen and deepen, when we and the "bugs" and the magnolias

meet again in another life. But even here the glimpse is worth having.

The path grows narrower and less evident. The boy found me a stupid companion. He has gone. The bushes and the brambles are wilder. They are rampant over the rotting fences. A lone magnolia leans beyond the thicket. In the sunlight the ground is sprinkled with bits of blue that might have dropped from the sky above. They swung and swayed as I stood at a distance and looked at them with myopic eyes. "The footpath way" had burst into bloom with what seemed to be the wild blue toad-flax (*Linaria Canadensis*).

With one hand full of the dainty blossoms, and with a pocket-lens in the other, I leaned against a scrub-oak and forgot my weary muscles, for here was an amazing thing. From the root up to the blossom, each one of this handful of plants was exactly similar to every other one. At the flower there was a sudden and astounding change.

Blue linaria is graceful and delicate, but it is crooked. The five parts of the corolla are uneven, irregular, oblique; while below hangs a single spur, one-sided, unbalanced, blunt and queer. Many of these specimens were true to these characteristics. They were old friends. Many others were so different that I put them in my pocket as botanical specimens to which I must have an introduction. At the tip of the stem stood a little blue bowl, evenly rounded, sky blue and delightful to look at. Its margin was cut into five rounded, regular lobes, each revolute outward in an arch. Five even stamens stood upright within the cup, and from its lower convexity depended at regular intervals (an astonishing sight) five straight, delicate and dainty spurs. A regular blossom on a linaria plant, with rounded lobes and five spurs! It was not surprising that I scrambled to my feet so hurriedly that I brushed against a nest swinging at the tip of the oak branch, and so near the ground that I stood without stooping, and looked into it at my convenience. Two speckled eggs and a struggling, panting, naked bird not many hours in this cold world, were there alone. The anxious mother fluttered from tree to fence. But the plant in my pocket? What could it be? Get along home and find out!

It was not in the books. Turn them over again. It is not there. It must be.

Go over them once more. Ransack them. Tear them to pieces; never mind the loosening covers, find the plant. Now, once more, carefully and slowly.

It is not there. Try the "Analytical Key to the Orders of All the Plants Described in This Work." Not there? Oh, it must be! Perhaps the Free Public Library—why, certainly, the very spot.

The Librarian looked at me suspiciously. "Do you want them all?" he said.

"Yes. Give me every botanical book you have in the house."

It was not there.

A week died into the past. By day that puzzling plant floated before my vision and urged me to desperate remedies; by night it pricked my mind until I sat up in bed and resolved to do something decisive tomorrow. I remembered, hopelessly—it could be of no use; I had ransacked everything over and over again, and once more. The plant belonged to an Undescribed Genus, and I had made a discovery. That explained it. But I remembered, hopelessly, that

"Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail. . .

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—

'The Grail in my castle here is found.'"

And in my castle I found my plant. You can find anything exactly here in the spot where you now are. Reach out your hand and take it.

The book in my own library says—Oh, it was amazing, after all! That book had stood for years on the shelf next to the door of my castle, and my elbow had touched it forty times a day perhaps—but the book in my own library says:

"A monster of the toad-flax is occasionally found, in which the four remaining petals of the five which enter into its composition affect the same irregularity, and so bring back the flower to a singular abnormal state of regularity. This was called by Linnaeus *Peloria*; a name which is now used to designate the same sort of monstrosity in different flowers."

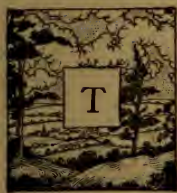
"The Grail in my castle here is found."

That bird? Oh, I don't know, I don't know. With *Peloria* in my hand, I couldn't stay for a mere bird. It was the king-bird, I think. You may go and see for yourself. I will at any time show you the way. It is a pleasant walk.

THE REAL BOYS' CAMP

BY ROBERT DUNN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. S. WILSON



THE "old boy" comes late to writing of summer camps, feeling that his youth has been slighted. The man who runs boys' camps, and the school teacher that would, have labored mountainously to laud them, and as far as go our enchanted memories of summer eons at the lake beside the wilderness, have brought forth only the mole of truth and feeling. We think it high time that the inside story were told. And that tale concerns not the physical and moral benefits of organized outdoor living for the young, "the revolt from the growing tension of city life," "opportunity for nature study." We look back down a different perspective, and hold that we have a psychic and a human story. Fine those ideas! of sleeping in long plasterless shanties in the woods on woven wire cots without sheets or mattresses; of one "soak" a day till we swam a mile and could sail alone; of so very plain food and no studies; but we knew how to get two soaks a day:

If you want a sight bewitchin'
Catch the counsel in the kitchen—
There's a sandy little cove
Where the counsel never rove—

knew how to duck aquaphobiacs down to bottom, "seeing Susie"; won the fritter-eating contests, and fought battles with watermelon rinds.

We did not go to camp as we went to boarding-school. School was only the next square on the long calendar of boyhood, a region mapped and explored, firmly traditioned by older boys and parents even, with Mede-and-Persian rules for facing each new venture, and "*Gallia est omnis*" blighting all. School gave no key to the

fjords of a new planet. Camp did. Camp lay at the back of beyond, and the boy going there was viewed with the timid envy of whomever saw John Cabot's sailors start for Labrador three hundred years ago.

Which was the first boys' camp? Squam Lake, New Hampshire, is their native heath, at any rate. Here Camp Chocorua was founded by Ernest Balch in 1882. I think that it was the first to exist anywhere. It closed in about 1889, and the boys jointly bought up the island, returning there regularly for a fortnight every summer until the late nineties; the open air chapel on Chocorua Island, its wooded acre of sand and laurel, white birch cross and stone altars, being regularly consecrated in the Episcopal Diocese, still holds services throughout the summer. In 1891 I first went to Camp Asquam, which had moved to Squam in 1887, from Rindge, N. H., where it was founded by the present Bishop Nichols of Nebraska. At that time, when Camp Chocorua was out of existence, we called Asquam the *second* oldest in the country, having the impression that a camp somewhere in New York State antedated us, but not Chocorua. Be that as it may, the Balch camp's slang and customs exist in every one I have ever seen—"soak" for swim, "counselor" for what is called "master" at school. And I know of at least three camps which are direct offsprings of Asquam. To-day, five dot the lake, which is but seven miles long.

Boyhood is perverse. Reared by the ocean, marshaled each Sunday along the combered beach and told to hark the wild waves' voices, I grew to hate the melancholy dunes, flat sandy inlands, the feel of your skin roughened by salt water. So that memorable day as our train first roared north to camp, the first whiff of inland

odors, pine and sweet-fern mellowed by the heat and hay of river intervals and blown by night winds laden with fireflies, visited us with all the childish mysteries that ocean had withheld. North we roared through the first forests of existence, lurid from the engine's open firebox, along ivory beaches curved perfectly against still water, and giant hills—we had never seen a mountain!—waving blue and vague beyond. From Meredith station, old Mr. Cox, the moonlight silvering his bald and shiny pate, drove the thirty of us in his teams to the shanties six miles away on the hill above the lake. Came our trunks in hayricks; confusion unfolding beds in Patrician Palace and Aristocracy Hall, the two sleeping shanties, and drawing lots for where to sleep; older boys talked with assurance of how we did it last year, and faces and clothes, distinctive of schools and homes the country over, grew uniform in our red-striped gray knickers and black jersey with the crimson "A." At supper (hulled corn and milk) off granite cloth at the long table in the dining shanty, we new boys listened with reverence to the Doctor's lordly speech about how with the proper spirit the summer would work out so fine; and then we played under the flagpole that game with a football and a hole in the ground—I have never seen it elsewhere—in the excitement of tentative acquaintance. The white horn of Mt. Chocorua, across the myriad islands of the lake, pierced a sky so dark and evanescent you hardly dared to look there.

Living next day began very early as we read the orders (for we did all camp work except cook) posted outside headquarters, the little shack where the Doctor lived. The tasks were stationary, and our names moved in procession from one to another. Three boys waited on table, three wiped dishes (a counselor always washed them, was "in the sink" as we said, and Table IV cleared off each meal); three got brush for the campfire on the hill at night; three swept out the shanties—"Police" boys; "Galley" boys peeled potatoes, picked beans in the garden and on Sundays turned the ice cream freezer and ate what stuck in the cover; "Boats" bailed the small fleet and carried down the lamp that shone on the beach at night. You did not have one duty three days in succession, but passed

from the first to the second series, and through countless other tasks, till you reached G. U. at the bottom—"general utility"—and might have to dig stones out of the boathouse path or pick blueberries, before heading the list and starting down.

At ten o'clock most of this manual seriousness was over, and we soaked in the lake, which was the climax of the day. Regularly from nine o'clock on the row-boat fleet was manned, each craft by one impatient brownie, balancing with a paddle on the stern thwart and raising sun blisters on his back; or in an outrageous lapstreak with a galvanized centerboard that shut up like a fan, sailing straight out to Perch Island and straight back again, for pointing free we should never have reached home, and beating to windward was impossible. Times have changed I hear; the fleet has been "improved"; now, when the camp starts to climb Mt. Chocorua, it goes to the head of the lake in a twenty-horse-power motor boat, instead of pulling out its young arms rowing that six-mile stretch; the four-oared shells with sliding seats, that we held regattas in, have given way to big war canoes; the single scull in which it was such a feat to cross to the hotel without having to swim in your best clothes, has been replaced by new-fangled aluminum crafts, so like sardine boxes that you have to take a can opener along to get ashore in a strong blow.

At last the "counselor of the day" appears on the beach, toots the bugle, and the water is streaked with bits of nakedness aimed at the swimming raft and its ten-foot diving standard, while the boats take care of themselves. That was, unless you had forfeited your soak, perhaps for days on end, for sweeping dirt under the beds while Police II, or throwing food at table. This was the only sort of camp discipline, except "meditating," which meant sitting on the dining shanty steps if you were late to meals, and being guyed by every one, and vain enough it was, for every hot afternoon we found that sandy cove where no counselor ever ventured. Authorized second soaks were as rare as peaches in February for some hygienic reason which we never understood, until one year the whole camp was afflicted with deafness from swimming on the sly too much.

We believe that we invented the game

of water baseball, playing with a girls' size bat and a tennis ball. Batter and pitcher stood on the raft, catcher treading water at one end, and the basemen and fielders, as many as you wanted, ready aloft on the top of the high dive; except first base, who trod at his buoy in the water. At a hit, the batter dives for first, and the crowd on the standard dive for the ball. It is very simple, much more fun and neither so dangerous nor exhausting as water polo. Or in that twenty minutes we dove to bottom for china cups, deeper and deeper till our eardrums nearly crashed in; or settled old scores by sending boys down to Susie, pushing their heads under with our hands till we got a foothold on their shoulders, and gave a froglike jump. Susie herself, though I never understood just why the bottom of the lake was named for her, was the red-haired daughter of the farmer who supplied the camp with milk—a magnificent creature weighing two hundred pounds at the age of thirteen. Perhaps bottom was so named because of our superstition that the lake would go dry if ever Susie soaked in it. Or shiny with oil, we tagged after a counselor in a rowboat, swimming to Perch, three-quarters of a mile, or Mooney's Point, over reefs on which it was sometimes suspected we rested, a mile and a quarter; or played baby walrus, and made poo-poo smiles.

The all-out bugle was loiteringly disobeyed till several next days' soaks were lost; then, scattered in the hot sand on our stomachs, we talked of all a kid's cabbages and kings, acquiring that healthy, sunned weariness, and such burns that for weeks a hand pressed on any shoulder was greeted with a howl. Sometimes we had scabs four inches long across our backs, which absorbed all the witch hazel and sour milk in camp, and peeled off toward the end of the summer, showing a pink-mottled leopard skin beneath. Then dinner, cooked by Mr. Lee of the Hampton Institute—beef, and twice a week fish which was often very suspicious, and bravely eaten by Russel, the Doctor's brother, to set a good example and save face. And of the meat, too often we sang:

Every little piece of meat
Has a hundred thousand feet,
And goes running out to meet
Mister Lee.

All aquatics culminated in our "wataw sports," as the Doctor called them, the first week in August. Before parents and the population of the whole lake assembled, we competed for silver medals in grouped events, and a gold one for general excellence.

Though we let out our belts seven holes after the supper which followed, the water sports had their drawbacks. We had to wear jerseys on the raft, as our names were called, and one by one we mounted the standard, before hundreds of alien eyes. It was very chilly waiting around out there, silent and burning-breasted, oily, and swathed in blankets. They would feed us soup then from a water bucket. One year, the Doctor transmuted into that soup a two-foot-in-diameter snapping turtle we had caught, which took a breath once in fifteen minutes by stopwatch. We tasted it, and nearly mutinied. Once it was considered a very winning stunt in the fancy swim to disappear under the raft for your five allotted minutes. The idea was, that the judges would think you had batrachian respiratories, and tumble over themselves to give you a hundred points. The fact was, you stuck your nose under the raft joists and breathed the upper air. After the first smartie had been under there two minutes, several spectators of the gentler sex—"fairies" in camp argo—became hysterical; a relief expedition was organized, and the clever child brought forth to confess the trick, so rattled was he by the excitement, and get no points at all. The same day, I think, we jumped into the boat of one of our counselors who was also a judge and had given an unpopular decision, and overturned him in the watery arena, so he swam ashore red ribbons and all, and before a pair of fairy eyes which we imagined he admired unduly. In after years, the same man turned up as a sort of Atropos of our thread of existence at college, and to his credit be it said he never got even by severing it.

Land sports, likewise, on the same plan, closed camp early in September. I remember that hundred-yard track, so conveniently down hill that the record of ten seconds was easy for any one. And the Kafoozelum pantomime we would give afterward, dancing out each line with turkey red cotton bloomers and tin swords,



In the informal life of the camp there is no dressing for meals.

the female heroine being the camp's pretty boy in a long pale blue skirt and a bridal veil of mosquito netting. Russel scoured swamp and forest to decorate the shanties, standing bulrushes and full-grown birch trees in the corners, and so loading the supper tables with greenery you often ate nasturtiums in your soup. All athletic records were painted with your name on varnished boards under proper year dates, and perched up on the rafters in the dining shanty. Beside them, roosted the fritter-eating records, and it was more of a distinction to win there with a score of sixteen, than to excel in the broad jump. You see, jumping could be done any old time, but fritters—not on your life oftener than once a month. Hardtack eating contests were popular for a time, till it was discovered that all previous records could be broken by drinking milk while you ate. One kid put away eighteen, swelled up like a bull-frog, passed two agonized days in bed—and kept the record.

But I neglect the soul of those summers; the mountains we climbed, the first twilights of boyhood on the trail in the woods. What in life do you recall more vividly than the first night you slept out of a bed? Nothing—if you were lucky enough to escape from a roof before your age was fourteen. If after that, various mean first experiences will persist more strongly; such as when first you lost sight of land at sea, or when on that primal day in a great city you saw its stream of life from a high window, and it struck you suddenly that every face was bound to a certain point, each with a varying purpose.

The night before the camp would start to climb Black Mountain, or Chocorua, or Whiteface, I could never sleep. I would rather have seen my best friend a-dying than heard a gust of rain, which would have checked a start. Momently I would sneak out of the shanty to watch the clouds scud across the moon, dreading an east wind or fatal softening of the air. Then back to my blankets, quivering from crown to toe, cold perspiration starting out all over. Fear or apprehension? Never! Thirst, indeed—for an alien dawn, from a height over an undiscovered country. It is hopeless to tell how dream and passion mingled at such times in a kind of bitter intoxication; how anticipated loneliness, daring,

enchanted heights, blue and unplumbed distances, wood smells, thrush sounds, and, in the very names of the region to be visited, a certain almost visual symbolism of supernal glories would stir me. It took the entities themselves, I found in later years with awed astonishment, to rouse the poet:

"The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite." . . .

Since no real mountain was nearer than twenty miles, we would row across the lake to get started on the Sandwich road, "in the cool of the morning," the Doctor would say, though that road at any hour is the Shadrack furnace of New Hampshire. Those early passages of the forty mist-haunted islands wooded to the water, loons calling from bays enwraithed! To-day when I revisit the lake, its mystery returns with a faint and bitter recoil, most often after sunset, in the queer neuter odor of smooth fresh water on the pale beaches where the tupelo tree overhangs; in those vital, changeful New England cloud shadows, shifting delicately in the gap between Mt. Passaconaway and Whiteface; in the charge of a thunderstorm mingling the lights and angles of the islands like the glass bits of a kaleidoscope, advancing the gray shield of rain on the water as it were an army of locusts. But the uplifting sweetness of those lost delirious hours is gone forever. Gone, too, is their sharp distress, which made me seek and fear them, as a savage seeks a love for its danger, a saint a pain for its mystery. Life and manhood impending were then my love and pain. Now—with freshness sapped by years of minor, multitudinous sensations, by failure, I feel only an empty remorse for these ungrateful years.

But here's that first night toward Chocorua Mountain. The details are very homely. Eighteen miles had we walked that Sandwich road, squandering our twenty-five cents a week allowance on pie at farmhouses, where it would be asked were we an orphan asylum on an outing, or a traveling Uncle Tom's Cabin outfit? Out we strung into twos and threes, blankets rolled and slung crosswise about hip and shoulder as you see in Civil War



The triumph of gaining a mountain top.



One of the events looked forward to is the start for the week's tramp.

drawings, bare brown arms swinging with childish limpness, loose gray knickers slapping bravely on bare legs. Have you ever noticed well the half-naked lope of a ten-year-old along a burning sandy road? That set smile, the rough determination of the man on his face, manhood will never make intenser. For then the bolt of self-reliance springs with initial violence, with all the vigor and mystery of sex, and you first do hit the world.

Every well-sweep, hayrick, sap-house took on a vital character as outpost-castles of a world where life was life indeed. Night fell into the impelling shadow of the great mountain. Again and again the road forked confusingly, and we lit matches at white signboards, noting deceptive distances, and names of towns hitherto as distant as Egypt or Asia; inquired the way at farms, whose inmates lived lives as unknown. We crossed a roaring white stream, and the road ended in a squalid barnyard; Durrell's—can I ever forget?—so near the mountain that one step more and we might tumble into its apocalypse, as you fall from a precipice. Yet its thin female guardian with gray hair and no teeth very peevishly refused us food at any price, except cold potatoes, and forbade lanterns in the barn where we slept.

Sleep? Who could sleep that night? And not the bell on the old Alderney, that clanged till a midnight posse cut the wire, nor the bucket that just after clattered down the hag's well as some hero groped out for a drink, nor one Winoky, finding his head in a hen's nest, and plunking eggs at us from the mow, kept us sleepless.

And no human lips bugled reveille at dawn. No eating, folding blankets, nothing do I remember, till all alone and leading the thirty of us up that snaky trail my heart thundered on, my footsteps loosed from volition. As well I might have been walking through forests under sea. Indeed, just thus, when first you read "Water Babies," did you imagine the little chimney-sweep felt, falling into the salmon river. Thus might the crew of a submarine, escaping from a suffocating cockpit, discover that they could live and wander at ease on the ocean floor. No mystery became tangible, no juggernaut of the Chocorua-spirit lurked among the spruces. Only wonderful at this moment was it that

all things were so real; it was no use to pinch your ear. And, of course, time had ceased to be.

Tree-line turned the screw. On Chocorua, you rise suddenly from forest to a plain of small birch and blueberry bushes, curving upward into stark granite; at a far corner the peak leaps up like a Titan's helmet. Suddenly, over a lip of the gneiss, it pitched and rolled forward, in all the vague and tricky refractions of dawn. The black sun-stains of its cliffs danced like water-spiders on a pool, and I grasped a bush, and stood as you might await the van of a flood, despising panic and all the fuss of life. That was true fear, terror of Nature, rarest and noblest of pangs, the reward of all.

The sun transfigured it, surging like a burning tun-head out of the golden-rimmed intervalles of Fryeburg, curdling mists into ponds, ponds into farmhouses, on that eyrie expanse, wider than the seven dream horizons of boyhood. And real above all, *real*, the calm giant hills curved north and west, more baffling, potent, intricate, and—friendly. Simply in that moment I was long years older. Disillusioned? Yes, but less than ever since in realizing a vision.

And always reaction. Mine was—only stomach. Down to the intervalles we plunged and held up an amiable farmhouse which cooked us hot soda biscuit (eaten on the mountain we should have dropped like a plummet) that we interlarded with raspberries; so that afternoon as we gathered in the town of Tamworth, I was guilty of a great pollution of the Bearcamp River. And I was furious that the Doctor made me ride on a hayrick to the six-mile covered bridge, and to wake next morning, after one of those rare ten-hour sleeps in which you swing down below all earth and hell, in bed with him, under his cart, his gold watch ticking from a wheel-spoke.

The same year we tackled Mt. Moosilauke on the "long trip," which is a camp institution. You walk and climb for a week, food and blankets trundling by the roads in teams driven by Pa Jones perched by his hard-cider keg.

I remember that it rained the night under this mountain's shadow, and five of us slept under a tent-fly, flopping our rears in water, snuggling closer, trembling and laughing with the long thoughts of night in

the open. Twenty hot miles, and five o'clock found sunlight and icy water flashing on our naked brownness in the big pool of a waterfall. "Boys," said the Doctor, marching solemnly toward us, "the moon will be up at eight o'clock. We will eat a light supper now, start up the mountain at seven, reaching tree-line about eleven, sleep, and see the sun rise."

The Doctor refers to that climb as the one event of camp—except when that boy was drowned at the lake—which he regretted, and he was a man who habitually held his acts perfect. One lantern headed the thirty, fighting up that nine-mile trail which hadn't been cleared for years, up that mountain which was too wet and holey to be a sponge. The moon might as well have been a slow match hid in the forest. Every other tree was fallen, and "tooth-pick! tooth-pick!" as we scrambled over, echoed from the faint dancing light, down the long line, with glee, courage, anger, and sleepiness, to the lame boy at the end. After that weary day, sleep struck us like pestilence. As the lantern halted and vanished oftener, hunting trail, boys fell asleep, and had almost to be cuffed to their feet. Only this senselessness withheld a mutiny. At last, a white signboard hung overhead: "Mt. Watnomée." So we were on the wrong mountain, lost, glorious calamity!

I found myself ahead with the Doctor alone, the thirty sleeping in attitudes of death behind. He took out the same gold watch, resting the big tin hamper of stale bread soaked with coffee which he carried on his back. One o'clock! He told me to keep on with him, flattering my endurance (with a trustless glance through the dark at my weak stomach—but I could not see). Off we marched, dipping down into a wood-rotted darkness. I heard him groan. "Mt. Blue" glimmered a board overhead. So these were spurs of the main mountain, I hated to believe. By a trickle of water he threw down the hamper, muttering as if he thought I could not hear, "Wish I'd never done it, never done it, never should have tried it!" There he told me to wait, starting back to his derelicts. "This is the Jobilldunk Ravine," said he, gulping. "So named, because three men, Joseph, William, and Duncan once wandered down here, were lost and died." And I believed

him, sitting there alone, on high, at night's least vital hour. You may think that's nothing, even at twelve years, with the apex of all their dreams lost on ahead, your comrades all caved in behind.

Dawn returned him, with light that bared in ghastly truth all apprehensive outlines. The peak itself wavered bare and refracted above, like a lone Ande. Three boys back there had fainted, the Doctor said, O, pitiful! and the cripple was being borne on a counselor's back; but they'd make it. What matter?—though since, and with less awe, I have heard men fresh from battle speak. At touch of our feet, the summit's immensity vanished as a cloud might have. This boyish victory secure at last, I sank into blankets in the scrub spruce, and sleep created a pale, unutterable light, which in turn reared with new features, kindlier and vaster, the same blue heights I had seen beyond Chocorua.

Boys' camps have changed, they tell me; of course they have, for us aged satyrs. Now two cycle engines flush the camp wash-room from the lake, and that hand-pump and that well, blasted out with gunpowder so it tasted like a potash gargle—when it wasn't sheltering a skunk—are alas no more. Now I hear your milk is sent through separators, which separates the taste from the milk. Camps seem to be run by more elderly men, with a Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost look, and long Roy-croftie hair, and the counselors are athletes from college no more, but grinds. "Educators," whatever they may be—in our day a kind of cracker—are getting very busy with boys' camps, and Y. M. C. A.'s, too, mercy on us!

But we have no grudge, provided that trireme in the art gallery of Nate's ice cream parlor still sails along in a dead calm at ten knots, and if she who used to deal us out the pure cows', and robust and pink cheeked rather fulfilled our ideal of what a chorus girl should be, has put to handy us: the case of baby food that Tracy Farnam gave her when she up and married. As for the Doctor, the last I heard of him was from old man Huntress—half in the next world, always, since "our folks," meaning his wife, went and died. "Yes, the Doctor," said he. "Oh, he's still out of hell, and on prayin' ground, I calc'late!"



THE EARLY SUMMER RUSH—Who said sandwiches?

Photograph by C. H. Claudy.

THE SHAKE-UP AT THE Y-BAR-T

BY BEN BLOW

DRAWING BY J. N. MARCHAND



HE Foreman of the Jack Hall outfit lit a cigar—one of the huge Maduros that he smokes when peace and plenty are upon him—and smiled. The smoke curled up into fantastic pictures, mountains, gleam-capped, and valleys; snow water streams with whirls where lurk the trout. The smile revealed content.

"Out there," he said, "the man inside the clothes wuz all that counted in the general round-up an' the feller that tried to run a blazer most always got a call. I've seen a heap o' men come out there from a heap o' different places, an' some o' them found out that they wuz mighty far from home, but now an' then one drifted in and found his place a-waitin', an' it wuz thataway with Van Renzler of the Y-Bar-T. He'd come out for the company which owned the outfit, people back East that wouldn't know a pinto from a Rocky Mountain goat, but which had sense enough not to throw away their money like they wuz pourin' water in a rat hole, which they wuz sure a-doin', for their foreman wuz as crooked as a sack of snakes.

"Van Renzler comes a-ridin' up to Jack Hall one noon when things ain't none too busy with us, an' when he slides off from his horse an' makes hisself acquainted I says to myself, 'he sure is green, but what he don't know he's soon a-goin' to learn, for he's got a square jaw an' he kind o' bites his words off when he speaks like he knows that what he says is what he meant to say.' 'My name's Van Renzler,' he says, 'an' I'm a-lookin' for the foreman of the Jack Hall outfit.'

"'Which is named Bill Winters,' I says, a-wishin' to be polite an' friendly. 'Set down an' make yourself at home.'

"He grins wide an' shows a heap o' teeth an' stretches out his hand an' we shakes, an' from the feel of his grip I knows plumb well that he's a square, white man. He don't give me none o' these clammy-handed-limp-finger-just-from-the-grave hand shakes nor none o' these shake-quick-an'-get-done-with-it-or-you'll-get-your-hands-dirty kind, but he grabs my hand plumb honest an' open an' holds it tight an' steady an' looks me straight in the eyes when he does it, an' I says to myself without no further consultation that him an' me is goin' to be friends.

"'Delighted,' he says, 'that's what I wanted to hear, but I ought to put my horse away before I rests myself, bein' as we've rode over from Buenavista this mornin'.'

"'Plumb right you are,' I says, 'you've learned lessons number one to forty-seven in the cow business, I kin see that.'

"He grins again.

"'A man that don't take care of his horse ain't entitled to a horse, accordin' to my way o' thinkin',' he says, 'an' I like horses too well to be without one,' an' then he gets up an' uncinches an' hangs up his saddle, which is a Mayne an' Winchester, plumb stylish, with hawk-bill taps an' silver conchas, an' then we goes back to the house an' introduces Cook, which puffs up like a hop-toad, proud an' happy to meet up with him.

"'Everything tastes mighty good,' said Van Renzler, seein' Cook kind o' lookin' anxious; which ain't no lie, judgin' by the way he eats. 'I'm beginnin' to think I'll get reel heavy if I stay out here long enough, an' from the looks o' things I've got to camp here quite a while.'

"'You ain't ben here long, then?' says Cook, kind o' inquisitive like.

"'Bout a week,' says Van Renzler 'an' in that time I've found that what I don't

know about the cattle business 'd make a large thick book.'

"That's a good sign,' I says, 'you kin learn it plenty soon. If you get started right it's hop-scotch, but you bog quick if you set off on the wrong trail.'

"Which ain't no lie,' says Cook. 'Anything that Bill tells you is thick woolen goods three foot wide, as me an' Bull kin true swear to, bein' intimate acquainted with him an' sure conscious of his good points. If you want to learn anything about the cattle business all you got to do is ask Bill Winters an' he'll sure head you right an' give you a boost to start with.'

"Cook,' I says, bein' some took aback before a stranger. 'You reminds me of a man from Kansas which I use to know which stepped so high that he had to walk backward to keep from puttin' his feet plumb into his own mouth; can't you go fry some cakes an' hush your talk?' Then Van Renzler laughs like he wuz tickled to death an' sticks his hand out an' says, 'Shake! You're the man I'm lookin' for.'

"I kind o' felt upset a little by the way Cook 'd let his tongue run off, but we shook, an' then when we gets through we goes outside an' lights our pipes.

"I come out here to kind o' look things over at the Y-Bar-T outfit,' he says, wadin' in waist deep at the first jump, 'an' if I ain't away off from the truth we've got a foreman that's got a deeper interest in himself than is right.'

"Maybe so,' I says, 'an' maybe not, but thinkin' a thing an' provin' it is different some.'

"Right you are,' he says, 'but if they's anything wrong I'm a-goin' to find it sooner or later, an' when I find it out I'm a-goin' to get a square deal or know the reason why.' When he says this he kind o' shakes his head an' bites the words off sharp an' spits them out, an' I says to myself that the Y-Bar-T outfit is goin' to be plumb shook up to the roots, for I knows that the foreman is as crooked as a snake track on a dusty trail. 'We own twenty-five hundred acres,' he says, 'an' we've got close to twenty thousand o' Government land under lease an' fence. A couple o' years ago we bought thirty-five hundred head o' cattle, range delivery, which, allowin' for a five per cent. loss, 'd make us have close on to thirty-three.'

"Five per cent. ain't enough,' I says to him; 'if you got 'em from Texas in the shape I heard you did fifteen wouldn't be none extravagant, maybe too little if you count 'em up.'

"Well, then, fifteen,' he says, 'which 'd make three thousand not countin' in the increase, an' if we've got a "cow" over two thousand I'm dead wrong an' ain't no judge.'

"From what I hear you ain't none wrong,' I says, 'not that it's any of my funeral, but I don't believe in bein' crooked myself an' if they's any way I kin help you get things straightened out I'm a-goin' to do it. If I wuz in your place I'd have a round-up an' count the cattle an' satisfy myself just how bad things had got to be, an' then when I wuz dead sure I'd located the guilty party I'd hop on him so hard that he'd think the moon 'd worked loose an' fell on his head. But I'd be mighty careful how I talked, for like as not they's more than one mixed up if stealin' 's goin' on.'

"That's right,' he says, 'speak low, step soft, an' carry a great big stick an' you kin travel far,' which is sure good sense an' mighty good advice.

"Round your cattle up,' I says, 'throw 'em and brand 'em if you ain't got a corral; run 'em through a chute an' mark them if you has, an' let your boys sweep the range up pretty clean an' the count, if made honest, 'll come close to showin' exactly what you've got on hand.'

"We paid taxes on thirty-six fifty last year,' he says, kind o' studyin' the matter over in his mind.

"In which cases,' I says, 'the State of Colraydo, an' more particular Chaffee County, owes the Y-Bar-T a drawback of close to fifty cents on the dollar by the 'rithmatics that use to be my school books when I wuz a boy, an' if I kin help you in any way you go ahead an' holler.'

"Well,' he says, 'the way to do a thing is to go ahead an' do it; if you'll let me have a couple of good square boys to kind o' overlook the count I'll see they don't lose anything by it, an' if you feel that you kin spare the time to come along and sort o' act as a board o' directors an' give me a bit of advice when I need it I'll be delighted, an' I want to say to you, Mr. Winters—'

"Mister be damned,' I says, 'so fur as I'm concerned titles an' nightshirts ain't

none needed out in this country; my friends kin call me Bill an' them that ain't my friends don't need to waste their breath on me.'

"'All right, Bill,' he says, 'that's the way I feel about it; Bill it is, an' you an' me 'll set things straight at-Y-Bar-T before a bear kin wag his tail.'" The Foreman paused and blew a cloud of blue-tinged smoke and smiled.

"He sure wuz hell on bears," he said, "but that wuz him. Ready to size a man up quick an' take or leave him; slow to think bad of anybody an' square enough to see that even the devil got his due."

"'Well,' I says, 'that bein' settled, what's the first step in the clean-up?'"

"'How'm I goin' to start?'" he says, reel thoughtful. 'I'm a-goin' to fire that damned foreman, that's how I'm goin' to start.'

"'You're hollerin' out loud when you states that,' I says; 'that's the medicine the Y-Bar-T needs to set it straight; give the head rustler the grand bounce an' the little taggers-on-after 'll trot up to you waggin' their tails. Then if you kin prove they's anything crooked you kin blame soon get a square deal, for if this country is kind o' rough an' tumbly, the right is the right an' it's spelled with a big R.'

"'Shake,' he says; 'you make me sure I've met a man that'll do to tie up with,' an' he shakes.

"'Mr. Van Renzler,' I says, but he chops me off short an' gives me a slap on the shoulder that drove my boot heels a inch an' a half into the solid ground, an' grins till he shows a gold back tooth.

"'Mister be damned,' he says, 'here's where I get even. On nightshirts I differs with you, but on titles you called the turn.'

"'Van,' I says, 'I've got a bottle of dog bite in the house that's ten years old an' so thick that you c'd blow soap bubbles with it if you wanted; let's lick'er an' then I'll call in Short Leg Dwyer an' one o' my other best boys, which we calls Ugly Anderson becuz he's so blame good-lookin' that the girls won't give him no peace. Them boys kin round up an' tally-brand a bunch before a flea kin hop out o' danger, an' that's some less than two years.'

"Then we goes into the house an' lickers plum sedate an' joyful, an' at supper when the boys comes in they cottons to Van an' we gets to talkin' about huntin', which sure

pleases an' delights him, an' when we rolls in for the night he sets on the edge of his bunk an' looks at me an' says, 'Bill, when this here Y-Bar-T matter is all settled you an' me is goin' to load a camp kit on a couple o' pack horses an' we're goin' way up toward the Elk mountins an' get a grizzly bear skin if they's any one a-walkin' so heavy that he leaves a track.'

"Well, when mornin' come I calls up Short Leg an' Ugly an' tells 'em how the land lays over at the Y-Bar-T, an' them an' me an' Van rides over thataway an' when we gets there Van calls the foreman in an' says he's goin' to let him out becuz he kind o' thinks he'll take things in charge hisself.

"The foreman, which is a ugly critter named Wilkins, with little near-set eyes, begins to kick a rumpus an' in the end gets fired off the place an' goes, an' then we starts the tally, an' havin' a corral we fixes up a chute an' tally-brands them quick an' easy, an' in the end we finds that all we counts is something over eighteen hundred head. There sure has been some reckless stealin' goin' on, an' we gets plumb industrious an' finds that Wilkins is been runnin' off the calves an' brandin' them with his own mark, which is a B. T. branded on the side, an' if they's any way o' stealin' that he ain't tried it's becuz he ain't had brains enough to think it up.

"'It's a dirty mix-up,' Van says to me when we gets most of Wilkins' tracks uncovered; 'we've treated him too white, lettin' him use the range for a herd o' his own, which most like he's stole from us. But anyway,' he says, 'I'm a-goin' to keep them to kind o' square things up,' which is sure wise an' just what I'd a done. We rounds up somethin' over a hundred head an' puts them up where no one can't bother them an' then sets down an' waits for Wilkins to deal the cards, hearin' that he's a-goin' round the country makin' brags that he's goin' to get even with the Y-Bar-T if he has to burn some buildin's.

"But Van stands pat an' when we gets things fixed I sends Short Leg an' Ugly back to Jack Hall, givin' them good advice an' tellin' them that they better ride back home a-lookin' at their horses' ears an' not get festive or cut up becuz they has a little money picked kind o' easy on the side, an' I stays on at Y-Bar-T to kind o' see that Van gets things runnin' right, the which

it's well I does, for Wilkins comes back with the two rustlers that's been let out an' tries to run a sandy on Van so that he kin get the cattle which he claims, but which ain't his by common sense or law.

"'I ain't anxious for no lawsuits,' says Van, 'nor I ain't borrowin' trouble, but you ain't dealt fair with this outfit an' I'm a-goin' to keep the cattle to kind o' square us up.' Which sure is right, only I says to Van the cheapest way is to let this here Wilkins party know he's gettin' off mighty easy, which Van does an' tells him to get a move on an' never come back. Wilkins is kind o' surly an' if he had the sand to push his blaze reel hard they'd been some shootin' on the spot, but he backs down an' starts away, but stops down at the bunk house an' goes inside to try 'n raise some trouble with the boys, which makes Van mad for sure, an' as I looks at him I says that Wilkins 'd be heaps better off if he'd a rode on off the place an' not delayed.

"'I'm a-goin' down there,' says Van, 'an' end this thing right now.'

"'I'll come along,' I says, 'to kind o' help if things gets smoky.' Which I does, an' we walks down to the bunk house an' finds Wilkins an' his two rustlers in there tryin' to win away the boys, but when he sees us he gets kind o' shaky an' starts to leave, but we shuts the door an' I kin see that Van is mad clean through. His face is turkey red, an' he kind o' squints an' his mustache is reel bristly an' I kin see a little spot in the side of his neck beatin' like his blood is runnin' fast. He goes up close to Wilkins, which gets kind o' pale. 'I've told you to keep off this place twice now,' he says, an' bites the words off worse than ever, an' I sees he ain't a-goin' to hold in much longer an' prepares to burn some powder on the Wilkins party if they gives me a chance. 'You've run this thing to suit yourself too long an' now I've said the last I'm goin' to say, you thief.'

"As he says this I see Wilkins kind o' move his hand toward his gun, but before you'd a thought it could be did I sees the muscles on Van's back knot up an' then uncoil an' he reaches around short-armed an' hits Wilkins on the side of his face, an' I ain't a-lyin' none when I says it sounded like a mule kickin' an oak post. Down goes Wilkins like a brick fallin' off a chimney, an' I produces my gun an' says 'hands up'

to the two rustlers, which they does, not wantin' to bat an eye or breathe for fear the boys 'll hop them. When Wilkins drops he loses his gun, which Van gets, an' as his head has whacked the boards considerable when he fell he goes to sleep plumb peaceful on the floor.

"'Is he dead?' I says, 'which I hope he is, the low-down pup, tryin' to smoke this room up.'

"Van shakes his head. 'No, he ain't dead,' he says, 'only shook up; he'll come around all right.'

"An' while we're waitin' the boys gets the guns of the two I'm holdin' up an' then we sets them over against the wall on a bench an' tells them to be quiet, an' then Wilkins kind o' rolls uneasy from side to side a couple o' times like a seasick ship an' opens his eyes an' sets up, kind o' wonderin' if he's the only survivor left.

"'You low-lived pup,' I says to him, plumb mad. 'Tryin' to follow up your blazer with a gun play, you cattle-stealin' son-of-a-gun,' an' then I calls him all the names I kin remember an' cusses him till it looks to me like I ain't left no room for any more, an' when I gets through an' stops to kind o' breathe Van gets a hold of Wilkins an' jerks him up an' slaps him across the face, flat-handed, so good an' hard it popped.

"'That's the way we does things back East,' he says, 'you thief. If Bill's forgot to call you anything, you're it.' An' I looks at him an' I sees that he's got over bein' mad an' is beginnin' to grin, but Wilkins never peeps an' we takes the three an' loads them on their horses an' shoos them off, but has some trouble a-holdin' down the boys, which wants to shoot them up to show they're glad they're gone. An' then I says: 'Van, why in the name of Cotopaxi didn't you plug him or let me plug him; reachin' for a gun in this country is disturbin' the peace an' quiet of the neighbors an' the state.'

"'He kind o' laughs. 'Bill,' he says, 'I hit that feller a half a ton worth on the jaw an' it 'll be at least a day or two before he kin smile without the earache. No good a-killin' him; we've fixed him so he's goin' to stay away from here for good.' An blame me if every puncher in the lot didn't take sides with him against me, which wuz a sign that the Y-Bar-T has got a boss at



“He stands up there and dares them to come and take the man away from him.”

Drawing by J. N. Marchand.

last that the boys 'll ride their best horse gant fur.

"'Bill,' he says, when we gets up to the house, 'how about that bear hunt, it's gettin' close, ain't it?'"

"'It's none too close,' I says. 'It 'll snow in a couple of days if I know the sign, an' when it does we'll have to wait a while, but sooner or later we'll go out an' assassinate the biggest rooster of a grizzly that you ever heard of.'"

"'That's what,' he says, 'I'm a-goin' to get some trophies before I get done with it.'"

"'You've got a starter,' I says; 'these here three guns which we've just took so ladylike an' peaceable 'll do to build on, an' if you're thataway inclined you ought to get a right smart lot o' things.' Which he allows is true, tickled to death an' plumb delighted, which he says.

"Well, the next day it sets in to snow, an' we builds up a roarin' big fire to go to bed by an' in the night I has a dream that I'm a-gettin' close to hell, which it turns out to be that the house has caught on fire, an' durn me if it don't burn plumb level with the ground. We saves what we kin, which is a good deal considerin', an' Van gets his three guns, which he is tickled over doin'. There's considerable whisperin' around that night an' the boys seems to have been made restless by the fire an' kind o' excited about somethin', an' the next mornin' they gets out plumb early, an' when we misses them it strikes me that they has remembered what Wilkins said about there goin' to be some burnin' an' is goin' to ride over an' see if they couldn't hold an inquest on his worthless skin.

"'Van,' I says, 'I kind o' smell a lynchin' in the air.'"

"'By God,' he says, 'we've got to stop it. Wilkins ain't guilty; there wasn't a track around the house after it burned, an' if he'd been there the snow 'd showed it. Where d'you reckon we can find the boys in time to put a stop to them?'"

"'Let 'em go ahead an' hold their party,' I says. 'If this here Wilkins don't need it now it's likely that he'll get it later, so let 'em go.'"

"'Bill,' he says, 'if you're the friend I think you are you'll help me stop the boys. I believe in livin' by the law an' ain't a-goin' to see it broke if I kin help it.'"

"'You're right,' I says. An' he wuz right, but it wouldn't a done no harm in the least to hang Wilkins. 'You saddle up quick,' I says, 'an' we'll ride over Harvard Mountin way, where the critter's got a kind of house, an' most like unless we proceed over there hell bent for election we'll get there after the party is over, which 'd be a awful shame, for if they do lift him I sure 'd like to see the way he acts.' But we don't, we gets there in time to see the Y-Bar-T punchers draggin' Wilkins around plumb crazy with a rope around his neck, huntin' for a tree to swing him from, which it's a good thing for him is some difficult to find close by, an' if ever I see a full-grown man or heard one talk I heard one when Van busts right into the middle of the crowd an' grabs a hold o' Wilkins, which is cryin' an' prayin' like most crooked people does when things gets wild. He takes the rope off Wilkins' neck an' grabs a hold of him an' the way he talks to them boys on law an' order an' argues with them an' shows them that Wilkins is low-down enough to burn a house but lacks the sand, an' then he kind o' gets excited an' stands up there before them an' dares them to come an' take the man away from him, which gets the boys, who sure goes plumb crazy from joy at havin' a reel man talk to them, an' they can't yell loud enough for him.

"'An' then we goes on home, an' blame me if Van ain't swung on to the rope, which wuz Wilkins' own, for another trophy, an' I'm a son-of-a-gun if we don't get the bear hunt, an' he kills the granddaddy of all the bears in the Elk mountins, if he don't I'm a lyin' pup; an' right now he's got the skin made up into a rug an' sets with his feet on it like as not an' thinks about the time he use to be at Y-Bar-T in the good old days. An' the last time he come out there I wuz about the first one he made tracks for, an' he wuz the same old Van, even if he is a big man now, an' when I calls him Mister he says, 'Bill, what wuz that you use to say about nightshirts an' titles?' an' I says, 'Van, do you remember that ten-year-old dog bite?' an' he laughs an' grabs my hand an' squeezes it, a-showin' that he ain't lost his grip none, an' says, 'Lc'd bless you, Bill. I wish I could live cut here right now.'"

MONTANA

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS



“Far in the West . . . where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty
and luminous summits,
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where
the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the
emigrant's wagon . . .
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound,
descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and
solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the
wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow
and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and
purple amorphas . . .
Here and there rise groves from the margins
of swift running rivers,
And over all is the sky, the clear and
crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God invested
above them.”



“How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
How it were good to live there, and breathe free!”

Photograph by Schlecten Bros., Bozeman, Mont.



“Hems in its gorges the bed
Of the new-born clear-flowing stream.”



“Long lines of heavy clouds, black as a raven's wing,
Reaching across the sky from east to west
And grasping all the heavens in their arms.”



Photograph by Schlecten Bros., Bozeman, Mont.

“Ye who love the haunts of Nature, love the sunshine of the meadow,
And the rushing of great rivers through their palisades of pine trees,
And the thunder in the mountains.”



“Here before our waiting cameras were the lovers.”

the food up through an air-hole. They cannot eat under water, and had, as we guessed by the criss-crossed tracks, devoured the food with many a running fight.

Next evening the cameras were concealed in a snow and weed covered “hide,” and we waited, shivering, a hundred yards off, hidden by a spreading cedar. Not until the sun set did the muskrat put in an appearance. Then its brown head and bright eyes peeped from the air-hole, and soon the sleek brown animal was sitting before us, holding a wild onion in its front paws—much as a squirrel would—and nibbling contentedly. For several nights we were unable to get a picture; all had turned out, when developed, as a mass of cloudy chaos. But “all things come to him who waits.” One night we heard a slight rustling at the air-hole, and out came the bewhiskered face of the muskrat. At first it sniffed the air for an enemy. Then it dragged itself out and surveyed the scene, much as a man gazes about him on stepping out of doors. A light, pleasant scent of musk filled the air. Then the animal scrambled half erect on an old log and

sniffed again and ate the red berries hanging there. With a metallic clang the shutters of our cameras announced another series started, and the alarmed muskrat dived beneath like a flash.

Again, after days of fruitless waiting, just as a watery glimmer of sunshine sparkled on the now open Otonabee, a big, handsome muskrat, as dry as if it had never touched the water with its dark, shining coat, stepped right into the focus of the waiting cameras. The light glittered from its long, smooth fur. A handful of air was grasped and sent on its mission, the merry clamor of the machines resulting, and with a convulsive bound the muskrat struck the surface and dived beneath.

With the warm weather came the spring rains that sent torrents of water into the marshes. It honeycombed the ice and forced its way through many a crack, and the muskrats followed it. One day, when the snow was retreating over the warm grasses, shrinking before the bright March sun, a bog hole threw off its covering of ice, and soon mimic waves rippled the tiny surface. As we speculated on this wee

pond its surface was opened, as it were, and out stepped a muskrat, a female. She was immediately followed by her mate, a large, full-fed male. The spring mating season was on, and here right before our waiting cameras were the lovers.

We had learned that these nocturnal feeders choose only the sweetest, freshest food, never leaving a pure vegetarian diet except for an occasional clam. We could tell by the well-pressed paths that intersected the bogs and drowned lands that they were great ramblers. We have seen them drag out their bodies and sitting erect on an old, water-soaked log wash their faces and literally comb all their hair. We have watched a Mississauga skinning one of these animals, and after removing the muskbags from near the thigh, have had him hand us the carcass saying "*Menaunjega* (smell)!" Now, although these muskbags are powerful enough often to bring on a violent coughing, and are almost unbearable when cut, it is impossible to find the slightest odor in the clean meat of the thigh from which they were cut. When

pressed for food we have eaten with relish of the meat of this extremely clean animal. "Muskrats" we call them. Are they any sweeter by the name of "Georgia rabbits," when served on some southern hotel table?

Soon the Otonabee was in full flood, and the Indians' cruel traps were concealed on every log, bog and "draw-up." (Draw-ups are piles of weeds pulled up by the animals to afford them a resting place while eating; it is remarkable what an amount of weeds one will rapidly gather.) Day after day we saw hundreds of the dead muskrats removed from the traps, and my assistant Fritz naturally asked me if they would catch them all. But it seems impossible to exterminate them. It is agreed by authorities that each adult female is capable of reproducing to the extent of thirty-two each year, as the first litter of kittens themselves have young the first year.

All night long the marshes resounded with the squealing cries of fighting males. Unfortunately they emerged so late that it was impossible to picture many an odd position that we sat intently studying.



"Annoyed at her lover's attentions."



“She climbed up on the heap of flotsam she called home and gave it a few finishing touches.”



“Up came a big muskrat right into focus.”

Yet after many failures and—whisper it—some loss of temper, we succeeded in picturing another pair. They were running through the beaver grass along a path our tree-held camera guarded. The male was following the female's every movement, dodging, leaping, running closely alongside. And just as she backed off, evidently annoyed at her lover's too arduous attentions, we pictured them.

We had watched hundreds before we found out the simple fact that in swimming they use the front and hind feet alternately, the same as in walking. Usually while swimming the front feet are held almost clasped, always ready to grasp floating food or attack a passing neighbor. When the waders and birds of prey passed over the marshes we have often noticed that the muskrats would stop feeding or making love to watch with something like apprehension the big winged bird above. But never once for any cause did we see them stop fighting.

In the spring of the year the pelts were brown almost to blackness, fully prime, and when stripped from the carcass and turned inside out on the red willow boughs, there was not a trace of black or discoloration to the "saddle," as they call the fatty membrane immediately below the skin. Many of the pelts were slashed by long, knife-like cuts, the result of many a conflict—as the long, sharp teeth will rend a foe's skin almost from end to end at one long, scratching drag.

We saw one peculiar sight, rare enough truly. As we were studying the ponds that held the muskrats, the muskellonge came in to spawn. They swam through all these ponds. It was wonderful indeed to see a plump muskrat sitting erect on an old water-soaked log intently eying a passing muskellonge, a great female that had spawned here for possibly half a century. Time had taught the animal that the fish was not an enemy, but when a great snapping-turtle clambered on to the now trembling log, the muskrat lost patience and dived gracefully into the water.

In May all the males of the colonies congregate far back in the most secluded places and the busy females—alone and unaided, so far as our observations have gone—each builds her own spring house. There was an old ash stump, fifty yards

back from the river, that showed by its flag and rice straw covered top that a spring muskrat house was in course of erection. Hour after hour we watched with our cameras uselessly concealed. Day after day we found it growing larger and nearer completion. The dome-like pile was higher each morning, and the floating masses of cut-up and chewed-off reed rice and flags had been gathered in greater quantities. But the busy builder would not come out until the light was almost gone. We had made a float, a raft-like structure, to hold our cameras. This we had staked down firmly, and draped with floating debris. One night my assistant thoughtlessly included a wild onion in the drapery. A passing muskrat espied the tempting morsel, displayed like fruit on a huckster's stall, and instantly evinced a desire to sample it. Rapidly as it swam for the float I managed to get my .32 into action quicker and whizzed a bullet over its head just in time to save the machine from an untimely bath. Before the smoke had cleared away the brown head and bright eyes of the female housebuilder popped out of the water close beside the unfinished house. She searched intently for the source of the unusual sound. Then she climbed up the heap of marsh flotsam she called home and gave it a few finishing touches—a stamp here, a push with her nose there. Then she slid rapidly into the water and seizing some loose straw started to drag it up. She ascended backward with her load, and just as she hung some of it over the side, the machines clanged out, and she fell into the water instantly.

The waters were falling now. The houses reared themselves abroad like so many rushy islands. The receding water showed the old houses also, showed where unlawful trappers had cut into them, had cut deep into the living chamber to place a trap there, catching one of the family and causing the rest to seek shelter under logs, roots, anywhere for a warm spot far from the torn house. It is impossible for these animals to repair any injury done to their houses in the winter, as all their building material is sealed hard and fast by the frost.

The "signs" around one of these opened houses convinced us that a lone male was living there, while his busy mate was bring-



"A lone male lived there."



"A very clean baby indeed."

ing forth the next litter in an adjacent spring house. Once more we staked the float in place, the cameras hidden thereon. The only link showing was the white tube which connected our canoe in the bog near by. It happened that a great blue heron, passing overhead, saw what appeared to him to be a lengthy white worm. A swoop! a backward sweep of the great wings! and he alighted within ten yards of us to gravely examine his find. Thin and palatable the worm looked, truly, as he raised about three yards of it in his long bill. As our tube seemed in imminent danger of being digested we "Coo-ee-d!" With a mighty spring and a hoarse croak the great bird flapped away on his heavy wings. Bitterns, too, stood with slanted eyes and curiously stiffened necks gazing long and fondly at this strange white coil.

But at last—splash! Up came a big muskrat right into focus. There was a merry clamor of actions and curtains, and we had him.

All night long the splashing noise and querulous cry of the fighting males would

come into our "shanty" windows, and day by day we haunted the deepest bays and swamps, hoping to get a picture of a combat.

At last chance gave us the opportunity. We had managed to get a fair picture of a male muskrat as he came swimming upstream, and we still stood watching him. He was so close to us that we could see his "hands" held together at his breast, just in the churn of the water, and his legs kicking out very much after the manner of a frog when swimming. Suddenly he dived down through the clean water to a tiny sandbar and picked up a clam with his hands. It was fully two minutes by our watch before he came to the surface again. He sat within fifty feet of us turning the clam over and over. Then he incised it with his strong teeth and tore it open. He had only just swallowed the juicy bivalve when another muskrat, intent on stealing it, dashed across the bay.

There was a sharp, chattering cry. A low, plaintive whine followed, and with hair bristling and eyes flashing they stood

erect and tore at each other. Biting, scratching, tearing, they rolled around, but the spot was too distant for us to focus it. Finally, however, locked in each other's paws, they fell into the stream. Still tearing savagely at each other they fought their way past us, unnoticed. They had given us a unique picture.

By the end of May the first batch of kittens lay squealing in the houses, and as the water was rising again we were treated to the rare sight of a female carrying her young from a drowned-out house to a swiftly built draw-up. One at a time she carried the little gray chaps—blind, pink-legged, silky-coated—holding them upside

down to the clear light, the first that had ever warmed their small blind eyes. Squealing and kicking, firmly yet softly held by the long sharp teeth of the mother, we watched them pass, until all were laid on the draw-up in the warm sun. They remained patiently there when their mother left them, but as we paddled up they immediately scrambled off into the water, though they could neither see nor hear us.

Later we found one in a nest. It was a very clean baby indeed. No doubt the bright eyes of the mother were watching us as we paddled homewards with the last picture of the set, and left the little one squealing on the dry straw.



"They fought their way past us, unnoticed."

TALES OF A COLLECTOR OF WHISKERS

BY J. ARCHIBALD MCKACKNEY, MUS.DOC., F.R.G.S., ETC.

(EDITED BY RALPH D. PAINE)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

II.—THE BEARDED PEASANT'S REVENGE



WHEN the twenty-four members of the Hirsute Orchestra filed into my library on the morning named for the first rehearsal, I surveyed their varied assortment of whiskers with a good deal of pride and satisfaction. It had been no easy task to find and assemble this animated keyboard with which I proposed to test my new theory of musical vibration. But before attempting to extract harmony from their whiskers I had to contend with annoying discords of individual temperament, for my assistant, Hank Wilkins, had selected these gentlemen for their whiskers alone. Here on the eve of the first rehearsal old Captain Rust showed a quarrelsome mood. He had been picked up on the Boston water-front because his snowy and majestic beard promised to supply a musical note of rare power and resonance, and I had been very patient with his infirmities of temper. But as he entered the library at the head of the three octaves, he bellowed at me in a stormy voice:

"I ain't going to be treated in this ridiculous fashion. I'll take my whiskers and go home. I didn't expect to be herded with a passel of looneytics, and used as a gosh-whanged Æolian harp."

My most tactful efforts finally subdued him, and I mention the incident only to show the kind of trials I had to contend with at this time. As simply as possible I explained to the company the theory of sound vibration and the application of these proven facts to the Human Whisker.

At length I led them upstairs and after me trooped Boston club-man, deep-water skipper, sea-cook, physician, artist, and lawyer, all of them eager to know more about the reason for my interest in them. I ushered them into my "workshop," and directed them to be seated at random on three rows of chairs which were arranged on a platform at one end of the spacious room. They stared with amazement at the seeming chaos of intricate machinery in the place and I hastened to explain:

"We will set to work, gentlemen, according to my tentative diagrams of the respective tonal qualities of your whiskers. Captain Rust is placed at the lowest note of the scale to begin with."

The old gentleman rebelled at being put lower in the scale than the Portuguese sea-cook and swore that he out-ranked the "putty-faced son of a tea-kettle." The more intelligent members of the orchestra grasped the fact, however, that the longer and more luxuriant the whisker the lower must be the pitch of the resultant musical note, and that I had mastered the principle of the Æolian harp in a novel and startling manner. One by one the "notes" of this singular scale were given their proper positions according to my carefully prepared diagrams. It was more or less guess-work until I could begin to tune these picturesque and delicate vibratory media.

At last I was ready to seat myself in front of the electric switchboard which operated the automatic series of bellows, and I applied to my ears the receivers of the microphone batteries. Wilkins, my assistant, had fastened the head of each be-

whiskered gentleman in a cushioned clamp and adjusted a polished sound reflector just behind him. I have been accused of lacking a sense of humor, and I confess I could see no cause for the suppressed hilarity which seemed to be shaking Wilkins to his foundations. The aspect of these solemn rows of strangers pinned in position like so many luxuriant botanical specimens was of course odd and unusual. From the pained expressions of their features I judged that they expected me to electrocute them to a man. But my trained, artistic eye was busy with admiring the beautiful regularity with which the serried whiskers grew shorter and shorter as they ascended the scale of three octaves.

At length I pressed a key and my fingers were tremulous with excitement. The bellows directly in front of old Captain Rust drove a swift blast of air on his face and his beard played to and fro like a miniature cascade. I waited an instant and again turned on the air current. The bellows

next in line responded to an electric impulse and the flowing "Dundreary's" of a Salvation Army derelict waggled perceptibly. I turned to my tuning forks and almost stopped breathing. I had heard the first note struck from the vibrations of Captain Rust's magnificent beard and now I found that the next ascending note was no more than a quarter of a tone off the key. My fondest dreams were coming true, and my emotions were beyond words.

Step by step my marvelous mechanism stirred the sensitive vibratory impulses of this human scale into sounds too fine to be heard by the human ear. Up, up, the scale I tried each note until at last the needle-like mustaches and spiked goatee of the Portuguese sea-cook were trilling a faint, sweet chord; yes, a genuine chord of three notes, not quite in key, but magnificently promising. I was so carried away with joy and excitement that I played furiously up and down the scale, oblivious to the false notes and discords,



"Now a fraction off the bottom. The tone is almost perfect."

now caressing the harmonious whiskers with a *pianissimo* breeze, again fetching great booming notes from the beard of Rust with cyclonic *fortissimo* gusts.

My instruments were of course eager to hear for themselves, and one by one I allowed them to use the microphone receivers and listen to the music of each other's whiskers. At last I had to tear them away from this fascinating diversion, and announced that the tuning process would begin at three o'clock in the afternoon.

I was fidgeting with anxiety until they had reassembled. As soon as affairs were in readiness I instructed the phlegmatic German barber as follows:

"You must be sure to do exactly as I tell you. When I am prepared to test the first note (that old gentleman on the lower right), you are to trim him as directed. Be sure to preserve the most perfect symmetry. If you cut on one side, the other must match it to a hair's breadth.

The barber was a person of discretion and made no comment beyond a muttered, "Mein Gott, vat it is?" He wore a beard of Teutonic cut over which I made him slip a small silk bag lest it might be set vibrating with inharmonious effect. As soon as the knight of the shears knelt beside Captain Rust, I found the pitch of the note with a tuning fork, while I told the barber:

"Clip a little off the left side. Now the same off the right. Ah, that is better. It is still a shade too low. Now a fraction off the bottom. The tone is almost perfect. Clip the merest strand from under his chin. There, he is absolutely in tune."

With deft shears the bewildered barber altered, curtailed, and harmonized the contrasting types of whiskers that were displayed along the ornate sequence of three octaves. By shortening the vibratory media the tones were easily raised, but when I found three sets of whiskers pitched too high, I was compelled to ask their owners to withdraw from rehearsals until the natural growth should lower their pitch.

I sent for him that evening and confided my cherished purpose. In another fortnight I hoped to be ready to play simple airs in the key of C Natural on the McKackney Hirsute Orchestra. Then I intended to invite to a private concert or exhibition a score of the leading musicians and scientists of the East, including the

head of the Musical Department of Harvard University. My bold crusade in behalf of the Human Whisker as a field for Nature Study had won me some small reputation in the intellectual world, and I had reason to believe that my invitations would be respectfully entertained.

The rehearsals were conducted day and night, and so far advanced were my plans three days before the date of the concert that I had the superb pleasure of listening to a programme of no less than eight popular airs played with notable beauty of expression. I had become like a man in a dream, and had lost all interest in other affairs. I therefore paid little attention to Hank Wilkins when he read me the following cablegram from Berlin:

"Bearded peasant shipped per instructions. Arrive Steamer Bremen. STEINBACH."

"Bearded peasant?" I echoed blankly. "What the deuce is that? Some curio? Do you know anything about it, Wilkins?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "don't you recall Steinbach's sending you word that he had found a peasant near Hanover with a beard six feet four and a half inches long, which he braided and wore in three half hitches around his neck? You wanted to add him to your collection, sir, and we were on the point of starting for Germany when you ran afoul of your musical vibration theory and chucked everything else in the discard."

Then I remembered the bearded peasant. I had cabled Steinbach to ship him to me and to ask Lloyds to insure his whiskers for the voyage. But I had no time to bother with my collections now, for the concert was only two days away. I asked Wilkins to run down to New York and fetch the trophy home and find quarters for him.

Wilkins met the steamer as directed and brought the hairy exile home with him, while curious crowds followed them to my gates. The bearded one, Hans Bumphauser by name, turned out to be a vain and stupid yokel who had been vastly puffed up by the invitation of the "great American nobleman." His whiskered eminence had won him a certain notoriety in his own village and he had come to conquer new and glittering worlds. He had expected to be received by me in person and the ends of his beard were bound with gaudy fillets of tinsel by way of a festal toilet. It disgruntled him to find that the

"nobleman" was too busy to notice him.

The humiliated *objet d'art* sent numerous messages to the mansion demanding an audience with me, between whiles combing and braiding his beard with praiseworthy diligence and holding himself ready for the summons that never came.

It seems that in his gloomy excursions over the estate the bearded peasant had noticed the unusual number of whiskered gentlemen who seemed to be welcome guests at the mansion. He saw them going to and fro in groups and squads, and the sensational beard of Hank Wilkins also helped to confirm the black suspicion of Hans Bumphauser that these strangers had crowded him out of favor with the Lord of the Manor. He was overheard to mutter, "Himmel, are these second-rate whiskers to make me forgotten already?"

Jealousy was flaming his grief into slow and sullen anger and he began to hunger for revenge. His thick wits could devise no way of harming the neglectful and fickle Herr McKackney until in an evil moment he happened to meet my orchestral barber in the village tavern. To his fellow-countryman the peasant unfolded his tale of deception and heartache. They lingered over many glasses of beer and the barber became confidential.

The bearded one listened with more interest and fairly pricked up his ears when the barber became loquacious enough to tell him, "every day I must trim the whiskers of the twenty-four visiting gentlemen exactly just so or there will be ten thousand devils to pay."

Hans Bumphauser objected that it was a sin to trim the whiskers at all, and that no sane man would ever lay hand upon a



"Wilkins brought the hairy exile home with him."

whisker except in kindness. But the barber sighed: "Ach, but it is the music. I have not heard the wonderful music, but I have seen it every day."

Of course the misguided peasant was keenly interested by this time, and he had heard enough to make him thirst for more information. The German farmhand with whom he lodged had been previously summoned to the music-room to help move some heavy machinery, and he had watched the

barber at work with his tuning. By persistent questioning Hans Bumphauser began to piece together a working theory.

Ignorant of any menacing danger I was preparing to welcome the distinguished company of scientists and musicians. They were to arrive for dinner Saturday night. In the evening I planned to deliver a lecture to pave the way for the demonstration. Fearing to expose myself to baseless ridicule I had so worded my invitations that my guests should not learn the nature of my discovery until I had a chance to explain it on scientific grounds.

As was to be expected, they came in mingled moods of doubt and curiosity, but I flatter myself that before the dinner was over they had begun to consider the journey well worth while. After coffee and cigars in the library I requested their attention and began to read from a roll of manuscript. The savants were interested from the start. The originality of my views made them breathless, but I took them step by step from one unassailable premise to an equally sound conclusion. The first mention of "Whiskers" evoked a ripple of levity, but this was soon smothered in hearty applause as I began to describe the experiments which had led



"He was sore about something and ran amuck with a big pair of scissors."

to the assembling of the Hirsute Orchestra. Then I laid my manuscript aside and announced in ringing tones:

"You may think me a madman, gentlemen. But to-morrow morning you shall listen to the music which I have tried to describe. You shall hear for yourselves and be convinced. You have been very patient, and your reward shall be in proportion. Gentlemen, the Hirsute Orchestra is an accomplished fact and——"

There was a sound of clattering footsteps in the hall. I paused and waited, and an instant later Hank Wilkins burst into the library like a tornado. He was breathless from running, and his eyes were fairly popping from his head. I had never seen him so agitated and I knew that he bore some dreadful tidings. Even after ten years my memory is stamped with the words which he hoarsely stammered: "*The Hirsute Orchestra is busted all to Hell, Commodore! There's no repairin' damages! It's a total wreck!*"

The guests rose in confusion while I swayed in my tracks and could only murmur in a far-away voice that I scarcely recognized as my own:

"Explain yourself, Wilkins. For Heaven's sake, pull yourself together!"

My devoted assistant snatched a decanter from a table and hurried to my side:

"Throw in a stiff one, sir. You'll need it. It was the prize Dutchman, sir, the Bumphauser lad that came by cable. He was sore about something and he ran amuck with a big pair of scissors—just now—in the dormitory. Some of the Æolians had turned in early and was asleep. The devastation was appalling. Great handfuls chopped out of 'em. Then he broke into the smoking-room. Four of the priceless Middle Octaves was playing poker. Before they could get steerage-way the whiskers of two was in ghastly ruins."

I could not find speech, and while the company stood as if rooted to the floor Wilkins concluded:

"And while I was running to the scene I met old man Rust and Peter O'Dwyer staggerin' home from the village. Their whiskers had gone by the board, decks swept as clean as the back of my hand, sir. The Bumphauser pirate had loaded them up with booze and gashed their whiskers off in the back room of the tavern. There ain't an Octave left, and the *Hirsute Orchestra* is fit for nothing but the junk-shop!"

(The third Tale of a Collector of Whiskers will deal with an adventure of Mr. McKackney on the high seas, under the title of "*The Sentimental Anarchist*.")

THE WAY OF A MAN

BY EMERSON HOUGH

CHAPTER IV

RUMORS OF WAR



E sent our carriage down to Wallingford that evening, and had my new friend, Mr. Orme, out to Cowles Farms for that night. He was a stranger in the land, and that

was enough. Both my parents accepted him for what he then purported to be, a minister of the gospel, and any singularity of his conduct which they may have noticed they ascribed to his education in communities different from our quiet one. I remember no acrimonious speech during his visit with us, although the doctrine which he had pronounced and which now and again, in one form or another, he reviewed, was not in accord with ours. I recall very well the discussions they had, and remember how formally my mother would begin her little arguments—"Friend, I am moved to say to thee,"—and then she would go on to tell him gently that all men should be brothers, and that there should be peace on earth, and that no man should oppress his brother in any way, and that slavery ought not to exist.

And so they went on, hour after hour, not bitterly, but hotly, as was the fashion all over the land at that time. My father remained a Whig, which put him in line, sometimes, with the Northern men then coming into prominence, such as Morrill of New England, and young Sherman from across the mountains, who believed in the tariff in spite of what England might say to us. This set him against the Jefferson clans of our state, who feared not a war with the North so much as one with Europe. Already England was pronounc-

ing her course; yet those were not days of triumphant conclusions, but of doubtful weighing and hard judgment, as we in old Virginia could have told you, who saw neighbors set against each other, and even families divided among themselves. For six years the war talk had been growing stronger. Those of the South recoiled from the word treason—it had a hateful sound to them, nor have they to this day justified its application to them. I myself believe to-day that war was quite as much one of geography and of lack of transportation as it ever was a war between loyalty and disloyalty to the flag. In our innocent Virginia souls we did not know that New Orleans had a cotton lobby with millions at its back. We did not know that the unscrupulous kings of the cotton world, here and abroad, were making deliberate propaganda of secession all over the South; it was not these rich and arrogant planters, even, men like our kin in the Carolinas, men like those of the Sheraton family, who were the pillars of the Confederacy, or rather of the secession idea. Back of them, enshrouded forever in darkness and in mystery, and now in oblivion which cannot be broken—were certain great figures of the commercial world in this land and in other lands. These made a victim of our country at that time; even as a few great commercial figures seek to do to-day. And we, poor innocent fools, flew at each others' throats, and fought, and slew and laid waste a land, for no real principle and to no gain to ourselves. Nothing is so easy to deceive, to hoodwink, to blind and betray, as a great and innocent people that in its heart loves justice and fair play.

I fear, however, that while much of this talk was going on upon the galleries at

Cowles Farms, I myself was busier with the training of my pointer than I was with matters of politics. I was not displeased when my mother came to me presently that afternoon and suggested that we should all make a visit to Dixiana Farm, to call upon our neighbors, the Sheratons.

"Mr. Orme says he would like to meet Colonel Sheraton," she explained, "and thee knows that we have not been to see our neighbors for some time now. I thought that perhaps Colonel Sheraton might be moved to listen to me as well as to Mr. Orme, if I should speak of peace—not in argument, as thee knows, but as his neighbor."

She looked at me a moment, her hand dusting at my coat. "Thee knows the Sheratons and the Cowles have sometimes been friends and sometimes enemies—I would rather we were friends. And, Jack, Miss Grace is quite thy equal—if any may be the equal of my boy. And some day thee must be thinking, thee knows——"

"I was already thinking, mother," said I gravely, and so, indeed, I was, though perhaps not quite as she imagined.

At least that is how we happened to ride to the Sheratons that afternoon, in our greater carriage, my father and Mr. Orme by the side of my mother, and I alongside on horseback.

Colonel Sheraton met us at his lawn, and as the day was somewhat warm, asked us at first to be seated in the chairs beneath the oaks. Here Miss Grace joined us presently, and Orme was presented to her, as well as to Mrs. Sheraton, tall, dark, and lace-draped, who also joined us in response to Colonel Sheraton's request. I could not fail to notice the quick glance with which Orme took in the face and figure of Grace Sheraton, and, indeed, he had been a critical man who would not have called her fair to look upon, in the tall, dark Sheraton way.

The elder members of the party fell to conversing in their rocking-chairs there on the lawn, and I was selfish enough to withdraw Miss Grace to the gallery steps, where we sat for a time, laughing and talking, while I pulled the ears of their hunting dog, and rolled under foot a puppy or two, which were my friends. I say, none could have failed to call Grace Sheraton fair. It pleased me better to sit there on the gallery steps and talk with her than to listen once

more to the arguments over slavery and secession. I could hear Colonel Sheraton's deep voice every now and then emphatically coinciding with some statement made by Orme. I could see the clean-cut head and features of the latter, and his gestures, strongly but not flamboyantly made. As for us two, the language that goes without speech between a young man and a maid passed between us. I rejoiced to mock at her always, and did so now, declaring again my purpose to treat her simply as my neighbor and not as a young lady finished at the best schools of Philadelphia. But, presently, in some way, I scarce can say by whose first motion, we arose and strolled together around the corner of the house and out into the orchard.

CHAPTER V

THE MADNESS OF MUCH KISSING

"That was a very noble thing of you," Miss Grace Sheraton was saying to me, as we passed slowly among the big trees of the Sheraton apple orchard. Her eyes were rather soft and a slight color lay upon her cheeks, whose ivory hue was rarely heightened in this way.

"I am in ignorance, Miss Grace," I said to her.

"Fie! You know very well what I mean—about yesterday."

"Oh, that," said I, and went rather red of the face myself, for I thought she meant my salutation at the gate.

She, redder now than myself, needed no explanation as to what I meant. "No, not that," she began hastily, "that was not noble, but vile of you! I mean at the tavern, where you took my part——"

So then I saw that word in some way had come to her of the little brawl between Harry Singleton and myself. Then indeed my face grew scarlet. "It was nothing," said I, "simply nothing at all." But to this she would not listen.

"To protect an absent woman is always manly," she said. (It was the women of the South who set us all foolish about chivalry.) "I thank you for caring for my name."

Now I should have grown warmer in the face and in the heart at this, but the very truth is that I felt a chill come over me, as

though I were getting deeper into cold water. I guessed her mind. Now how was I, who had kissed her at the lane, who had defended her when absent—who called now in state with his father and mother in the family carriage—how was I to say I was not of the same mind as she? I pulled the ears of the hunting dog until he yelped in pain.

We were deep in the great Sheraton orchard, across the fence which divided it from the house grounds, so far that only the great chimney of the house showed above the trees. The shade was gracious, the fragrance alluring. At a distance the voices of singing negroes came to us. Presently we came to a fallen apple tree, a giant perhaps planted there by some Fairfax man generations before. We seated ourselves here, and we should have been happy, for we were young, and all about us was sweet and comforting. Yet, on my honor, I would rather at that moment have been talking to my mother than to Grace Sheraton. I did not know why.

For some time we sat there, pulling at apple blossoms and grass stems, and talking of many things quite beside the real question, but at last there came an interruption. I heard the sound of a low, rumbling bellow approaching through the trees, and as I looked up saw, coming forward with a certain confidence, Sir Jonas, the red Sheraton bull, with a ring in his nose, and in his carriage an intense haughtiness for one so young. I knew all about Sir Jonas, for we had bred him on our farm, and sold him not long since to the Sheratons.

Miss Grace gathered her skirts for instant flight, but I quickly pushed her down. I knew the nature of Sir Jonas very well, and saw that flight would mean disaster long before she could reach any place of safety.

"Keep quiet," I said to her in a low voice. "Don't make any quick motions, or he'll charge. Come with me, slowly now."

Very pale, and with eyes staring at the intruder, she arose as I bade her and slowly moved toward the tree which I had in mind. "Now—quick!" I said, and catching her beneath the arms, I swung her up into the low branches. Her light lawn gown caught on a knotty limb, somewhat to her perturbation, and ere I could adjust

it and get her safe aloft, Sir Jonas had made up his mind. He came on with head down, in a short, savage rush, and his horn missed my trouser leg by no more than an inch as I dodged around the tree. At this I laughed, but Miss Grace screamed, until between my hasty actions I called to her to keep quiet.

Sir Jonas seemed to have forgotten my voice, and though I commanded him to be gone, he only shook his curly front and came again with head low and short legs working very fast. Once more he nearly caught me with a side lunge of his wicked horns as he whirled. He tossed up his head then and bolted for the tree, where Miss Grace had her refuge. Then I saw it was the red lining of her Parisian parasol which had enraged him. "Throw it down!" I called out to her. She could not find it in her heart to toss it straight down to Sir Jonas, who would have trampled it at once, so she cast it sidelong toward me, and by an inch I beat Sir Jonas in the race to it. Then I resolved that he should not have it at all, and so tossed it into the branches of another tree as I ran.

"Come," called the girl to me, "Jump! Get up into a tree. He can't catch you there."

But I was in no mind to take to a tree, and wait for some inglorious discovery by a rescue party from the house. I found my fighting blood rising, and became of the mind to show Sir Jonas who was his master, regardless of who might be his owner.

His youth kept him in good wind still, and he charged me again and again, keeping me hard put to it to find trees enough, even in an orchard full of trees. Once he ripped the bark half off a big trunk as I sprang behind it, and he stood with his head still pressed there, not two feet from where I was, with my hand against the tree, braced for a sudden spring. His front foot dug in the sod, his eyes were red, and between his grumbles his breath came in puffs and snorts of anger. Evidently he meant me ill; and this thought offended me.

Near by me on the ground lay a ragged limb, cut from some tree by the pruners, now dry, tough and not ill-shaped for a club. I reached back with my foot and pulled it within reach, then stooped quickly

and got it in hand, breaking off a few of the lesser branches with one foot, as we still stood there eyeing each other. "Now, sir," said I to Sir Jonas at last, "I shall show you that no little bull two years old can make me a laughing stock." Then I sprang out and carried the war into Africa forthwith.

Sir Jonas was surprised when I came from behind the tree and swung a hard blow to the side of his tender nose; and as I repeated this, he grunted, blew out his breath and turned his head to one side with closed eyes, raising his muzzle aloft in pain. Once more I struck him fair on the muzzle, and this time he bawled loudly in surprise and anguish, and so turned to run. This act of his offered me fair hold upon his tail, and so affixed to him, I followed, smiting him upon the back with blows which I think cut through his hide where the pointed knots struck. Thus with loud orders and with a voice which he ought better to have remembered, I brought him to his senses and pursued him entirely out of the orchard, so that he had no mind whatever to come back. After which, with what dignity I could summon, I returned to the tree where Grace Sheraton was still perched aloft. Drawing my riding gloves from my pocket, I reached up my hands, somewhat soiled with the encounter, and so helped her down to earth once more. And once more her gaze, soft and not easily to be mistaken, rested upon me.

"Tell me, Jack Cowles," she said, "is there anything in the world you are afraid to do?"

"At least I'm not afraid of any little Sir Jonas that has forgot his manners," I replied. "But I hope you are not hurt in any way?" She shook her head, smoothing out her gown, and again raised her eyes to mine.

We seated ourselves again upon our fallen apple tree. Her hand fell upon my coat sleeve. We raised our eyes. They met. Our lips met also—I do not know how.

I do not hold myself either guilty or guiltless. I am only a man now. I was only a boy then. But even then I had my notions, right or wrong, as to what a gentleman should be and do. At least this is how Grace Sheraton and I became engaged.

CHAPTER VI

A SAD LOVER

I shall never forget the scene there under the oaks of the Sheraton front yard, which met my gaze when Miss Grace and I came about the corner of the house.

Before us, and facing each other, stood the masters of our houses, my father and Colonel Sheraton, the former standing straight and tall, Colonel Sheraton with tightly clenched hand resting on his stick, his white hair thrown back, his shaggy brows contracted. My mother sat in the low rocker which had been brought to her, and opposite her, leaning forward, was Mrs. Sheraton, tall, thin, her black eyes fixed upon the men. Orme, also standing, his hands behind him, regarded the two older men intently. Near at hand was the Sheraton's Jim, his face also fixed upon them, and such was his own emotion that he had tipped his silver tray and dropped one of the Sheraton cut glass julep glasses to the sod.

It was mid afternoon, or evening, as we call it in Virginia, and the light was still frank and strong, though the wind was softening among the great oaks, and the flowers were sweet all about. It was a scene of peace; but it was not peace which occupied those who made its central figures.

"I tell you, Cowles," said Colonel Sheraton, grinding his stick into the turf, "you do not talk like a Virginian. If the North keeps on this course, then we Southerners must start a country of our own. Look, man—" he swept about him an arm which included his own wide acres and ours, lying there shimmering clear to the thin line of the old Blue Ridge—"We must fight for these homes!"

My mother stirred in her rocker, but she made no speech, only looked at my father.

"You forget, Colonel," said my father in his low, deep voice, "that this man Lincoln has not yet been elected, and that even if elected he may prove a greater figure than we think. He has not yet had chance to learn the South."

Sheraton's own face was sad as he went on with the old justification. "Jefferson would turn over in his grave if he saw Virginia divided as it is. Why, Cowles, we've all the world we need here. We can live

alone here, each on his own acres, a gentleman, and all he needs of government is protection and fair laws. Calhoun was right. Better give us two peaceful countries, each living happily and content, than one at war with itself. Clay was a great man, but both he and Webster were fighting against the inevitable."

"That is true," interrupted Orme, "unquestionably true. Texas came near becoming a colony of England because this country would not take her. She declared for slavery, and had that right. The Spaniards had made California a slave state, but the gold seekers by vote declared her free. They had that right to govern themselves. As to the new lands coming in, it is their right also to vote upon the question of slavery, each new state for itself."

"The war has already begun on the border," said my father. "My friend and partner, Colonel Meriwether of Albemarle, who is with the Army in the West, says that white men are killing white men all across the Indian lands west of the Missouri. But tell me, would men go from Ohio and Iowa and all the East to keep slavery from Kansas, were they not moved by some deep principle?"

"May not our men have the same principles who go from Missouri and fight them for the old principle of free choice?"

"But if the Government takes action?" suggested Orme.

Sheraton whirled quickly. "Then war! war!" he cried. "War till each Virginian is dead on his own doorstep, and each woman starved at her fireside. John Cowles, you and I will fight—I *know* that you will fight."

"Yes," said my father, "I will fight."

"And with us!"

"No," said my father, sighing, "No, my friend; against you." I saw my mother look at him and sink back in her chair. I saw Orme also gaze at him sharply, with a peculiar look upon his face.

But so, at least, this argument ended for the time. The two men, old neighbors, took each other solemnly by the hand; and presently, after talk of more pleasant sort on lesser matters, the servants brought our carriage and we started back for Cowles Farms. There had been no opportunity for me to mention to Colonel and Mrs. Sheraton something that was upon my

mind. I had small chance for farewell to Miss Grace, and if I shall admit the truth, this pleased me quite as well as not.

We rode in silence for a time, my father musing, my mother silent also. It was Orme who was the first to speak.

"By the way, Mr. Cowles," he said, "you spoke of Colonel Meriwether of Albemarle County. Is he away in the West? It chances that I have letters to him, and I was purposing going into that country before long."

"Indeed, sir," replied my father. "I am delighted to know that you are to meet my friend. As it chances, he is my associate in a considerable business enterprise—a splendid man, a splendid man, Meriwether. I will, if you do not mind, add my letter to others you may have, and I trust you will carry him our best wishes from this side of the mountains."

That was like my father—innocent, unsuspicious, ever ready to accept other men as worthy of his trust, and ever ready to help a stranger as he might. For myself, I admit I was more suspicious. Something about Orme set me on edge, I knew not what.

My little personal affairs were at that time so close to me that they obscured clear vision of larger ones. I did not hear all the talk in the carriage, but pulled my horse in behind and so rode on moodily, gazing out across the pleasant lands to the foot of old Catoctin and the dim Blue Ridge.

Before we separated at the door of our house, I motioned to my mother, and we drew apart and seated ourselves beneath our own oaks in the front yard of Cowles Farms. Then I told her what had happened between Miss Grace and myself, and asked her if she was pleased.

"I am well content with this," she answered, slowly, musingly. "Thee must think of settling, Jack, and Miss Grace is a worthy girl. I hope it will bring peace between our families always." I saw a film cross her clear, dark eye. "Peace!" she whispered to herself. "I wish that it might be."

But peace was not in my heart. Leaving her presently, I once more swung leg over saddle and rode off across our fields, as sad a lover as ever closed the first day of his engagement to be wed.

CHAPTER VII

WHAT COMETH IN THE NIGHT

When I rode up our lane in the dusk, I found my father and mother sitting in the cool of the front gallery, and giving my rein to one of our boys, I flung myself down on the steps near by, and now and again joined in their conversation.

I was much surprised to learn that our whilom guest, Gordon Orme, had taken sudden departure during my absence, he having been summoned by a messenger from the village, who brought him word, so he informed us, that he must forthwith be on his way to Albemarle. He had asked my father if he cared to sell the black horse, Satan, to which he had taken a fancy, but this had been declined. Then it seems there had come up something of our late meeting at the village, and Orme, laughing, had told of our horse breaking and wrestling in a way which it seemed had not detracted from my standing in my parents' eyes, although it surely had aided his own. None of us three was willing to criticise our guest, yet I doubt if any one of us failed to entertain a certain wonder, not to say suspicion, regarding him. At least he was gone.

Our talk now gradually resolved itself to one on business matters. I ought to have said that my father was an ambitious man and one of wide plans. I think that even then he foresaw the day when the half patriarchial life of our state would pass away before one of wider horizons of commercial sort. He was anxious to hand down his family fortune much increased, and foreseeing troublous times ahead as to the institution of slavery in the South, he had of late been taking large risks to assure success in spite of any change of times. Now, moved by some strange reasons which he himself perhaps did not recognize, he began for the first time, contrary to his usual reticence, to explain to my mother and me something of these matters. He told us that in connection with his friend, Colonel Wm. Meriwether, of Albemarle, he had invested heavily in coal lands in the western part of the state, in what is now West Virginia. This requiring very large sums of money, he for his part had encumbered not only the lands themselves, but these lands of Cowles Farms to secure

the payment. The holder of these mortgages was a banking firm in Fredericksburg. The interest was one which in these times would be considered a cruel one, and indeed the whole enterprise was one which required a sanguine courage precisely such as his; for I have said that risk he always held as challenge and invitation.

"Does thee think that in these times thee should go so deeply in debt?" asked my mother of him, troubled.

"Lizzie," he said, "that is why I have gone in debt. Two years from now, and the value of these farms here may have been cut in half. Ten years from now the coal lands yonder will be worth ten times what they are to-day."

"John," she said to him suddenly, turning in the dusk, "sell those coal lands, or a part of them."

"Now that I could not do," he answered, "for half their value. The country now is fuller of war than of investment. But come peace, come war, there lies a fortune for us all. For my share there remain but few payments; as Meriwether is away, it is with me to attend to this business now."

And so, with this prelude, I may as well tell without more delay, what evil fortune was in store for us. That coming day my father rode abroad as he had planned, taking black Satan for his mount, since he needed to travel far. He had collected from various sources, as his account book later showed, a sum of over five thousand dollars, which he must have had in gold and negotiable papers in his saddle bags. During his return home, he came down the deep trough road which ran in front of the Sheraton farms and ours. He passed near to a certain clump of bushes at the road side. And there that happened which brought to a sudden end all the peace and comfort of our lives, and which made me old before my time.

I heard the horse Satan whinny at our lane gate, wildly, as though in fright; and even as I went out, my heart stopped with sudden fear. He had leaped the gate at the lower end of the lane. His bridle rein was broken, and caught at his feet as he moved about, throwing up his head in fright as much as viciousness. I hastily looked at the saddle, but it bore no mark of anything unusual. Not pausing to look farther, I caught the broken reins in my hand, and

sprung into the saddle, spurring the horse down the lane and over the gate again, and back up the road which I knew my father must have taken.

There, at the side of the road, near the clump of blackberry vines and sumach growth, lay my father, a long dark blot, motionless, awesome, as I could see by the light of the moon, now just rising in a gap of the distant mountains. I sprang down and ran to him, lifted his head, called to him in a voice so hoarse I did not recognize it. I told him that it was his son had come to him, and that he must speak. So at last, as though by sheer will he had held on to this time, he turned his gray face toward me, and as a dead man, spoke:

"Tell your mother," he said. "Tell Meriwether—must protect—good-bye."

Then he said, "Lizzie!" and opened wide his arms. "There, there!" he said, as though he patted her head.

Presently he said, "Jack, lay my head down, please." I did so. He was dead, there in the moonlight.

I straightened him, and put my coat across his face, and spurred back down the road again and over the gate. But my mother already knew. She met me at the hall, and her face was white.

"Jack," she said, "I know!"

Then the servants came, and we brought him home, and laid him in his own great room, as the master of the house should lie when the end comes, and arrayed him like the gentleman he was.

Now came that old wire-hair, Dr. Thomas Bond, his mane standing stiff and gray over a gray face, down which tears rolled—the first time known of any man. He sent my mother away and called me to him. And then he told me that in my father's back were three or four pierced wounds, no doubt received from the sharp stubs of underbushes when he fell. Also, there was a scalp bruise upon the head. But this, he said, could hardly have been the cause of death. He admitted that the matter seemed mysterious to him.

Up to this time we had not thought of the cause of this disaster, nor pondered upon motives, were it worse than accident. Now we began to think. Dr. Bond felt in the pockets of my father's coat; and now for the first time we found his account book and his wallets. Dr. Bond and I at once

went out and searched the saddle pockets my father had carried. They were quite empty. All this of course proved nothing to us. The most that we could argue was that the horse in some way had thrown his rider, and that the fall had proved fatal; and that perhaps some wandering negro had committed the theft. These conclusions were the next day bad for the horse Satan, whom I whipped and spurred, and rode till he trembled, meting out to him what had been given old Klingwalla, his sire, for another murdering deed like this. In my brutal rage I hated all the world. Like the savage I was, I must be avenged on something. I could not believe that my father was gone, the man who had been my model, my friend, my companion all my life.

But in time we laid him away in the sunny little graveyard of the Society of Friends, back of the little stone church at Wallingford. We put a small, narrow, rough slab of sandstone at his head, and cut into it his name and the dates of his birth and death; this being all that the simple manners of the Society of Friends thought fit. "His temple is in my heart," said my mother; and from that day to her death she offered tribute to him.

Thus, I say, it was, that I changed from a boy into a man. But not the man my father had been. Life and business matters had hitherto been much a sealed book for me. I was seized of consternation when a man came riding over from the little Wallingford bank, asking attention to word from Abrams & Halliday, bankers, of Fredericksburg. I understood vaguely of notes overdue, and somewhat of mortgages on our lands, our house, our crops. I explained our present troubles and confusion; but the messenger shook his head with a coldness on his face I had not been accustomed to see worn by any at Cowles Farms. Sweat stood on my face when I saw that we owed over twenty thousand dollars—a large sum in those simple days—and that more would presently follow, remainder on a purchase price of over a hundred thousand dollars for lands I had never seen.

In the chaotic state of affairs then existing, with the hurrah of a turbulent election approaching, it may be supposed that all commercial matters were much unsettled. None knew what might be the condition of

the country after the fall elections; but all agreed that now was no time to advance money upon any sort of credit. As to further pledges, with view to raising these sums now due, I found the matter hopeless. Colonel Sheraton might, perhaps, have aided us, but him I would not ask. Before this time we had acquainted him of my intentions in regard to his daughter; and now I went to him and placed the matter before him, explaining to him the nature of our affairs and announcing my intention to make a quick journey to the West, in order to obtain assistance from my father's partner, of whom I hoped to find instant solution of the financial problems, at least. It seemed wise for me to place before Miss Grace's father the question of advisability of allowing her to remain pledged to a man whose fortunes were in so sad a state. I asked him what was right for me to do. His face was very grave as he pondered, but he said, "If my girl's word has been passed, we will wait. We will wait, sir." And that was all I knew when I made my hurried preparations for the longest journey I had at that time ever known.

CHAPTER VIII

BEGINNING ADVENTURES IN NEW LANDS

In those days travel was not so easy as it is now. I went by carriage to Washington, and thence by stage to the village of York in Pennsylvania, and again by stage thence to Carlisle Barracks, a good road offering thence into the western countries. In spite of all my grief, I was a young man, and I was conscious of a keen exhilaration in these my earliest travels. I was to go toward that great West, which then was on the tongue of all the South, and indeed all the East. I found Pennsylvania old for a hundred years. The men of western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York were passing westward in swarms like feeding pigeons. Illinois and Iowa were filling up, and men from Kentucky were passing north across the Ohio. The great rivers of the West were then leading out their thousands of settlers. Presently I was to see those great trains of white-topped, west-bound wagons which at that time made a distinguishing feature of American life, and to catch the thrill of that mighty

land there on the American frontier. In time I took boat from Pittsburg down the Ohio River, then up the Mississippi. So after many days of weary travel finally we pushed in at the vast busy levee of the western military capital, St. Louis, where I hoped to find Colonel Wm. Meriwether of the Army, my father's friend and partner.

At that time Jefferson Barracks made the central depot of Army operations in the West. Here recruits and supplies were received and readjusted to the needs of the scattered outposts in the Indian lands. Still I was not in the West, for St. Louis also was old, almost as old as our pleasant valley back in Virginia. I heard of lands still more remote, a thousand miles still to the West, heard of great rivers leading to the mountains, and of the vast, mysterious plains, of which even yet men spoke in awe. Shall I admit it—in spite of grief and trouble, my heart leaped at these thoughts. I wished nothing so much as that I might join this eager, hurrying, keen-faced throng of the west-bound Americans.

With all my heart and soul a-tangle with confusing problems, I say, I felt the vast appeal of a new land beyond. It seemed to me I heard the voice of youth and life beyond. Youth was blotted out behind me in the blue Virginia hills.

I inquired for Colonel Meriwether about my hotel in the city, but was unable to get definite word regarding his whereabouts, although the impression was that he was somewhere in the farther West. This made it necessary for me to ride at once to Jefferson Barracks. I had at least one acquaintance there, Captain Matthew Stevenson of the 6th Cavalry, a Maryland man whom we formerly met frequently when he was paying suit to Kitty Dillingham, of the Shenandoah country. After their marriage they had been stationed practically all of the time in western posts.

I made my compliments at Number 16 of Officers' Row, their present quarters at Jefferson. I found Kitty quite as she had been in her youth at home, as careless and wild, as disorderly and as full of good heartedness. Even my story, sad as it was, failed to trouble her long, and as was her fashion, she set about comforting me, upon her usual principle that whatever threatened, it were best to be blithe to-day.

"Come," she said, "we'll put you up

with us, right here. Johnson, take Mr. Cowles' things; and go down to the city at once for his bags."

"But my dear Mrs. Kitty," I protested, "I can't. I really must be getting on. I'm here on business with Colonel Meriwether."

"Never mind about Colonel Meriwether," rejoined my hostess, "we'll find him later—he's up the river somewhere. Always take care of the important things first. The most important thing in the whole world just now is the officers' ball to-night. Don't you see them fixing up the dancing platform on Parade? It's just as well the K. O.'s away, because to-night the mice certainly are going to play."

It seemed good to hear the voice of friends again, and I was nothing loath to put aside business matters for the time and listen to Kitty Stevenson's chatter. So while I hesitated, Johnson, Captain Stevenson's striker, had my hat and stick.

The city of St. Louis, I repeat, was then the richest and gayest capital of the West, the center of the commercial and social life of West and South alike. Some of the most beautiful women of the world dwelt there, and never, I imagine, had belles bolder suitors than these who passed through or tarried with the Army. What wonder the saying that no Army man ever passed St. Louis without leaving a heart, or taking one with him? What wonder that these gay young beauties emptied many an Army pocket for flowers and gems, and only filled many an Army heart with despondency in return? Sackcloth lay beyond, on the frontier. Ball followed ball, one packed reception another. Dinings and sendings of flowers, and evening love makings—these for the time seemed the main business of Jefferson Barracks. Social exemptions are always made for Army men, ever more gallant than affluent, and St. Louis entertained these gentlemen mightily with no expectation of equivalent; yet occasionally the sons of Mars gave return entertainments to the limits, or more than the limits, of their purses. The officers' balls at these barracks were the envy of all the Army; and I doubt if any regimental bands in the service had reason for more proficiency in waltz time.

Of more of these things my hostess advised me as we sat, for the sake of the shade on the gallery of Number 16, where Ste-

venson's man of all work had brought a glass-topped table and some glasses. Here Captain Stevenson presently joined us; and after that, escape was impossible.

"Do you suppose Mr. Cowles is engaged?" asked Kitty of her husband impersonally, and apropos of nothing that I could see.

"I don't think so. He looks too deuced comfortable," drawled Stevenson. I smiled.

"If he isn't he will be before morning," remarked Kitty, smiling at me. "I mean, he'll be engaged."

"Indeed, and to whom, pray?" I inquired.

"How should I know? Indeed, how should you know? Any one of a dozen—first one you see—first one who sees you; because you are tall, and can dance."

"I hardly think I shall dance, you know the nature of my affairs."

"Yes, poor boy, we do. But in the Army we must forget death. We must be brave and stand eyes right. Of course you will dance."

"I have no clothes," I protested.

"Johnson will have your boxes out in time. But you don't want your own clothes. This is *bal masque*, of course, and you want some sort of disguise. I think you'd look well in one of Matt's uniforms."

"That's so," said Stevenson, "we're about of a size. Good disguise, too, especially since you've never been here. They'll wonder who the new officer is, and where he comes from. I say, Kitty, what an awfully good joke it would be to put him up against two or three of those heartless flirts you call your friends—Ellen, for instance."

"There won't be a button left on the uniform by morning," said Kitty contemplatively. "To-night the Army entertains."

"And conquers?" I suggested.

"Sometimes. But at the officers' ball it mostly surrenders. The casualty list, after one of these balls, is something awful. After all, Jack, all these modern improvements in arms have not superseded the old bow and arrow." She smiled at me with white teeth and lazy eyes. A handsome woman, Kitty.

"And who is that dangerous flirt you were talking about a moment ago?" I asked her, interested in spite of myself.

"I lose my mess number if I dare to tell. Oh, they'll all be here to-night, both Army and civilians. There's Sadie Galloway of the 8th, and Toodie Devlin of Kentucky, and the Evans girl from up North, and Mrs. Willie Weiland——"

"And Mrs. Matthew Stevenson."

"Yes, myself, of course; and then besides, Ellen."

"Ellen who?"

"Never mind. She is the most dangerous creature now at large in the western country. Avoid her! Pass not by her! She stalketh by night. She'll get you sure, my son. She has a string of hearts at her girdle as long as from here to the red barn."

"I shall dance to-night!" I said.

"Yes?" she raised her eyebrows.

"You've a nice conceit at least. But then, I don't like modest men."

"Listen at that," chuckled Stevenson, "and yet she married me! But what she says is true, Cowles. It will be worse than Chapultepec in the crowd anywhere around Ellen to-night. You might lose a leg or an arm in the crush, and if you got through, you'd only lose your heart. Better leave her alone."

"Lord, what a night it'll be for the ball," said Kitty, sweeping an idle arm toward Parade, which was now filling up with strings of carriages from the city. We could see men now putting down the dancing floor. The sun was sinking. From somewhere came the faint sound of band music, muffled behind the buildings.

"Evening gun!" said Stevenson presently; and we arose and saluted as the jet of smoke burst from a field piece and the roar of the report brought the flag fluttering down. Then came strains of a regimental band, breaking out into the national air; after which the music slid into a hurrying medley, and presently closed in the sweet refrain of "Robin Adair," crooning in brass and reeds as though miles away. Twilight began to fall, and the lamps winked out here and there. The sound of wheels and hoofs upon the gravel came more often. Here and there a bird twittered gently in the trees along the walks; and after a time music came again and again, for four bands now were stationed at the four corners of the Parade. And always the music began

of war and deeds, and always it ended in some soft love strain. Groups gathered now upon the balconies near the marquees which rose upon the Parade. Couples strolled arm in arm. The scene spoke little enough of war's alarms or of life's battles and its sadness.

A carriage passed with two gentlemen and drew up at the Officers' Club. "Billy Williams, Adjutant," commented Captain Stevenson lazily. "Who's the other?"

"Yes, who's the tall one?" asked Kitty, as the gentlemen descended from the carriage. "Good figure, anyhow; wonder if he dances?"

"Coming over, I believe," said Stevenson as now the two turned our way. Stevenson rose to greet his fellow officer, and as the latter approached our stoop, I caught a glance at his companion.

It was Gordon Orme!

Orme was as much surprised on his own part. After the presentation all around, he turned to me with Kitty Stevenson. "My dear Madam," he said, "you have given me the great pleasure of meeting again my shadow, Mr. Cowles, of Virginia. There is where I supposed him now."

"I should expect to meet Mr. Orme if I landed on the moon," I replied. "I'd not the slightest notion of his being in St. Louis. He was bound only across the ridge into Albemarle—were you not, Mr. Orme?"

"Er—Captain Orme," murmured Adjutant Williams to me gently.

So then my preacher had turned captain, since I saw him last!

"You see, Stevenson," went on Williams easily, "Captain Orme was formerly with the British Army. He is traveling in this country for a little sport, but the old ways hang to him. He brings letters to our Colonel, who's off up river, and meantime, I'm trying to show him what I can of our service."

"So good of you to bring Captain Orme here, Major. I'm sure he will join us to-night?" Kitty motioned toward the dancing pavilion, now well under way. Orme smiled and bowed, and declared himself most happy. Thus in a few moments he was of our party. I could not avoid the feeling that it was some strange fate which thus brought us two together.

"The army's rotting for want of serv-

ice," grumbled Williams, following out his own pet hobby. "Nothing in the world to do for our fellows here. Sport? Why, Captain Orme, we couldn't show you a horse race where I'd advise you to bet a dollar. The fishing doesn't carry, and the shooting is pretty much gone, even if it were the season. Outside of a pigeon match or so, this Post is stagnant. We dance, and that's all. Bah!"

"Why, Major, you old ingrate," reproved Kitty Stevenson. "If you talk that way we'll not let you on the floor to-night."

"You spoke of pigeon races," said Orme. "Blue rocks, I imagine?"

"No," said Williams, "natives—we use the wild birds. Thousands of them around here, you know. Ever do anything at it?"

"Not in this country," replied Orme. "Sometimes I have taken on a match at Hurlingham; and we found the Egyptian pigeons around Cairo not bad."

"Would you like to have a little match at our birds?"

"I shouldn't mind."

"Oh, you'll be welcome! We'll take your money away from you. There is Bardine—or say, Major Westover. Haskins of the 6th got eighty-five out of his last hundred. Once he made it ninety-two, but that's above average, of course."

"You interest me," said Orme lazily. "For the honor of my country I shouldn't mind a go with one of your gentlemen. Make it at a hundred, for what wagers you like?"

"And when?"

"To-morrow afternoon, if you say. I'm not stopping long, I am afraid. I'm off up river soon."

"Let's see," mused Williams. "Haskins is away, and I doubt if Westover could come, for he's Officer of the Day, head-cook and bottle-washer. And——"

"How about my friend Mr. Cowles?" asked Orme. "My acquaintance with him makes me think he'd take on any sort of sporting proposition. Do you shoot, sir?"

"All Virginians do," I answered. And so I did in the field, although I had never shot or seen a pigeon match in all my life.

"Precisely. Mrs. Stevenson, will you allow this sort of talk?"

"Go on, go on," said Kitty. I'll have something up myself on Mr. Cowles.

("Don't let him scare you, Jack," she whispered to me aside.)

That was a foolish speech of hers, and a foolish act of mine. But for my part, I continually found myself doing things I should not do.

Orme passed his cigarette case. "In view of my possibly greater experience," he said, "I'd allow Mr. Cowles six in the hundred."

"I am not looking for matches," said I, my blood kindling at his accustomed insolence; "but if I shot it would be both men at scratch."

"Oh, very well," smiled Orme. "And should we make a little wager about it—I ask your consent, Mrs. Stevenson?"

"America forever!" said Kitty. "Go on, if you think you can scare a Virginian or a Cowles."

What could I do after that? But all at once I thought of my scanty purse and of the many troubles that beset me, and the strange unfitness in my engaging in any such talk. In spite of that, my stubborn blood had its way as usual.

"My war chest is light," I answered, "as I am farther away from home than I had planned. But you know my black horse, Mr. Orme, that you fancied?"

"Oh, by Jove! I'll stake you anything you like against him—a thousand pounds if you like." He spoke with eagerness.

"The odds must be even," I said, "and the only question is as to the worth of the horse. That you may not think I over-value him, however, make it half that sum, or less, if these gentlemen think the horse has not that value."

"A son of old Klingwalla is worth three times that," insisted Orme. "If you don't mind, and care to close it, we'll shoot to-morrow, if Major Williams will arrange it."

"Certainly," said that gentleman.

"Very well," I said.

"And we will be so discourteous to the stranger within our gates," said the vivacious Kitty, "as to give you a jolly good beating, Mr. Orme. We'll turn out the Post to see the match. But now we must be making ready for the serious matters of the evening. Mr. Orme, you dance, of course. Are you a married man—but what a question for me to ask—of course you're not."

Orme smiled, showing his long, narrow teeth. "I've been a bit busy for that," he said; "but perhaps my time has come."

"It surely has," said Kitty Stevenson. "I've offered to wager Mr. Cowles anything he liked that he'd be engaged before twelve o'clock."

CHAPTER IX

THE GIRL WITH THE HEART

"But now as to this Ellen?" I asked of my hostess. "How shall I know her when I see her?"

"You will not know her at all."

"Couldn't you tell me something of how she will look?"

"No, I've not the slightest idea. Ellen doesn't repeat herself. There'll be a row of a dozen beauties, the most dangerous girls in all St. Louis. You shall meet them all, and have your guess as to which is Ellen."

"And shall I never know, in all the world?"

"Never, in all the world. But grieve not. To-night joy is unconfined. And there is no to-morrow."

"And one may make mad love to any girl one meets?"

"To any girl one madly loves, of course, not to twelve at once. But see, isn't it fine?"

Indeed, the scene on Parade was now gayer than ever. Laughter and chatter came from the crowded galleries all about the square, whose houses seemed literally full to overflowing. Music mingled with the sound of merry voices, and, forsooth, we heard now and again the faint popping of corks along Officers' Row. The Army entertained.

All at once, from somewhere on Parade, there came the clear note of a bugle, which seemed to draw the attention of all. We could see, ascending the great flagstaff at the end of its halyard, the broad folds of the flag. Following this was hoisted a hoop or rim of torches, which paused in such position that the folds of the flag were well illuminated. A moment of silence came at last, and then a clapping of hands from all about the Parade, as the banner floated out, and the voices of men, deep-throated, greeting the flag. Again the bands broke into the strains of the national

anthem, but immediately they swung into a rollicking cavalry air. As they played, all four of the bands marched toward the center of the Parade, and halted at the dancing pavilion, where the lighter instruments selected for the orchestra took their places at the head of the floor.

The throngs at the galleries began to lessen, and from every available roof of the Post there poured out incredible numbers of gayly dressed ladies and men in uniform or evening garb, each one masked, and all given over fully to the spirit of the hour. My hostess and I joined these, she in pink flowered silk, I in a discarded uniform of her husband, a trifle tight across the back, and both in dominos.

There moved before us a kaleidoscope of gay colors, over which breathed the fragrance of soft music. Music, the sight of sweet flowers, the sound of pleasant waters, the presence of things beautiful—these have ever had their effect on me. I felt come upon me a soft content. I turned to speak to my hostess, but she was gone on business of her own. So there I stood for half an hour, biting my thumb. Presently I felt a tug at my sleeve.

"Come with me," said Kitty. We passed to the opposite side of the dancing floor, and halted at the front of a wide marquee, whose flaps were spread to cover a long row of seats.

"Count them," said Kitty, "there are twelve."

And so indeed there were, twelve beautiful young girls, as one might pronounce, even though all were masked with half face dominos. Half of them were clad in white and half in black, and they alternated down the row. Twelve hands handled divers fans. Twelve pairs of eyes looked out, eyes merry or challenging or mysterious.

"Is she here, Mrs. Kitty?" I asked, *sotto voce*.

"You shall guess. Come." And so as occasion offered I was put through the ordeal of a twelve-fold introduction, by no means an easy one. At each fair charmer, as I bowed, I looked with what intentness I dared, to see if I might penetrate the mask and so foil Kitty in her amiable intentions of mysteriousness. This occupation caused me promptly to forget most of the names which I doubt not were all fictitious. As we passed out at the foot of the row, I

recalled that I had not heard the name of Ellen.

"Now, then, which one is she?" I queried.

"Silly, do you want me to put your hand in hers? You are now on your own resources." The next moment she again was gone.

I had opportunity without rudeness in the crowd pressing in behind me, to glance once more up the line. I saw, or thought I saw, just a chance glance toward where I stood, near the foot of the Row of Mystery, as they called it. I looked a second time, and then all doubt whatever vanished, at least as to my guess in the matter.

I began to edge through the ranks of young men who gathered there, laughing, beseeching, imploring, claiming. The sparkle of the scene was in my veins. The breath of the human herd assembled, sex and sex each challenging the other. I did not walk, the music carried me before her. And so I bowed and said to her: "I have waited hours for my hostess to present me to Miss Ellen" (I mumbled the rest of some imaginary name, since I had heard none).

The girl pressed the tip of her fan against her teeth and looked at me meditatively.

"If I could only remember all the names," she began hesitatingly.

"I was introduced as Jack Somebody—I don't remember who—of Virginia."

"We name no names to-night," she answered. "But I was just thinking, there is no Jack C. in the *Gazette* who comes from Virginia and who wears a captain's straps. I do not know who you are."

"At least the game then is fair," said I.

I looked down at her as I stood, and a certain madness of youth seized hold upon me. I knew that when she stood she would be just tall enough; that she would be round and full and a perfect woman in every line of her figure; that her hair would be some sort of dark brown in the daylight; that her eyes would be some sort of darkness, I knew not what, for I could not see them fully through the domino. I could see the hair piled back from the nape of as lovely a neck as ever caught a kiss. I could see at the edge of the mask that her ear was small and close to the head; could see that her nose must be straight, and that it sprang from the brow strongly, with no weak indentation. The sweep of a strong, clean chin was not to be disguised, and at

the edge of the mask I caught now and then as she toyed with her fan the gleam of white even teeth and the mocking smile of curved lips, hid at the very moment when I was about to fix them in my memory, so that I might see again and know. Nineteen, perhaps twenty, I considered her age to be; gentle and yet strong, with character and yet with tenderness, I made estimate that she must be; and that she had more brains than to be merely a lay figure I held sure, because there was something, that indefinable magnetism, what you like to call it, which is not to be denied, which assured me that here was a woman not likely to accept, nor likely to be forgotten.

"My hostess said it would be a lottery to-night in this Row of Mystery," I went on. "But come. This waltz is made for us."

As I live, she rose and put her hand upon my arm with no farther argument, why I cannot say, perhaps because I had allowed no other man to stand thus near her.

She danced as she stood, with the grace of a perfect womanhood, and the ease of a perfect culture. I was of no mind to look further. If this was not Ellen, then there was no Ellen there for me. Around and around we passed, borne on the Danube's stream of the waltz music, as melancholy as it was joyous, music that was young; for youth is ever full of melancholy and wonder and of mystery. We danced. Now and again I saw her little feet peep out. I felt her weight rest light against my arm, I caught the indescribable fragrance of her hair. A gem in the gold comb now and then flashed out, and now and again I saw her eyes half raised. I could have sworn I saw a dimple in her cheek through the mask, and a smile of mockery on her face.

I have said that her gown was dark, black laces draping over a close fitted under bodice, and there was no relief to this somberness excepting that in the front of the bodice were many folds of lacy lawn, falling in many sheer pleats, edge to edge, gathered at the waist by a girdle which was confined by a simple buckle of gold. Now as I danced I became conscious dimly of a faint outline of some figure in color, deep in these filmy folds, an evanescent spot or blur of red, which, to my imagination, assumed the outline of a veritable heart, as though indeed her heart quite shone

through! If this were a trick I could not say, but for a long time I resisted it. Meantime, as chance offered in the dance—to which she resigned herself utterly—I went on with such foolish words as men employ.

"I dreamed I saw a red heart," said I. "But that cannot have been, for I see you have no heart."

"No," she laughed. "It was a dream."
"To-night, then, we only dream."

She was silent at this. "I knew you from the very first," I reiterated.

"What, has Kitty talked?"

It was my turn to laugh. "Ah, ha," I said. "I thought that no names were to be mentioned. At least if Kitty has talked I shall not betray her. But I knew you directly as the most beautiful girl in all the city."

"Oh, thank thee, kind sir!"

"Then you knew I was a Quaker. I had forgotten it to-night, and indeed forgotten that Quakers do not dance. I am glad my father overruled my mother in these matters. To-night I hardly know who I am."

"Officer and gentleman," she smiled, "of course. You dance well, sir. But now I must go. There are very many to whom I am promised."

Reluctantly I moved away from the merry throng upon the pavilion floor. At the edge of the better lighted circle she paused for a moment, standing straight and drawing a full, deep breath. If that were coquetry it was perfect. I swear I caught the full outline of the red, red heart upon her corsage!

"You are Ellen!" I whispered hotly. "You are Ellen, and you have a heart. At half-past ten I shall come again."

At half-past ten I had kept my word, and I stood once more at the Row of Mystery. But all the chairs were vacant, the blue coats had wrought havoc there.

"Buck up, Jack," I heard a voice at my side. "Did she run away from you?"

I feigned ignorance to Kitty. "They are all alike," said I indifferently. "All dressed alike——"

"And I doubt not they all acted alike."

"I saw but one," I admitted, "the one with a red heart on her corsage."

Kitty laughed a merry peal. "There were twelve hearts, had you only known it," she said. "All there and all offered to any who might take them. Silly, silly! Now I wonder if indeed you did meet Ellen. Come, I'll introduce you to a hundred more of the nicest girls you ever saw."

"Then it was Ellen?"

"How should I know? I did not see you. I was too busy flirting with my husband—for after a while I found that it was Matt, of course. It seems some sort of fate that I never see a handsome man who doesn't turn out to be Matt."

"I must have one more dance," I said.

"Then select some other partner. It is too late to find Ellen now, or to get a word with her if we did. There'll be fifty men, all crazy as yourself for Ellen. I'll tell you, Jack, you'd better banish Ellen. Just take my advice and run over home and go to bed. You forget you've the match on for to-morrow, and I must say, not wanting to disturb you in the least, I believe you're going to need all your nerve. There's Scotch on the sideboard. Don't drink champagne."

"Bless you, Mrs. Kitty," said I, "what an angel you are. And how shall I thank you for to-night?"

But when presently I strolled over to Number 16 and got Johnson to show me my little room, I did very little at the business of sleeping, and when I slept I saw a long row of figures in alternate black and white, and of these one wore a red rose and a gold comb with a jewel in it, and her hair was very fragrant.

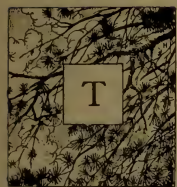
(To be continued.)



DOWN THE MAURICE RIVER

BY LLOYD ROBERTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WM. R. S. MILLER



THE photographs were beautiful, and because of that and the nearness of the river fitting in with the couple of days at our disposal, we decided to add its name to the long list of those we had conquered in the past. We had never heard of any one but the intrepid explorer, whose photographs we were lucky enough to find, who had seen or even heard tell of such a bit of water as the Maurice, and it was only after careful perusal of an extensive map of New Jersey that the stream was discovered starting a few miles south of Philadelphia and ending in Delaware Bay. We shipped our canoe ahead to Franklinville, which appeared to be about the head of navigation, and next day followed via the Quaker City.

It was only a few hundred yards from the station to the Maurice River, and we carried the canoe across on our shoulders while a few stray farmers trailed along behind.

The voyage was begun on what would be hyperbole to call a river. Ditch would be better—only it contained most animated water. It was all of four feet wide and wound between hanging bushes on the left and a luxuriant meadow on the right, with our eyes on a level with the tops of the grasses. From there to where it ceased to have a will of its own and became a tidal river, thirty miles from its mouth, it had two peculiarities that made it distinctive from the usual run of streams—its water was the color of strong tea, and from its very infancy its depth was suited to a small rowboat and never ran out into shoals.

We soon left the bright meadow with its flowers and sunlight and passed into the

gloomy shadow of an alder swamp. As we drifted along on the sturdy current we pulled off our collars—the insignia of respectability—and knotted handkerchiefs in their place, and felt more in keeping with our surroundings.

The scenery (all this time) could hardly be called inspiring, and we began to wonder if our predecessor of the camera had been confused in his geography when he wrote "Maurice River" on the backs of his negatives. It seemed as if we were working our way through an endless gloomy cave that never by any chance ran more than fifty feet in one direction. On either side the black water stood in pools between the alder trunks, and the only dry footing in sight was the floor of our canoe. A few stray catbirds rasped harshly from time to time—but the life that was always with us, that we saw and left and could not evade, was a countless horde of great ash-gray spiders. They were the real inhabitants of the swamp. They spun their tough gray webs low down across the stream, connected every leaf and twig with innumerable bridges, and waited in the shelter of curled-up leaves to pounce out upon their entangled prey. Though we were larger fish than their nets would hold, either by accident or design they would insist on getting upon us. We would brush them from our hair, our faces, and our clothes with undignified haste. One huge fellow must have spread four inches between the extremities of the back and front legs.

About one o'clock the river doubled in size as a brown rush of waters joined the main stream, and a little later we slipped out into the sunlight at the foot of a pasture-lot, and paused to lazy over a miniature lunch.



“Through meadows of arrow-heads and rafts of lily-pads.”



“We slipped out into the sunlight at the foot of a pasture-lot.”

We had left our strange solemn cavern of spidered alders and now our going was swifter, with few wind-falls that could not be passed under or around, while the scenery became far more beautiful even than we had expected. The trees were tall and slim, standing up from a tangled luxuriance of briars and grasses and great masses of the pale purple milkweed. Here and there we could see one lonely spike of crimson salvia, glowing like a tiny flame in the tangle. In little pockets of the river lily-pads overlaid the surface of the water and sometimes a belated perfect blossom floated fragrant and white. A month before and these places must have looked like drifted snow.

About three the current slowed down and we wound out through meadows of arrow-heads and rafts of lily-pads on to a large artificial pond. We knew Millville stood at the foot of such a pond and carelessly took for granted that we had arrived at our destination. Thus a precious hour was wasted while we tried in vain, with frog and minnow and mouse, to lure some hidden pike. And then, floating lazily down to the dam below discovered our blunder from the first person we accosted. This was Willow Grove.

No, he didn't know how far away Millville was, but he showed us where to make our portage around the dam. Three small children stood on the bridge across the millrace and we put the question to them; but they only murmured shyly, "Don-know." And then one youngster, gaining courage, blurted out:

"You won't git there 'for' nine."

We smiled with amusement at his words, for were we not planning to get there in ample time for a dinner that would repay us for our going supperless to bed the previous night and our slender luncheon that day? And we never thought of the adage: "Out of the mouths of babes, etc."

Pete, my companion, had suddenly become pessimistic. "What blamed fools we were," he scolded, for not bringing a road-map. "It'll not be much comfort running a strange river after dark with the chance of butting our faces into fallen trees and being swept under the banks."

"We'll get out in time," I answered cheerfully, "but we had better put muscle into our strokes." We didn't say much

after that, but slogged in earnest. Under such strenuous handling the canoe was not slow to respond and we would whirl broadside to the stream, rounding the bend on our beam ends with the flood yelping in a yellow foam almost to the gunwales. It was like the slewing of a speeding toboggan; but before the sideways movement carried us into the opposite wall of green we would be digging our way down the next lap.

Sometimes it was almost impossible to prevent being swept under the low-hanging trunks and jagged bayonet-like branches, and only deft use of the paddles combined with sharp ducking of heads saved us from accident. But however hard we strained at our tough blades and how incessantly our eyes were strained to pick the course past obstacles that swung round the points, our senses were ever aware of the warm beauty of it all, the wide gradation of greens, the bright and solitary flowers and the more brilliant berries, the thin winds in the little leaves, and the fluffs of white cloud in the wide, clean blue above us all.

Then slowly daylight melted away and twilight came, and darkness crept softly out from the eastern wall of foliage and hung along the stream and moved into the forest on our right toward where the lowered sun threw a fountain of crimson blood upon the sky. And then, because we must, our speed slackened and the bowman bent all his energies on spying snags and wind-falls through the failing light. But still, what with the urging current and the stern paddle, we moved with dangerous haste, anticipating sight of our destination around every bend. A collision that we eased but could not evade with a low-lying rampike, drove more caution into our actions, knowing that it was due more to luck than skill that the encounter had no ill results. After that I reversed my stroke every few seconds gauging my movements to some extent by the tree-tops sliding black against the sky.

A few stray stars blew into flame. Though there was no moon it seemed cheerfully light up there way above our heads by contrast with the density of blackness that crowded on the swamp.

For many seconds at a time we would be as blind as if a bandage had been wrapped across our eyes. Then we could but drift with the current, while Pete waved his paddle as far out beyond him as he



“Low-hanging trunks and jagged bayonet-like branches.”

could reach, feeling for the objects that would take this opportunity to stretch across our course.

Sometimes the current, snarling and contending with a snag, would warn us away from danger—till a faint gleam of light reflected from above would hint our river swung to right or left, and seizing the advantage eagerly we would twist sharply before we could drive into the barrier. A kind of instinct seemed to come to our aid. We would feel the presence of an obstacle before we actually touched it. Perhaps Pete would pull the bow sharply to the right and two feet farther on a bare, jagged limb would graze our cheeks; or I would swing the canoe around to the left in the inky darkness and discover afterward that another yard and we would have been sucked under the bank. However, this instinct could not be depended upon, and at last we jarred upon a trunk that stretched half-submerged across our path. The smoky flare of a newspaper torch showed us one of the few patches of firm ground in the day's adventuring and we dragged the canoe on to it. Then with much patience we stumbled about our little island, with ever imminent danger of walking off into watery space, and gathered handfuls of semi-dry twigs. The Lilliputian fire that finally crackled between us drove discomfort and gloom back on their heels. A cosy home was born in the wilderness, and for the manyeth time we realized that the comfort and friendliness of a camp-fire is past all understanding.

We were naturally hungry—strenuous paddling from noon to nine on a light lunch is apt to stir the most sluggish appetite. Our larder contained four soda crackers

left over from the night before and which with prophetic foresight had been saved, and one apple—the remains of lunch. We put two crackers aside for breakfast and divided the rest. We talk of the comforts of cities. Comfort does not come from without but from within. We had left New York only the day before, and here we were stranded in a swamp, almost supperless, dressed for Broadway, and without blankets—the upturned canoe as a roof and a handful of leaves as a bed, and yet all through our weary limbs stole a sense of such perfect comfort and peace as the city cannot give. Then we knocked out our pipes and closed our eyes to the cheerful play of firelight on the leaves.

Wisps of night still clung to the western sky when we renewed our journey. With daylight our course was perfectly easy, and for two hours we glided down a river that had grown most marvelously beautiful. A wild luxuriance of growth covered both shores. Shrubs and trees were matted with wild grapevines, while bushes of crimson berries brought memories of mistletoe and Christmas. And then through all the profusion of trunk and vine and shrub and tall pale grasses and trailing spider-webs hung a thin rosy mist of low-lying sunlight, that softened and suffused everything together into perfect harmony and beauty. Empty stomachs did not blind our eyes.

Once more the river eased its pace and swung into wide marshes of arrowheads and finally bulged out into a huge artificial lake. At the farther end a number of towering chimneys gazed above the tree tops, signaling to us that the navigation of the Maurice was accomplished.

THE SUMMER VACATION

BY WILLIAM TALBOTT CHILDS

- 40 weeks' anticipation,
- 10 of bustling preparation,
- 1 to pack and reach the station;
- 1 of final realization.



The best part of a canoe trip is taking it over at the end.

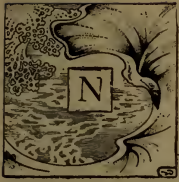


CLOSING DAY IN THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.—A tragic lapse of memory.

CLAMMING ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI

BY T. P. GIDDINGS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS



O pearl fishing is done on the Mississippi River and its tributaries—only “clammin’.” The former name with all its implied poetry of dusky natives diving from “long, low, rakish craft” and returning to the surface with both hands full of the precious gems, is unknown on the river. No, it is done in a far more prosaic way. For many years pearls have been found in the clams and mussels that are so numerous in the lakes and streams of Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, and in fact all of the states of the Mississippi Valley. In some of the Indian mounds in Ohio and Indiana were found stores of pearls, one mound yielding as many as three bushels. The long burial had spoiled many of them, but some of the largest were “peeled” and found to be still lustrous.

Twenty years ago a pearl craze started in Wisconsin. Every one dug clams. Mills stopped and the water was drawn from the mill ponds that the people might get the mussels more easily. Previous to 1895, according to the government report, \$300,000 worth of pearls were found in Wisconsin—Sugar River alone yielding \$10,000 before becoming exhausted. At that time river pearls were not valued as highly as “Orientals,” but now they are eagerly bought by jewelers.

Several years ago button factories were established at various points on the Mississippi River. Men collected clams and sold the shells to these factories to be made into pearl buttons. Some pearls were found and another craze soon started.

Men flocked to the river from all walks of life. White men, red men, black men, brown men and women, all came, though after a month of sun, wind, and river-water coffee, racial characteristics were not conspicuous.

In the summer of 1902 it was said that 20,000 men were clamming on the Mississippi and its tributaries. In the spring of the next year the rush was even greater, but this did not last long. Owing to the overfishing of the previous season the market was already overstocked and the price of shells had dropped so low that by July comparatively few boats were at work. Many enormous beds that were thought inexhaustible had given out, the shell buyers rejected so many shells (only about a quarter of those caught were salable even at the low prices then prevailing) that in the latter part of the season the river was almost deserted.

The price of shells has since risen to several times what it was then, and all kinds are bought, but the beds do not yield as they used to owing to the wasteful method of catching the clams, which kills fully as many as are caught. The government should take immediate and effective steps to protect these valuable bivalves, or soon our river bottoms, which should not only furnish jewels to bedizen those clothed in purple and fine linen but buttons enough to keep the raiment of the world in place for all time to come, will be as valueless as the sands of the Sahara, and the clam will have joined the bison and the wild pigeon in the list of the has-beens.

Many valuable pearls have been found in the last five years. One found near Lans-



The home of the fresh-water clammer.

ing, Iowa, in 1902, was sold in Boston for \$65,000. It was nearly an inch in diameter, flawless, and of the regular "pearl" color. The "Queen Mary," found the same year and in nearly the same place, is now owned by a Chicago lady and cost her \$50,000. It is of a lovely pink color and is somewhat the shape of a cranberry. It was nearly lost to the world, however, as the tired clammer overlooked it when he was sorting over his shells just before his late evening meal. His wife, waiting more or less impatiently for him to finish while the supper cooled in the near-by tent, seated herself upon a pile of "culls," and while idly tossing them about she noticed something sticking to one of them. A close examination revealed an enormous pearl partially imbedded in the shell. In his joy at the recovery of the fortune he had so carelessly thrown away he declared she must keep and wear the beautiful jewel, but when a buyer appeared the same evening and offered her the price of a good farm, a house in town, and enough besides to keep them both running, they came to

the conclusion that while the jewel might look out of place with her calico dress the farm wouldn't.

Those who find these jewels do not have to hunt for a market, as buyers from the eastern jewelry houses patrol the river banks continually, and report of a good find brings numbers of them at once.

The element of chance in pearl fishing makes it fascinating in spite of the arduous labor. One may open a shell and find a fortune, and then again he may not. If one is willing to work he can make good wages from the sale of shells, while the added gain from pearls and slugs, sometimes, not often, increases his income very materially. The clams are found in beds in the channel where the water is from five to sixty feet deep. These beds vary in size from a few to hundreds of feet in width and from a hundred feet to five miles in length. In the upper river clam beds are very numerous and the supply should be practically inexhaustible. The New Boston beds have been fished for years and the clams "bité" yet.

A clammer's outfit is inexpensive and his wants are few. His necessities are a clamming scow, a pair of "bars," boiler, tent or houseboat, a cast-iron spine, unlimited hope and patience, an integument impervious to heat, cold, moisture, mosquito, or invective. He should also possess a penetrating voice and a large and comprehensive vocabulary ever ready and not liable to derangement under sudden pressure, for the advent of a new clammer upon a bed previously occupied is not hailed with delight by those already there. As the river and banks to high-water mark are free to all, the newcomer can only be dislodged by diplomacy or vituperation. At first he is told that "this is the poorest bed on the river." "Worked here all summer and never seen a pearl." "Four miles up they've found lots of 'em." If this fails and he doesn't appear too belligerent, reflections are made upon his outfit, personal appearance, and probable mental capacity. Should the tenderfoot still display good staying qualities and an ability to hold his own vocally, he is received into good and regular standing and pearls are freely shown him.

The clam scow is a flatboat sixteen to twenty feet long and four wide—not a rapid craft by any means nor an easy one

to row. Nailed to each side of it are two upright forked stakes four feet high, and a gas pipe ten to fifteen feet long rests in these forks. At intervals of four or six inches strings or chains two or three feet long depend from these pipes. At equal distances along these chains or strings are three or four small grappling hooks made of common telegraph wire, having four flukes, each as large as a large fish hook. These are called "crow feet" and though a primitive device, no better way has been found to capture the festive clam. Two of these patience-trying snarls of hooks called "bars" belong to each boat, one on each side, and the number of ways in which these hooks may become tangled is beyond human computation. Bars and boat can be made for ten dollars or less. The boiler is simply a large box with a sheet-iron bottom placed over a trench in the top of the river bank. The cost is trifling, as only the sheet iron and two joints of stovepipe need be purchased. The lumber can usually be annexed and the hole in the ground is already there if you only dig the dirt out of it.

It is morning and the first faint flush of dawn is just visible over the crests of the towering bluffs and the merry mosquito has sought his lair. The sound of oars



Back with a good catch.



Hard at the day's work—digging out clams.



A clamming village.



A cooking out—"Hold your nose firmly!"

breaks the silence and out from the shadow of the tent-lined shore glide the clam boats, their chains and hooks making them look like huge centipedes. It is cold and damp. Our boat reaches the head of the clam bed. Splash! goes a bar and its myriad of hooks to the bottom. The rope runs out, forty feet of it, for here the water is deep. The hooks catch the gravel, the boat swings around sidewise to the current; a practiced hand is laid upon the rope to see if the hooks are dragging properly. If too slow the "mule"—a canvas arrangement—is thrown overboard to catch the force of the water and so help us downstream. If the boat goes too fast an anchor and line are used. In dragging along the bottom the hook enters the ever-open mouth of the clam as he sits upright in the sand. He promptly closes the narrow opening between his shells in a vice-like grip and is dragged from his resting place. The boat drifts fifty or a hundred feet, the muscular clammer lays hold of the vibrating rope and hauls the seventy-five pound tangle of hooks, clams, and maybe a few snags, to the surface and lays the iron bar in

the notched upright sticks. Out goes the other bar and the boat swings around, the other side upstream. A good catch. Pull them from the hooks and sort them out. Pull hard, too, for some of these veterans have strong jaws and it is a poor idea to put a finger or toe between them, as many a swimming urchin has discovered. Throw the "nigger heads" into one end of the boat, the "buck horns" in the middle, and the "muckets," "razor backs," and the rest of the culls into the other end.

Verily, this is toil, and yet when these shells are opened, mayhap jewels of price will be revealed. Another trip and home to breakfast. Two more and it is so hot the water sizzles when it strikes the boat. Then home again to cook the clams. Shovel them into the basket, carry them up the bank and dump them into the boiler under the big tree. It takes half a ton to fill it. Fourteen bushels! Fourteen trips up the bank in this broiling sun! Pour in a little water—not too much or you will overwork getting wood, and steam cooks better than water anyway.

What frightful odor is this? "Have you

never smelled a warm clam before? No? Well, you have something yet to live for." Feed the fire often. Hold your nose firmly and lift the cover. Yes, see them lie open. They are done. Shovel them out on the sorting table, and while they are cooling draw off the water and search the bottom of the boiler for "stuff." Sort out the shells and throw the nigger heads into a heap. When the shell buyer comes along with his steamer and scows these will bring twenty dollars a ton; the buck horns twice as much if you have enough to count. Throw the culls away if there are no pearls or slugs sticking to them. Now look over the "meats." How familiar they look! When we get back to town can we ever look an oyster in the countenance again? Doubtful. Well, here they are, three bushels of boiled clams as tough as leather, to be looked over carefully one by one. The slugs and pearls, if any, to be picked from the outside and the clam itself carefully pinched to see if anything precious is concealed within. Your fingers close upon something hard and round and your eyes glitter with greed. Out it comes. It lies in your hand, dull and worthless, a "dead" pearl, larger than the largest pea you ever saw. Brown and lusterless as a pebble. Why isn't it "alive" and then one could

have taken a trip to Europe and "she" could have had a sealskin coat beside.

The meats are done, and behold the result. A very small handful of ill-shaped pieces of pearl called "slugs" and maybe a small "shiner." The slugs will bring twenty cents to five dollars an ounce according to size and quality. Take the clams and throw them off the wing-dam for the fish who will eat them greedily and then hang around waiting to be caught. After supper fish a while. You can defend yourself from mosquitoes with the other hand if you are spry. Also decide whose turn it is to replenish the supply of grub. You can walk to town—it is only four miles by land, or you can row—it is six miles by water and only one way is upstream. Then to bed. There are no gay bonfires for the tired clammer, nor is there visiting to and fro. When night falls he is as prompt as the chickens in going to roost.

Silence reigns. The long hard day is ended and night throws her sable mantle over river, camp, and cliff. The moon rises full and round, till the familiar banks and bluffs disappear and fairyland comes instead. Calm, beautiful silence! but there is none to see and admire.

We must clam again to-morrow.



The cribs where shells are stored.



Drawing for "Mansvelt the Bluffer" by N. C. Wyeth.

"To the last he would pose and swagger."

MANSVELT THE BLUFFER

BY JOHN R. SPEARS

DRAWING BY N. C. WYETH



WITH the story of Mansvelt we come to an account of the first of the raids which the buccaneers made on the Isthmus of Panama.

When Mansvelt led his band to the Isthmus he made his landing near a river that flowed into the sea at a point west of the modern canal route. It was on the coast which Columbus had discovered in October, 1502, and which, because of the extraordinary amount of gold found among the Indians, and in placer diggings, was named *Castilla del Oro*—Golden Castile. Bartholomew Columbus, brother of Christopher, having been sent prospecting in the valleys of the *Cordilleras*, reported that "for many miles he found the soil richly impregnated with gold."

The explorations made after Vasco Nunez de Balboa led a band of Spanish settlers to the west coast of the Gulf of Darien, where a town was built, fully confirmed the opinion which Columbus had formed of the wealth of the Isthmian placer diggings. Gold in wrought ornaments and in dust was obtained from the Indians by the hundredweight. An expedition that did not bring into the settlement 10,000 pesos de oro in jewelry and dust was, at one time, considered unlucky—a peso de oro being a coin worth \$2.56. Not a few of the little bands of Spanish rovers came in with so much gold that they were unable to carry it. The Indians whom they had conquered were brought along as carriers, and on reaching the town, were sold as slaves.

The story of one of the Spanish explorations is of special interest here because we may suppose that Mansvelt was incited thereby to make his raid on the Isthmus.

In March, 1515, Gonzalo de Badajos sailed from Antigua, the settlement on the Gulf of Darien, and landed at a port called *Nombre de Dios*, which is found a few leagues to the eastward of the modern Colon. He was under orders to cross the Isthmus at that point, take possession of the territories he might discover, and gather in as much gold as possible at the same time. The whole Isthmus was divided into small districts, each of which was ruled by a chief usually called a *cacique*. On entering the mountains, Badajos met and overcame a chief named *Totonagua* from whom he extorted 6,000 pesos of gold. A chief named *Tataracherubi*, found a little further on the way, yielded 8,000 pesos, and then under the pain of the rack told Badajos that the chief *Nata*, whose domain was on a stream emptying into the extreme western side of the Gulf of Panama, had more gold than any Indian on the Isthmus.

Thereupon Badajos sent Alonzo Perez de Rua to "pacify" *Nata*—pacify being the term used by the Spaniards when referring to their methods of conquering and robbing the Indians. With thirty men, Rua marched through the country and arrived at *Nata's* village just at the break of day. But instead of finding a single small village, as he had expected, he saw the houses of the Indians spread out on every hand. The population ruled by *Nata* was sufficient to wipe out the little band of Spaniards by sheer weight of numbers. But acting on a trick that Alonzo de Ojeda had taught the Spaniards in Santo Domingo, Rua and his men charged on the dwelling of the chief (always a conspicuous structure in those villages) and captured *Nata* alive. The warriors of the tribe soon gathered in an overwhelming force, but *Nata* with a sword at his throat ordered them to make peace,

and this they did by giving the Spaniards 15,000 pesos de oro.

Escoria, a chief who lived ten leagues to the south of Nata, paid 9,000 pesos for freedom from attack. Of Biruquete, a chief living a few leagues to the west, gold to the value of 6,000 pesos was obtained. Other chiefs of the region, being less wealthy, paid smaller sums.

This gold, it should be understood, had been picked out of the streams by the Indians simply because it was pleasing to the eye as a bright pebble might have been, and having found it malleable they had worked it into shapes that seemed to them to be ornamental. Gold, being everywhere abundant in the region, was valued by the Indians merely as a substance that could be wrought into pleasing jewelry; they were wholly unable to grasp the white man's attitude toward the metal.

In the meantime Badajos had been working his way toward Nata's district by a different route from that followed by Rua, and when the two forces were united it was found that gold worth 80,000 pesos had been collected.

Badajos then marched to the village of a chief named Paraizo Pariba, some distance to the north and west of Nata's domain. Pariba was warned and fled, but to placate the Spaniards he sent what he called "a present from my women." The gift consisted of a quantity of gold ornaments that filled several baskets each of which was one and a half by two feet broad, and three inches deep. The total value of the gold amounted to 40,000 pesos de oro. But instead of feeling satisfied with the gold sent them, the Spaniards became only the more greedy, and going in pursuit of Pariba they made him give up another lot of gold worth 40,000 pesos.

In this one expedition the Spaniards secured gold worth no less than 160,000 pesos, or \$400,000. The equivalent in modern times by the usual estimate of ten to one would be \$4,000,000.

Finding the region so full of gold, and withal a healthful and pleasant land to live in, the Spaniards formed a settlement on the stream where Nata had ruled, and they called it Nata, after the conquered cacique.

In modern times Nata is but a small hamlet, but in the early days the placer diggings round about made it one of the

richest centers of population on the Isthmus. The story of the gold which the Spaniards secured from the redmen, and of that which they gathered from the streams of Nata's district spread over the world. It was very well known to the buccaneers—and the town was but thirty leagues from the north coast of the Isthmus. A hardy band of woodsmen ought to be able to cover that distance, make a purchase of the riches of the town, and return to the north coast within ten days, and "never turn a hair" in the doing of it.

It was the buccaneer Mansvelt who first proposed to go to Nata, and it is in connection with the expedition that he organized for the purpose that we find about all that is known of his career. It is a curious fact that while both Mansvelt and Montbar are called noted leaders by their contemporaries, very few details of their adventures are to be found.

Nevertheless one can form from such material as remains a not inaccurate if somewhat misty picture of the man as he was—black-whiskered and frowning beyond question; aggressive, positive, and even browbeating in bearing and speech; quite as ready to argue by stroke of sword or pistol shot as by word of mouth; pompous and vain; but withal somewhat obese where another—a Morgan, for instance—was lean; wordy where a Morgan was silent; and with jaws that worked uneasily where those of a Morgan shut together like an otter trap.

That he was a man of ideas, even of great ideas, is not to be denied. He had to be that if he were to command a ship, let alone a fleet, among the buccaneers. One can imagine with what hilarious enthusiasm the buccaneers jeered the proposals of worthless would-be leaders, and how, with their hands on their chins, and with eyes that turned from one to another, they pondered a scheme that seemed to have something in it. There was but one way in which the buccaneers could be deluded into following an unable leader. They were such a swaggering, roystering crew that a swaggering bully, who always made good in personal combat, was a hero in their eyes, and him they would follow not once only, but twice and even thrice in spite of failures.

Esquemeling says that before proposing the Nata expedition Mansvelt had led an

expedition that crossed Granada to the South Sea, from which adventure he returned with increased reputation, in spite of the not creditable fact that he turned back because of a lack of provisions.

It was when he had reached Port Royal, after his Granada expedition, that Mansvelt began to gather recruits for the purchase of the wealth of Nata, and he had secured what Esquemeling calls a "considerable fleet" when Henry Morgan came sailing into port from a voyage to the coast of Campeche.

Morgan had gone forth with a single ship—his first—and now with all flags flying, and with every cannon booming, here he came, with "several ships"—plundered galleons—in the wake of his own. At the sound of his guns half the population of Port Royal, men, women, and children—especially women—came flocking to the beach, shouting and screaming a most boisterous welcome. For the hour Morgan was the hero of that most intense community. And yet when he had landed and was told that Mansvelt was organizing an expedition for the purchase of the wealth of Nata, he promptly agreed to go along as second in command. Since Morgan was taken in by him it is safe to say that Mansvelt was the ablest bluffer known to the annals of the buccaneers.

As a study of what may be called a mob leader the expedition of Mansvelt to the Isthmus of Panama is one of the most interesting ever written. The fleet numbered no less than fifteen ships. Leaving Port Royal with a grand flourish, in the summer of 1664, the fleet sailed down to an island called by the Spaniards Santa Catalina and well known to modern coconut buyers as Old Providence. The island was used as a penal settlement by the government of Castilla del Oro, and Mansvelt was of the opinion that he would find among the convicts a number of men able and willing to guide his expedition across the Isthmus to Nata.

Though well fortified the island was easily captured, and the needed guides were found. Then, considering that it would make a good base of supplies, Mansvelt placed the Sieur Simon to defend it with one hundred buccaneers and a number of slaves taken from the Spaniards. The next movement was to sail over to the

neighborhood of Porto Bello and land the garrison taken from Old Providence. This was manifestly an act of characteristic bravado, for Porto Bello was the port from which the plate fleet sailed every year, and a cart road ran thence to Panama. The landed garrison was certain to make all speed to Panama and turn out all the forces the Spaniards could raise to destroy the invaders.

Having thus defied the Spanish, Mansvelt sailed westward to the mouth of the Colla River, where he landed and started inland. But now when the courage of endurance was needed Mansvelt's chin began to quiver. The route was hard and provisions were scarce among the mountains. With fatigue and want came irresolution, and then word was received that the Governor of Panama had assembled a host of overwhelming strength to fall upon the buccaneers as they issued from the mountain passes.

At this Mansvelt lost all the aggressive spirit that had remained in his heart. Forgotten was the gold of Nata, and any excuse for turning back would satisfy him. As it happened an excuse was found that would satisfy his followers also. Among the convicts who had been taken from the penal settlement was one who said he was well acquainted with Costa Rica, and that an easily followed trail led from the north coast through the Cordilleras to the rich and undefended capital city of Caratgo. If the buccaneers would but go to Costa Rica they could march to Cartago with such speed that they would be wholly unmolested on the way, and by surprising the city in the night they would make the easiest purchase of the wealth of the Spaniards that had been known since Pierre le Grande captured the vice-admiral of the plate fleet with an open boat.

Mansvelt grasped quickly at this proposition and the rest joined in. Returning to the ships, the fleet sailed back to Old Providence for supplies. Not only was the island found in "a very good posture of defense," but with the instinct common among the buccaneers the Sieur Simon had planted a variety of seeds. These had produced such abundant crops that he could not only supply the present needs of the fleet, but he could continue to supply them for an indefinite period.

At the sight of this abundance of vegetables and fruit Mansvelt conceived the idea of retaining possession of Old Providence permanently. His thought was to make there a buccaneer community—even a buccaneer nation. And as the buccaneers were in a crude way republicans it is not wholly incredible that Mansvelt had a dim idea of an American republic.

But leaving the *Sieur Simon* to work the plantations, Mansvelt sailed over to the mouth of the *Platina River*, that empties into the sea a short distance west of the modern port of *Limon*, and landed a force that is variously estimated at from six hundred to twelve hundred men. With these he started inland, and until the *Cordilleras* were reached he found the trail easy enough. But in the mountains trouble came; the road was difficult; provisions were scarce; worse yet the expedition was made up of Frenchmen and Englishmen, and the two peoples had been together long enough to develop the race prejudices that at first had been held in check. Only by the strongest efforts of both *Morgan* and *Mansvelt* were the two parties kept from open battle once the hardships of the trail were felt. In this condition the expedition reached the picturesque little mountain hamlet of *Turialba* and camped for the night in and around its thatched huts. They awoke the next morning to see the Spanish flag flying from the crest of a ridge that commanded their camp, and they were told by the people of the hamlet that a force of soldiers sent by the Governor of *Cartago* was entrenched there.

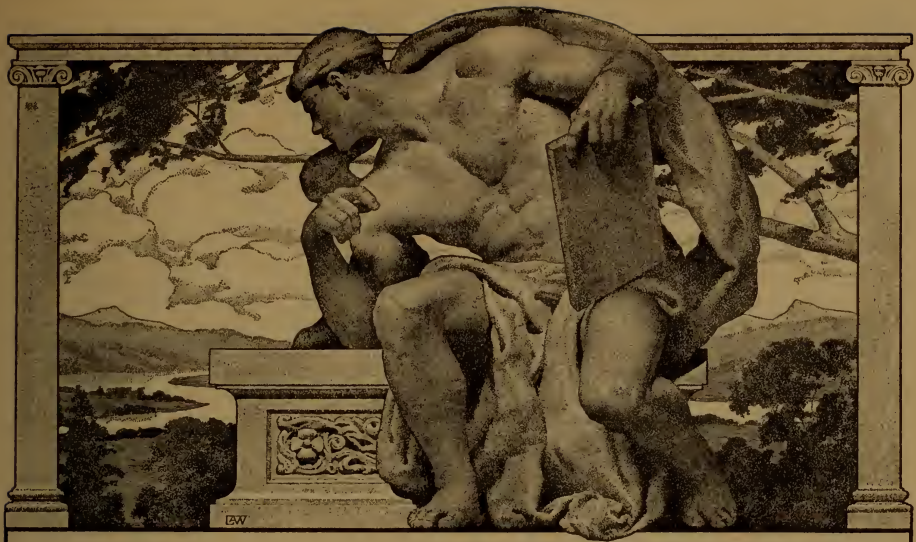
On hearing this news the advantages of establishing a buccaneer community in Old Providence seemed to outweigh immensely the wealth that might be found in *Cartago*—at least in *Mansvelt's* mind. The Spanish force on the hill had doubtless been sent by an all-wise Providence to turn him back to this great work in Old Providence! To the last he would pose and swagger; it was not fear of the Spanish host on the hill that bade him pause; it was the importance of the work of establishing a buccaneer community at Old Providence.

Therefore, without so much as sending a scout to look into the Spanish camp from an adjoining hill, *Mansvelt* ordered a re-

treat, and the disheartened buccaneers turned back snarling and growling to the sea once more, and all but two of them reached the ships in safety. These two, being too footsore to keep up with their shipmates, loitered behind so far they were captured by the Spanish host that had come to oppose the invading buccaneers—and it was the most remarkable Spanish host that ever gathered for such a purpose. The commanding officer, *Major Alonzo de Bonilla*, having disarmed his prisoners, asked them why the buccaneers had retreated. They replied that on turning out that morning they had seen a great army on the mountains above them. At that the *Major* paraded his men before the two prisoners, whose feelings we may imagine as they counted and found that the Spanish "army" numbered just eight men. A band of not less than six hundred buccaneers had fled from nine armed Spaniards. There is no other story like this in the annals of the buccaneers.

Unaware of the ridiculous figure he was to make in the buccaneer world, *Mansvelt* sailed to Old Providence, where he found the crops as abundant as he had hoped, and then he went on to *Jamaica* and asked aid of the Governor to make the holding of the island certain. But *Mansvelt's* day was near its close. He had failed to bring any plunder, and he had not even made a good fight. On the ground that it would not do for a British governor to take lands from the Spaniards in time of peace all help was refused. Then *Mansvelt* went to *Tortuga*, where the French governor gave him some encouragement, but before anything of importance was done, *Mansvelt* was taken sick and died.

In August, 1665, the Spaniards recaptured Old Providence, after a battle in which the *Sieur Simon* fired pipes from the church organ at them for want of better projectiles. But while *Simon* made a good fight he cut a sorry figure after he surrendered, for he helped to decoy an English ship to the anchorage, hoping thereby to gain favor with the Spaniards. But he was sent to the Isthmus along with his fellow prisoners where all of them were enslaved, and with that we come to the end of his career.



THE VIEW-POINT

~ BY CASPAR WHITNEY ~

Peary Relief Expedition

Peary's difficulties in reaching the North Pole are, I'll wager, only a little more wearing than his difficulties in raising the money with which to outfit for the attempt. Despite the splendid record which should entitle him to spontaneous support, despite the efforts of those who wish to see the American flag the one finally placed at this goal of world adventurers, money has come in so slowly that unless a very considerable increase is made within the next ten days it is likely Commander Peary will be compelled to abandon the plans making for a start of the expedition this summer.

Of course if he cannot get away in July he will not be able to push as far north with his ship as is necessary in order to get into position for the dash for the pole in February, 1908: in a word unless he can set sail from New York in July he will lose an entire year.

Certainly it is surprising that in this rich and prosperous country, where the adventure-speculative spirit dominates, there should be great obstacles to securing \$100,000 for such a project and by a man who has proved his worth. No doubt the

wild plans and the unsuccessful attempts of visionary explorers have had a tendency to give a kind of personal exploitation air to north polar exploration, and thus lessen public interest. Perhaps some of the comparatively recent sallies into the Far North gave the public ample reason for indifference; yet it is incredible that no livelier concern should be taken in Peary, whose serious and practicable plans are universally approved by those qualified to pass judgment, and who has earned for himself the respect and the confidence of the scientific world. There is still needing something like twenty-five thousand dollars to enable Peary to start north this July—surely that amount can be raised by popular subscription! This magazine will receive one-hundred-dollar subscriptions for the purpose of raising a five-thousand-dollar fund to be handed to Peary in case he is able to secure the remainder of the amount necessary; donations made to this fund through this magazine will be contingent on the entire five thousand dollars being subscribed, otherwise the hundred-dollar subscriptions will be returned to the individual contributors.

If relief is to be timely, it must be offered quickly.

Injured
Innocence

Unhappily, the Englishman on foreign shores or in dealing with the sports of the foreigner is forever putting his worst foot forward.

The following communication to the *New York Herald* is strikingly illustrative of this mania:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD—

I see that the Irish-American, Croker, who is not, in the genuine British sense, a gentleman, has won our great and classic Derby. I cannot for the life of me understand why the Epsom stewards received his entry, but I am convinced that they will never do so again. It rests with us to keep British sport pure and to set a perpetual example which other nations would do well to imitate.

Henley has already taught foreigners a valuable lesson. The fellows, Ten Eyck and Titus, have been ruled out, and since the Belgians won the Grand Challenge Cup last year a wise movement has been set on foot to bar all foreign crews whatever from Henley. I sincerely trust that the movement will be successful. Only the British people should be the custodians of those famous sporting trophies of turf, track, and stream.

I make these statements in all kindness, trusting that they will be received in the same spirit. The American people, as I have observed from a three months' stay among you, are not without good qualities which I hasten to acknowledge; but, after all, it takes many generations to make real gentlemen of the kind that all the world knows to be expressed in the adjective "British." I have the honor to be yours sincerely, H. LINTON-CALTHORPE.
Hotel Netherland, New York, June 5, 1907.

There is at bottom in almost every son of Albion a certain smug self-serenity which, if uncovered, is irritating beyond words to describe. The best type of Englishman keeps this national trait under strict surveillance, especially when he is abroad; but lower grades of him and the sporting press of England appear utterly unable to control it when America, for any kind of reason, any old reason will answer, is a subject of comment. And the character and the bias of that comment is responsible for a great deal of our mutual misunderstanding; for when that trait comes to the surface at its best strength—well, nothing can appease—you cannot argue, you cannot recede, you cannot accept, you want simply to reach for a club, a big, strong, enduring club, locust wood preferred.

Half of this display of the British sporting mind is prejudice, one quarter is ignorance, and the remaining quarter is

stupidity; it appears never able, or shall I say willing, to discriminate as to things American. For example, a little while ago some representative of the Jamestown Fair went over to England with the large idea of getting the crews of Oxford and Cambridge to come over and row at the Fair. It was an amusing idea, if for no other reason than because it showed such ignorance of the English institution—but there are no flights too lofty for the American press or vaudeville agent when bent on securing a "drawing card." So the Jamestown agent togged himself out in frock coat and silk hat and, with that indifference to cost with which we are accredited, made his offer to the Oxford and Cambridge university authorities, agreeing to pay all their expenses from start to finish and from soup to nuts every day of the entire junket. No doubt if money had been easier with the Jamestown Fair projectors his offer also would have included the parents of the university oarsmen. It was a scheme worthy of the American press agent and did his imaginative mind infinite credit.

Now any one (except an Englishman) would have seen the humor of it, or, if the humor sense was out of repair, would at least have discerned the nature and origin of the proposition and let it go at that; but not in England. Hard on the proposal of the Fair agent came editorial writing, and letter-writing to the press from indignant and outraged (so the letters said) readers who threatened to discontinue their subscription if the editor did not lay bare the heinous customs of the Americans. In fact English vials were turned bottom side up in the effort to flay American sporting methods, etc., etc. The *Field*, sponsor for Dunraven, and the most rabid in its injustice to sporting America, pulling up the blind of that smug serenity to which I have alluded wrote:

"The late offer by an American syndicate to frank British university crews for an American regatta suggests of itself that the genuine amateur status is by no means fully realized across the ocean."

Of course the fact was, as every American would know without being told, and as every Englishman should have enough intelligence to know, that American colleges or clubs or sporting organizations had nothing whatever to do with the project, and

knew of it only so much as they read in the press. The Jamestown Exhibition Company sent its agent after these English crews in the same commercial spirit that they sent another out to the Far West to collect Indians and another into the Far East to gather maidens of the Orient for the All-World and Greatest Ever, See-it-now-and-Die-Happy Vaudeville Show. To be sure, the Company should have known England better, and for that failure may be criticised, perhaps, but that shortcoming does not give the press of England license to slur American amateur sport, or excuse failure to discern business enterprise from legitimate sporting effort, or a "politician" from a sportsman.

Glass
Houses

And there is something to be said for the Company, too, or for whoever suggested the offer to the Oxford and Cambridge crews. No doubt the history of the several junketing trips of the English cricket elevens to this country were familiar to the Jamestown people, and it was natural for them to have concluded that if English gentlemen cricketers had no objection to having all their expenses paid, indeed, were so pleased with such arrangement as to unexpectedly mulct Philadelphia angels for their drinks and their laundry as well—then it was reasonable to suppose that English gentlemen oarsmen might also be as friendly disposed to a trip to America at no cost to themselves and with a little sport thrown in to give the junket color.

Perhaps here again the Jamestown people are to be criticised for not knowing England more thoroughly, yet I am inclined to feel that it is not reasonable to expect familiarity with English sporting inconsistency from those who have not had the somewhat mixed pleasure of coming in contact with its intricate working. How were these square toed business people of Jamestown to know that the England which smiles upon the gentleman cricketer who is given his board and lodging, and, if he is good enough at the wickets, other things more remunerative during the playing season, would fall in a fit of horrors at their mere suggestion of paying the traveling and visiting expenses of its gentlemen oarsmen!

And such a funny little bluff it is! England does not so easily become horror-stricken—nor is America so easily fooled. The incident, harmless enough as properly understood, was seized upon by the English sporting press as an excuse, and all that came of it seems to me not to be worth while.

A little more intelligence and a little less gall will give our dear friends of the "blood thicker than water" legend clearer vision and further more happily international sport. We each of us have our faults and our troubles. Why not view one another's weaknesses, if you so please to call them, in more helpful and kindly spirit.

Heart
in the
Right
Place

And before I leave this subject let me give a tip to that class of American who, knowing very little about the sport traditions and troubles and endeavors of his own country, is forever and on every occasion dragging them into the mire while he harangues about the purity of England, of which he knows nothing except what he sees on the surface. Surface showing is deceptive in England as it is elsewhere, but in the matter of sport you may trust the surface in America more safely than you can the surface in England. I hope some of these men who are forever prating about the purity of sporting England at the expense of America will paste this comment of mine in their hat where they can see it frequently. There is a lot of palaver and guff exchanged on this subject, and it is just as well to have a jolt now and again to bring us back to earth.

The American sportsman has nothing to learn from the English sportsman; in fact you may travel around the world as I have done and conclude as I have, that the American sportsman represents the highest expression of the type, and you will also wish as I do, that there were more of them in America. This is by no means to be taken as unfriendly comment on English sportsmen or on things English, for I am an admirer of the stalwart qualities of the best type on that tight little island, but I do rebel at the unqualified exaltation of things English (in a sporting way) at the expense of things American. Class for class there is fully as much of the genuine spirit of fair play in America as there is in England; in

some directions it is true, there is not so much of the form of sportsmanship, but you may depend upon it that so far as the essentials are concerned your chances in the running will in America be not menaced on that account.

In a word you would get a square deal, even though there was not much talk about it—and no tea drinking.

What We Can Learn from England

The American temperament, which is intolerant of any mark in the race, short of victory, and impels a professional thoroughness in preparing even for the play of our college days, causes much misunderstanding both at home and abroad, and occasions heartburnings in America and criticism in England. It is not sportsmanly instinct that we need, for that is inherent in well-born Americans; what we do need, however, is a restraining hand upon our athletic energy which shall reach forth and put our games where they belong on the playground.

In respect to taking their play fittingly and in proper spirit as play, the English, indeed, set us a worthy example; whether or no our young men are being properly prepared so as to follow it sympathetically, I very much question. The place for such preparation is at the schools and at the colleges, and while there is periodically much talk about what should be done to lessen the seriousness with which the American boy takes his sport, yet the core of the trouble remains untouched; and the core is in the training house.

The difference between our expressed thought and our literal act on this question of college athletics reminds me of the illogical attitude of some of the prohibition states which refuse a license to the saloon but place no obstacles in the way of the breweries or the distilleries. So we talk earnestly of the desirability of doing something to make our boys and young men view their play more as play and less as a means to the end of beating some one; and, as I say, we have made some few casual corrections for that purpose. But it has all been immaterial, just as the prohibitory laws in some of the states are immaterial, so far as achieved the results sought. So long as the brewery makes

good beer the people in that state will get it whether the saloons are closed or open; and so long as schools and colleges pay men to build winning crews and baseball and football and other athletic teams, just so long will the young men feel that winning is the main purpose of their play.

And is it not entirely natural that, with such a schooling, the desire to win should remain paramount over all considerations of mere sport for sport's sake? In respect to play for the pure love of the play, the Englishman can supply us with much wholesome lesson. But the unpleasant truth is that we really require no lesson; we know well what our ailment, and its only cure; and we do not apply it because of the frenzy to win which so possesses us, as to warp our judgment and, in the matter of the coach question, to make moral cowards of the college faculties. Yale sets up a professional rowing coach in the unrealized hope of improving her standard, and Harvard does likewise for the avowed purpose of bettering her chances to win from Yale. Such is the result of the frenzy—and the faculties have not the courage to lift the spirit of play for play's sake above the game for the sake of winning, as they could do by cutting out in one swoop all coaches, except the captain and such few unpaid *alumni* as may happen along to give him a little advice now and then.

Here is where we can follow the example of England with great profit.

Building on Sand

The track athletic championships of the Intercollegiate Association, held in the Harvard Stadium June 1st, crowned a season which already had been lifted above the average by its number of notable performances. It was the thirty-second annual meet of this Association, and furnished more new records than any other one year of its history; in fact it must be written down as the most brilliant games we have ever witnessed. Then, too, it furnished a decided change from the order of things for the last dozen years by producing a winner which relied on its few stars rather than on a well-balanced team with a large number of point winners.

Four men earned the six firsts that gave Pennsylvania thirty of the thirty-three

points with which the championship was won; six men did the point winning for Michigan, that captured second place with twenty-nine points, and of these one man—John C. Garrels—answered for nearly half of the total, or thirteen points. All of which is remarkable from the individual view-point, but appears to me to reflect only incidental glory upon the colleges. Nor does it seem to be a wise policy for the colleges concerned; it is the professional trainers' policy, however, because it is much easier to bring out a half dozen stars than a dozen or so of fairly sure point winners—besides, the star always is spectacular and sheds light upon the trainer—but it is building the athletic house on sand. Once before in her athletic history, if my memory does not fail me, Pennsylvania had the experience of a star team, which carried off all the honors of the day, and subsequently left the university somewhat barren of point winning material. But the Pennsylvania stars of 1907 certainly form a sparkling group.

Taking everything into consideration, Yale's showing with the material it had was excellent, it secured more points than might have been expected in such stellar company, although Yale herself had a star in W. R. Dray, who established a new record for the pole vault. On the other hand the few points which Harvard (that had beaten Yale in their dual meet shortly before) succeeded in getting was one of the surprising revelations of the day.

The number of points scored were: Pennsylvania, 33; Michigan, 29; Yale, 23; Cornell (ex-champion), 15; Princeton, 10; Syracuse, 8; Harvard, 7; Swarthmore, 6; Dartmouth, 5; Amherst, 4; Williams, 2; Johns Hopkins, 1.

Of first places Pennsylvania won 6; Michigan, 3; Yale, 2; Syracuse, 1; Swarthmore, 1.

The men who earned the title of champion and by their brilliant performance made this perhaps the most remarkable meet of the many remarkable ones which have been given in this country are as follows:

N. J. Cartmell, Pennsylvania (100-yard and 220-yard dashes in 10 and 21 4-5 seconds).

J. B. Taylor, Pennsylvania (440-yard dash in 48 4-5 seconds—new record).

Guy Haskins, Pennsylvania (half and one mile runs in 1 min. 57 4-5 sec. and 4 min. 20 3-5 sec.—the latter a new record).

Floyd R. Rowe, Michigan (two-mile run in 9 min., 34 4-5 sec.).

John C. Garrels, Michigan (120 and 220-yard hurdles in 15 1-5 and 24 seconds).

W. F. Kreuger, Swarthmore (16 lb. shot put with 46 ft., 5 1-2 in.—new record).

W. R. Dray, Yale (pole vault 11 ft., 11 3-4 in.—new record).

T. Moffit, Pennsylvania (running high jump 6 ft., 3 1-4 in.—new record).

N. F. Horr, Syracuse (16 lb. hammer throw 150 ft., 1 1-2 in.).

W. R. Knox, Yale (running broad jump 22 ft., 10 in.).

Of individuals, Haskins, Cartmell, and Garrels stand out among the brilliant performers with their two wins each; and of these Garrels is entitled to an especial word because of his time in the high hurdles, which is not bracketed with the world's record on account of a following wind, but in which Garrels showed his high quality by defeating a scant yard, Shaw of Dartmouth, who is credited with having negotiated the event in fifteen seconds, and who was believed in the East to be invincible. Garrels also won second place in the shot with a put of forty-five feet and two inches, which suggests his all-round ability; and his manner at all times was workmanlike and modest as befits a sportsman.

Patronize Home Markets

I shall be misinterpreted, I am sure, by the unthinking western college man, but I cannot dismiss comment on this brilliant athletic day without expressing regret that Michigan should not devote her great athletic ability and her energy to building up teams and stirring anew popular interest in her home field instead of chasing over the country for championships. I do not know why certain western institutions should forever have the eastern championship bee in their athletic bonnet, but I do know that it does more harm than good to the individual chaser as well as to the local resources upon which he must depend. Both Michigan and Wisconsin are doing more harm than good to their own athletics and rowing by neglecting their natural field of competition, and the one which needs and should have their support.

As for the question of athletic supremacy between East and West—what does it matter? The restless ones of the West ought to find sufficient answer to that question in the fact that among the best athletes of our eastern colleges, baseball, football, and other teams, the West has always a majority percentage.

It would certainly be very interesting, and perhaps instructive, to a certain type of provincial eastern mind to bring the East and West together now and then in sport; and track athletics seem to furnish about the only medium practicable, because the two sections are never at the same stage of baseball or football develop-

ment, owing to local rivalries which dominate the schedule and are regarded too affectionately by the eastern undergraduates to permit of readjustment. But on the track a meeting is possible through the winners of the eastern intercollegiate event meeting the winners of the western corresponding body, which Michigan ought to be supporting, instead of running off one thousand miles from home for the purpose, at least so it looks, of advertising.

As the eastern and western meetings are held on the same day, a meeting one week later for the two winning teams would be entirely feasible. I hope we may see something of the kind brought about; it would benefit both East and West.

Give Them the Gate

There is no exhibition of unsportsmanly behavior quite so unpardonable or so illustrative of the cad as a driver publicly refusing, with a flout, a red ribbon because he or she happens to feel that the entry is entitled to a blue ribbon. A single act of this character, whether by man or by woman, should bar the offender from all show rings for a season. It has become somewhat of a habit with several eastern exhibitors, notably one woman, and they should be given the gate.

There is Hope in Travel

Some of the "conservative" members of the body politic have, I see, been grumbling in their beards over the recent Panama excursion, which "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Speaker of the House, organized for a select number of his party confrères. Instead of growling they ought to give utterance to a prayer of thanksgiving that our distinguishedly untraveled law makers are beginning to wander afield. By all means let them wander, the farther the better, even if it leads to nothing more important than falling afoul of the quarantine regulations which keep our northern ports free of that assortment of microbes which rejoice the countries to the far south of us.

I have always believed that it would be money in pocket for the American citizen if we established a sinking fund for the travel of our national representatives who for a large share of their stay in Washing-

ton give evidence of sad deficiency. Judging by the exhibition of the last session, if there is one thing more than another that our average Congressman needs, it is a broadening of mind—and travel is a wonderful educator. Therefore, hist, ye grumblers, and let Uncle Joe junket; perhaps it may develop him out of the narrow and inimical position he took on the Appalachian bill for saving the forest and the water and farming land of a large section.

"Old Men" of Golf

The old men in golf appear to be holding their own better in Great Britain than in our more impetuous if more vigorous clime. Only the other day John Ball, Jun., won the English amateur championship over the St. Andrews links, and this makes the sixth time, if I am not greatly mistaken, that he has secured this honor in the face of a large field and adversaries of the highest class. He has also the further distinction of being, together with Mr. H. H. Hilton, his Hoylake Club mate, the only amateurs who have ever succeeded in winning the British Open Championship. Then there is Horace Hutchinson, a veteran of veterans, who this last summer gave a handsome trouncing to one of the first fliers of much fewer years.

Over here our "old men" are young men, but they appear not to be able, as a rule, to hold their place for very long at any stage of the game; the two exceptions to this general statement have been Travis and C. B. MacDonald, and considering the comparative infrequency of his play the record of the latter is the more noteworthy. Mr. MacDonald does not appear very often, but when he does he may be depended upon to give a good account of himself in the fastest company. Travis held his position at the front for a considerable period, but seems this season to be falling away; he has however his place in American golf and in the matter of performance it is a notable one. He is the only man representing America (Travis is really an Australian), who has yet won the British amateur championship, and there appears to be no one in sight at the moment who is likely to duplicate his performance for some time to come. Thus far the younger class seems to have the modern ailment of

"nerves" and to be erratic in consequence in their play. For several years now we have been represented by some one or another of our first class in the English tournaments, but nothing worth mentioning has happened.

We Are Getting a Little Wiser

Our American public grows a little older every day and perhaps time in passing leaves a corresponding accession of wisdom. Certainly in one way we are a wiser folk. Every year sees us living more out of doors.

Not that the American summer resort is an institution of recent growth; popular mountain and watering places have thriven since colonial times, with Dame Fashion decreeing their choice and their seasons. But it is rather that the man-in-the-street, and *hoi polloi*, and all the rest of us are getting to be nature-lovers, with a fig for what Fashion may have to say about it.

"Are you taking a vacation this year?" says one tired-looking office man to another. "Yes, I'm off to the woods for a week now, and another in the fall," or "I'm going to join the wife and kids in camp," or it may be a cruise or a walking trip according to the speaker's means and energy. The transportation lines are swamped with them, the "woods are full of them," and weather, not Fashion, decrees place and season.

Get Out into the Open

Yes, we are getting the habit. We are said to be a nerve-racked, money-seeking people, but it seems likely that our tireless energy is developing its antidote. We have discovered

our own outdoors and we are beginning to "work it for all it is worth." Yet undoubtedly the movement has only half begun. Every busy city man needs his fortnight at least, in the solitudes; the island camp or a cruise for the inland man, the woods for him of the seaboard city. None can plead expense in this day of easy access to everywhere, and none has the moral right to plead lack of time. For the solitudes are not a fad to the American man of business, they are a duty; a duty he owes his body, his mind and his soul. Week-ends are better than nothing, but an actual vacation is best, and I make bold to state that most excuses standing in the

way of it are imaginary and fade away in the light of common sense.

A New Subscription Plan to Help Save the Bison

In the April number I earnestly urged our readers to join The American Bison Society, which some time ago was organized for the express purpose of saving our national animal from extinction. Many

have responded to this appeal, I am happy to say, but there are others, who, while wishing to give generously, desire to do so only on condition that a certain definite sum is assured. For example one correspondent writes: "Would it not be effective to suggest a subscription list of one hundred dollars from each subscriber, conditional upon a certain number being secured. It seems to me that if THE OUTING MAGAZINE would open a list of that kind, it could secure a great many names. If you choose, you can add mine on that basis to such a list if you start one."

We consider this an excellent suggestion, and with the approval of The American Bison Society, we accept it. From now until further notice, I will receive subscriptions of one hundred dollars or more for the above cause, to be paid only on condition that at least two thousand dollars is guaranteed. As soon as this or a larger sum is subscribed, it is understood that it shall be turned over to The American Bison Society (of which each subscriber will then, of course, be a life member) for the purchase of a nucleus herd of pure-blood buffaloes, from one or more of the private herds still remaining. As soon as proper arrangements can be made, these buffaloes will be presented to the United States Government, to be maintained and preserved on some suitable range or ranges which the Government and The American Bison Society shall agree upon.

The little herd presented by The New York Zoölogical Society, will soon be on its way to the Wichita Forest and Game Preserve in Oklahoma, where the Government has already provided for its maintenance on a suitable fenced range of some seven thousand acres. With half a dozen such herds distributed over the country, the future of the buffalo would be assured.

Here then, is a practical working plan

for saving our finest native animal; let us work together and carry it out.

The first subscriber on this basis is:

W. S. McCrea, Chicago. \$100.

Of course the opening of this new kind of subscription list is only part of the general plan for the preservation of the buffalo, and should in no wise interfere with those who desire to contribute smaller sums to the cause. The Society needs every dollar it can get, and all sums less than one hundred dollars may be sent direct to the President, Mr. William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park; to the Treasurer, Mr. Clark Williams, care of Columbia Trust Co., New York, or to the Secretary, Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, Meriden, N. H., from whom information concerning the Society may be had at any time.

**Game
Legislation
of the
59th Congress**

The record of legislation for the protection of game made by the recently adjourned second session of the 59th Congress is in strong contrast to that of the first session. When

the first session adjourned on June 30, 1906, four bills had become laws while seven were awaiting action. The four bills which passed provided for the establishment of a bison range in South Dakota, for the protection of birds on bird preserves, for the establishment of a game refuge in the Grand Cañon Forest Reserve in Arizona, and for greater protection of birds in the District of Columbia. At the last session only two additional measures were introduced: a bill for the protection of game in the Black Hills Forest Reserve in South Dakota, which was introduced on January 15, 1907, but which apparently was never reported from committee, and a bill for the protection of game in Alaska which passed the House on February 4th, and failed in the Senate ten minutes before final adjournment.

None of the bills remaining from the first session became law, and only one, the bill for the protection of game in the Olympic Forest Reserve in Washington, made any real progress.

The agricultural appropriation bill as reported by the House Committee on Agriculture made no provision for the Biological Survey, thus eliminating all the work on geographic distribution, economic relations of mammals and birds, and game protection carried on by that department. During the passage of the measure through the House the main part of the appropriation was, however, restored. In the Senate the bureau organization and salary roll were likewise restored and an increase of twenty-five per cent. made in the total appropriation for the bureau. This increase was subsequently lost in conference, so that when the bill became a law the Biological Survey, one of the most active departments in the farmer's interest, remained on the same basis and with the same appropriation as last year.

The agricultural appropriation bill also provided for the Forest Service "to transport and care for fish and game supplied to stock the national forests or the waters therein." This seems to have been the only actual advance for game protection made at the second session.

Thus, as a result of efforts for the establishment of game refuges during the past two years, the 59th Congress added one refuge in Arizona but failed to pass any of the measures for the proposed refuges in California, South Dakota, Washington, and other states. The Olympic bill passed the House, was favorably reported in the Senate, and but for a slight objection would have become law; the California bill was reported in the House and in the Senate, but met objection in both branches; while the general bill, authorizing the establishment of forest reserves by the President, was favorably reported by the House Committee, but made no further progress.

Recently there has been a revival of the so-called "fake natural history" discussion—and with a thought of adding at least my mite to the gayety of nations, I had intended touching on the subject in this number. But lack of space compels postponement to a later issue. The subject is one which will not suffer by keeping.

VACATION ANGLING FOR THE FAMILY*

BY LOUIS RHEAD

DURING the hot months of July and August thousands of kind and indulgent fathers residing in large cities arrange to pack off their families to the mountains or seashore—some perhaps to snug retreats of their own, but mostly to board at a farm or hotel—then at each week end, manage in some way to tear themselves away from business cares and have a romp with the children in a good old-fashioned way. The family provider will throw aside his city manners and become, as it were, a boy again.

And, after all, he is the best possible companion for his boys, as well as the most popular. What prospective diversion can hold a candle to the chance of a day's fishing with "Dad"? "Father is here!" is a glad shout that will draw the children from every corner of the farm. It is for him to suggest occupation during their days together. They are content to follow where he leads.

Nearly always the greatest fun to be enjoyed is on or near the water; the children are barred from boating without a protector, but he is the all-powerful—and pretty near anything can be undertaken under his wonderful guidance. If it is a little meandering brook, he will row them along the shores, to catch a glimpse of the sly little mink, or find a wood-duck's nest and gather brookside flowers; or it may be on a lake, to pick the snow-white lilies, and watch the nest of the bass and sunfish through the clear water at the bottom. But the boys (and girls, too) are not content till he begins to fish and lets them see what an expert he is to land the wriggling denizens from their element. The writer proposes here to give a few hints on how to do it for those who know not how. More detailed instructions on this subject can be acquired from the writer's book, entitled "Bait Angling for Common Fishes," published by Outing Publishing Co. The fishes most suited to young folks are certainly the most common and easiest to catch, and include sunfish, perch, catfish, eels, dace, chub, carp, pickerel, sometimes brook trout. Except for the two last mentioned, all writers have entirely ignored these more plebeian fish in their enthusiasm for gamey species. Yet I venture to assert the little five-inch "sunny" caught by the same means, *viz.*, on the fly, will give as

good an account of itself in game qualities according to its size, as the lordly salmon.

Assuming the children are not provided with means to catch fish, the father can saunter into one of the city tackle shops and for a very small sum invest in necessary tackle that will give many times its cost in pleasure. First, a rod sufficiently good for the purpose, at seventy-five cents up to any price he likes to pay; then a small but strong click reel (for children love to hear a reel sing) and a fine oiled silk line, as well as the all-important float or bob; lastly, a small hand net, which will give even the youngest child a chance to take a hand in the game. To complete the outfit a couple of dozen snelled Aberdeen hooks, No. 7 or 8; half a dozen three-foot leaders of reasonably fine gut, with a few split shots for sinkers, the total cost being under five dollars. Regarding the bait to lure the above mentioned fish, all that is required is the small, common garden worm. Every one of these fish will take the worm ravenously, any time during the day, and at any season. The choicest kind of worms are dug up in rich garden soil, potato or corn patches. They are of a reddish color, small in size, with a knot near the middle. They should be placed in a can with damp moss and kept cool.

In fishing ponds or lakes, most fish are found from ten to twenty feet from the shore, where the bottom is grass covered; the boat should be kept so that it will lie just on the edge of the long grass or lily pads. If the wind is too strong for the boat to keep still while it lies among the weeds, let out an anchor or large heavy stone, drop it quietly overboard and have the rope just long enough to reach the bottom. If the rope is too long the boat drifts from side to side. Now that the boat is fast and all is quiet the first thing to do is to find the proper depth to adjust the float, making the bait hang but six inches from the bottom. This distance will do for all the fish except catfish and eels; for these two it is best to have the bait resting on the bottom, for they spend most of their time nosing in the mud for food and for that reason are apt to miss the bait not on the ground. The best way to bait the hook is to have the point go simply through the skin, not through the entire body of the worm, which stops it from acting in a

* The Editor will be glad to receive from readers any questions within the field of this article. While it may be impracticable to answer them all, yet such inquiries will undoubtedly suggest the scope of future contributions to the department. Letters should be addressed to the magazine.

natural manner. The worm should wriggle around in the water exactly as if it were free—if hooked through the skin it does so.

Now drop the bait lightly in some open space between the weeds, a minute or two is enough, if no strike is made, then place it elsewhere without moving the boat. If the float goes quickly under nearly out of sight, it is in all probability a good sized fish, perch, chub or pickerel. Be in no hurry unless it is going for the weeds to hide. If such be the case, raise the rod tip gradually, not a sudden jerk or yank, but just enough to retard progress, and reel in, guiding the fish to the boat's edge; should the fish want to play or run around or even go back to the bottom, allow it to do so, if the weeds and lily stalks are not too near. In that way its strength is weakened. It is impossible to yank a large perch, pickerel or chub right out of the water when just hooked. They are sure to get away, perhaps with part of the tackle.

With a little patience and skill the unwilling fish can be reeled in near to the edge of the boat, so that one of the youngsters may net it. To do so, the net should be placed facing the head of the fish, not the tail, and the net should be lower and deeper in the water than the fish, then with a quick upward movement, lifted, with the larger part of the body in the net and all will be well. During this time the line should be kept taut and held firm by the rod tip being raised high and the finger on the reel. As soon as the fish is boated, give it a few sharp raps on the head with some blunt instrument, so that it won't jump back to freedom. Be careful how the fish is handled, for both perch and pickerel have sharp teeth that make nasty wounds. The hook can be extracted without difficulty if the fish is quiet.

The hook can now be rebaited with a fresh worm and similar proceedings may be gone over. If the worm is taken by a sunfish the float will go under about a foot or so, moving rapidly to and fro. The rod tip should be raised gently but firmly, not yanked into the sky, but just enough to hook the fish, then lead it gently toward the net, and pursue the same method. Every fish hooked should be netted, then none will be lost. Both sunfish, perch, likewise chub and dace, run in large schools, so that very often a great number may be caught right in one spot, though this is only possible when quiet business-like methods are used. All fish are shy and easily frightened by undue excitement and movement; and though they cannot hear noises, they have very sharp eyes.

In fishing the bottom for catfish the net is not required, for they swallow the hook far down their throat, making it impossible for them to escape; but if the catfish is a large one, it is safer to lift it out with the net, giving no chances for the tackle to part and so lose the fish. To extract the hook the only way to get it is to place the

foot on the fish and with a sharp knife cut away the gills. They have terribly sharp spines on their fins, making it impossible to handle them without severe wounds to the hand.

With the eel it is different; having no spines, they may be handled, but they are such slippery rascals that it is hardly possible to hold them. When it takes the worm it should be brought to the net quickly; if allowed to run along the bottom it hides behind large stones or old tree stumps, often winding the line around weeds and other impediments. When brought to the surface it very soon entangles the line in indescribable ways, so that quick work needs be done to get it boated. Like the catfish it swallows the hook far down its throat, making it necessary to cut the gills to extract it.

In fishing for chub and dace the method is much the same as for brook trout. The worm must be always alive, and dropped in the water with as little splash as possible. Just as soon as the float shows any agitation, immediately give a quick, short movement of the wrist that will suddenly raise the rod tip about six inches. This delicate movement, if well done, will hook the fish, if not, will jerk it away. Both chub and dace are very clever in getting the worm without the hook, though brook trout invariably dash at it, taking the entire thing, starting swiftly away. They all three play about the same in quiet waters, making numerous rushes back and forth, up and down, within a radius of ten feet. They should be gradually controlled, reeled in, and the net placed underneath them. In case it should happen that a fish gets entangled in the weeds, a wise plan is to let out some extra line to enable him again to start away. Then it is time to work the rod and line free from the impediments.

While carp are plentiful in some of the great lakes and rivers they are not common in small lakes and ponds; they are at all times exceedingly shy, and due care must be observed while fishing that all is quiet; when once alarmed they will not return. The same method is used in angling for carp as for catfish; they are at the bottom, where they spend their time nosing around aquatic plants.

For angling in quiet, deep-running water, more sinkers should be placed on the leader to keep it down from the surface. But if angling in a quick-running brook or river for chub, dace, or brook trout, the float and sinkers should be removed, and the bait allowed to run in front of the angler wherever it wills on the surface by the action of the current, which takes it naturally just as nature does their general food. The perch, pickerel and sunfish are hardly ever to be found in swift-moving water. They prefer quiet, deep, weedy places, running out at times in the swift current for food, returning at once with their prey to gorge

in quiet water. Eels may be caught in swift water, but at the bottom the current is less strong. This article being confined entirely to worm fishing does not touch on minnow or frog baits because of the extra difficulty in procuring them, and although mention is made of only one kind of angling

there is no reason why a whole family should not fish together from the shore or boat. It sometimes happens that the more rods in use, the more fish appear. For healthy diversion there are few pastimes so agreeable in the country as bait fishing with a worm.

BENCH vs. FIELD IN SETTER-BREEDING*

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

BENCH shows and field trials do not ordinarily come close to the average sportsman. Few attend field trials, or ever will; the distance and inconvenience being enough to deter most men, while for almost all it would mean a surrender of the cherished shooting trips which are the best parts of autumn vacations. Bench shows attract more of them, but they find there no great satisfaction. There is the suspicion that the winning field dogs at these shows are not much for actual work; that there is little to be learned from the awards.

For sportsmen the most important bench show of the past season was that of the English Setter Club. The club is a new organization, chiefly of Philadelphians, whose object is to discover a type of setter which will have as much beauty as possible combined with the best ability in the field. They believe that bench shows have developed one extreme type and field trials another, neither being the dog which the amateur shooting man desires.

In a measure they are right, though it must inevitably be the case that bench shows, which judge dogs on looks alone, will specialize outward appearance, at any sacrifice of field character; and that field trials will place dogs according to performance, regardless of looks. If the club is able to keep the extremes from winning it will be a wonder.

The sportsman likes looks. He likes what might be called "breakability" or susceptibility to comparatively easy training. The Pointer Club has been making an effort to reach a style of dog which unites these qualities with a fair degree of speed and gameness. The English Setter Club has the same ideal.

Among the Llewellyn setter men at the show in question there was deep disappointment. They had hoped—perhaps confidently expected—that the setters

which have been winning at the bench shows would be turned down and the practical shooting dogs put to the front. After a fashion the club could have done something of the sort, but it preferred to go cautiously at first, changing the official standard only by giving greater value to running gear and less to head. It is announced that changes will be made from time to time as they seem to be indicated by experience. The club will also hold a field trial in the fall, in which the members will endeavor to make rules which will bring out intelligence and effectiveness on birds instead of the extreme value put by most field trials on speed and range. We shall see how the experiment comes out.

Mr. Bleistein's setters won the high places at Philadelphia—Meg O'Leck, Moll O'Leck, Bloomfield Rap and Bloomfield Racket, all representing the bench show specialized dogs of England, with the long heads, fine coats and general elegance of that type. In the ring they score high at all points, except that to an American shooting man their shoulders are too deep for lightness of movement. Charles Gibbs Carter of Pittsburg sent two, Avon Ensign and Avon Bobs, which are more compact and of better body and back outline but a shade short and thick in head. For my own fancy, Mr. Carter's dogs are better than Mr. Bleistein's. But, as long as the standard speaks of head as an "eminent characteristic" and demands that skull and muzzle be long and narrow, a judge who agrees to accept the standard and officiate at the club's shows must, in common honesty, apply it to the animals before him.

The trouble about setters of the American, or Llewellyn, breeding is that they present no type which can be defined at a bench show. As far as I know, there is not one living which has not some glaring defect when scored under any standard ever

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written. I have been accused of being a Llewellyn man, and, in a sense, I am. Between a strain of dogs which have a high average of field ability and irregular looks and a strain which have beauty and weak hunting ability, I certainly choose the former. Yet, when one deals with a standard of looks, he must be guided by looks.

How can we combine the two in setters and pointers? There are several solutions of the problem. One is to say in the standard that the judge must give special weight to texture and quality of bone and muscle, placing a high numerical valuation on that attribute—say, at least twelve points. It would nearly wipe out the fancy bench show specimens and give higher places to the working dogs. Another way would be to require every exhibitor to present an affidavit that his dogs were trained and used for shooting and had been worked and shot over by either trainer or owner forty days in the last shooting season. Still another way, rather unsatisfactory to jealous owners and admirers, but possibly effective, would be to select some actual pointer or setter as a standard, have him exhaustively measured, weighed, photographed and tested in the field by a committee, and then, having placed all these results on record, to instruct judges to follow the type.

Most shooting men will agree that an ideal pointer would weigh about fifty pounds, be symmetrical in contour, active on his feet, fast and quick in action, keen as well as sure on birds, biddable in disposition and well marked liver and white or black and white in color.

Where is the dog? One man would say Hard Cash; another would answer that he is too light and bitchy. So with every other actual dog you might suggest.

An ideal English setter would have all the above practical qualities, be blue belton or orange belton in color, weigh forty-five pounds and carry a low, merry tail. A Llewellyn man would jump up and assert that white, black and tan is the best color and that the best dogs carry a high tail.

Differences of opinion would persist. Maybe it must happen that the specialized dogs which score high in the ring must go one way, the racing, ranging field trial dogs another, and a third way be invented by the shooting men who do not care a rap for field trials and bench shows but want handsome dogs which can find birds in any

cover and not demand a year's training before being decent to shoot over.

Some man will breed a recognized strain to please this third and largest class of sportsmen. It can be done by anybody who will ignore prize-winning fashions and stick to his object. Such a man must watch for the brains, looks and action of dogs and breed to the best. And he must resolve not to sell, give away or keep the defective ones which will, for a generation or two, form a majority of his young ones. Drown them and identify the strain only with definite excellence.

What would be the foundation of such a strain? In pointers the task is easier, because they are not judged in bench shows or bred for that purpose, as closely as setters and offer more latitude of looks without inflaming disagreements. In English setters, I should guess that the best plan would be to get from Mr. Thomas of Philadelphia, Mr. Carter of Pittsburg, or Mr. Cole of Kansas City, specimens of some beauty and elegance with hunting and finding ability. All of these breeders have such dogs, at least occasionally.

Either select the best specimens as you breed, and keep within your original blood, or cross carefully on dogs of the Llewellyn blood—not worrying over the "pure" fad—like Count Whitestone, Robert Count Gladstone or McKinley. With good luck, you may get all the beauty and "swell" look of the bench show fancy, and the light shoulders, tough texture and keenness on birds which the best Llewellyns possess. I am about to try the experiment by crossing a bench show winning bitch on one of the best Llewellyn sires, and a pure Llewellyn dog on a bench show dam. The dog last mentioned has a snipey head and long legs. He has correct body outline and is a game, wide ranger. My bench bitch has a wonderful head, but is a bit wide in front and long in the back. I may get something, because she, while not electric in speed, goes well and is a born bird finder. Then I shall cross my pure Llewellyn son of Count Whitestone dog, of bench type good enough to have won a fair place, on a bitch of the Thomas or Cole style.

If anybody else is trying either of these experiments—picking Thomas dogs which are real bird dogs and sticking to that blood, or crossing Thomas or Cole or Carter dogs on Llewellyns—it would be useful if we could compare results a year hence and find out where we stand.

LONG OR SHORT GOLF CLUBS

BY HORACE S. HUTCHINSON

THE last decade has witnessed a change of view, both extremely remarkable and remarkably extreme, on the part of the expert golfer of Great Britain in regard to the length of his clubs. Be it said at once that this is written of the driving clubs only—the exceptions, that is to say those players that use very long clubs throughout the set, being of the kind that prove the rule. Within the short space of ten years we have seen the majority of expert golfers passing from clubs of medium length of shaft to clubs of very short shafts, thence to shafts of extravagantly great length, and at the present moment, there is a tendency to return to that medium which it is the fashion to call blessed. I do not find my own bliss in that particular medium (the personal view is, of course, the view that seems to matter), but in this regard, as in others, that which is one man's bliss is another's curse. I have been a faithful follower of the changing fashions up to the adoption of the very long clubs, but from that extreme point I have not receded. I have not been of that majority that has abandoned the "fishing rods," as the ribald miscall the lengthy clubs; my own long driver is longer than the driver of any other man that I have met, and certainly I have no present intention of shortening it. One should talk of drivers, as of men and women, as one has found them. I have found this long driver a good friend to me and I shall stick to it. Of course it has its moods, like other friends. It is not monotonously the same in its service, but on the whole it is of steady value. I must be egotistical in this story; I adopted that long driver after the amateur championship of 1903. I did pretty well in that championship, but was beaten severely by Mr. Maxwell in the final, and found that with my clubs of the moderate length I was out-driven by enough yards to make a difference. Something had to be done, so I had made a driver of a length which I thought at the time ridiculously and unmanageably long, and so thought everybody else that handled it. But after a few strokes I found I could hit the ball with it quite as well as with a club more than six inches shorter, and that it sent the ball the best part of twenty yards—perhaps all that distance—further. It was a gain worth getting. I have not lost it since. And I find it quite as easy to drive crookedly with short clubs as with long ones.

It may seem curious that if one man finds this benefit from the use of a club considerably longer than the average—it

length from the top of the shaft to the heel is four feet three inches—the majority should find themselves so bothered by a club of say four feet long, that they find it better for their golfing health to go back to clubs of nearly, if not quite six inches shorter than four feet. But, as I said before, what is one man's poison is another's meat, and it is not impossible to see some connection between the character of a man's swing and his ability, or the reverse, to make use of an extra long club. Of the advantage in length of drive to be obtained by the use of an extra long club there can be, I think, no question, other things being equal—that is to say, the hitting being equally accurate. That is the thing wherein the inequality generally occurs. A large number of men find it more easy to hit accurately with the short club than the long. There is one constant inequality, which must be noticed now, namely, that you cannot have a heavy head at the end of a long shaft. I have never been able to work out the formula (I have never tried very hard) by which you might make an equation between ounces of the head and inches of the shaft, but it is certain that as you lengthen the club so you must lighten the head. You are, of course, accustomed to a club which seems to have a certain weight (which you probably have not worked out into figures) in your hand, and you cannot depart from that apparent weight without upsetting your game. You ought, therefore, when you lengthen your club, so to lighten the head that if you take up the two—the short, heavy club and the light, long club—in the dark, you will not be able to tell, by the weight as it feels to your hand (when you hold each club by the grip) which it is that you are handling. That, as it seems to me, is the practical equation.

As for the difference in the mode of swing, by virtue of which one man is able and another is unable to use a "fishing rod," I believe it to consist in this, that if a man have the kind of swing which properly deserves that name (that is to say if it is a constantly accelerated movement up to the moment of the meeting of club and ball, and if there are no jerky movements—no moments of sudden hurry), then I believe that he can use the long clubs. If, on the contrary, his so-called swing is of that character that it were better called a hit, then I do not think that it is possible for him to use the extra long clubs with advantage. Of course the swing, properly so called, is the golfing ideal. On the other hand there

are many of the very finest golfers—Harry Vardon himself is an illustration—who hit, rather than swing. It does not seem to me possible that these hard hitters could use a club of the long-shafted species. If they could, there would be no limit to their driving. For the dynamical advantage of the long club is easy to see, following some such course of reasoning as this—supposing that you were to swing once with a club of three feet long, and again with a club of six-feet long, and that in each instance your hands were moving at the same pace, it is evident that in the second case the head at the end of the six-foot shaft must have traveled a great deal faster than the head at the end of the three-foot shaft, with which you made the first swing, because the head at the end of the longer shaft has made so much longer a journey in the same space of time. Without being much of a mechanician it seems possible to understand this—impossible, perhaps to misunderstand it. And as it is to be supposed that the distance of the drive depends mainly (other things, such as the accuracy of the hitting, being equal) on the pace at which the head of the club is moving at the moment of its impact with the ball, the advantage of the long shaft is obvious. And it is quite evident, to me at least, that one gains more advantage by the greater length that one can give to the shaft of a light-headed club than by the greater weight that one can give to the head of a short-shafted one. Clearly one must have a certain concentration of weight in the head. However fast one induced the end of a mere walking-stick to travel at its moment of impact, it would not drive the ball. It seems as if one wanted a certain weight to counteract the weight, the *vis inertia*, of the ball. But one does not seem to want much more than this, and the weight of head that is quite manageable on a four-foot three-inch shaft is well outside the minimum.

If a man has the kind of swing which enables him to use a long club, he will, I think, gain other advantages from its use besides the extra length of drive that it will give him when he hits the ball correctly with it. It will also, I think, make him more likely to hit the ball correctly; it is likely to improve his swing. It is likely to do this in the first place because, especially when he is commencing his work with the extra long club, he is bound to swing rather more quietly with it than his wont. After a while, as he gains confidence, and as the strange club grows familiar to his hand, he will work it more quickly and probably come back to his former speed of swing again. But, beside the speed, the direction of the swing will also be affected by the extra length of shaft. Clearly, with a long club a man must stand further from the ball than with a short one. Clearly, in the movements of the swing the head at the end of a long shaft will describe a

bigger circle, with a less quickly bending circumference, than will the head at the end of a short shaft. That is to say, the direction of the head's movement will be flatter, in consequence of being at the end of the longer shaft; it will follow during a longer space of its travel the line of the ball's flight (or a backward prolongation, back through the ball, of that line), and so it will, in fact, be tending toward that which has always been held up before us as the ideal standard. And as the head, in describing this flat-circumferenced circle (or, better, section of an ellipse), follows on in the direction of the ball's flight, so it must of necessity draw out the arms of the player to follow after the ball, according to all the maxims of all the wise men. And this, as a matter of fact, I find it to do, both in my own case and in that of all those who have succeeded in making anything good out of the extra long clubs. They follow on after the ball remarkably well.

The flat movement of the head of the club is quite in accordance with the best doctrine. One of the most common causes of feeble driving is an up and down swing, with arms too close in by the sides. But the value of the flat movement has its limitations. The golfer is not equipped at all points who cannot vary it. Obviously, the flat travel of the club head over the ground is only suited to hit a ball that is lying well up on the surface of the turf, or teed up above it. It is a method that does not adapt itself to the ball in a cupped lie. For this we want other clubs and other manners. And this is the reason that, though I think the long club to be so excellent for the driving shots, for those that can use it, I do not think it is well to have brasseys and cleeks, and so on, very long in the shaft. The great purpose of these excellent clubs is to moderate the distance of sending the ball, or else to take the ball out of a cupped or heavy lie. The flat movement of the club-head over the ground is not suited to the latter occasion, and you are not asking these clubs to take the ball very far. Therefore, on all counts, it is as well to have them fairly short, and on some counts it is far better to have them short. The jerk shot—down into the ground, to make the ball start away well out of a cup—is hardly possible with the very long-shafted clubs. They have, of necessity, some of the defects of their qualities, but as driving clubs, if a man is able to use them, the qualities far outweigh the defects.

A trouble that some people apprehend from the use of long clubs as drivers and relatively short clubs as brasseys—namely, that the use of the one puts your hand out of gear for the use of the other—I do not find to exist, in my own experience, nor in the experience of others who have given these "mixed packs" a fair trial.

There was a time when I was an advocate

of the short clubs. Ben Sayers, the North Berwick professional, who used to play with very long clubs fifteen years ago, tells me that at that time I laughed him out of the use of them—and now I am using longer than he ever thought of! I confess it, I have already confessed it, that up to a point—to the point where the very long clubs had their recent vogue—I was a pious follower of the common fashions. And I confess, without shame, that I have changed my opinion. If a man never changes he can never improve, and the progress of a golfer has to be like that of an uphill-going donkey—zig-zag. The young man with the "Excelsior" banner went like that. The one that ought to be

ashamed is Sayers, that he should have let himself be laughed out of any length of club. For that, after all, is the conclusion of the whole matter—the long and the short of it—that a man should play with the club that he finds to suit him best. If a man finds that a long club suits him as well as a short one—that is, that he can hit the ball equally truly with it—then I believe that it will suit him better, for it will hit the ball farther. And let him, then, take to himself such a club as his constant friend. But if a man finds that he cannot play with a long club, let him eschew it, for it is better to hit the ball with a short club than to miss it with a long.

THE ETHICS OF AMERICAN ROWING

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER, JR.

THE general ethical condition of American rowing has been receiving a deal of criticism lately, especially in England, where the unfortunate ending of the Vesper Boat Club's sally on the Grand Challenge Cup gave great encouragement to the anti-American section of British oarsmen. The result was a rule of the stewards closing the Henley Regatta to American club oarsmen until the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen should make some agreement with the English Association such as the foreign rowing organizations have effected. This section of the stewards has caused but little comment in this country, partly because the American people, since the Belgian crew took the "Grand," have rather weakened in their interest in this really great regatta and partly because of the widespread idea that American oarsmen are not wanted in England and no one cares to intrude.

I personally do not believe that American oarsmen of the right sort are not desired in England, and I think that the feeling that almost amounts to a mutual distrust is entirely due to a strange inability of the parties to understand each other. The English and the Americans are so alike in their fundamentals that they cannot quite appreciate differences in manner and are apt to call each other names in the firm conviction that thereby the other will change his ways. Either could manage splendidly with a foreigner, but a man with practically the same birth and speaking the same language, yet having a different point of view—impossible!

Much that we say about the English is

untrue, and much that they say about us is equally untrue, yet at the same time there is a mutual benefit to be derived from this criticism if it is only taken in good part. And many things that have been said about our club rowing are very pertinent; the Vesper Club was particularly unhappy in the general management of its trip to Henley, but I am of the opinion that the greater part, if not all, the offenses which they undoubtedly committed were the result of ignorance and not willful. And this is the great need in American rowing—a better appreciation among the masses of the ethics of sport. We have few ethical missionaries to the boat clubs. The spirit of fairness—of the broader sportsmanship, is absolute and admirable, but at times the gentler feelings are sadly lacking.

It is hardly necessary to go abroad to find our own diseases, but the bitter comments on the Vespers should serve to draw attention to the fact that the ethics of American rowing need revision and that it is high time to consider them. Excepting tennis, golf, and several minor sports, rowing is the only non-collegiate sport that is worthy of the name. Club track, football or baseball teams are too notorious to need discussion; rowing is on a different footing. Among the rowing men are many solid sportsmen, but it sometimes appears that the better element is not in control, or an incident like the Vespers would have been impossible. Our champion scullers, our best crews, are often representative only of rowing speed, and the result is that one finds rowing in the hands of ignorant, if

not willful managers, who blissfully commit all sorts of absurdities.

These remarks apply particularly to club rowing: college rowing would be the better for the elimination of the professional coach, who has grown to such a size that the crew itself appears only as a necessary but quite impersonal adjunct. But sharp methods or professionalism among the men are fortunately lacking. The conduct of college rowing can scarcely be said to be truly gentlemanly; there is quite too much secrecy and childishness both at New London and Poughkeepsie, but nothing of unfair dealing with the exception of the Syracuse freshmen at Poughkeepsie last June. Coach Ten Eyck, a few days before the race, reported that his young son, the stroke, was ill; he kept him out of the boat for several rows and then put him in to win the race. All of which was an unpardonable ruse to obtain bets. One becomes accustomed to this sort of thing in football and track, but rowing is fairer.

The type of man who rows for his university is admirable, the hard training and the small amount of advertising form no inducement to the mercenary athlete; the training and the contests are not always entirely in keeping with the personality of the men engaged. But, for some reason, the club oarsmen seem deficient in the comprehension of the amateur. I believe that few clubmen wittingly violate ethical rules, but I do know that many belong to a class which believes in professional sport and has a hazy notion that amateur and professional are only technical terms at the best and are not at all fundamental differences. In short, we have too many "amachoors" in rowing—good-hearted, well-meaning, but hopelessly lacking in sportsmanly schooling.

It is not always safe to point to England for examples of sportsmanship; in many county and club sports, especially county football and cricket, England is wonderfully back in a proper application of amateur rules. Many a county cricketer is a grafter on a scale that would shame the most inveterate changeling among our college athletes. But rowing is the best sport in England—no sport anywhere is on a level with British amateur rowing, and its followers are ever anxious to preserve its standing. Of course they have odd ideas about our rowing, but often they are nearly right. And at the last Henley, the British opinions were pretty well aired as the "Blues," with the Vespers as a text, debated on what could be done for the singular type of barbarian rampant as the American oarsman.

Henley is a querulous place; mixed with as sound sportsmanship as the world may see is a leaven of cant stirred in by a few ubiquitous oarsmen of former decades. For instance, the dear old *Saturday Review*, in reviewing a recent book on American rowing, came across an old Yale class race

between a dug-out and a racing barge; the boys in the log craft had been twitted about their queer boat and, before the race, they thoughtfully fastened a great rock to the keel of the barge and thus managed to win. The race was entirely ridiculous, but the English commentator passed the joke and gravely censured the author for recording the incident with unholy glee and intimated that no American university was complete without a full set of appliances for retarding opponents' boats. But the sayings of the broader men, such as W. A. L. Fletcher and Theodore A. Cook are sound and pertinent.

It happens that most of the club crews and scullers that have gone from here to England have been poor representatives. Back in '79, the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes made the initial invasion together with the Columbia College four, and Lee, the sculler. The "Shoes" were a rough lot of French-Canadians from the Great Lakes—untamed as nature—and they cut an outlandish figure. Then came Cornell, shirtless and mysterious; and later Ten Eyck with his professional friends and ways; and finally the Vespers, disowned and disgraced by those who had sent them. The college crews—Harvard, Columbia, Yale, and Pennsylvania—were of good class. But examine the careers of the scullers—George W. Lee, Dr. McDowell, Ten Eyck, Titus, Juvenal, and West. Lee and Ten Eyck became professionals, and Titus' entry was refused by the Henley stewards and the stewards of the American Rowing Association. That is—three out of six cared nothing for amateur principles.

There is a vast difference between English and American rowing; in England it is the sport of the well-to-do; here we have all kinds. The rules of the Henley Regatta are not unique in England; the qualifications are only those of the English Amateur Association, and no man may row as an amateur who has ever been in manual labor for hire. There such a clause is an essential, but here it has nothing to commend it, though it does safeguard the sport from the class of men, who, some years ago, threatened to kill American rowing and who are still too numerous. It is not the labor that tends to render a man undesirable, but the fact that the person so employed is hardly likely to be able to pay dues and give time to training without remuneration of some solid sort. The second diverging rule is that which prohibits the paying of railroad and hotel expenses upon trips; no English oarsman may receive a penny for expenses.

The expense question is the most difficult one in all sport to solve; no one doubts but that the pleasing solution is the English, in which every man pays his own way, but here such a system seems impossible, and it would also be impossible in England were the conditions the same as in America. No English team of any kind has ever

visited America without receiving all their expenses, and the cricketers have often been disgracefully mercenary. The distances to regattas in America are usually great, and not all the men in any crew can always afford the outlay, and especially in trips abroad. There is no good reason why in such cases the club should not help out to some extent with a proper care that no money over the actual and necessary expenses is paid; this is the course, with a few exceptions, that has always been followed both in college and club rowing, and when fairly followed there can be no objection; the cases of overpayment are very rare. Of course the club or college which sends a crew or an individual should be the source of the money; public subscriptions are not in keeping with amateur sport—they savor too much of Rollersville sending its "Pride" to fight the "Boilertown Blacksmith" for the championship of the county, and serves to place the whole attention, in a most commercial way, upon the result and not the competition. This business-like method of many of our Henley competitors has been the real reason that Henley does not always appreciate an American invasion; our athletes come grim-faced to take the cups and cause the Englishmen to train more severely than they like for a regatta that has always been in the way of a recreation. And American oarsmen, having incurred considerable expense both to themselves and to their supporters, cannot view their races as an outing, but must strive to achieve the purpose of their voyage; it is usually impossible for an American crew to visit England in the sporting spirit of the Harvard men last fall. There is a vast difference between traveling a few miles to simply have a "try" for a cup—as both American and English oarsmen do in their own countries—and going abroad with a fixed purpose. Therefore it would be far more satisfactory to all concerned if a truly international trophy were arranged and Henley allowed to preserve its own ideas.

All of this seems in the way of a digression from the subject in hand, but it serves to show the reason that Englishmen believe we do not go into sport for the joy of competition but merely to win. They have gained their idea because they always see us under pressure. Any one who sees our own regattas knows that the majority of the men go in for the struggle and then the hope of beating their fellows—and this is sport.

The amateur idea is scarcely a half century old; it is not so long ago that "amateur" and "professional" were only terms to indicate grades of skill and amount of training. The early college crews rowed against professional watermen for money prizes, and no one thought the less of them. And to-day, though the ethical side of club rowing has wonderfully advanced, yet it cannot be expected that all will understand

its finer shades. It is not many years back when the "amachoor" flourished with his backers, when prizes had to have a fixed convertible value or the regatta was not successful; when prizes found their way to the pawnshop with surprising speed. Conditions have become much better, but the best type of amateur is not yet predominant. About New York and in the West affairs are especially bad, and the easy passage of the amateur to the class of the paid coach is instructive; this should be a great step, but with many of our oarsmen it means little—they are already professionals in spirit.

The temptations of oarsmen are not so great; a fast sculler is a more valuable advertisement for his club; a likely candidate for the national championship makes almost a business of sculling. Not one national champion can be pointed out who indulges in the sport entirely for its own sake—there is always the suspicion of paid club dues and various odds and ends. And this will continue so long as the man who is not a gentleman helps to control American rowing—which, to put the matter plainly, is the condition to-day.

The word gentleman, for some unknown reason, is particularly obnoxious to the average American. He associates the term with snobbery and other ungentlemanly qualities. But the expression here must be taken to mean the manly sort of man who rows for recreation and races because he finds fun in it—and for no other reason.

Specific charges are easy to make, but hard to prove. I know one leading sculler who asked that a medal contain a certain amount of gold, and of an oarsman, who had openly played professional football, rowing for an amateur club. These are merely random cases of what can happen; without going into the subject of professionalism in fact; the professional attitude is too apparent. It is not considered an insult to offer a paid coaching position to the amateur of the semi-waterman type, and he accepts or declines with no regard for the ethics of the question—it is merely a matter of expediency. Actual money inducements are almost absent, but the "amachoor" still closely examines the size and composition of prizes, and I have heard many oarsmen speak of the excellent American Rowing Association with contempt because "they only give pewter mugs." Some enterprising regatta committees go so far as to state the nature of the prizes on their announcements.

Some years ago, American rowing had gone so low that sportsmen could not possibly compete. The contestants were mostly rowdies and the whole atmosphere was that of money. Men won by fair means or foul; they were betting propositions and crooked at that. They did not hesitate to "throw" races and the hoodlum element was in full control; every promi-

ment sculler became a professional if the money were in sight.

Things are better now; the rowdies are tamer, but they have not vanished. One need only look over the contestants at a National Regatta to find them. The Harlem Regatta in New York is almost entirely in charge of this element. Compare this regatta with that of the American Rowing Association and the needs of our rowing will be apparent.

The whole matter, in a word, is that rowing is not on a proper plane. In a desire to be democratic, the governors have opened the doors too wide and have failed to bar those who lend an unwholesome atmosphere to the sport.

It is a delicate question; the social status of the oarsman is not important except in so far as it concerns his ethics. American sport always has and must always be open to all who show that they are qualified; no snobbery can be tolerated, yet it is very important to realize that a certain class of men, non-amateur in spirit and action, however well-meaning, must either be educated or barred. I have noticed that the ethical principles have become well recognized everywhere, very generally understood and usually followed. This is particularly true about Philadelphia and Boston where there are large bodies of genuine sportsmen.

The regatta most lacking in ethics is the National, which should be the model for all others, and this, I believe, is due to the fact that the members of the Executive Committee of the N. A. A. O. devote themselves more largely to side issues and to politics than they do to the personnel of the oarsmen over whom they are presumed to have a supervision. A strong and healthy element exists in this committee, but they have not fully reorganized and still tend to lock the stable after the horse has been stolen. The body is not sufficiently independent; the members are amenable to pressure from without and fear to offend their constituents. A far better organization is the American Rowing Association, which is quite independent; the stewards elect their own members and scrutinize the entries for the annual regatta carefully and honestly; the result is that competitors in the A. R. A. regatta are of distinctly high class, and they are every year increasing in number, which is the best possible evidence that the body of American oarsmen care for ethics and would rather compete with the assurance that their opponents are true amateurs.

The outlook is encouraging. We have rules enough; sport is not made by rules but by firm, single-purposed men—and this is the class that is gaining control.

HOW TO RAISE BLACK BASS

BY C. H. TOWNSEND*

THE propagation of the black bass, the pluckiest of game fishes, is a matter of importance to all who are interested in angling and fish culture.

The latest Government statistics respecting the quantity of black bass marketed in this country show that the annual catch, exclusive of the New England and Pacific Coast regions, amounts to 1,846,071 pounds, valued at \$147,561. It is well known, however, that these figures do not, by any means, represent the real value of such fishes to the country, since the numbers taken by anglers are not accounted for. The catch of black bass for sport is very large, and the value to some of our northern states of good bass waters for strictly angling purposes is recognized.

The report of the fishery commission of Maine for 1902, states that in that year more than 133,000 persons visited the state on vacation, to fish or to hunt. These summer visitors brought into Maine

from six to twelve millions of dollars, or more than thirty per cent. of the total value of all farm crops raised in Maine in 1899—the last year reported.

Many of the northern states, notably Michigan, are visited in summer by tourists, largely on account of the good angling to be had in their waters, and the lakes of the country far and wide have become summer resorts for an important proportion of the people. Railways, hotel keepers and real estate firms recognize this and widely advertise the fishing waters with which they are directly concerned. In fact most railroads furnish free transportation to the National and State fish commissions when fish fry are being transported for stocking public waters. Next to trout waters, those inhabited by black bass are probably the most extensively advertised. Where trout cannot be raised, the black bass is the

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species most desired for stocking waters privately owned or controlled, and many sportsmen's associations and country clubs consider the bass fishing privilege the most attractive inducement they can offer for membership.

The fishery commissions everywhere are engaged in bass distribution, either in the form of yearlings or small fry. The United States Fisheries Bureau maintains several stations devoted chiefly to its culture, and the fish commission of Michigan is doing excellent work of the same character.

The number distributed by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries during the year 1905 was 904,776, all of which had been reared to the yearling size or larger.

The Potomac River, one of the best bass streams in the country, was stocked in 1865 with black bass from the Ohio Valley carried across the mountains, in the tender of a locomotive.

During the past forty or fifty years, however, it has been widely distributed by artificial means, so that it is now more or less common throughout the country, and the number of persons angling for it is greater than those fishing for trout.

Owing to the difficulty of fertilizing the eggs artificially, the increase of the species by pond cultivation has naturally been slow, the most successful methods having been worked out during the past ten or twelve years only. Progress during the last six years has, however, been rapid.

The breeding and food habits of bass in ponds have of late been carefully studied with a view to eliminating unfavorable conditions and providing, as far as possible, those ascertained to be beneficial. Fishes are kept in ponds of such size as to permit of their control, and especially the control of the young after they leave the nest, with the object of protecting them from their naturally numerous enemies, and thus securing the greatest number possible for distribution into other waters. A few excellent papers on the details of bass culture have been published. These have not been as accessible to the public as might be desired, and it is the object of this article to state what has recently been accomplished, with a view to stimulating interest in private bass culture.

The spawning habits of the black bass in ponds, briefly stated, are as follows:

The small-mouthed species resorts in the spring to shallow water where the male fish excavates a saucer-like depression among coarse gravel, carefully brushing away all sediment by the action of the fins and tail. The gravel is more or less rooted with the snout and made perfectly clean. After the preparation of the nest the male goes in search of a female, which, after spawning, deserts the nest entirely, the male remaining on guard, gently fanning away sediment from the eggs, by the action of the fins, and fiercely driving off all intruding

fishes. This duty lasts about ten days before the eggs are hatched and about eight days more before the yolk sac is absorbed and the young fishes rise from the gravel.

When able to leave the nest, some days later, they are accompanied by the male who remains their active protector until they are about three-quarters of an inch long and begin to scatter among the water plants to lead independent lives. They mature in two or three years.

The nests of the large-mouthed bass are made preferably among fibrous roots of water plants, and the eggs hatch out more rapidly, that is in three or four days. As in the case of the small-mouthed bass, the nests are made and the eggs and young guarded by the male fish. The spawning period with both species lasts from late in April to early in July, according to latitude and the temperature of the water. As a rule, spawning does not begin until the temperature is between 62 and 65 degrees F., although the building of the nest may commence when it is somewhat lower. Changes of water temperature may affect the spawning and a sudden fall drive the nesting fishes back into deep water, when the eggs will be lost. During cold weather the water supply of ponds is sometimes cut off at night.

Under present methods of culture, the increase of both species is accomplished chiefly through the protection of the young, soon after they rise from the nest. Young bass, and indeed most young fishes, left to their own devices at this period, are destroyed in great numbers by larger fishes of their own and other species.

The protection and control of the young bass is accomplished in two ways: Either by removing the adults after spawning, and allowing the young to develop in the pond, or, as is the custom with most professional fish culturists, by inclosing each nest with a cylindrical screen of cheese cloth supported by an iron frame, from which the young fish are removed with a cloth dip net when they rise from the gravel, and transferred to other ponds or placed in transportation cans for distribution. If they are to be kept for further growth before being distributed, they are placed in shallow ponds where there is plant life and where they may find small crustacea, such as *Clodocera* and *Copepoda*, together with larvæ of aquatic insects, and small snails on which they feed.

The system of cultivation is one, therefore, of active pond culture. The ponds in use are of comparatively small size, varying in dimensions from 50 by 80 to 150 by 200 feet, and several ponds are employed.

They have a depth, in some portions, of about six feet, with a considerable area of shallow water along the shores about two feet deep. Their contours are similar to those of natural ponds. The tendency at present is toward still larger ponds, and a closer approach to natural conditions.

Bass ponds require a strong supply of water, and a considerable growth of water plants in their shallower portions is necessary. The ponds are partially lowered in the autumn and their shallow sections cleaned of all sediment, much of the heavy plant growth being removed.

Small shallow ponds are sometimes constructed in connection with the deep ponds, as spawning places, but it has been found that this leads to fighting among the males which may result in the destruction of the nests.

Since the area of the pond is usually limited, and the adult fishes numerous, daily feeding is necessary. They have heretofore been fed largely on chopped liver, but it has been found that such food may lower the vitality of the fishes so that the eggs do not all hatch. Feeding with brook minnows has given better results, and these are usually allowed to die before being thrown into the pond, as their presence alive might be detrimental to bass eggs at the spawning season.

As small-mouthed bass do not feed in winter, quantities of minnows are placed in the ponds about the time they freeze over, so that the fishes may find a supply of food when they begin feeding in the spring. It was formerly the practice to screen off some portion of the bass pond with woodwork or wire netting, impassable to the adults, but through which a portion of the young could pass and thus escape the dangers which surrounded them among larger fishes.

This method of isolating the young has, however, been largely abandoned, and artificial nests and screens adopted to accomplish the same result. Artificial nest frames are made of wood and filled with gravel, which, being set in shallow water about the pond, are promptly adopted by the fishes as nesting places. For the use of the large-mouthed species, the nests are supplied with some kind of

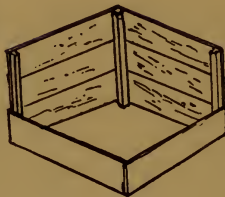


Nest Frame.

fibrous material, such as fine rootlets, or the Spanish moss used by upholsterers; it is attached to the bottom of the frames by means of cement.

Just before the eggs hatch, the screens, or fry retainers as they are called, are placed around the nests to keep the young fishes from wandering away and from which they may be readily removed without disturbance of the adult bass.

The efficiency of this method of control has been proved, as a greater number of young have been obtained and the amount of labor in handling them reduced.



Bottomless Nest.

Late in March or early in April the ponds are drawn down a couple of feet so as to expose the shallower portions, and permit of the artificial nests being put in position. The nest frames are made of inch lumber two feet square and four inches high, two adjoining sides being built twelve inches higher for the purpose of sheltering the nest, since bass naturally nest in the shelter of rocks or logs where such can be found.

The frames are filled with gravel and sand, and the built-up sides covered with a board, which is weighted with a stone to hold the nest frame in position when the pond is flooded. They are placed so that the open sides of the nest frame face toward the deep water. As the males are less liable to observe each other when on the shielded nest, this protection serves to lessen the amount of fighting among them. The frames are placed in rows about twenty-five feet apart, and if there is an inner row of frames, they are placed so as to alternate with the outer row.

The fry retainers are put in place from a boat, when the young are ready to rise from the nest. The nest frame is first lifted out of the way and, its bottom being open, the gravel remains undisturbed.

The fry retainer is formed of two iron hoops, each two and a half feet in diameter, held together by four straight pieces of strap iron, so that the whole forms a cylinder two and a half feet long with the hoops at the ends. The cheese cloth cover is put around and fastened to the rings.

During the few days that the young fish remain in the fry retainer they usually find enough small crustacea to supply themselves with food, but it is sometimes necessary to collect more from the pond outside with a tow net.

A combined nest and fry retainer has recently been devised, in which the nest frame is boxed up on three sides, a sliding screen being put into the fourth side when the time comes to drive out the male fishes and retain the fry. Such nest frames are made with bottoms and are not lifted until the spawning season is over. It is also unnecessary to cover and weight them. Nests of this type, as well as fry retainers, are constructed high enough to project above the surface of the water when the pond is full. Mr. Beeman of New Preston, Conn., is successfully raising small-mouthed black bass by using artificial nests and fry retainers.



Fry Retainer.

One of the difficulties in pond culture which remains to be overcome is the death of eggs before hatching. This is believed to be due chiefly to a lack of vigor in the breeding stock, which may be avoided by the introduction of new stock from outside waters. It may also be found desirable to employ larger and deeper ponds and a stronger supply of water. Deeper ponds are safer for the fishes in winter when they freeze over.

Murky water is dangerous to the eggs and fry and is overcome by careful attention to the water supply. At some stations it is possible to cut off the supply of brook water when it becomes roily and supply the ponds temporarily with clear spring water. Supply pipes are screened, or raised sufficiently above the surface to prevent the fishes from passing up stream.

Brood fish may be procured either from wild or artificially raised stock. If placed in the ponds in the fall they should breed

the following spring, but may not do so if handled immediately before the spawning season.

The number of brood fishes to each acre of water is usually less than three hundred, this area and number being divided into several ponds. The fishes are not fed during the spawning season. As there is considerable fighting among the male fishes at this time, it is important that the number of males does not exceed that of the females, while more than one female may spawn in the same nest if there is an excess of the latter.

The writer has made free use of recent papers on bass culture by Reighard, Lydell, and Bower of Michigan and of documents issued by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.

Bass raising by pond culture is reaching a high state of efficiency, and we may expect an important increase in the number to be distributed hereafter.

CONTROLLING THE SAN JOSÉ SCALE IN ORCHARD AND GARDEN

BY S. L. DE FABRY

TO control the San José scale is possible—to exterminate it whenever once established, impossible. There are different methods of checking its ravages, but only one to exterminate it, that is to dig up and burn the infected trees.

The proper recognition of the scale is probably of as much importance as the remedy itself. Many amateur owners of fruit trees detect the presence of the insect only by the fact that their trees die.

In winter, while trees are in their dormant state, the San José scale can readily be recognized on the smooth bark of the trunk and twigs by its grayish, slightly roughened scurfy appearance. The natural reddish color of the young limbs of peach, pear, plum and cherry trees is changed and looks as if coated with ashes. When crushed a yellow oily liquid appears, resulting from mashing the soft insects beneath the scales. If the smooth bark of badly infected twigs is scratched the underlying wood is stained purplish, and if the scale manifests itself only in scattered, grayish pin dots, forming a slight infection, then purplish circling rings will be noticed under the removed bark. From June to September the live scale—a minute, orange-yellow, oval-bodied

larvæ—will be found crawling on the leaves, twigs and fruit.

As usual, the most expensive method, requiring the most labor, gives the best and only thorough satisfaction. Potash containing whale-oil soap, commonly called Caustic Fish Soap, will under all conditions check the scale if properly applied, without any injury to the trees.

To be successful the action of the potash, contained in the fish soap, on the scale, must be clear to the operator. It acts precisely the same way as ordinary soap does on dirty hands. The potash in the soap dissolves the hard crust formed by the dormant scale, and by proper application the gray ashy surface will disappear and the reddish, rich color of the healthy smooth bark appear again. One spraying will not suffice. The amount necessary depends on how badly the trees are infested. The only safe practical method is to follow a routine for all trees every season, not varying even if some trees seem to be free from infection. If this is followed a positive success under all conditions, climate, weather or local is assured.

To begin with, in February all badly infected limbs of each tree are amputated and

burned. Judgment has to be used not to ruin the balance of the tree and to allow young shoots to form into new branches whenever the old ones are removed. This is important, as it is cheaper and safer to free the tree from a badly infected limb than to try to remedy it. Proper pruning and removing all unnecessary or overlying wood growth must follow—the thinned-out tree will then be reduced to its proper formation for the winter treatment.

After the trees are pruned as above, the trunk and larger branches are painted with a solution of two pounds of caustic whale-oil soap to one gallon of water. If a galvanized metal pail holding two gallons is filled with boiling water and four pounds of the fish soap is dissolved in it and well stirred, the wash is ready to go on the tree.

An ordinary flat brush is used, and with it the entire trunk and all the larger branches are painted, using on some badly infected spots, especially at limb-forks, some force or friction in applying the well-saturated brush—this will facilitate the dissolving of the ashy crust, and soon after the soap has dried the reddish healthy color of the smooth bark will show, where formerly the dangerous gray predominated.

Two weeks later a second application should be made. The scales will be found now in scattered form. Some parts of especial deep infecture will show as a proof that one coat of the fluid was not sufficiently strong to dissolve the heavy crust. The second painting will take a great deal less time and labor, as only the scattered layers need to receive attention now. Painting the trees before spraying is essential. The cost is nearly all labor, as the material used is small. Unskilled labor, even boys, glad to get light work in winter, can be employed, and under proper supervision can do the work effectively.

Late in March, when the buds show signs of swelling, the tree is ready for the final winter treatment and the spray pumps.

Where a number of trees have to be sprayed in orchards, a barrel spray pump is used. There are different makes on the market, but a good barrel spray pump, including barrel, truck, force pump and fifty feet of one-half-inch hose with rod and nozzle can be purchased for twenty to twenty-five dollars. The Vermorel nozzle gives the best satisfaction—the spray is fine, and covers a sufficient radius effectively; beside it is easily cleaned and kept

in order. A barrel truck with iron wheels generally comes with such pumps, but the work is more effective if the barrel with pump is placed on a wagon. The iron rod, some ten feet in length with a stopper, enabling the operator to shut off the spray while walking from one tree to the other, is fastened on the hose, and on the far end of the rod the muzzle is attached. In the home garden where only a few trees need attention a bucket or knapsack pump holding from five to ten gallons can be used.

It is of the utmost importance that the soap should contain potash. Good caustic whale-oil soap can be purchased for four and one-half cents per pound in one hundred-pound barrels, and as low as three and one-half cents in barrels of about four hundred-pound weight.

For the winter treatment, painting as well as spraying, two pounds of fish soap to one gallon of water is used, as mentioned before. To make the solution, the required weight of soap—according to the size of the barrel—is placed in the barrel, then six to eight gallons of boiling water is added and thoroughly stirred, until the soap has dissolved, leaving no sediment. Then with constant stirring, lukewarm water is added until the barrel is filled.

This will finish the winter treatment, but to be successful it should be followed up with at least one spraying in the summer. If only one spraying is applied, the middle of September is the best time; if two treatments are anticipated, July and September should be the months. At that period the scales are alive, and a very weak solution, not interfering with the foliage or setting fruit, will suffice to kill them, if hit by the spray.

For summer spraying the weaker solution of one pound of soap to two and one-half gallons of water will suffice. This will be found entirely harmless to the foliage and will aid to free the tree from all sap-sucking insects beside the scale.

The same pump hose and nozzle can be used as for the winter spray. Summer spraying is of importance, as it will check the rapid reproduction of the live insect not exterminated by the winter treatment.

The cost of the winter and summer spraying combined will be from twenty-five to forty cents per tree, according to quality of soap used and the kind of labor employed.

This expense is not excessive if good crops are realized, and the trees of the garden and orchard are saved from final destruction.

PREPARING THE GARDEN FOR SUMMER*

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

THE HOME-FOLKS' OUTING

THE editor of this department believes in outings for the home-folks who cannot get away to the mountains or seashore. To every one of them he wants to say—make up your mind that you are going to drop work and worry for a week at least, arrange for some one to come and “see to things” while you’re gone, pack up the few necessities of the trip, load the entire family into a big, springy wagon, and set out. Don’t tire yourself out making preparation for it. Just get ready and go. You need not go far from home to find the change you are looking for. Avoid the towns. Get into the places where everything is as primitive as possible. Don’t make the mistake of arranging for a house to stay in. By all means camp out. A tent to sleep in is half the charm of a genuine outing. I know of nothing pleasanter than lounging on a bed of boughs in the stillness of the evening, with the black shadows of the woods all about you, and a great fire blazing before the open tent. That is recreation in the ideal to the man or woman who gives him or her self up wholly to the mood and the moment.

Don’t make it a dress affair. To do that is to spoil everything. Wear clothes that will stand hard usage, and needn’t be worried about. Don’t bother with unnecessary things in the shape of luggage. A few tin plates and cups, some knives and forks and spoons, a kettle, and two or three pails, and a frying-pan will be quite sufficient. The pails will answer for water, and for making tea and coffee. Leave breakable things at home. Be sure to provide liberally in the line of eatables. Let these be of the substantial kind. You will have such appetites by the time you get to your camping-place that you can eat almost anything and relish it. You will be hungry all the time, and it will take a good deal to satisfy you. Take along plenty of good bread, salt pork and bacon, baked beans, canned vegetables and fruit, tea and coffee, butter, and salt and pepper. Leave fancy cakes and pies at home. They’ll be so muddled up by the time you get where you’re going that quite likely you’ll have to throw them away. You won’t want them, anyway, for you’ll have an appetite for stronger, healthier food. A pailful—or

more—of nice doughnuts, with cheese to go with it, may be added to advantage, to lunch on between meals. Have a good supply of towels, and soap, and a bottle of arnica or Pond’s Extract, for possible bruises, and probable insect bites. It is a good plan to take along two or three hammocks to encourage the lounging and laziness which makes an outing successful as a resting-spell. Swing these up under the trees, and see how much more pleasure you get out of them in “the forest primeval” than you ever did at home.

Don’t make any plans. Just let things happen to suit themselves. Make it your solitary aim to get as much good out of your week off as possible. Relax. No doubt good old Walt Whitman had an outing of this kind in mind when he spoke about loafing and inviting his soul. There will be things happening constantly to interest and amuse you. That’s one of the charms of an outing. You don’t know what to expect, and everything that happens comes as a pleasant surprise.

It’s a good plan to take a few good books along. John Burroughs’ books mean a great deal more when read under the trees, or by the light of a camp-fire than they do when read at home. They need the atmosphere of the open, the environment of the forest, the sound of wind and the chatter of a brook to bring out fully the charm that is in them.

You’ll come back home from such an outing with ten times the amount of vitality you took away. Work will seem like play to you. You’ll make up your mind that instead of asking yourself the question, next year, “Can I afford to take an outing?” the question to be asked will be, “Can I afford *not* to take one?”

REMODELING THE HOME

There are few homes in which changes are not made from time to time. Use shows us where mistakes were made in the original plan. I have recently seen a home in which a very radical change was made, and the result was so pleasing that I want to tell about it, thinking that others may take a hint from it. There was a front and a back parlor. The rooms were of fairly good size, but they did not seem large enough to accommodate the furniture that

* The Editor will be glad to receive from readers any questions within the field of this article. While it may be impracticable to answer them all, yet such inquiries will undoubtedly suggest the scope of future contributions to the department. Letters should be addressed to the magazine.

was in them, and allow for freedom of movement. The woman of the family studied the matter over, and decided to have the wall between them taken out, and the two made into one large room. This was done. The result was extremely satisfactory. Now the furniture can be arranged in such a manner as to look well, and the room never seems cluttered or crowded. Pictures appear to much better advantage on the walls than before. Visitors form themselves into little groups without intruding on their neighbors, as formerly. What seemed, at first, to be almost barn-like space compared with the size of the rooms in their original arrangement, now seems just the right thing for family use. The large room has a dignity that no small room—no room of ordinary size—can ever have. What do we need of a "parlor"? I hold that what is good enough for me and my family is quite good enough for my visitors. Let us make ourselves living-rooms, and put into them all the beautiful things we can afford, and enjoy them every day. Sacrifice the "parlor" for this purpose, if necessary. You won't be sorry for having done it.

CONCRETE FLOORS

Provide cellar and woodshed with concrete floors. They are superior to wood, in every way, and do not cost much, if any, more in these days of high-priced lumber. Once in place they are good for a lifetime. With such a floor in the cellar, and the walls finished with the same material, it is an easy matter to keep it as clean as any other part of the house.

SUMMER WORK IN THE GARDEN

Keep the hoe and cultivator going, even if the season is a dry one. That is just one reason why you should make constant use of it. A soil that is stirred frequently, and kept open and mellow, will absorb every least bit of moisture that happens along, while a soil that is crusted over can take in none of it. Use the cultivator daily, then, when the ground suffers from lack of rain.

Thin out the beds and rows. Never allow plants to crowd each other. Give plenty of room for development if you want fine specimens.

See that the pea-vines are given proper support. If the tall growing kinds are not kept off the ground you need not expect much of a crop from them.

Train your tomatoes on trellises. This gives the sun a better chance to get at the fruit, and there will be no danger of rot. If you want early fruit, nip off the ends of the vines as soon as there is a setting, and throw all the strength of the branch into the development of the few tomatoes clustered there, rather than fritter it away on all that will set if the plant is allowed to manage itself.

Spray the currants and gooseberries if the worm threatens to do injury. Paris green is largely used for this purpose. There is no danger in its use, as the first shower that comes along washes it all off. If blight and fungus attack the plants, apply Bordeaux mixture. It may be well to use this on other small fruits if they show yellowing foliage, or have something of a rusty look.

IN THE FLOWER GARDEN

Go over such plants as sweet peas and petunias and cut away old and fading flowers. Do this daily, to prevent the formation of seed. If seed is allowed to develop, you will have but few blossoms after that. This treatment is advised for all plants that bear seed freely.

If the season is a dry one, don't neglect to mulch your plants. Spread grass-clippings from the lawn about them to the depth of two or three inches. This will keep the soil from parting rapidly with whatever moisture there is in it, as it would if fully exposed to the sun. When the clippings turn black, and begin to decay, work them into the soil about the roots of the plants, and apply fresh ones.

Tea roses should receive about the same treatment as hybrid perpetuals. Feed them well, to keep them growing, and cut back their branches at least half their length, after each period of bloom. As long as new branches are produced you will have flowers from them.

If you have beds of coleus or other plants whose foliage is depended on as their chief attraction, go over them daily and remove every dying leaf, and nip out every bud that shows itself. If any branches attempt to outgrow others, cut them back at once. It may be necessary to shear your plants to keep them even and symmetrical. Unless well cared for, they will soon take on a straggling look, which robs them of the beauty they have when given proper attention.

Look over the shrubs. Most of them will be making their annual growth now. If you find branches growing where none are needed, remove them at once. Never allow a bush to waste its vitality on unnecessary growth.

See that the chrysanthemums are kept going steadily ahead. Shift to larger pots now, if the old ones are filled with roots. Give a very rich soil, and be sure that the plants never suffer from lack of water. If a chrysanthemum gets dry at its roots, or is not given sufficient root room, it will receive a check from which it will not be likely to recover in time to give a good crop of flowers. It is well worth one's while to give them careful attention at this season.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Plants for Winter. (Mrs. W. E. D.)—This correspondent asks me to name a

dozen plants suitable for use in the winter window garden, and wants to know whether to get them now, or to wait until later in the season. I would advise getting them as soon as possible. In order to give satisfaction, they should be good-sized specimens, and it will take several months for them to develop. I would suggest a scarlet geranium, a white one, and a pink one, among the flowering varieties of this family. I would add a rose geranium for its foliage and fragrance. Among begonias there are none better than *rubra*, with coral-red flowers, and *manicata aurea*, with richly variegated foliage. This variety has very pretty flowers in late winter and early spring. From the ferns I would select *Bostoniensis*, with very long fronds, and *Pierstonii*, with shorter, broader fronds—both of easy culture, and both very fine. I would have either a pink or scarlet carnation—or both—a pot of *primula obconica*, and either a Chinese primrose or a single petunia. From such a collection one can have flowers throughout the winter, and plenty of foliage for cutting.

Dog with Fits. (C. B. N.)—It is impossible to give definite advice to this correspondent because he fails to give any particulars upon which to base an opinion. He mentions, incidentally, that the dog refuses to eat rich food, from which I infer that he has been in the habit of getting this. Withdraw it. Feed on oatmeal, and milk, and give the animal bones, on which there is very little meat, to gnaw. Very frequently overfed dogs are subject to fits, and a plainer diet is all that is needed to remove the trouble. If worms are suspected, go to your druggist and ask him to put you up half a dozen santonine powders. Give these at intervals of two or three days.

Watering Palms. (Mrs. S. G. F.)—This correspondent writes: "I have just read that a prominent florist advises watering palms every other day. If I am not mistaken, this does not tally with your advice. How is it?" I don't believe any florist who understands his business ever gave any such advice. It is impossible to say just how often any plant shall be watered, because conditions vary to such an extent that what answers for some will not apply to others. The time to water any plant is when it is so dry that more moisture is needed at its roots, and this must be decided by the appearance of the soil. The only rule to go by is this: When the surface of the soil has a dry look, water, and water so liberally that some runs out at the bottom of the pot. Then wait for the dry look before applying more.

Killing Weeds on Lawn. (B. S.)—Yes, I know some dealers advertise preparations warranted to kill weeds on the lawn. Very likely they will, if you apply them directly to the weed, but it stands to reason that if they are strong enough to do this, they must injure the sward if they come in contact with it, as they must, if scattered

broadcast. It is about as much work to make an application to each plant as it is to root up that plant, and a plant uprooted is a plant effectually disposed of. There is a weed-puller on the market which does very good work among dandelions, and plants of that character which it is difficult to get at with the fingers. It has two teeth which enter the soil on each side of the plant to be pulled. By pressing down on a little lever operated by the foot these teeth clasp the plant snugly, and by rotating the machine the weed is loosened and lifted out of the soil.

Fastening for Vines. (F.)—I have found nothing better than screw-hooks, which you can buy very cheaply at any hardware store. If the vines you want to fasten up are large ones, with heavy foliage, get hooks at least two inches in length. Inch hooks will do for smaller ones. Screw the hook into the wood until there is just space enough between the tip and the wall for the vines to pass. Drop them into place, and then give the hook an upward bend by hitting it from below with a hammer. This will bring its tip so close to the wall that the vine cannot pass it. Vines fastened in this manner never tear loose from the wall after a heavy storm, or a sudden wind.

Summer Furniture. (N. N. M.)—I would not advise "mission" furniture for the summer room. It is much too heavy and clumsy. There is nothing better than rattan or reed. It looks well, lasts well, and is very cool and comfortable. It is also very light and portable—a prime requisite of summer furniture.

Hanging Pictures. (Young Housekeeper.)—My plan is this: I decide just where the picture is to hang on the wall. Then I measure across the back of the frame from the places where screw-eyes are to be inserted in the wood. Let this measurement be carefully taken. Then measure off the same space on the wall, and insert hooks over which the screw-eyes are to slip. If this work is done accurately, the picture will hang well. If it is *not* done well, your picture will hang askew, and you will have to do your work over until the difficulty is remedied. This does away with all unsightly cord, and prevents disarrangement in dusting, and is safer than any other method I have any knowledge of.

Wall Finish. (B. B. S.)—I would much prefer a rough finish on plastered walls to a smooth one. "Hard finish," as the smooth coat is called, has a glossy look, and is too suggestive of marble to be pleasing. A rough coat gives a soft effect as there is no shine about it. Hard-finished walls are often treated to a coat or two of paint, to get the color wanted, and the last coat is "stippled," when about half dry, by going over it with a brush and roughening its surface. With a rough plaster wall you get a finer effect, whether painted or calcimined, as the roughness is part of the wall and not simply on its surface.

DIRECTING THE SADDLE HORSE

BY F. M. WARE

THE various "airs" of *la haute école* are used only to exhibit the perfection of lightness and balance to which the subject has been brought, and as a sort of equine gymnastics to develop certain portions of the muscular system. The principles upon which the art is founded, however, are so practical, sensible, and simple that every saddle horse should be perfected in, and every equestrian familiar with, them. Thus trained the animal is ready instantly to go forward and at any gait, to move to either side, or to go backward, and of these four modes of motion that of *backing* is the only one unnatural to him, and difficult for him, and, for that very reason, once he becomes adept, no discipline so assists his general agility, his nimbleness, and sureness of motion in all directions. No movement should ever be required of the animal until he has been previously warned, and in however crude a fashion, collected for the effort. It is not fair to him to neglect this, nor is it to haul him backward by main strength, or to ask advance by suddenly kicking him in the ribs with the heels, or jerking his mouth with the bits, customary as are these performances; nor should he be turned only by hauling upon one rein until his body must follow his head and neck, or he must fall down. Strictly speaking, all the movements are best taught when the man is on foot—collected advance, free straight backing, traversing to either hand—and results are always more certain thus taught. However, many riders do not care to thus exert themselves, nor have they at hand a school or other small inclosure—it may be said here that any inclosed space, even a large box stall, carriage house, or stable gangway, is a great help in such work—the circumscribed space tending to make the subject more "biddable" and easily collected than when he has "all outdoors" to stretch in; while one may thus concentrate the creature's attention upon the matter at hand. Once mounted, then, the rider will close his legs, accompanying this with a gradual tightening of the reins until the animal's attitude is such that collected movement is possible. If then the leg pressure is the stronger, the horse advances; if bit force is greater he (if trained) moves backward, etc., etc. The walk—the most important and most neglected pace the animal uses—may be greatly improved by constant care as to nimbleness, style, and speed—the trot and

gallop can rarely be changed in any material way. The animal must be *ridden* at the walk as at all paces; made to carry his forehand lightly (bridoon reins); to arch the neck and to maintain the face perpendicularly (curb reins); to step in cadence and freely (legs, or blunt spurs at first if sluggish); "to go where he looks, and to look where he goes." The same lightness and directness must obtain in the trot by the same methods, and a regular cadence maintained by proper use of the heels and the hands, care being taken never to allow the horse to hitch or hop, which he will do to ease himself if ridden beyond his rate of speed, or if tired. A long stride may be greatly modified by enforcing the perpendicular carriage of the face, because a horse never puts his foot down beyond his own nose, and because this attitude compels a stronger play of the hocks and stifles, which serves to shorten the stride, and to this, riding in circles and "figures of eight," give much assistance. The canter must never degenerate into the hand gallop—a true canter is rarely seen upon our bridle paths—and again the heels and hands urge and restrain with just the right power to bring about the desired result. The canter itself, as explained before, is the result of the *diagonal effect* of the leg, *i.e.*, to "lead right"; the pressure of the *left leg* carries the croup to the right, and the right side of the mouth being just touched, the animal swings off into his stride. It is very convenient to ride parallel to a wall or fence, when teaching a horse this gait, as he may be swung sharply and diagonally toward it, the proper leg or spur applied, when, to ease himself from running into the obstruction he involuntarily leads off with the proper leg, and quickly associates the signal and the reason. Any horse may be taught the proper leads in half an hour, and in the same way, to change his leads by bringing him head on to the obstacle upon one lead when he must *swerve* and change as he does so, your signal with the proper leg, preceding his change, or applied just as you feel him falter in uncertainty. Obstacles may be thus used to great advantage, and they vastly expedite matters. Thus in teaching a recalcitrant to back, a door or gate which swings *toward* him gives him a *reason* for complying, just as, when standing sideways to it, it will make him traverse a few steps to escape it as it swings. In the same way he learns

to halt quickly, and at signal from being ridden straight at a wall, at first slowly, and finally at a fair speed—nor will he actively rebel where he thus, step by step, understands the *reasons* for the action required of him. He also learns the meaning of the heel and leg pressure much more quickly—and this he should learn from the first—if he is ridden, head on, into an angle of the ring, etc., and then, by light spur pressure, made to revolve his croup around his forehead (half reverse-pirouette) until he is facing the other side of the school. Let him stand a moment, and then by the other leg, etc., make him resume his original position—maneuvers which he will quickly learn to nimbly perform because he cannot advance (the wall angles prevent), and movement to escape the spur or leg is possible only in the two side directions. In the same way he may be stopped in the corner with his hind quarters to the barrier, and made to reverse direction, and return; and he is then more than half trained to traverse (*i.e.*, progress sidelong) a movement which any horse should readily perform at a walk, or on any pace.

Caress must promptly reward performance, and the voice be *never* used—the horse does not understand your words, and if you are angry your tones will only further disconcert him—while if you are eternally talking to him, you simply render him careless and inattentive. *Caress the spot you have just addressed*, nor think that he understands a pat on the neck, as reward for something he has just done with his hind quarters. Go direct to the spot, and where two parts have been addressed, *caress them both*, as in backing, the hind quarters, and the sides where the legs came, etc., etc.—and the same thing in biting—do not pat the *neck* if you asked him to yield his *jaw*. "Don't reward your daughter for your son's successful geography lesson"—that is the idea in a nutshell. The traverse is a sideways movement in either direction (right or left) in which the horse proceeds with the forehand about two short steps in advance of the backhand; the neck will bend, and the face be following the line of progress. The forehand is thus a trifle in advance to enable the legs conveniently to pass each other. Both legs will be needed in this movement, the office of the second being to keep the horse up to his work, and to prevent the backhand from advancing too far as it proceeds. These various movements, the walk, trot, canter, hand-gallop, back, traverse to either hand, are all that any saddle horse need know, but not one in a thousand of them can perform any one of the feats to the best advantage, or to the extent of his powers. If one adds to these accomplishments another—more valuable in earlier days when one was constantly opening, passing through, and shutting all sorts of gates, but now rarely needed, one will possess a remarkably accomplished animal. This is the reverse-pirouette—a

revolution (in such cases a *half* revolution) of the hind quarters about the forehand. When the horse stands diagonally beside the gate, the rider swings it open, passes, holding the gate-head, and shuts it as the horse faces the other way. This detail is unnecessary, however—the others are useful every day—and here again the obstacle is a valuable assistant in instruction. The traverse may finally be performed at either the walk, trot, or canter, while to successfully accomplish any of these feats presupposes a light and sensitive mouth, a properly carried head and neck, and a generally collected carriage; these attributes are not essential, nor, did they exist, would they under the manipulation of our average equestrians, be likely long to so remain. It is notorious among all saddle-horse purveyors that to finely mouth, balance and finish a hack is not only time wasted, but a positive detriment to the value of the animal. That horse whose mouth may be mauled about by any double-fisted, heavy novice is the horse that sells, and we see, in any cavalry troop, that these maneuvers may be easily taught despite all the obstacles of poor seats, utter absence of hands (or "hand" as one only is available), and the harshest and most crude of bits which compel the unfortunate gee-gees to carry their ears in their riders' teeth for the most part, and while thus handicapped, perform all these evolutions at all paces. Where the public demand that they be "taught riding in twenty lessons of one hour each" what *can* we expect, and if that public is satisfied with merely escaping accident or death every time it rides, who are we to carp at such self-satisfaction? The old huntsman argued that the fox *liked* being hunted—perhaps our latter-day hacks admire the performances of their riders. One great advantage in attempting to teach one's horse these most simple feats is that one is thereby taken out of oneself, loses self-consciousness, and by so much as he relaxes stiffness and resistance of his own muscles by that much does he better his own balance and seat and by that same ratio does he become a better rider. It is this muscle resistance that so fatigues people in learning to ride—it is not the exercise they take but the unconscious exertions they make to *prevent* taking it which uses them up, and a thoroughly tired man, who will listen to instruction, will make more advance in that lesson than in any two which precede it. Riding may be taught from books, etc., but no book can enforce the *practice* that must accompany the study; and furthermore, but little is really learned except through mistakes. As argued in a recent article the secret of managing the saddle horse lies in the control of the hind quarters, and for that reason also, any animal who is thus proficient is half mouthed at once, and as we frequently see in various circus perform-

ances, may learn some brilliant "stunts" without any "mouth" at all. These "stunts," however, are as valueless as the finished "airs" of the most proficient *haute école* graduate, so far as practical work goes—but the rudiments are the same all the time.

If one cares to train the horse to the various movements of backing, traversing, etc., etc., while he, the instructor, is on foot, the whip takes the place of the legs and heels, and collection is enforced by whip taps upon the croup which promote an attempt to go forward, to be met and counteracted by the hand upon the two curb reins, held about six inches from the bit and which act causes the horse to carry the neck and head as desired—well bent in the one case, perpendicular in the other. Thus the animal is collected at a stand, eased, led on a few steps, and collected again and again before he is allowed to advance at a walk while under collection. Thus he learns to "make" and bend himself even when at rest and to assume the poise he must afterward wear. Such work should never be too long continued lest the horse become restive, and possibly successfully rebellious. Once the posture is fairly well gained, and taken readily the animal should be induced to advance by slightly more severe whip taps and a yielding of the hand which will allow that without permitting too much change in the posture of the neck and head. A step at a time is enough, very slow and especial attention given to the style of carriage, and after a few successful steps—say ten to twenty—the horse should be eased and led to another point where the same rehearsal may continue. When fairly proficient the whip taps are transferred from the croup to the spot where the leg and heel pressure is applied upon the side, and thus the animal prepared to understand and respond intelligently to leg indications when mounted. The same gradual methods apply to teaching to back, to traverse, etc.—"little and often" is the receipt, and a step or two correctly performed always followed by an unhampered advance for several yards. No greater error can be made than to force a willing horse to back long distances, or to do any other work to the point of fatigue or annoyance—nothing is gained, everything may be lost. Correct "form" is what we are after and if the neophyte will cover five steps properly the graduate will go one hundred yards if you ask him. Traversing is taught in the same fashion simply by tapping with the whip until the pupil travels sideways upon two paths, the forehand always being a step in advance, the neck bent and the face toward the line of progress—the ring-wall or the barnyard fence preventing direct advance; following this whip tuition the legs meet with prompt obedience when the animal is mounted.

Any one who will essay these methods,

however skeptical as to their value or necessity, will find his hands growing lighter in proportion as his animal makes himself; will be brought close to his charge's mouth when it is in action and must notice not only the effects upon it of the two bits, and the pose of the neck, and body therefrom, but will have a chance to realize what a marvelous structure that lower jaw is; what a wonderful blending of tissue paper skin and most delicate nerves and blood vessels; what great muscular power lies in the lips and tongue; how we really bit not the horse's *mouth* at all but his *tongue*; will notice the reasons for such and such fit of the bits and of the headstall; can study closely the effects of the two bits upon the lower jaw and the neck; note their different values; will see how certain conformation *cannot* yield or acquire certain carriage; will note the change of expression in eyes and those equally sensitive members, the ears; will find that a "dry mouth" *i.e.*, dry and free from saliva in lip angles and on lower lips is always a dead and non-progressive mouth, and that moisture is promoted and saliva kept flowing by the delicate manipulations and vibration which finally becomes in the expert, automatic; will in short get closer to the "real horse" in one week on foot than he has ever done in all the previous years perched upon the creature's back—and if he learns nothing else, will never again dare to jerk, maul, saw, or other than most tenderly handle that marvelous arrangement upon which the bits rest—the horse's lower jaw.

It is almost certain—perfectly sure in fact—that if any amateur takes the trouble to proceed thus far with his saddle horse or horses he will be tempted to further flights into the art, and will wish to essay, in however crude fashion, these performances which are regarded as the development of the "high school." If he does he will fail direfully, and certainly spoil a horse or two. Ride he ever so well he has not the seat, and he won't acquire it unless he forgets all he thinks he knows and starts afresh with a clean-wiped mind. There is probably not in all America one single amateur who possesses the seat, balance, attitude of upper body, position of leg, pliancy of pose, consequent exquisite "hands," patience, calmness, courage, and intuition necessary to acquire proficiency of the first-class in this most misunderstood and least appreciated art—whence one will do well and ease many sleepless hours, and much keen disappointment if he will stick to the A B C of it and leave the rest of the alphabet for those whose discretion is less well-developed.

Lack of space must, in magazine articles, always sadly hamper one. Readers are besought to remember the difficulties under which, for this reason, the writer labors, and to read not the article only, but the vast amount of matter "between the lines."

*“Hie away, hie away!
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it,
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.”*



THE SAND-DUNES.

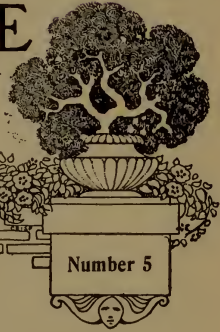
"How candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



Vol. L

AUGUST, 1907



Number 5

BLACK BEAR HONKING IN THE VALLEY OF KASHMIR

BY J. C. GREW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



ONE crisp and cloudless August morning in 1903 I stood at the summit of the Tragbal Pass in Baltistan, looking down for the first time in several months on the great val-

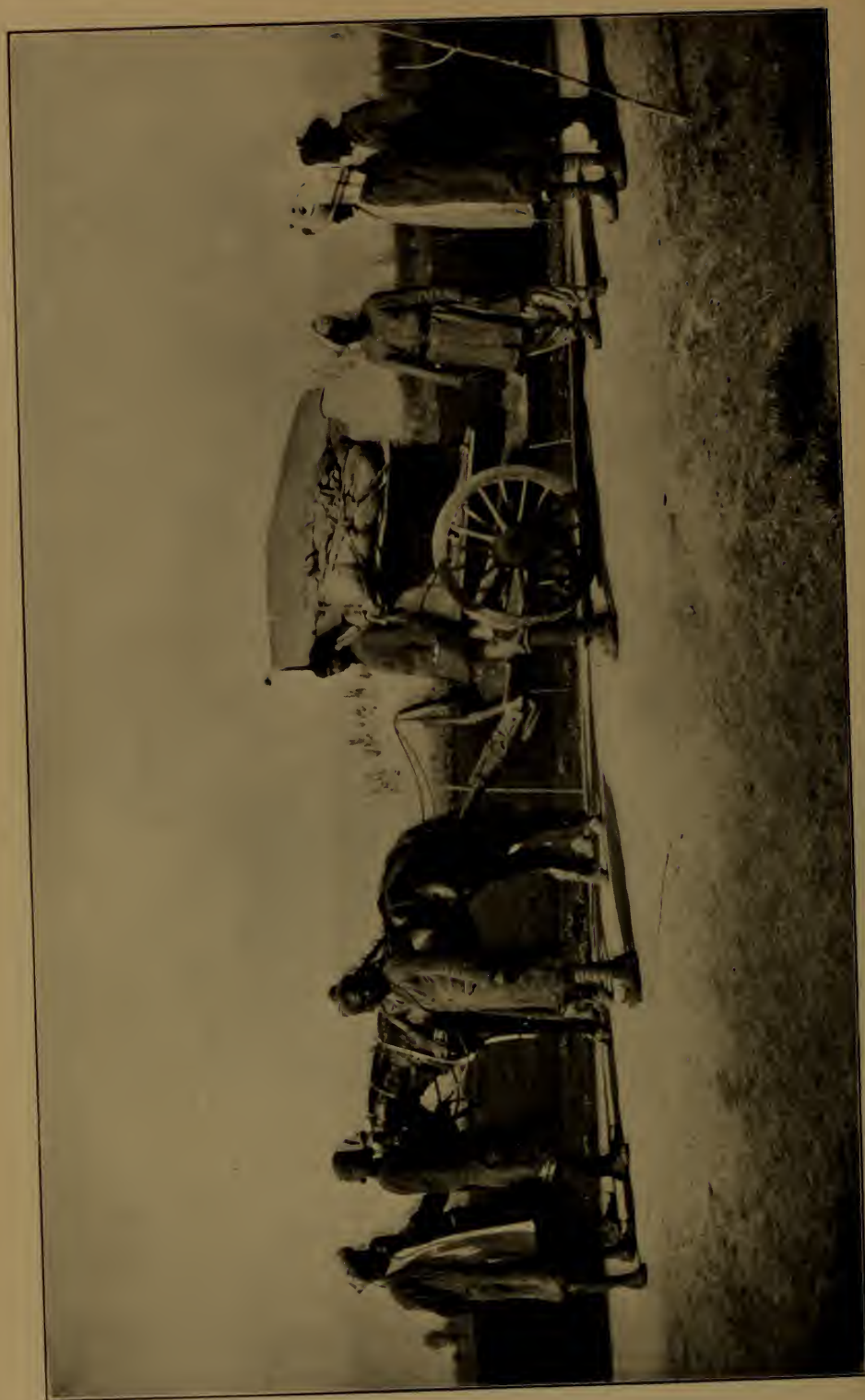
ley of Kashmir, spread like a map in the morning haze far below. Behind towered the vast ranges and snow-clad spurs of the Himalayas, culminating far in the distance in the peak of Nunga Parbat, which rose like a giant among its fellows, catching and reflecting the newly risen sun.

Kadera, my worthy shikari, stood near by, looking down intently at the scene below; he was not given to soliloquizing on the scenery and when he gazed in that meditative fashion, it was fairly certain that something important was on his mind. I asked him the cause.

"Atcha bhalu jagah, Sahib," he softly replied. I followed his gaze and saw a mass of dark green wooded foothills across the valley very far below. "Good bear country"—ah, that was tempting. I knew to what he referred. It was the

height of the fruit season: the mulberries were lying thick and luscious just along those ridges and the wild apricots below were ripening to the heat of midsummer. The black bear would have left the heights and be passing the days in the clefts and nullahs of those wooded hills, coming out at night to feast on his favorite delicacies. I had heard much about the sport of beating or "honking" these nullahs in the foothills, sport rendered more exciting by the fact that unlike our American black bear, the Kashmir animal (*ursus torquatus*) is not a coward. Here was a chance for consolation, and although I was due shortly in Calcutta, the opportunity was too tempting to let slip by.

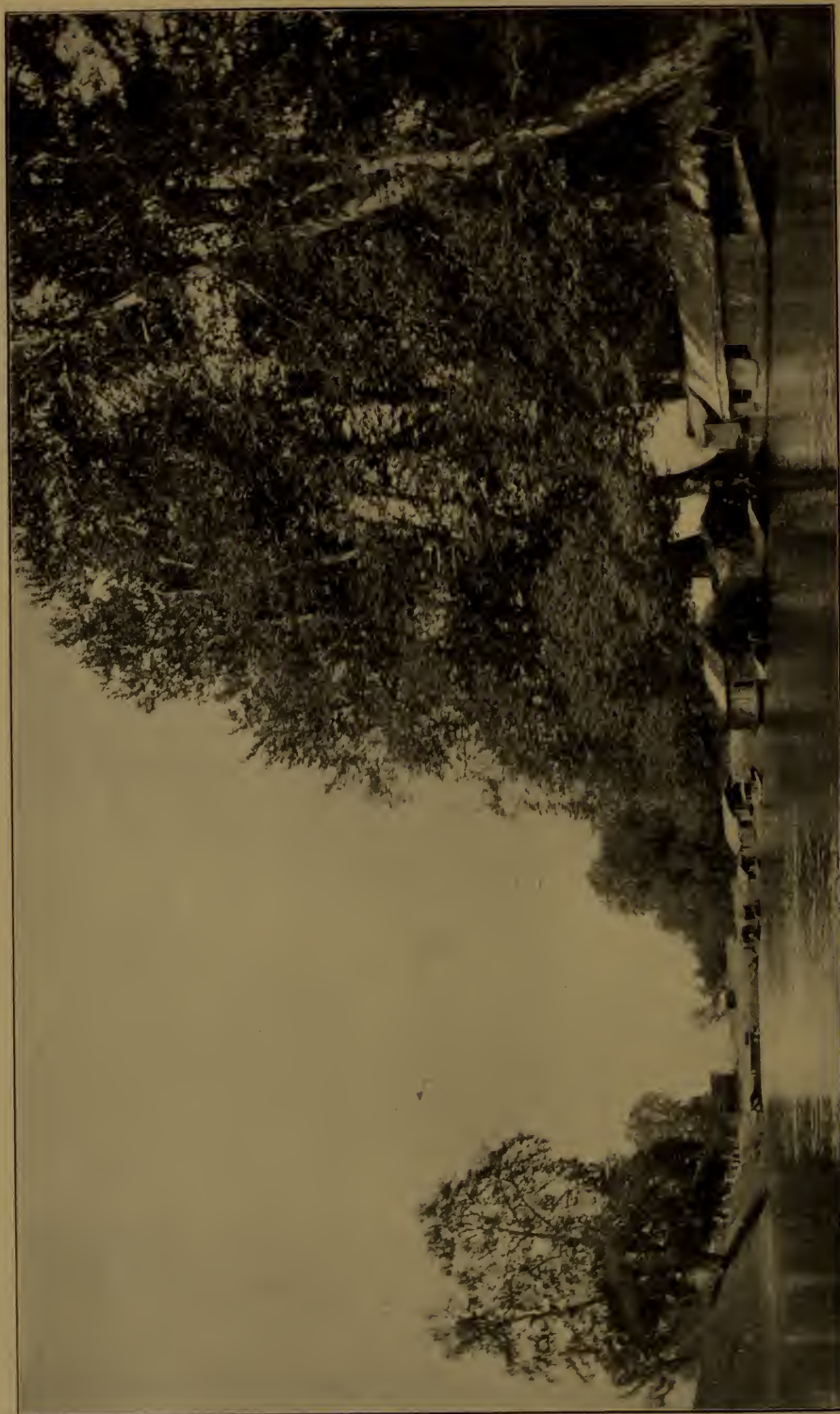
Kashmir was no longer the green and fertile valley I had left it. News had come to me while in Baltistan of a terrible flood which had completely inundated the country, wrecking homes, destroying farms, and resulting even in much loss of human life. Now below me extended a vast lake as far as one could see, with only an occasional tree or housetop to mark where cultivated farms and dwellings had formerly stood. At Bandipur on the edge of the flood we



On the mail road to Kashmir



The Kashmir Valley after a great flood.



Houseboats moored on the river in the village of Sprinagar.

camped for the night, and here an event occurred which made me sanguine of success.

Kadera came into my tent toward sundown to inform me that two large black bears had recently been seen in the hills directly behind the village, and suggested that we go back a few miles on the chance of running across one. We accordingly set out with a "gam wallah" or local guide, who led us up into the hills and placed us at the foot of a long slope covered with low furze bush, where we crouched for a couple of hours. Toward dark my eye was caught by a large object moving across the open hilltop some three hundred yards from our position. Its apparently enormous size made me think at first that it must be a stray bullock and the fact that the shikaris, usually so quick to sight game, remained motionless almost kept me from calling attention to it. Yet bullocks are seldom black, and there was that about the gait of this animal which told me it was something quite different. I touched Kadera on the shoulder and pointed. The result was startling; Kadera dropped on his stomach as if shot, while the gam wallah did the same, causing me to realize that the fast-disappearing object above us was one of the largest black bears I probably should ever have the fortune to run across. As we were about to stalk, a peasant came toward us in hot haste from the opposite direction and explained in some excitement that a bullock had been killed within the hour, not far from where we were, and that a bear was still at the carcass. As it was now much too dark to stalk the other successfully, we quickly shed all unnecessary garments and prepared to follow our new guide through a terrible tangle of underbrush. We were on our hands and knees most of the way and as we came toward the spot indicated by the peasant, our efforts to move silently were trying in the extreme. By the time we reached it the moon was shining through the undergrowth, making every stump exhibit such remarkably bear-like characteristics that more than one of them was in imminent danger of being shot.

The bear, however, must have heard our approach, for he was not with the body of the bullock, nor did he venture back to reward our long night's silent vigil.

Unfortunately there were no nullahs about here small enough to beat, and since

Kadera assured me that at the head of the valley we should find several bears for every one we gave up here, I agreed on the following morning to start along.

The country through which we passed on this ride showed Kashmir at her loveliest and best. One felt as if one were continuously crossing the well-kept grounds of a huge private estate and any moment would come on the towers and chimneys of some lordly mansion. There was no road: one passed over the greenest grass, smooth and fresh as any lawn, extending as far as one could see, except where groves of wide spreading chenar trees cast their shade like oaks on a country park. Roses, not our wild ones, but such roses as at home are brought to flower only under hothouse panes, and wild flowers of all colors and species, grew along our way and filled the air with fragrance. In the midst of such surroundings, to come suddenly upon the dirty little hovels of a native village, with the fresh lawn extending to its very door and the chenar trees growing around, seemed indeed incongruous.

The beaters arrived at camp the following morning. They began to come in twos and threes, then in fives and sixes, and finally in dozens, so that by the time breakfast was over, the entire male population of some three villages were grouped about my tent. With the help of the shikaris, fifty of these were selected and each given a slip of paper bearing my signature, for when they came for their wages at the end of the day, I did not wish the friends and relatives of the beaters as well as the beaters themselves turning up for payment.

The din these fifty souls succeed in making as they move in a long line up the base and two sides of a wooded nullah shrieking, howling, cat-calling, setting off fire crackers and beating tum-tums, is enough to drive any self-respecting bear out of his seven senses. An army of battle-shouting dervishes could hardly create a greater amount of uproar, nor is it at all surprising that the bear should find a pressing engagement elsewhere at the earliest possible moment after finding his nullah thus rudely invaded. If he turns down the nullah, he encounters the invading army; if he tries to escape by the sides, he is met and driven back by beaters already posted. Therefore he does the most natural thing in the



The village of Bandiput



Ready to cross the flooded valley



The hunt's triumphant conclusion—"We had exhausted the village of men."

world by fleeing up the center of the nullah, directly away from the oncoming din. At the top of the cleft stands the sportsman. The undergrowth probably prevents the sportsman's seeing the bear or the bear seeing him until they actually meet.

I regret to say, in spite of Kadera's assertion that bears would be so thick in this country as practically to necessitate our looking carefully where we walked lest we stumble over them, it was not until after we had unsuccessfully honked nine separate nullahs, and I was beginning to think bear beating a snare and a delusion, that our first sport came.

The bear appeared on the scene of action so suddenly as to completely take my breath away. The beaters had been moving listlessly up a cleft, thickly wooded both with trees and undergrowth; this was to be the last honk of the day and two days unsuccessful searching had so plainly reacted on the spirits of the men as to change the dervish battle-shout into the mournful muttering of an Arab funeral procession. The line of beaters had almost reached me, my shikari with a last disgusted look had turned to go, when, all at once, the beaters who had been posted on the side of the nullah above where I was standing, set up a tremendous shouting, "Bhalu, Sahib, bhalu hai!"—"Bear, Sahib, bear coming!"

Now it is one thing to have a bear driven up to you from below, with plenty of warning that he is coming and time to choose an advantageous spot from which to shoot. It is quite another to find suddenly that the bear has somehow got above you, is being driven directly down upon you with all the impetus a steep hillside gives, and with the undergrowth extending to your very feet. I had barely time to wheel around when the bear came down the hillside aimed directly at the little clearing in which I was standing. A moment's glimpse of his back in the jungle did not afford me time to shoot. He disappeared into the undergrowth, but was still coming toward me as I could tell by the short yelps of excitement which he uttered, like a frightened dog, as the beaters closed in. Immediately as he emerged from the bushes he was met by both barrels of my .450 cordite-powder express, which, aimed and fired so suddenly from my hip at close range of less than two yards, seems to have missed him altogether,

though the report turned and sent him lumbering down on the beaters below.

As the natives closed in, the bear went frantically around in a circle trying to break through the line. I ran down to the foot of the hillside where an occasional view of his back in the underbrush showed me that he had not escaped, though I dared not fire lest I should hit a beater. The fifty coolies were yelling like so many demons, the shikaris were out of their heads with excitement, and the bear, who was doubtless the most excited of all, continued his circular course inside the line of beaters as regularly as a planet on its usual orb.

I was now afraid that unless I stopped him he might escape through the line, and working up a little nearer fired several shots as he appeared from time to time, each of which I afterward found took effect. The bear was now thoroughly maddened and suddenly changing his course, came lumbering down the nullah directly toward me. The shikaris shouted to look out while the beaters doubled their cries and added to the confusion and my fear of shooting wild, by following the animal down hill. The thick underbrush annoyed me greatly, for though I could catch an occasional glimpse of his back, it was almost impossible when I saw him to fire quickly enough, and I knew that in a moment he would be on me. He was within four yards when a final shot brought him rolling almost to my feet, quite dead.

My faith in the .450 express was distinctly diminished when eleven holes were found in his skin. He was shot through and through, five shots at least having passed completely through and out of his body. The last, which finished him, had struck the shoulder fair. A bear certainly is game.

We had a triumphal procession on the way back to camp: first the two tum-tums, banging away like a regimental drum corps; secondly the bear, slung on a pole supported on the backs of two coolies; thirdly the sportsman, trying modestly to suppress an irrepressible grin; fourthly the shikaris, and last, but by no means least, the fifty honkers, all discussing the event like so many crows. As we passed through the village of Kaipora, the women and children—we had exhausted the place of men—turned out *en masse* to see the bear, and the occasion was all that could be desired.

RUNNING THE RIPS

BY THOMAS FLEMING DAY

DRAWINGS BY WARREN SHEPARD



I CAN remember when one night lying to the southward of the Vineyard some forty miles, it fell calm and left us rolling about until, growing disgusted with the slatting of the cloth and the clattering of the sheet-blocks, I lowered everything and tied all fast. Then, rousing out my mate, who had turned in after supper, I went below to sleep. At half-past three, just as dawn was showing, the watch came below and woke me.

"It looks dirty," he said, "and the glass is falling rapidly."

"Any wind?" I asked.

"Light air, 'bout south; we are just moving with it. What are you going to do?"

Having turned in all standing, that is, with everything on except my hat, I was quickly on deck. Rubbing the gravy out of my eyes, I cast a squint around the circle. The mate was right; it did look dirty. The whole horizon from northeast clear round to northwest was stuffed full of muddy-gray, greasy-looking vapors, over the ruffled heads of which the faint light of dawn was shivering up. The sea was gray, oily and moving uneasily, the swell pushing in, not rolling. This movement is the sure sign of a coming and not of a passing gale. Distinctly heard, and yet unheard, undefinable, unlocateable, yet unquestionably existing, was that ghostly sound, the seawarn, the moan of the gale-dreading waters. It is a sound that once heard is never forgotten. They say men hear the same in the great deserts. It is the expression of disturbed vastness; perhaps the faint echo of that ghostly cry which haunts the hopeless stretches of the universe.

One glance round the horizon was enough. It was going to blow; already the clouds were spitting a scattering of fine drops, and the wind was cat's-pawing in irregular streaks. There was no perceptible movement to the higher clouds, but it could be seen the mass was growing from below, and that it would soon fill the whole vault. Forty miles from port, eight hours with a good breeze, with all she could carry, say six hours. The gale would come in gradually and be a laster, probably thirty-six hours before its back was broken. Would it pay to lay-to and ride it out, or run for port? Question, how is the tide?

But why the tide, you will ask. What has that to do with it? Listen. In order to get shelter we had to pass between the islands through comparatively narrow fairways, haying to run past Gay Head and into Vineyard Sound, or through Muskeget Channel and into Nantucket Sound. Through these passages the tide runs with a high velocity, especially when ebbing. If when rushing out it meets the wind and swell coming in, charging against it, it makes up a high and confused sea or rip, impassable at times for a small boat. If you have ever been in a rip, it is unnecessary for me to say more; if you haven't, make for yourself a mental picture out of the expression, a "hell of water." But more of this anon.

It was now close on four o'clock; the tide made ebb at one hour and thirty-four minutes P.M. at Cross Rip Light vessel, so allowing for difference of distance it would change in the channel mouth at one. Therefore, if we could get there at or before one, we would have comparatively smooth water, nothing worse than the natural nastiness of the sea going in over shoaling stretches; but if delayed and caught by the

ebb, well, I hated to think of it. With a gale behind, there would be no turning back; it would be either the channel or the beach—a throw with death either place. But no danger, no fun, so head her north a half east, my boy, while I go below and get some breakfast ready before it begins to blow. Breakfast eaten, the next move is to make all snug below. Everything that can possibly get adrift is lashed or wedged, so as to stay put no matter how she cuts up; then the bilge is dried out to keep the water from splashing about, and the ports looked to and locked fast. This done, all hands on deck. The wind is now blowing a fresh breeze and the sea rising. The mate is standing with one eye on the card and the other on his mainsail, helming her carefully, with everything drawing except the jib, which only gets a draught when she yaws and rolls. His slicker and sou'wester are shining with wet, and a stream of drops runs off his sleeves and trickles from the tips of the fingers of his tiller hand to the floor of the cockpit.

"If I could hold her up another point, she'd do better," he says, taking his eye off the compass for a quick glance at the sail. "The wind is right on the end of the main boom."

"Where is it?"

"South by east, and seems to be easting slowly."

"Well, let her come up. How's the sheet?"

"Might get a little aft, she'll steer easier."

"How's that?"

"All right."

"I think I'd better stick a reef in the mizzen in case we need it; not doing much good now, and by and by if it keeps on breezing, we'll reef the main."

The mate nods his assent to the plan, and with a steady eye ahead keeps working his helm up and down as she ascends and shoots the following seas.

Now if you have never reefed a mizzen or jigger, as we generally call it, on a small boat running off under a press of sail in a seaway, you have never done an acrobatic stunt that knocks out the most thrilling feats of the arena. It is not so bad as laying out on the headspar to shift a jib, because the wet is left out, and therefore it is a job not so detested by seamen. Working

on the bowsprit is most dreaded of all sea jobs. More men lose their lives off that spar than from all other parts of the ship together. Driving along she takes a plunge into it, at the same time the heavy foot of the sail bangs across, knocking off your hold, and overboard you go, to be swept under and trodden upon by the swift rushing forefoot. A dark night on a jib-boom, with a half-muzzled sail storming about, and the spar end pitching, bucking, and forking the brine at every plunge—there may be nastier places; if so, they have never crossed my hawse. A yacht's bowsprit is worse than a merchantman's, because it has little or no steeve, consequently it dives oftener, goes deeper, and stays under longer. All seagoing yachts with head spars over six feet outboard should have them made so as to reef. A reefing bowsprit is one made to haul in and out. On the lee side of the western ocean, where they have heavier water than we do, most of their boats are rigged in this way. But the modern practice on all classes of sailing vessels is to so arrange the sail as to curtail the bowsprit, and on many yachts the whole head-rig is abaft the stem head.

One thing you have to learn before you can write sailor after your name, and that is to master a sail. Brute force is of no account. To use brute force with a sail is like employing it to capture an elephant or run down an untamed steed. Mastering a sail is a game of strategy, fineness, diplomacy, flattery, persuasion, and perseverance, with fierce energy flashed in at the right instant. You must know your sail. Sails are not all alike. What will work with a jib will fail if applied to a mainsail or topsail. When once a man has become skilled at this game he can do more at it than three lubbers. I've seen three men tackle a jib and come back on the head baffled and beaten after a fifteen minute fight, and then a fellow not a quarter their combined weight go out and conquer the sail, binding it captive in ten minutes. A sail master has five hands—two on his arms, two on his legs, and his teeth. Besides, he has knees, his elbows, the grip of his thighs, his neck, and his whole body. He must be an octopus, a boa-constrictor, and a monkey, combining with their qualities the patience of an ox, the quickness of a tiger, and the subtlety of a fox.

Sometimes a sail is only playful, and willful at the worst, and after a slight show of resistance will succumb to your arts, but at times they get malignant and cruel. They will fight you fiercely, hitting back viciously, spitefully battling for every inch, taking most treacherous advantage of any relapse of alertness or looseness of clutch. When a canvas has got that devil in it, look out for yourself. That is when it fights to kill. That is when it hurls men off yard and boom to their death. At times you

This, except for the unsteadiness of the hull is comparatively an easy job. To be sure she throws her tail here, there, and everywhere; but with the sheet fast and a good leglock you can use both hands. But first slip off your long oil coat. You will work twice as quickly without it. Oilers and seaboots are fine things, but out of ten men lost at sea, they drown seven. You might better go over with a millstone round your neck than a pair of seaboots on your feet. A fisherman isn't happy out of his



Drawing by Warren Shepard.

Cape Cod Fishermen off Highland Light—Twilight.

can only conquer after a steady and well-generated fight. At other times a bit of trickery will succeed. I have cursed a sail and turned away pretendingly beaten, when, thrown for a moment off guard by my apparent carelessness, it has opened its defense. A tiger spring, a turn of rope, and the victory is won. But I tell you it makes a man of you, a fight to the finish with a sail. Every nerve tingling, every vein flushed with blood, you take the last turn, and with a "damn you, you're fast now," go aft and report all snug. But to reef the mizzen.

seaboots, and they take him to Davy Jones. But what's the odds, there are more boots and more men. I never wear boots in bad weather on a small vessel.

Having reefed the mizzen I pulled on my coat and relieved the mate at the helm.

"North," he says, as he hands over the stick, and turns to go below, shaking off his sou'wester before opening the slide. Soon through the half-drawn door I see him peering over the chart. "What's she doing?" he asks.

I glance over the side, watching the

flakes of foam swirl by. "About six," I call back.

"That gives her fifteen, and it's nine o'clock; twenty-five more to do in four hours; six and a quarter, she ought to do that."

"I should think so," I reply. "How does this course bring her?"

"'Bout half a mile west of the point of Tuckeruuck. The flood ought to carry us up enough."

"Well, if it don't, the leeway will. Let

inches thick, what will happen? Why, when the six inches of water gets to the stone, it can pass only the upper three inches, but the lower three can't stop, so they crowd up and force the upper layer over the stone, making a wave or ripple. That is what a rip is. The tide running out thirty feet deep meets a ten-foot shoal, and the twenty feet of water is obliged to crowd up and over. If the sea be calm, this movement simply forms three waves. These waves are not like ordinary waves,



Monomy Point—A welcome sight to the mariner.

Drawing by Warren Shepard.

us hope we get a sight of something before too close in."

"Hope so; I'm going to lie down. Call me if you want anything," and the mate takes to his bunk.

Now while we are hurrying inshore, racing with the tide for a safe passage over the shoals, let me explain to you what a rip is.

If, let us say, six inches of water is flowing through a sluice, and the bottom of the sluice is perfectly level, it will stream through with a smooth surface, but if you drop in the sluice a flat stone three

progressive. They remain in the same place, their bases moving with the tide and their heads against it, consequently they stand still, uplifting on their hind legs and pawing the air like savage horses. At such times they are harmless. You see the same waves in rivers, where they are called rapids. Another form of rip is made by two currents meeting or crossing, or by rough water coming against calm. This latter form is frequently seen on the leeward side of high islands, especially those lying in the track of the trade winds.



Shovelful Light Ship—Foggy morning.

Drawing by Warren Shepard

The border of the calm space is fringed with breakers, into which a ship plunges and dives, at the same time losing the wind, and is knocked about helpless until she drifts clear. Another form of rip is found at the mouths of rivers, where the outpouring fresh water meets and breasts the salt flood.

When the sea is calm, these rips are disagreeable but harmless, but let the wind blow, and a sea or swell make and they become, next to breakers, the most fearful thing a small boat can face. If the tide is going with the wind and swell the rip is rough but not dangerous, but let those forces be arrayed against it and all hell is afoot in its fury. The swell rolls in and, crowding over the shoal, is brought to a standstill by the tide's rush. Maddened by this check it rears up and throws its length into the air, then topples and thunders into a host of broken, leaping, pyramid-shaped masses, hurling their forms against each other. No words can picture the result—a hissing, roaring, leaping, tumbling, boiling, swirling acre of liquid madness.

To a steam vessel these rips are not so dangerous, as she can be driven through them, and as they are never wide, the ordeal is soon over; but a sailing vessel is often forced to remain in their clutches until a happy chance delivers her. The motion is so violent and directless that the wind is completely shaken out of the canvas, and losing way she is held by the tide, or, worse still, driven stern foremost against the inrushing swell. If a small vessel is caught in this way, unless she is decked in she is likely to be swamped and sunk. No open boat has any business in the rips, except in light weather.

While there are lots of stories knocking round of boats having been lost in these rips, I never could nail one of them to the doorstep of the man who saw or suffered it. I've been into them myself, in all kinds of summer weather, going in purposely to see what they would do, and only once did I, with the exception of this time, come near a catastrophe. One time the boat was badly pooped, the rip falling on her stern and sweeping clear over from end to end. If she had been an undecked boat she would have surely sunk.

The "rubes" who navigate around the islands, fishing and sailing parties, have a

wholesome fear of these rips, and if they can possibly help will never go near one in bad weather. For this you can't blame them, their craft are not suitable for the performance, being shoal-draught, broad centerboard cats, with an open cockpit that takes up the after half of the boat. If they once shipped a sea and filled the pit, they would go down like a shell-loaded oysterman.

At ten I called the crew and ordered the mainsail reefed, as it was blowing harder and harder, and when the job was done passed over the helm to the mate and went below to prepare a meal. By eleven this was ready, consisting of soup, bread and butter, and hot cocoa.

This being securely stowed away, the fire was put out, the pipe removed, the lid screwed on and everything battened down and locked fast. The next thing was to ascertain as near as possible our position. The wind at this time had hauled south-east, and we were running on a north by east course.

At 11:30 we slowed up for a sounding. I didn't care to round her up to the wind, as the sea was running nasty, so the mizzen being furled kept her about two-thirds off and spilled the mainsail. The mate hove the lead. The lead is a chunk of that metal weighing ten pounds, made fast to the end of a line on which six feet or fathom lengths are marked. You cast it by throwing it ahead as far as possible, and then the line runs through your hand. When the weight hits bottom, the line stops and slacks. If it hits directly under where you stand, you get what sailors call an up-and-down or proper cast. When all is ready I shout: "Let her go, my boy!"

The mate gives the chunk a couple of swings around his head and lets go. Too much way on, and the boat moves over the spot before the lead gets to bottom.

"No bottom!" says the mate, hauling in. I slack off more sheet and check her all I dare. Away goes the lead again. This time he gets a feel.

"All right!" he sings out, hauling in, and at last, almost breathless, announces, "twenty-one fathoms."

"Now jump below," I say, "and see where that puts us."

While the mate is going over the chart let me explain to you what a sounding is,

and how it gives you your position. Let us suppose that we have a pond shaped exactly like a wash hand-basin, that is deepest in the middle and gradually sloping up at the sides. Now if we start from the edge and sail toward the middle, we shall find the water deepens as we go out. At say 200 feet from the edge it is five feet deep, at 300 feet ten feet, and so on. The ocean is built on a plan similar to this supposed pond, its bottom sloping off gradually, the water getting deeper as you go out, until you get to what is called "off soundings." But, unlike this supposed pond, the slope is not regular, being sometimes ridged and other times full of holes more or less deep. All these depths of water are marked in on a chart, which is a map of the sea bed. Let us suppose at a particular place the sea at five miles from the shore is ten fathoms deep, at ten miles twenty, and at twenty miles forty. These distances are marked on the chart by drawing a line through all the ten-fathom places, and this line is known as the ten-fathom curve. Inside it, and nearer to the land, the water is less than sixty feet deep; outside, it is more than sixty feet deep. Consequently, if I take a cast of the lead and find that there is only nine fathoms, fifty-four feet, at the spot, I know my vessel is less than five miles from the land. Taking the chart, I look at it at a place about five miles from shore and find a spot marked nine fathoms, but there are several places marked with the same number, and my boat may be over any one of them. But close to the nine fathoms and in the direction I am sailing is a spot marked six, so when the boat has sailed far enough I take a second cast and get six fathoms. By this second cast I know where my boat is, or her position, as we say at sea, the second cast confirming the first.

After a close inspection the mate sings out: "Right on the course fifteen miles from Skiff Island. There's several twenties together right here; three miles north is a nineteen."

"Right you are; come on deck; we'll run another hour and then try again."

Fifteen miles and two hours to do it in, is cutting things pretty close, but still we were undoubtedly doing six through the water, and would have the last of the flood tide. We might be a half-hour late,

by that time the tide would not be ebbing very strong. Anyhow it was push her, so I ordered the mizzen set. The wind was getting vicious. So long as it pushes you with its fingers or shoves you with its fist it is all right, but look out when it begins to slap with the flat of its hand. When it hauls back and lets you have it in quick, vixen-like slaps, that is a nasty time, and makes the helmsman sweat to keep his course. The sea under the rushes of air was beginning to act dirty. It was breaking and throwing its heads. Altogether I did not like the look of things.

After running an hour I tried to get another cast, but the sea being heavy and dangerous I did not like to check her, so we failed to get a sound, but from the drag estimated it to be about seventeen fathoms. If this was so, we were close to the ten-fathom curve, which runs close in here about five miles off land. Now came the anxious time, the most anxious of all times to a man in charge of a vessel—running in on a lee shore, with a gale of wind behind and a narrow opening to make, with almost certain disaster if he misses it. If we could get our bearing in time we could haul up if not dead on the channel; but if we saw the land late, when too close in to haul off, the jig would be up. I had hopes from the first sound confirming our supposed track that we would make the channel mouth exactly, but the next thirty minutes were about as cruel a thirty as I ever spent.

The land hereabouts on both sides of the channel is low, and there are only one or two buildings that show above it, so that in good weather it can be seen not more than six miles off. One of these buildings is an abandoned hotel with a peculiar tower. For this I searched diligently and anxiously, but through the thickness nothing could be seen. Our time was running out fast, and we were driving rapidly in. At ten minutes to one I estimated her to be about three miles off Skiff Island. At this time it was blowing so hard that in order to steer we dropped the mizzen.

At one o'clock, much to our disgust and dread, a rain squall blew in and hid everything for a few minutes; then, like it often does, it got quite clear for a short spell in its wake, and we sighted a mass of breakers off the port bow, and at the same time a



In the very jaws of the Rip.

Drawing by Warren Shepard.

buoy. A cry of joy broke from both our lips at this sight—the outer channel buoy almost dead ahead. I felt like doing a jig. The gale and sea were forgotten, we no longer had any dread of them; four miles more and smooth water.

It is nonsense to say that men do not know fear when placed in danger. A man absolutely devoid of fear never existed, unless he was an idiot or insane. Certainly no person with a normal intellect is without fear. When a man tells you that in a situation facing bodily harm or death he felt no fear he lies. Of course there are times when a man is close to death and does not realize it, and at such times he feels no fear because he has no dread.

But nothing becomes so quickly familiar as danger. The horror that appalled you Monday you will nurse in your lap Tuesday. A threatened death that sent chills along your spine one day is the source of jest the next. That is a thing I believe peculiar to our race, the habit of jesting in the face of danger. Like the Jacobite lords, we must crack a joke at the foot of the scaffold. At sea to grow lachrymose over danger is considered a gross breach of ocean etiquette.

One day we got becalmed and tide-bound and anchored off the shore, with a stony bar between us and the beach. At night, suddenly, a heavy northerly wind broke on us. The chain on the heavy anchor snapped, and we hung to about sixty fathoms of good hawser and our second hook. If the hawser parted we went on the bar, she having dragged too close for any chance of working off. One of the boys on board I could see was sick to faintness with fright, so to pull him out we began joking about our appearances as objects of interest for the coroner. The next day I heard him telling somebody that he thought we were in great danger until he heard us guying and jollying each other. Well, that lad that night was about as near death as he probably will ever be until his watch gets the call. Nothing but three inches of good manila stood between him and a watery grave.

My stock subject to relieve my anxiety at such times is solicitude for my spare pair of socks. When I begin to worry as to their situation and prospects of keeping dry, you may know I am anxious. I will go anywhere or do anything if assured of a pair of dry socks after the battle. I don't mind being drowned, but object to catching cold. My companion's worry this day was over a new straw hat which he unintentionally brought on board, and which had narrowly escaped several shipwrecks. As we dashed into the sea at the mouth of the channel we discussed the probable condition of the hat and socks after we had run the rips.

Over Skiff Island the sea was breaking heavily, and across from it as far as you could see toward Nantucket the channel was a mass of seething white water. I shall never forget those next few minutes. They seemed like hours. Lashed fast to a cleat, I stood at the helm, but it was nearly useless in my hands. The movements of the boat are indescribable. She seemed to leap ten different directions at once. She was thrown, pitched, heeled, reared, and knocked about. The water came in over the bow, sides, and stern. She would start to rise the sea ahead, when suddenly the one under her stern pulled out and she fell into a pit of lashing, broken heads that buffeted and flooded her. The drift and spume blew over and thrashed the sails and deck. You could see nothing. Twice she nearly pitch-poled, and once rolled right down so the mainsail lay on the seas. These more dangerous moves were left impressed on my mind, but the rest is a turmoil, the one principal retention being the ceaseless roar. A roar without variation, a toneless, boundless sound, a bath of liquid thunder. It haunted the alleys of my brain for days after.

What a blessed release when she pulled clear and drove into the smooth. We both turned and looked silently back, then began to shake ourselves like dogs come out of the sea. I saw my companion's lips move as he turned from contemplating the hell of water astern. I don't know what he said, but I said "Thank God!"



THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN—"Say's my hair dry yet?"

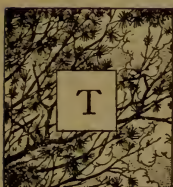
Drawing by Worth Brehm.



THE BONDAGE OF THE RIVER

BY L. D. SHERMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



HIS is how it is: sometimes you return from a camping trip in a more or less weary and frazzled-out condition. Most emphatically you state:

"I'm satisfied! No more for me! The Lord never intended me to go and live in the woods, and slave from morning till the next morning and repeat it every day of the trip. Here's where I quit!"

You do not care to look at a pack strap or a canoe for a long, long time. Enough is—too much. You rustle around and develop the films, though, just to see if the fellow who photographed you jumping that six-foot dam squeezed the bulb at the preconceived moment, and if the pictures made on the day you spent running rapids are of any use.

"There was a day, wasn't it, Bill?"

"You bet!" returns your partner. "Remember that long rapid with the bow-knot at the finish? I was too tired to take a deep breath after that one." So the talk goes on. It is always the hard knocks, the trying moments, the surmounted difficulties that linger longest in your memory, never the soft spots. The oft-repeated tale of your trip gradually evolves into what seems like a hard-luck story to some of your friends. This may work for your disadvantage. When you approach them with plans for a canoe trip they are not so free to commit themselves.

The year rolls around, and each day takes with it a little of your fancied dislike for camp life. The warm spring days open your ears to the whisperings of the red gods. Louder and more insistent grow their voices until one morning comes the final call. You throw up your hands.

"Come on! where'll we go?" says you.

"The Skipper" looked at me doubtfully when I first broached the subject.

"How many miles a day do you intend to travel?" he demanded. "Is this a pleasure trip or a free-for-all race? I'm out for fun."

"Don't you worry about the fun," I assured him. "The Pemigewasset and Merrimack make about a ten days' trip. We'll spend it all in the upper waters if you say so—just paddle and camp where we please."

"I'll go you," he returned. "That ought to make a nice trip for the time we have."

It rained the morning we started, but gradually cleared as we traveled northward up the valleys of the Merrimack and Pemigewasset rivers. At three o'clock in the afternoon we left the train at North Woodstock, and by the appearance of the river we decided that we had come far enough. It was little more than a brook and did not promise much for canoeing. It looked so much like a storm that I hustled up to the village for supplies while the skipper unpacked the canoe. Before I had returned it began raining heavily. Everything was wet. The groceries gradually melted. We turned the canoe over them and held a pow-wow. Doubtless there were hotels in the village, but hotels did not appeal to us. We had intended to make a start and camp at the first suitable spot. The outlook was not encouraging.

"I'll take a run across this railroad bridge," said I. "It doesn't look so bad over there in the woods." And it wasn't.

We made our first portage then and there, and started pitching camp. The tent was erected to save as dry a spot as possible to sleep on, and all the duffle, together with a little dry wood, was thrown inside. Then we hunted out some spruce, and cut browse for a bed.

Directly in front of the tent we drove some stakes slantingly into the ground. Against these we piled logs, one upon another. A smaller "fore-stick" was laid parallel to the bottom log. In this trench we built a rousing fire. It reflected into the tent and thoroughly dried it out.

It was nearly dark by now, but over in the west a red streak flamed for an instant in the sky, holding forth good promise for the

morrow. It soon stopped raining. We changed to dry clothes and hung our wet ones in front of the fire. We cooked and ate supper. Things were looking up.

The skipper searched through a pocket and drew forth two long, thin cigars.

"Here," I said, "whatever else this may be, it's no cigar trip. How many of those 'stogies' have you?"

"These two," he answered mournfully.

"We'll put a stop to this right here," I observed, as he threw me one of them.

The next morning we were up with the sun and made all preparations possible for a long, wet day. It was well we did. We had started on the east branch and for a mile or so it averaged about six inches in depth. Then it joined with the Pemigewasset proper and Moosilauke Brook. Even so, we had plenty of wading—and such wading! There is a paper mill a few miles up the east branch at Lincoln. They make paper pulp by the "sulphite process," which means that the wood fiber is separated by cooking in sulphurous acid. The waste liquor is then neutralized and flows into the river. The rocks—round as billiard balls they are—were covered with a slimy skin a quarter of an inch thick, as slippery as any grease you ever heard of. There was only one thing to do: wade as close to the canoe as possible, and when we slipped, fall into it. A large sponge is of value under these conditions. We had thoughtfully brought one with us, and it was most useful in clearing the canoe of the water which we constantly took in whenever the depth was sufficient to allow us to get aboard and paddle.

Just below here was an immense rocky ledge. The river circled in beneath it, and narrowed up until it was not more than ten feet wide in places. It had enough depth, however, and enough fall to make a beautiful rapid. We looked it over, and determined to photograph ourselves running through.

The camera was set up on a sandy beach; the case being filled with stones and strapped to the tripod, to hold it down. We now tied a stone to a linen thread and threw it across the river. Then we paddled over to fasten it in some way. It proved quite a task. The rock dropped sheer to about a foot above the stream, and then shelved off in a broad apron into the water.



We photographed ourselves when we ran through by breaking a thread stretched across the river and attached to the shutter.



Did the fellow who photographed you, jumping that six-foot dam, squeeze the bulb at the preconceived moment?

It was necessary to walk along this apron until I reached a certain crack in the face of the rock. After several false starts and numerous slips I made it, and drove a wedge into the crack. We recrossed the river and attached the other end of the thread to the shutter in such a way that it hung suspended about a foot above the surface of the water. When we came down through we released the shutter by breaking the thread. It worked finely.

This was our busy day. Just below here we ran on to some log jams. Some of them we worked through by pushing aside the logs, others necessitated dragging or lifting the canoe across. Near Woodstock we found a dam, beside which a new paper mill was being erected. The dam was built with a long apron extending from just below the crest to the surface of the water beneath. This for the benefit of future log drives. We roped the canoe down the apron and dragged her over a shallow pitch of water below. Then we ran into our first dead water. Off to the right we heard the care-free croak of an old "jug-o'-rum."

"Frogs' legs appeal to me," said the skipper.

I fished out the little long-barreled .22. We paddled quietly into the weeds. I stood up, aimed and pulled the trigger.

The skipper laughed at me.

"What's the trouble; did you close your eyes and trust in God that time? There he is again," he went on, "right beside that stub. Raise your sights this time; he's almost ten feet away. Don't hurry; he's a quiet old hoss. Wait a minute," he called, working the canoe around sideways. "Now shoot, and if you don't hit him, I'll bat him over the head with a paddle."

"I got him!" I yelled.

"You bet you did!" the skipper exclaimed. "But look at his legs! You've shot to pieces what we were going to eat."

Well, to spare my further blushes, we succeeded in shooting, clubbing, and scaring to death enough frogs for a meal. They weren't so bad.

About three o'clock we began looking for a camping spot, and, in the course of two hours we found one that came up to our rather particular requirements. It was in a hemlock grove, on a bluff high enough to be free of mosquitoes. We dispensed with

the tent for this night, spreading our blankets on a bed of hemlock browse. The map showed a total distance of nine miles for the day.

The next morning dawned clear as a bell, and gave promise of a hot day. Having no incentive for any great distance paddling, we slowly collected the duffle and packed it away in its allotted place. At eight o'clock we pushed out into the current. In two minutes we were overboard wading, and for several miles we kept it up; except at rare intervals, when the water was deep enough to float the entire outfit. The Pemigewasset River exhibits a great propensity for splitting up into several small channels, in consequence of which, islands and sandbars are innumerable. The choosing of the right channel became quite an interesting problem. It was, of course, easy to determine which branch flowed the greater volume of water, but impossible to know if that branch did not again split up into smaller ones. We did not do much investigating, but picked the channel that looked best at the start. If it shoaled up, we waded. It isn't all of canoeing to paddle!

At one o'clock, just above the mouth of Mad River, we stopped, with the intention of camping over a day. We were then twelve miles below our last night's camp, and there were several things we wanted to do. For one thing, the canoe needed a patch. Then, too, we had brought along an aluminum folding baker, or reflecting oven, that we meant to experiment with.

The chosen camping spot was ideal. A dozen feet above the river level some giant spade had dug out a triangular shelf, of perhaps half an acre, in the face of a high bluff. It was carpeted with sweet fern, moss, and soft grass, and shaded by yellow birch and hemlock trees. A wind-thrown paper birch furnished us with fire wood, as well as a fireplace. The skipper was frying chicken when they turned the heavenly hose on us. I tossed him a rubber blanket. When the chicken was reduced to a chewable condition, we huddled into the tent. How it rained! The fire made one frantic gasp and drowned. The lightning fairly burned our eyeballs with its razzle-dazzle flashes in the suddenly fallen darkness. There was nothing to do but eat.

The next morning we patched the canoe

we hung things up in the sun to dry and air, and finally we baked biscuit and johnny-cake in the reflecting oven almost as good as mother's. Then there was boiled rice with raisins, part of which we saved for our midday luncheon—and I might add that boiled rice formed our staple dinner for the rest of the trip. It certainly sticks to one's ribs!

We broke camp at half-past ten. The next four miles proved to be a repetition of yesterday's shallow rapids, until we

and make a friendly call. It is just as well that our friend was not at home. Did you ever see a pair of khaki trousers after about four days' wear in the woods? No? Perhaps you did not recognize what they were.

Four miles below Plymouth, near Bridgewater, we discovered a good camping spot and stopped at five o'clock, having come eleven miles.

If there was ever a hot day the next one was it, but the river was beautiful about here and we loafed along with the current.



Meeting a log-jam—"This was our busy day."

struck the dead water above the dam at Livermore Falls. We made ourselves unnecessary work here by carrying around the dam and over a high bridge down on to a sandy beach. We should have followed the railway track for a quarter of a mile and then gone directly down the steep bank to the river. Just below here is the worst tangle of rocks I ever saw in a rapid. There was nothing to it but wade.

At Plymouth we beached the canoe and went up to the village to buy some groceries

Just after we started we scared up a flock of shelldrake from a little cove. They did not take wing, but paddled away down stream. How they made the water fly! We knew from experience that it was useless to try and overtake them, but we started them up again at every bend. Finally the river split on an island.

"Here's where we fool them," said the skipper. "My money says they are back of that island."

We swung the canoe into the little chan-



There are moments when it is good to stretch out.



Wielding a paddle is a small part of canoeing.

nel and "fanned" her along without taking the paddles from the water. Over at the left was a partially sunken log, behind which the water had eaten in under the grass roots, making a little cave. They were all in there. We paddled by within twenty feet. They remained motionless until we were nearly past, and then seemed to float out and up stream like feathers in a gentle breeze. We backed and swung the canoe. Instantly there was something doing. They could not get away quick enough, but they finally did. These were the Hooded Mergansers.

Just below, near the ruins of an old bridge at the mouth of the Ashland River, we came to a fall that might possibly be run at high water. We could not figure it out at the present stage, however, and lifted the canoe over the ledge about twenty-five feet to the water below.

We had paddled over the next ten miles of river the year before, and knew that we had our work cut out for us, as it was practically all heavy rapids. The first one was nearly a mile long, and shallow and rocky. This is the worst kind of swift water as it is impossible to keep off the rocks. After this the water gradually deepened and we were enabled to run every pitch. This was sport indeed. Only once were we near disaster. We had run part way through one heavy fall, and stopped beside a rock to reconnoiter the last drop. It looked safe enough and we pushed away. Ten feet out in the current a monster bowlder reared its head. I supposed that we would go inside the rock. The skipper, who was in the bow, understood that we would go



Frogs' legs for dinner.

around the outside, and held the bow across the current waiting for me to provide the motive power. I wondered why he didn't let her swing down and yelled. He only paddled the harder. The stern began to drop down stream. My mind instantly focused on a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of cameras that were lying unprotected under my feet. Then I *did* yell. We washed broadside into the rock. The canoe careened and began to fill. I jumped overboard to save a spill. Between us, we worked the canoe around into the current. The water was up to my armpits, and its force so great that it

nearly pulled the canoe out of my grasp, even though I was jammed against the rock. I had to let go or else go along with it. I decided to go along, and for a dozen feet played the part of an animated rudder; finally getting aboard just as we shot over the last heavy pitch.

Below Bristol we ran the last heavy fall, and camped shortly after, having paddled fourteen miles.

The canoe was in bad shape, and we attended to its needs early the next morning. And now, notwithstanding our good resolutions, there awoke in us the lust for travel. There was some excuse, however, for the rest of the river was not so interesting as heretofore. There was nothing much to do except paddle. It was Thursday, and we were close to a hundred miles from home. We decided that Monday was as good a day as any to get there, and lengthened our stroke. We made a quarter of a mile carry around an excelsior mill at Franklin, ran two rapids just below the

dam, and four more after we had passed the mouth of the Winnepesaukee River; then it was a straight away grind for the rest of the day. We camped late, about two miles above Sewell's Falls; good and tired after a twenty-eight mile paddle. At one town above we had purchased a small bean-pot, and after supper we resurrected the reflecting oven. We dug a hole in the sand, lined it with stones and in it built our fire. The skipper manufactured some johnny-cake. I made ginger-bread—at least I *would* have, if the pan had not slipped out of the reflector and fallen "butter-side down" in the dirt. That was the one and only real hardship of the trip. When we had sufficiently recovered our spirits, we scraped the coals out of the bean-hole, and placed the filled pot therein. We now shoveled the coals in around it and covered the whole with dirt. When we opened them in the morning, they were piping hot and most delicious.

The next was our hardest day's work. We paddled nearly thirty miles, making three portages around dams at Sewell's Falls, at Garvin's Falls and at the Hookset dam. To add to our burdens, the water was dead, the wind was against us and it rained most of the afternoon. When we stopped at noon we merely beached the canoe, and climbed a bank to eat our dinner under some pines. In the course of five minutes, I happened to glance at the river and failed to see the canoe. The wind had rocked it away from shore and it was now part way across the river, and traveling fast. I think a photograph of what happened next would be interesting. The skipper and I mutally arose to our feet, and started running down the bank, shedding garments at every jump. When the skipper reached the water he was reduced to his underclothes, and plunged in as he was. It looked so easy that I stopped and watched him. Nevertheless I stripped to the buff and waded out. The canoe was traveling about as fast as he could swim. He made a last frantic spurt and nearly grasped her, when a gust of wind came rollicking along and flirted the canoe out of his reach. I can fully appreciate

how he felt, being half way across the river and utterly exhausted. I ran up the bank, swam out and met the canoe as it came along. The moral is obvious.

At Manchester we were royally entertained at the Cygnet Canoe Club while we telephoned and waited for a truck team to cart us below the dam and across the city. We camped immediately below.

Saturday morning we made a six o'clock start, and found bad water for six miles. There are several pitches, perfectly easy to run at a good depth of water, but particularly nasty so early in the morning, because of the closing of the gates in the big Amoskeag dam during the night. The worst pitch, known as Goff's Falls, is rather dangerous at any time, and we had to make a short carry here.

"It's forty miles home," said the skipper. "Shall we try and make it to-night?"

"If we reach Lowell by dark, I'll paddle it out with you," I answered.

We ate our boiled rice and raisins just below Nashua. During the afternoon the wind freshened and blew against us. We paddled doggedly ahead without conversation. Nothing is so maddening as a head wind! Your back sets up an ache between the shoulder blades; you twist and slide around on the seat to try and find a more comfortable position; the outside of your knees get sore from bracing them against the canoe; your hands blister and stiffen about the paddle; and finally, the strength suddenly leaves them, until you can scarcely grip at all. Your whole being seems to focus upon the monotonous dip and swish of the blade that gets heavier with every stroke.

At three o'clock we reached Lowell, where a team carry through the city set us back an hour and a half. We ran our last rapid just below. Then we began to chirk up. The remaining eight miles was familiar water. As the six o'clock whistles blew we stepped out on to the Lawrence Canoe Club float. We had averaged four miles an hour for ten hours' paddling.

"I knew how it would end," the skipper chuckled. "It is good to get home!"



Photograph by F. C. Clarke.

THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE—One could never undress quick enough.



“ Last feller in knows what he'll get ! ”

Photograph by F. C. Clarke.



The Widow McLean—"Hermitess."

THE FEMALE HERMIT OF OKALOACOOCHEE SLOUGH

BY DAVID HILL

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

NO more dreary, lonesome, sunken belt of tangled brush, water, and heavy moss-laden trees is seen in all Florida than Okaloacoochee Slough. It starts somewhere in the big saw grass country south of Lake Okeechobee, and trails in a southwesterly course down through Lee County, until its waters are finally swallowed up in the waters of the Gulf. It is virtually the border line between the pine woods and great cypress swamps. In places it is narrow and in others extremely wide. Quail, turkey, and wild deer are quite numerous, while wild cats, bears and, now and then, a panther lurks in the hidden labyrinths of the woods. Numerous kinds of birds are found in abundance and at night the air is filled with the

sound of their whirring wings. Alligators haunt the pools, while rattlesnakes and moccasins, especially the latter, swarm in abundance.

It was in this uncanny place, on a hummock once the site of Fort Simon Drum, built during the last Indian war, but now with nothing left to show for it but a mound of earth, that I found the Widow McLean, the hermit of Okaloacoochee Slough. The garden to her shack reaching down into the edge of the Slough, was surrounded by a high fence, and in front of the door was a bed of blossoming flowers. The widow, calling off the dogs which had barred our progress, allowed us to approach. Once in her presence I gazed upon her in astonishment. She was over six

feet in height, broad-shouldered, sinewy and masculine looking, and with a weight that would tip the scales at two hundred pounds. A perfect giantess, dressed in long, loose calico garment, stockingless shoes, and large sunbonnet covering her head. Several cats, hens, and pigs surrounded her the moment she appeared upon the steps. My "cracker" guide asked for her husband. She laughed and said she was not blessed with that luxury, but wanted one real bad.

"What! you'un don't live alone?" my guide asked, equally as surprised as myself.

"R' reckon as to how r' do," she replied; "at least, so far as human beings is concerned."

"Well, r' swear to man—think o' a woman living alone in sech a slough of despond as this. Arn't you'un ever afraid?" he again asked.

"Never have been, and r' reckon it's too late to begin now," she answered, with a broad grin; and her over six feet of bone and muscle would indicate she had no reason to be, so far as ordinary mortals were concerned.

She invited us to remain over night, offering the best her shack could afford, but as we were en route for the Everglades, and anxious to cover as much ground as possible before darkness set in, we declined her kind offer, made a few purchases, and continued upon our course.

Inquiry among the few squatters we met proved the widow to be a strange character. The more timorous ones were afraid of her. Some said she was a hermaphrodite. Others said she was a man dressed in woman's clothes. All believed that "he" or "she" had committed murder, and had hidden away in Okaloacoochee Slough to escape the law. They believed her crazy, or that she pretended to be, and was capable of committing any crime. Armed with long-barreled gun she would wander the swamps at night, and it was no uncommon thing for her to enter a camp miles from home, and after a short visit, again go wandering off into the shadows of the woods. Mysterious disappearances were hinted at, and it was said the swamp surrounding her was haunted.

On our return from the Everglades we camped on an island in the center of the Slough. This was preferred in preference to the hogs, cats and dogs, and hens in the

widow's front yard. Late in the evening, while cooking supper, we were startled by strange sounds issuing from her abode. Prolonged "o-o-o-oop! o-o-o-oop! o-o-o-oop's!" were heard, heavy and low, and which, like the whistle of a sound steamer, penetrated far into the shadows of the night. We marveled at the sounds and what they were intended to convey. Finally, on the opposite side of the Slough was heard, faintly at first, and then increasing in volume, the tinkling of little bells. These grew near and nearer, until, in the water track leading past us a long line of black figures could just be discovered, apparently following the bell leader in front. My guide caught a brand from the fire, stepped forward, held it above his head, and looked down. "Black hogs—by mighty!" he exclaimed, and returned to the fire. And so they were. A long line of black hogs, marching in single file, without a sound, looking neither to the right nor left, all led onward by the widow's peculiar and mournful call. When they had filed past us out of sight, and the tinkling bells signified that they had reached the yard, the doleful "o-o-o-ooping!" stopped, and the swamp was still.

Between nine and ten o'clock we were startled by another sound. This time it was a weird kind of singing—not in the form of words, but a series of prolonged notes, starting on a low key, then slowly increasing in volume, rising higher and higher, until the black depths of the dismal Slough fairly echoed with the discordant sounds. No wonder the natives thought the place was haunted. High and higher rose the notes, loud and long and shrill, until, when the highest possible point was reached, and the notes sounded like a prolonged shriek, they gradually began to sink down, and down, and down, until they ended in a sort of dismal wail. Wallace, my guide, gave the fire a poke, and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Hill," said he, "r' was borned and raised in this here kentry an' thowt as t' how r' knowed it by heart; but, God-amighty! r' never heard anything like that afore. Shore an' r'm half a mind to be skeered."

"You do not appreciate the widow's evening hymn," I said, feeling a little "creepy" myself.

"Shore an' if that's a hymn, jess deliver me from attending prayers at the same place. R've no desire to go to sleep," and he gave the fire another poke.

It was nearly an hour after the weird singing when our attention was attracted to a slosh! slosh! slosh! in the water of the track leading through the Slough. Instinctively we turned toward it, peered out into the darkness, and were not surprised when the gigantic figure of the woman, with gun across her shoulder, loomed up before us.

"R' hearn the sound o' your axe an' knowed you had returned," she said, approaching the fire. "R' come over to inquire you to the house."

I framed an excuse on the plea that we were already in camp, and then invited her to sit down. For over an hour we talked, and, by considerable questioning, discovered some points relating to her strange life. She said her name was Sarah McLean and that she was a genuine Georgia "cracker." She came to Florida with her sister in a mule team, with no particular point in view but the big cypress woods of which she had read. This was some years before. They traveled a distance of five hundred miles, camping along the route. At places, attracting attention, their pictures were taken, and at one town they were written up for the press. She finally settled at Okaloacoochee Slough. Her sister soon sickened of the place, returned home, and left the gigantic Sarah to run the ranch alone. She did her own plowing, chopping, raising sugar cane, making molasses, and all other kinds of outdoor work. During her conversation she admitted that her husband had been hung for murder in Georgia, but did not state when, or the kind of murder he had committed. In talking this strange woman had the faculty of looking into vacancy, frequently pausing in the middle of a sentence, and after a little, branching off on to some other subject. There was a wild look in her eyes which convinced me she might not be responsible for all she said. She told us how alligators bothered her at times, coming into the yard at night and stealing

pigs. One night hearing one squeal in the swamp, and thinking a 'gator had it, she took a lantern and axe, waded down into the slough, and finding it caught between two trees, chopped it out and carried it home.

"What!" exclaimed Wallace, "don't 'gators skeer you at all?"

The widow laughed. "The 'gators shun me same as the men," she answered. "Both on 'em run at first sight. But r'm harmless," she added, after a pause, "an' if r' had a good man r'd only kill him with kindness and mince pie."

No mention was made of her song, and after making arrangements for a deer hunt the next day, and an alligator hunt the following night, she took her departure, disappearing in the blackness of the swamp.

"Shore an' r'm glad she called," remarked my guide, after the widow was out of hearing, "for it sort o' kills the devilishness o' that evening hymn. R'now reckon as to how r' kin go to sleep."

The next day the widow went hunting with us, but no deer was shot. One was run into a corner, at which time the widow suddenly fired two shots, a signal for calling off the dogs, and the deer escaped. She gave no explanation for doing this, and my guide said, considering the size of the woman, he did not ask. One turkey was shot, and making her a present of it, we returned to camp.

That night we again listened to the "hog-calling" notes, the "evening hymn" and later to the "slosh! slosh!" followed by the widow bringing us a portion of the turkey nicely dressed. The alligator hunt was given up on account of a leaky boat. Her visit was short, and the following morning we crossed to her shack, where I took her picture sitting upon her horse.

While my guide believes the Widow McLean to be a man, I hardly agree with him. I scout the crimes laid at her door, or that she is a criminal hiding from justice, for she was too anxious to have her picture taken. But "she" or "he" is a strange character, living in a strange locality; her parting words were, "Jes' send me a good man an' my cup o' happiness will be complete."

LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

WE GO BERRYING

BY E. P. POWELL



I HAVE had my experiences, and they are laid away in the sandalwood chest of memory. Some of them I will never bring out, but this one of berrying I will tell you, for it is one of the lost arts. Since science has made huge berries to grow in our gardens—sixteen to a quart—romance has left the world. Yes, indeed, my Cynthia, but it took four hundred to a quart when we met at the bars, at daylight, and went through the Harding meadows, and among the knolls and glens, hunting strawberries. I can smell those odors yet! The peppermint and the spearmint and the white clover, and the delicate flavor of the berries themselves, all pearly with dew. The stems were six to eight inches long, and there were sometimes seven berries to a stalk—and some of the biggest went over to your basket, Cynthia, do you remember that? Indeed, but I would do it again, for the look that you gave me, and the something in your eyes that I shall never forget.

Very few are now living who ever went strawberrying outside a plowed garden, so that a very few of us have all the remembering to do. It was the illumination of childhood; the joy of middle life. Mothers laid away their dishes after dinner, and strolled through neighboring orchards, sitting a while on the big blocks of limestone, and then came home to crown the supper table with bowls of scarlet. But we children went at daybreak. Out of the yard where the lilacs grew, around the barn where the pie plant lifted its great leaves, down the little orchard lane, through the cherry trees; all along the way bobbed out here a bonnet or a cap—till the baskets were at least a dozen. Every girl wore a dress with tucks, and you could tell how

old each one was by the number of tucks, for in those days a calico dress was not meant for six months, but for six years. It was put on when the girl was seven years old, and a tuck was let out each year. At twelve years of age the dress, a little faded, but “as good as new” was tuckless and turned. Only no dress went below the ankles, for must not the berry hunter get down on her knees and scramble? And as for us boys we all wore frocks of bedticking, that no one could tear. Do I not know, for have I not, while climbing for hens’ nests about the old barn, been caught on a nail, and hung in the air for two hours? Oh, the delicious prattle! just like a brook, a sweet summer brook running among the wild plants and kissing every one of them—the prattle of a dozen children’s voices, going berrying, and the patter of the feet along the twisted pathway. Why need we wear out shoes where conventionalism has no power? We boasted that we could run barefooted through a thistle patch—and we did it. You will find among a dozen children more beautiful toes than noses. And when we came to a brook we always splashed about a while, with our naked feet among the stones and fishes.

Go ahead! dear ones of old! sweethearts of the past! I can no longer go with you! Your road runs through the Anderson lane, the Abbott woods, and then all up and down the slopes of the Miller pastures. You will sit down on a shady bank under the big basswoods and you will come strolling home at noon, tired and hungry, but happy and proud, and Susan, who is now only eighty-five, will have the fullest basket; for, indeed, Susan was economical, and not at all greedy. Those strawberries were really no sweeter than these which we now grow in our gardens. The flavor of Sharpless and Bubach and Kitty Rice is indeed far superior. But it was the romance of it—the creeping about together in the hepaticas, and the forget-me-nots, and in the clover fields, and here and there on the little

knolls where pigeon berries also grew. What possible romance can there be in these big baskets full of Senator Dunlap, President Roosevelt, and Mark Hanna?

I am not sure but that I found even more pleasure in hunting the red and the black raspberries. Especially the black ones grew in very unexpected places, and while your mates were hunting in vain, you might be filling your basket from a huge bush, sown by some bird in a fence corner. You need not suppose, however, that such a berry field will be left altogether for your pleasure. The birds are here, with pre-empted rights. Catbirds do not sing to you out here as they do around your farmhouse, but they scold you as an interloper. All sorts of sparrows are about, and even the earliest goldfinches are flitting like bits of a golden sunset through the bushes; yes, and the indigo birds—bluest of blue. They not only eat their full share, but they sow seeds all over the country, increasing the bushes about the fences and orchards. For years I have not planted a single black raspberry bush, but have found enough coming up in my vineyards. I let the best grow with the grapes—tied to the trestles, and so I get some fine new sorts. Among the most welcome of these birds is the song sparrow, who stops eating every few minutes, jumps on a limb, and pours out his gratitude in a hymn of joy. What a bird he is! What trills of melody!

The black raspberry surpasses even the big blackberry in milk, and I advise you to let many of them grow around your fields. There is in all the world no finer flavor—only instead of bread I would use cold boiled rolled wheat. Such a dish! A blue bowl, full! It should be carried jealously out of the house and away from all companionship, to a shaded seat, under the maples or evergreens, and eaten alone. Yes, it is a solitary food! Take it as you try a new piece of music. Repeat, and repeat, and then once more, until the whole round meal is absorbed, and you are conscious that those perfect flavors are really a part of yourself, and are being digested by your soul as well as your stomach. Then it is that one knows what God has done for him—making a poem of him as well as a machine.

As for blackberrying, although it is not what it once was, it is not a lost art. I

hold that it should always be done alone, except for your faithful dog. A dog can understand blackberrying, but he despises strawberrying. Here was how it was: under a lounge was a special suit of clothes, so picked and pulled by the bushes, that it would serve nowhere in the world but in a blackberry field. When Ranger saw me lift the curtain and pull out that suit, he knew, and no one need say a word about it. He jumped all over me in his gladness, and his sharp barks, like exclamation points, said: "Now! now! for a time! We will make a day of it!" And then he did not wait, but started on ahead. I found him occasionally, picking up adventures enough for a Quiller Couch novel. We went half a mile right across glens and through wood lots, until we came to a big broad gulch, an eighth of a mile from top to top, and so impenetrable that horses could not pull out the fallen logs. But way down at the bottom, a sweet lonely brook went purling its quiet way over pebbles, and doing its little stunts to please the little fishes. Sometimes it spread out wide, and overhead was the most delicious shade from dark hemlocks. I would like to sit there to-day, on the same big log, and toss crumbs once more to the fishes.

Only, at this rate, we shall never fill our baskets with berries—they are as big as your thumb, and hanging in every direction over your head and around your legs. You may look away up the twisted sides of the gullies and there is nothing anywhere in sight but blackberry bushes, and blackberries—bushels of them. Here all day we climb, and slide, and pick, and dream, and are happy. Ranger comes about once in each half hour, to see if you are all right, and touch you with his nose—as if to say, "Bully, ain't it?" Then he sits down by you on his haunches, under the big bush, draws his lips apart, and with his teeth carefully picks a few berries. I wish I knew what skirmishes he had all day, and what dog poems were in his brains. But for me, I know that I shall never forget those days, nor indeed the homeward walk at night, with twenty quarts of berries in my baskets. We sit down on the steps of the old farmhouse just as the shades begin to thicken, and the big pails of frothing milk come in from the barn.

Blessed and simple above all conjuga-

tions is this of berries and milk! Have you ever eaten a big bowl of fresh milk? It should be warm from the cow, then filled just one-third full of dead ripe blackberries, and another third of farm-made bread. What a terrible thing it is to live away from the farm. The best city loaf has a conventional smell, and then it looks just like every other city loaf. But in the farmer's kitchen the dough is kneaded by Gladys' inspiring arms, and I tell you, that into that dough she puts something beside oxygen; it is her own healthy soul—sick souls and folk heart-sore ought never to touch our food. And the milk, it is not that white liquid which you pour out of big tin cans, and label milk! but it is that which bubbles in the pail, and in which the cream comes rushing to the top.

A blackberry pie is an invention that ranks with those of Morse and Fulton and Edison. It is rarely tasted in these days; the art is almost lost. I think the recipe runs: Two inches deep of the ripest berries, with just enough flour sprinkled all through to make a fine pulp with the juice; Mem., but this must be done with brains. As for strawberries, if they do not fully satisfy you with cream, I advise a shortcake. It is a berry not easily spoiled; only one must not buy nubs and knots and suppose them to be strawberries. I confess that for years I could not eat red raspberries, and even now I do not prefer them, yet for some reason, Nature has put into this berry a vast amount of evolution. Of all berries this is the one that rules the market, and the price is going up every year. I think the real secret is that no other berry takes so well to the art of canning. Housewives are proud of their canned goods, and like to look at them, in rows on the store-room shelves. They buy the berry that will look brightest after being partly cooked. Now let me tell you a secret, that no two sorts of red raspberries taste alike when cooked, and by all odds the best is a dark purple, which we call Shaffer's Colossal—a huge berry, but homely in the can. However, why tell of it; no one will buy it the more. The flavorless Cuthbert will still draw the dollars, because of its beauty. It is the same way with the currants, for the red will sell while the white are by all odds the sweetest and best. I would like nothing just now better

than a dish of White Grape currants, and a sprinkling of white granulated sugar. Better yet, to sit under a bush, and in a neighborly way help to unload it. I have a seedling that stands seven feet high, and one may sit in its shade while he royally feasts. The fruit is red, but I hope some day to have as big and fine a tree bearing white fruit. One should not live for nothing. He should make the world better off, and he should have his ideals.

Burbank is not at all a wizard. The wonder is we have not one hundred times as rapid progress in fruit improvement. A great deal of progress is lost because we are not educated to see it, when Nature puts it under our eyes. Unfortunately, our schools have more to say about iambs than about strawberries. I am sure that, within ten years, we shall have strawberries as big as Seckel pears, and on stems, or stalks two feet high. Raspberries will approach two inches in diameter, but blackberries are perfection already—just right, all but the thorns. Who will get rid of them for us? A berry garden is the summation of modern science, applied to common life. It is the mellowest soil, just flanking the apple orchard, and it is as much loved by the bees as by folk. The best ten strawberries in the world are Bubach, Brandywine, Cardinal, Kitty Rice, Sample, Wm. Belt, Senator Dunlap, Glen Mary, Mark Hanna, and Gandy. But, bless me! Before I can tell you this, there will be half a dozen greater and sweeter ones. The three best garden raspberries, for home use or market, are Cuthbert, Golden Queen, and Shaffer's Colossal; but the best black sorts are Cumberland and Kansas. As for blackberries you will find nothing finer than Eldorado and King Phillip. For gooseberries, you can be happy with Industry Joselyn and Crown Bob—but there are more just as good, and the Yankee housewife is learning the goodness of gooseberry jam and gooseberry pie.

Berrying in the garden, with an eye to market, and the thermometer at ninety, needs the amelioration of quick sales, at high prices. But as a family affair it has a wonderful charm. The packing of crates and the rivalry among the pickers makes the midday less intolerable, while the shady hours become something very romantic. A currant patch gives us the real comfort

of berry gardening. We sit on stools, and carry them from bush to bush. We pick into four-quart baskets, and these, up and down the rows, are a beautiful sight. A six-foot bush, loaded with Fays, or White Grape, or Powell's Giant, is a sight to behold. The little mother comes out for her race with the boys, and I am myself not yet eighty when picking currants. Country life is not play; it is work, yet one may make it very beautiful—as easily as he can spoil it all with poor planning and bad habits. Everything that you touch is a stage of evolution. Nature is Burbanking the world, and has been at it this long while. Burbank himself is only one of her by-products in bringing about betterment. She has always been crossing and recrossing her fruits and flowers, and every little while she secures a remarkable novelty. One day on the slope of the harvest hills, in the corner of a rail fence, I found a gooseberry, red as a currant, and ripe on the fourth of July. A robin had eaten a berry in some farmer's garden, that held a natural cross, and then she had dropped the seed upon the hillside—careless enough—only that I happened along when that seed had grown into a plant, and was bearing the reddest and the earliest of all gooseberries. I have it now, multiplied, and growing in my garden. Go carefully, and observingly, and you will somewhere find in the bushes one of these fine new productions, waiting for you to care for it. So it is that home becomes a garden, and the garden is full of evolution, and it is there we go berrying.

MORMON MURPHY'S MISPLACED CONFIDENCE

BY C. M. RUSSELL

THE line camp was jammed to her fifteen-by-twenty-foot log walls. It was winter and the storm had driven many homeless punchers to shelter. Both bunks were loaded with loungers, and as cow people never sit when there is a chance to lie down, the blankets on the floor in their tarpaulin covers held their share of cigar-



What looks crooked to me is that his quirt hangs on his right wrist.

ette smoking forms. Talk drifted from one subject to another—riding, roping, and general range chat, finally falling to the proper and handy way to carry a rifle.

"I used ter pack my gun in a sling," said old Dad Lane, the wolfer. "They ain't used these days since men's got ter usin' scabbards 'n hangin' them under their legs. Them old-fashioned slings was used by all prairie and mountain men. If you never seed one they was made of buckskin or sometimes boot leather, cut in what I'd call a long circle with a hole in each end that slipped over the saddle horn. The gun stuck through acrost in front of ye.

"In them same times men used gun-covers made of skin or blanket. As I said before, I used one of them slings till I near got caught with hobbles on; since then I like my weepoon loose 'n handy. I'll tell you how the play comes up.

"It's back in '77, the same year that Joseph's at war agin the whites. Me'n Mormon Murphy's comin' up from Buford follerin' the Missouri, trappin' the streams 'n headin' toward Benton. This Murphy ain't no real Mormon. He's what we'd call a jack-Mormon; that is he'd wintered down with Brigham 'n played Mormon

a while. He's the best-natured man I ever knowed, always wearin' a smile 'n lookin' at the bright side of things. We'd wood-hawked, hunted 'n trapped together for maybe four years, 'n I never heered him kick on nothin'. He claims when a man's got his health he's got no license to belly-ache. Murphy's good-hearted till he's foolish 'n so honest he thinks everybody else is on the square. He says if you treat folks right nobody'll bother you. It's a nice system to play, but I arger it won't do to gamble on. There is men that'll tell ye when ye've tipped yer whole card, but they're long rides apart. This same confidence in humans is what gets the Mormon killed off.

"Well, as I said before, we're trappin' along 'n takin' it easy. In them days all a man needs is a shootin' iron 'n a sack o' salt to live. There's nothin' to worry us. We're in the Gros Ventre's country, but they ain't hoss-tile 'n we're never out o' sight o' meat—the country's lousy with game.

"One mornin' we're joggin' along at a good gait. It's late in the fall, 'n ye know cool weather makes hosses travel up good, when ol' Blue, one of the pack hosses, throws his head up, 'n straightens his ears like he see's something, 'n when a hoss does this ye can tap yerself he ain't lyin'. So I go to watchin' the country ahead where he's lookin'.

"Sure enough, pretty soon there's a rider looms up out of a draw 'bout half a mile off. It's an Injun—I can tell that by the way he swings his quirt 'ns' diggin' his heels in his pony's belly at every step. There's a skift of snow on the country 'n he shows up plain agin the white. When he gits close enough he throws up his hand 'n signs he's a friend. Then I notice he's left handed—anyhow he's packin' his gun that-a-way.

"It's in a skin cover stuck through his belt Injun fashion with the stock to the left, but what looks crooked to me after sizin' him up is that his quirt hangs on his right wrist.

"With hand talk I ask him what he is; he signs back Gros Ventre. This Injun looks like any other savage; he's wearin' a white blanket capote with blue leggin's of the same goods. From the copper rim-fire cattridges in his belt, I guess his weepo'n's

a Henry. Now what makes me think he's lyin' is his pony. He's ridin' a good lookin' but leg-weary Appalusy, 'n as I know, these hosses ain't bred by no Injuns east o' the Rockies. Course all Injuns is good hoss thieves, 'n there's plenty o' chance he got him that-a-way, but the Umatilla camp's a long way off, 'n these peculiar spotted ponies comes from either there or Nez Perce stock.

"Well, he rides up, 'n instead o' comin' to my right 'n facin' me, he goes roun' one of the pack hosses, 'n comes quarterin' behind me to the left, his hoss pintin' the same as mine, 'n holdin' out his hand says, 'How,' with one o' them wooden smiles. Ye know ye can't tell what an Injun's got in the hole by readin' his countenance; winner or loser he looks the same. I shake my head—some way I don't like this maneuver; I don't know what his game is, but ain't takin' no chances.

"He looks at me like his feelin's is hurt, swings around behind my hoss 'n goes to Murphy the same way. Then I am suspicious 'n hollers to Murphy.

"Don't shake with that savage,' says I.

"What are ye afeared of,' says he, holdin' out his hand 'n smilin' good-natured, 'he won't hurt nobody.' Them's the last words the Mormon ever speaks.

"It's the quickest trick I ever see'd turned; when they grip hands, that damn snake pulls Murphy toward him, at the same time kickin' the Mormon's hoss in the belly. Naturally the animal lunges forward, makin' Murphy as helpless as a man with no arms. Like a flash the Injun's left hand goes under his gun-cover to the trigger. There's a crack 'n a smell of burnt leather 'n cloth.

"Murphy ain't hit the ground before that Injun quits his hoss, 'n when he lands, he lands singin'. I savvy what that means—it's his death song, 'n I'm workin' like a beaver to loosen my gun from that damn sling. Maybe it ain't a second, but it seems to me like an hour before it's loose 'n I'm playin' an accompaniment to his little ditty. This solo don't last long till I got him as quiet as he made the Mormon.

"When this Injun rides up, he figures on downin' me fust. He's a mind reader 'n the smilin' Mormon looks easy. Seein' his game blocked he takes a fightin'



.. Like a flash the Injun's left hand goes under his gun-cover to the trigger."

chance. He'd a' got me, too, but the lever on his Henry gets foul of the fringe on the cover, 'n I got him on a limb.

"Yes, I plants my pard alright, but as I ain't got nothin' to dig a grave with bigger 'n a skinnin' knife, I wrops him in his blanket 'n packs him down a washout 'n caves a bank in on him. When I takes a last look at him he seems to be smilin' like he forgives everybody. I tell ye fellers, I don't know when I cried it's been so long ago, 'n I didn't shed no tears then, but I damn nigh choked to death at that funeral.

"I've helped plant a whole lot of men one time 'n another in my career, but this is the only time I did it single handed 'n lonesome. It's just me 'n the hosses, but I'll tell ye I'm damn glad to have them. When ye ain't got humans ye'll find animals good company.

"No, there ain't no prayers said; I ain't used none since I was weaned, 'n I've even forgot the little one my mammy learnt me, but I figure it out this way, there ain't no use an ol' cayote like me makin' a squarin' talk fer a man as good as Mormon Murphy. So I stand for a minit with my head bowed an' hat off like whites do at funerals. It's the best I can do for him. Then I go to the hosses astandin' there with their heads down like they're helpin' out as mourners. 'Specially Murphy's with the empty saddle 'n the gun still in the sling pulled 'way off to one side where the helpless Mormon makes his last grab.

"I don't scalp the Injun—not that I wouldn't like to, but I ain't got time to gather no souvenirs 'n I'm afeared to hang 'round, cause Injuns ain't lonesome animals; they band up 'n it's safe bettin' when ye see one there's more near by. If I'd a' had my leisure, the way I feel toward this painted snake, I'd a' tuk a head 'n tail robe off'n him. I'd a' peeled him to his dew claws, but as it is I'm nervous 'n hurried, 'n all I got's his hoss 'n gun 'n four pair o' new moccasins I found under his belt.

"Guess this Injun a Nez Perce all right, because a short time after the killin' of Murphy there's a bull-train jumped 'n burned on Cow Creek 'n it ain't long till Joseph surrenders to Miles over on the Snake."

A FACT OR A FAKE SUBMITTED TO MR. JOHN BURROUGHS

BY LORENZO P. GIBSON

MR. JOHN BURROUGHS appears to have assumed the rôle of censor of all natural history stories published in American magazines. He scathingly denounces that which he is so unkind as to call "Fake Natural History." This is a fair example of what nature lovers and nature observers have been meekly suffering on account of his unsparing criticism of articles written by those who have endeavored to record faithfully that which their senses have revealed to their mental organs.

Mr. Burroughs assumes that because he is a professional, amateurs see with astigmatic eyes, hear with unatuned ears, and feel with parasthetic fingers the things which they study and which, according to him, with biased intellect they report for the magazines.

Many of the stories he condemns are the simple report of careful observation made upon the spot; observations of nature loving students who would not intentionally do the smallest injustice to bird, beast, reptile, fish, editor, reader, or professional naturalist. Yet Mr. Burroughs hauls them over the bed of coals of his criticism in apparent fiendish glee that he is able to "fry the fat" (I had almost written fake) out of their tales.

Now, who shall be believed? The man who has seen and heard and felt some particular experience, or the critic who was miles away when this experience occurred?

The foregoing is only prefatory to the occurrence I am about to relate, not as a contribution to literature or science, but as a test case to be submitted to the Court of Last Resort—Mr. Burroughs—for a final decree as to whether any but naturalists holding a license from him are to be credited.

The teller of this story is a plain, unassuming, studious, honest, closely observant country gentleman. His whole life, save when he was at school, was spent on a farm, and his circumstances have been such that he has been able to devote most

of his time to hunting, fishing, trapping, botany and natural history, and all for sport and study. He does not pose as a nature lover. He is just a plain, blunt, kindly man, a keen observer and a faithful recorder.

This story was related to his friends in camp—his comrades with whom he had hunted and fished and camped for years—not one of them ever having had cause to doubt even the minutest detail of anything he had ever told them.

As was usual in our camp we had been discussing everything from the Star of Bethlehem to free silver. The conversation finally drifted to dog-lore, when the farmer-hunter-fisher-trapper-naturalist told this story, which is faithfully transcribed in the exact words of the narrator:

"I owned the best setter I ever saw or heard of. I don't know her pedigree, but I feel sure she must have come from the finest stock because she did so many intelligent things and displayed such an affectionate disposition—especially toward children. She did many remarkable things in hunting, some of which I would hesitate to tell even to *you* who have never had any cause to doubt either my ability to observe or veracity in relating. But she did one thing that I feel, in justice to her memory and to dog-kind in general, ought to be preserved. I would not tell it to strangers, or even acquaintances, but I tell it to you, my comrades, who know I have never deviated from the straight and narrow path of scientific truth.

"As I said, Flora (that was her name) was the constant companion of my children in all their plays and romps. She played hide-and-seek with them, and when she was "*It*" she would put her forefeet up against the tree and place her head between her forelegs until she heard the cry of "All eyes open," when, having the advantage of keen scent, she would quickly find and bring in the hidden children, leading each by the sleeve or skirt.

"Well, she played dolls with the children, too, until she seemed to know the dolls as well as did the children, and judging by the way she was always carrying one in her

mouth or tossing it up and catching it, her joy was apparently as great as that of any of her child playmates.

"Things went on about this way until Flora whelped a litter of pups. She had a good kennel and had taken much pains to make a comfortable bed. When I first laid eyes upon the new born, it was apparent, sad to say, that they were of a mixed breed, entirely too plebeian to be reared by such an aristocratic mother, so I forthwith hired a dorky to take them away and drown them.

"When Flora missed her puppies she searched every nook and corner on my plantation, displaying all the while the most extreme anxiety. She whined and moaned, and as plainly as a brute could, implored every one she could find to tell her of her lost ones. Her grief was apparently as inconsolable as that of any human mother I ever saw, and I have seen my share of affliction too.

"After she had searched and searched and all in vain, she began to gather up those dilapidated dolls that belonged to the children, and carried every one of them to her bed in the kennel. When she had gathered them all in they presented a motley litter. Some had an arm off at the elbow, some at the shoulder, another had part of a leg gone, there was a large slice of head lacking in another; in fact, there was not a whole doll in the entire lot.

"As soon as Flora had assembled them in her bed her grief was apparently assuaged, and she devoted the same care and attention to and bestowed as much affection upon those poor orphan dolls as any canine could show for her real offspring. She fondled and toyed with them, carried them about in her mouth, and played with them constantly, and when any of the children mischievously kidnaped one of them, she would not rest until she had found it and brought it back to her bed. In fact, she treated them just like her own pups, nursed them from her own fountains of milk, and cared for them affectionately and faithfully until they grew to be great big dolls and were able to run about over the place and to take care of themselves!"

TALES OF A COLLECTOR OF WHISKERS

BY J. ARCHIBALD MCKACKNEY, MUS. DOC., F.R.G.S., ETC.

(EDITED BY RALPH D. PAINE)

DRAWINGS BY WALLACE MORGAN

III.—THE SENTIMENTAL ANARCHIST

THE Atlantic liner *Hoch der Kaiser* was two days out from New York when my indefatigable assistant, Hank Wilkins, appeared in the smoking-room door and beckoned to me to join him on deck. I shook my head in a negative manner, for I was playing poker with several American trust magnates who had shown themselves to be a jovial company of philanthropists and most congenial companions. After gaining control of most of the food supply and transportation systems of their own country, they were en route for Europe to attempt the formation of world-wide monopolies in pickles, beer, coffins, flour, and so on.

Presently Wilkins returned to the doorway and beckoned with more emphasis than before. He was fidgeting with impatience and knowing that he would not venture to call me for a trifling matter, I left the game and followed him on deck. He begged my pardon and said:

"You might regret it if I didn't tell you at once, sir. But you have been after it for three years, and I never saw a finer——"

"Not the Full-blooming Aurora pattern?" I gasped with a flash of intuition. "You don't mean that you have discovered a specimen of the rarest of varieties of the Human Whisker?"

"I haven't examined them close," he replied, "but it looks that way, sir. You recall that imperfect imitation you have at home, sir, the Hall Caine portrait in the billiard room? Well, *that* looks like a deck swab beside what I've found."

I was overjoyed and declared that I must see it at once. Wilkins chuckled

with pleasure at my eagerness and as he led me aft he explained that the whiskers belonged to a second-cabin passenger, who looked like a Russian. Wilkins had tried in vain to scrape his acquaintance, for the fellow seemed so nervous and wild-eyed that he fled from all overtures. In fact, so Wilkins informed me, "he flocked by himself as if he was afraid of something." We lingered at the rail that barred the passage to the second cabin, and scanned the long row of steamer chairs. Wilkins was confident that the Russian would take a turn on deck before dinner, and said that when he walked it was with a headlong gait and incoherent mutterings to himself.

A little later a man of singular appearance emerged from the deck house aft and crossing to the vessel's side stood glaring at the interminable carpet of blue water. His figure was slender and slouching, his attire well cared for but shabby, and that which made his otherwise commonplace aspect conspicuous was the framing of his features. Beard, whiskers, mustache, there were no lines of demarcation. The luxuriant and rayonnant growth encircled and fairly obscured his lineaments. It was almost as if he wore a mask, but *such* a mask. As the sunset glow became enmeshed in this peerless decoration, its forest of tendrils was illumined and the man's face loomed in a kind of golden aurora.

I silently shook the hand of Wilkins and told him that if Hall Caine could behold this peerless specimen he would shave for very humiliation. There was only one thing to do. I must have the Russian's portrait painted by the finest artist in Europe.

"We'll land him if we can get near enough to put salt on his whiskers," was Wilkins' gloomy comment. "He's a d—n shy bird."

I told Wilkins that he simply must scrape some kind of an acquaintance in order to pave the way for me. If necessary, I would have his berth shifted to the second cabin. He was to stick to the

Full-blooming Aurora by night and day. The man could not run away on shipboard and Wilkins had never failed me. Late that night he reported that the coveted stranger had suddenly and violently fallen in love with a pretty English girl in the second cabin. He had forsaken his eccentric solitude and had been in the charmer's company for several hours. Wilkins advanced the theory that this sentimental attack might have been responsible for his singular actions; that while talking to himself and waving his arms he had been trying to screw his courage up to the point of declaring his passion. Wilkins had not talked to him but he explained:

"I made a date with the girl to play shuffle-board in the morning. I can make easier sailing with the petticoats, sir."

Mr. Hank Wilkins, of the Titian beard had a way with him, and at noon next day he was snugly tucked in a steamer chair by the side of the rosy English girl. He had artfully lured her to a secluded corner where they were screened from observation behind a huge ventilator. His attractive companion seemed to welcome this isolation, and was frank enough to say after listening to the conversation of the versatile Wilkins:

"It's a relief to get away from that dotty person with the blond fringes, I'm sure. Fancy, he flopped down on his



The coveted stranger had fallen in love with an English girl in the second cabin.

knees to me this morning, right on deck. He almost frightens me."

Wilkins gallantly assured her that this kind of evidence would convince any jury of the Russian's sanity, but she went on to say: "He talks odd and violent most of the time; and keeps on hinting about some awful disaster that is almost due to happen."

Wilkins expressed the fervent hope that the disaster might not involve his whiskers, and the girl became more confidential:

"When he spoke to me lawst night I felt like screamin'. But I didn't dare not to be nice to him, you know. He is an anarchist by trade. He told me so. Fawncy me an anarchist's bride. And he proposed to me twice this morning. I'm sure he has something dreadful on his mind. He passed me to-day muttering, '*too late, too late. My God, I never dreamed—*' I missed the rest of it, but it was right out of a melo-drama."

Just then the anarchist stepped from beyond the ventilator and shot a murderous glance at Wilkins as he slouched past. Wilkins swore to me that he could hear the man's teeth grinding like a coffee mill and that his pockets were full of bombs destined to be hurled at his dashing rival. When these reports were conveyed to me I perceived that the demon of jealousy had stepped in to thwart any plans that Wilkins might have for capturing the Full-blooming Aurora trophy. I decided to make the attempt on my own account, and deeming all weapons fair with such a prize at stake, I was ready to confess myself a brother anarchist on the instant. At the first opportunity I strolled aft with Wilkins. We leaned against the rail within earshot of the glowering Russian, whose tragic pose was

evidently intended to impress the English girl. She was playing deck-quoits with several passengers and her outlandish adorer had nothing better to do than to listen to me as I vehemently addressed Wilkins:

"Monstrous! Criminal! The predatory rich, the fat-headed princelings on tinsel thrones, in short, all human parasites ought to be obliterated. Look at that bloated group of trust kings in the smoking room. My dear sir, we are their serfs. All government is a crime. All wealth is——"

Wilkins smote the rail with his fist and burst out:

"Yes, siree. Three fingers of gun cotton with a chaser of dynamite 'ud do the Kaiser a whole lot of good. And as for King Edward, somebody ought to jolt him clean off his perch. And them dog-robbin' trust barons aboard, why, for two cents I'd bump them off to glory myself."

The Russian had turned and was listening to this heated dialogue with open satisfaction. Wilkins found an errand forward, and left me to stare at the sea in a gloomy reverie while the stranger was edging nearer. After a time, Wilkins from afar off, beheld us two desperate characters addressing each other with animated gestures. In this fashion I became an acquaintance of the Russian, and learned that his name was Pebotsky. We passed most of the afternoon together. I accepted his invitation to dine with him in the second cabin. By this time he was calling me his friend.

In the evening we sat in a lonely corner of the deck, and I had totally forgotten his whiskers, for *Pebotsky was a maddened fiend in human form*. I dared not leave him until his tale was done. This shabby, wild-eyed anarchist whom I had laughed at from afar was become a hideous menace, a factor of life and death. And he had embraced me as a comrade! To such awful depths had the love of art led me!

I am sure that my ruddy cheek must have become a mottled gray before he was done with me. I know that when I started for my room my knees were trembling violently and my breathing was no more than a series of gasps. We had been talking for hours when he decided to make me his confidant. Heaven knows why he did not keep his infernal secret to himself. I surmised that he was almost insane from mental torture and could not hold in. I

had lied and perjured myself to such an extent that he had accepted me as one of the blood-stained elect of all besotted anarchists. When he asked me if I valued my life, I snapped my fingers and told him not a tinker's damn, and that I would gladly be blown up in sections if it were in company with a crowned head or a capitalist. In fact, I believe I swore I was thirsting for just such a chance. It was all for the sake of his whiskers, may Heaven forgive me.

To pass over this painful recollection as hastily as possible, I won the madman's implicit confidence. It seems that while ashore he got wind of the intended sailing of Jordan and Packard, and the rest of the trust outfit aboard. As he figured it, here was the chance of the age to bag most of the arch-demons of commercial oppression at one fell swoop. Nothing like it was likely ever to come his way again. He had invented a most damnably clever infernal machine, and somehow he managed to smuggle two of them into the holds of the ship, concealed in harmless looking packages of freight. Try to picture my emotions when Pebotsky calmly informed me that both machines were timed to explode on the morrow.

His own presence on board led me to think him a colossal and picturesque liar, but Pebotsky snatched this hope of escape from me. He protested that he was not only anxious but eager to become a martyr and that the removal of six trust magnates in one operation would be such a glorious monument that it would be wicked to let the chance slip. Beside, he wanted to see how his infernal machines worked. The inconceivable ass did not have an atom of common sense. Up to this period of the voyage matters had been running smoothly for Pebotsky. Then he fell in love with the pretty English girl and she knocked all his calculations into a cocked hat.

Pebotsky was fairly wild to save the ship, but he could not. *It was too late*. These two infernal machines of his had been stowed somewhere at the bottom of thousands of tons of miscellaneous cargo. He wouldn't know the boxes if he saw them. A friend of his had looked after shipping them. He was responsible only for their confounded insides. Even if the crew should be set to work to dump every package of cargo into the sea they could

not have half of it out of the doomed ship in the next twenty-four hours. And the first machine had been timed to go off at noon sharp. He said that they exploded themselves by means of chronometer attachments.

I listened to this awful narrative in speechless horror while Pebotsky raved and tore his hair and tried to think of some way of saving Miss Fletcher and himself.

As soon as I had left him I determined to seek the captain of the ship. I was ready to betray Pebotsky, for it made no difference whether we all knew it or not. I could see no way out of the incredibly harrowing situation. I got as far as Wilkins' state-room and then my strength left me. I roused him and tottered inside and collapsed on his divan. He heard me out with his unfailing *sang-froid* and took it upon himself to find the captain.

It required much argument before the officer on deck could be persuaded to waken Captain Zimmer. The commander of the *Hoch der Kaiser* was short-tempered and irritable when he confronted Wilkins who stood by his guns, however, until the amazing tale was done.

"Send to the second cabin and fetch me a passenger named Pebotsky," roared the captain through a speaking tube to the officer on the bridge. "If he don't come put the irons on him. Mein Gott, man, do you know vat you vas saying just now? I should lock you up as a lunatic, but I know your boss, Herr McKackney. I have been at his house in America. He is sensible only for this whisker business of his. So we blow up twice to-morrow? Once was enough."

When the anarchist was dragged into the captain's cabin he brushed his rude-fisted escort aside and struck a heroic attitude as he shouted:

"Ha! Ha! It is all true. I am glad my fat friend has betrayed me. I glory in your anguish. It is I that makes you suffer. It is the last night on earth for you and——"

"Dot is plenty from you, Pebotsky," thundered the captain. "If you don't own up quick dot you vas a crazy liar I vill have you chucked overboard."

Thereupon this devil of a fellow fairly begged the captain to throw him overboard. It hastened the glorious end by only a few

hours, and all he asked was a chance to say farewell to his "soul's affinity." * The seamen who lugged Pebotsky from below overheard his ravings. They told their comrades, who in turn passed the dreadful secret along to the stewards, and thence it leaked among a few of the passengers.

Before breakfast next morning the several presidents of the most powerful American trusts waited upon the captain. Their spokesman declared in a shaky voice (as overheard by Wilkins):

"If this ship is to be blown up at noon to-day, we are prepared to buy the cargo outright, provided it can be thrown overboard in time."

Another of the group exclaimed:

"We have subscribed a purse of a million dollars to bribe the anarchist to call it off."

A third broke in to say:

"And we will buy the ship on the spot and give you command of her. And then we will order you to desert her with the passengers and crew as quickly as the Lord will let you."

Captain Zimmer set his jaw hard and told the magnates:

"It vas you gentlemen that started the performance. Why didn't you stay ashore before you come aboard to make this anarchist go crazy. Now your money will buy you nothings from me. The ship is being searched, all suspicious cargo hoisted on deck, and I can do nothing more. It is unheard of, gentlemen, that a vessel in perfect order should be abandoned at sea. My men have been working in the holds since midnight. Maybe your jackpots will be raised through the skylight at noon, eh?"

As the morning wore on, the excitement, confusion, and painful suspense on deck baffled description. The captain of the *Hoch der Kaiser* had no more time for his passengers. His crew was on the edge of a panic-stricken mutiny, and the officers were ordered to shoot the first deserter from his post. Men and women fought their way to the captain's deck to plead that he take to the life-boats.

I had made my will before sailing, bequeathing the McKackney Whisker Collection to the American Society for the Promotion of Curious Science. Other passengers with less forethought were flocking around a lawyer in the dining-saloon who was rapidly writing wills and

sealing them up in bottles to be tossed overboard at the last moment.

As the time crept nearer and nearer noon, the grimy men from the engine and fire rooms began to pour on deck. They could not be kept under, and it was all the officers could do to head off their rush for the boats. The jarring thud of the screws ceased. The *Hoch der Kaiser* rolled idly on the long swell as if waiting for the unspeakable moment.

Exactly on the hour the huge vessel shivered from stem to stern as if she had run on a reef. There was a dull, muffled sound from somewhere under the forward hatch, and the air was filled with flying fragments of timber and shattered cargo. An instant later it seemed to rain cans of corned beef, tongue, and deviled ham. Then followed a torrent of potatoes, showers of them, hurled aloft with their splintered barrels, and in their descent fairly bombarding the fear-stricken and cowering passengers. I was struck on the head by a juicy missile and sent reeling to the deck, and as in a dream I heard Hank Wilkins observe with his customary heartiness:

"It's what you might call an earth-

quake accompanied by violent showers of corn-beef hash."

He assisted me forward where we peered down the devastated hatchway. A squad of seamen was already hurrying into the hold with lines of hose, the captain at their head. Before long he sent the first officer to report that no lives had been lost. A hole was blown in the ship's bottom, but her bulkheads were still intact, and there was no danger of her sinking. The force of the explosion had been broken by a thousand barrels of potatoes and several hundred tons of canned meats that must have been piled on top of the first infernal machine. The joyful passengers flocking about the trust magnates, cheered as they singled out the respective presidents of the beef and potato monopolies.

"You have saved our lives," they chorused. "Hurrah for the trusts."

Pebotsky was led past them just then, a sailor clutching him by the ear. An expression of poignant anguish convulsed the pallid features of the anarchist. I heard him hiss between his teeth:

"I would destroy these monsters of capital, and I have made heroes of them. Now I wish to die. But there will be yet another explosion—in one hour."



The Anarchist struck a heroic attitude, as he shouted "Ha, ha! It is all true!"

This escape from destruction had put new heart into the ship's company. With furious exertion they toiled in the afterholds, risking their lives like men with the hangman's rope around their necks. Fifteen minutes before the second explosion was scheduled to occur, a hoarse cheer rose from the open hatch abaft the first-class smoking room. It was lustily echoed on deck. Strong men, and men not so strong, burst into tears and were unashamed. Women were hysterical with joy and embraced utter strangers. Little children scampered to and fro with shrill and gladsome shouts. No one waited for a report from below. This roar of exultation could mean nothing less than the discovery of the second infernal machine.

A few minutes later, while all hands waited with incredibly painful emotions, a cargo boom slowly hoisted from the depths of the hold a heavy packing-case hastily wrapped and cushioned with pieces of burlap. It swayed skyward, and then swung to and fro *and refused to budge*. The wire cables had somehow jammed in their sheaves.

Groans burst from the paling lips of those who stood and watched the dreadful menace suspended above the deck; but there was no hoisting or lowering the packing-case. The seamen dared not cut away the fastenings. It seemed impossible to avert a disaster as unlooked-for as it was imminent. The frenzied onlookers fancied they could hear the inexorable ticking of the mechanism in the packing-case. Men stood as if rooted in their tracks, fascinated, hypnotized with horror.

Then the ropes began slowly to slip through the sheaves. Inch by inch the infernal machine descended toward the vessel's rail. Twenty men rushed to be ready to cast it loose. As it swung within a few feet of the deck, a slender slouching man broke away from his captors with a



W. MORGAN

It seemed to rain cans of corned beef, tongue, and deviled ham.

shrill cry. Before they could overtake him he had reached the side of the deck, and leaped upon the rail with arms outstretched toward the swaying packing-case. The singular abundance of his golden whiskers partly hid the expression of his face, but those who were nearest him said that he was weeping. The laboring seamen were absorbed in a frenzy of haste. They paid no heed to this strange figure on the rail. With a mighty heave they pushed the packing-case clear of the vessel's side.

I sprang forward, forgetting my own peril, for the anarchist was waving farewell to the pretty English girl with a gesture of tragic despair. I was bent upon saving the Full-blooming Aurora from the sea. But as the infernal machine surged from its fastenings, the sentimental anarchist leaped forward and plunged headlong, so nearly in company with his diabolical device that they made but one splash.

I glanced at my watch. It was one o'clock to the second. A huge column of water shot from the surface of the ocean and fell back in jeweled cascades. A subdued roar came from the depths and the steamer trembled. As if to testify to the genius of its creator, the second infernal machine had exploded at the time appointed.

I was filled with the most profound gratitude and thanksgiving for our merciful preservation. But as I stared over the side and viewed the foaming whirlpool into which Pebotsky had vanished, I felt that there was one bitter drop in my cup. His whiskers had perished with him and I mourned the loss of the noblest specimen of the Full-blooming Aurora pattern that in all probability existed on earth.

(The fourth tale of a Collector of Whiskers will describe the adventure of "The Wandering Book Case.")

THE
SAND DUNES

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS

WITH LINES FROM A POEM

BY SIDNEY LANIER



To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn.



With a step I stand on the firm-packed sand, free,
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.



Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.



Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm, sweet limbs of a girl.



Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.



And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high ?
The world lies east ; how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky !



The sea lends large as the marsh; lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood tide must be.

A NIGHT WITH A JERSEY "SKUNKER"

BY WILLIAM H. KITCHELL



THE trade of the skunk-hunter is one of the few occupations of the present that is not overcrowded. Nor is it likely to be. The animal bears a bad name, and is shunned among men for reasons which border on the supernatural. No fire-breathing dragon was ever gifted by popular superstition with more terror-inspiring powers of defense than this little pariah of the wilderness. Indeed, with due regard to the fitness of the appellation, one may term the skunk the Mephistopheles of the four-legged world. And devil-chasers are as scarce, nowadays, as they were in the days of legend.

The average farmer will drive miles out of his way to avoid a close encounter with the "varmint," not only because he fears its effective means of defense, but more because tradition has endowed the animal with powers of almost preternatural magnitude, and, in the absence of proof to the contrary, tradition keeps the whip-hand over common sense. Superstition was ever hard to overturn.

Because of the backing given by men of good repute, it is still a general belief that the bite of a skunk will result in a terrible death from hydrophobia. It is said that the pungent liquid of defense secreted by the skunk will, if a drop touch the eye, cause instant and permanent blindness. These are but two of the many superstitions concerning the animal which are prevalent throughout the Western Hemisphere to-day, but the two are sufficient. Were they true, or even half-true, the jet-black furs that are sold by the furrier under the pleasanter alias of "Alaska sable," would be worn at the cost of many lives, and the

blind-asylums would be filled with unfortunate skunk-hunters doomed to end their days in reading "The Simple Life" in raised print. Also, if the superstitions were plain matter-of-fact, the present article would have had an even more tragical ending, as will be explained later on.

It was after digesting an overdose of literature written by these back-window naturalists—every sample being full of nightmare-breeding chunks of information concerning the genus *Mephitis*—that the writer went skunk-hunting with an old trapper in New Jersey.

This optimistic individual pronounced the night an ideal one for business. It may have been—for a "hold-up" job, or a convention of Russian revolutionists. To Jones—*nom-de-guerre* for the city man, who would have liked to back out at the start—the weather was most unpropitious. It was cold and dismal, for a raw fog was creeping up the Raritan valley from Sandy Hook and covering all Somerset County with a chilling blanket of mist. Then, too, it was nine o'clock, and the moon not due until midnight; and the prospect of stumbling for many hours through the fields and woodlands of central New Jersey was not a cheerful one to contemplate. As a mocking contrast, the dark clouds hanging thirty miles away above the eastern horizon were edged underneath with the reflected glory of Broadway. Somewhere in the Koran it is asserted, metaphorically, of course, that Hades is but the distance of a mustard seed from the gate of Paradise. During these first shivering moments of indecision, Jones changed the estimate to thirty miles. This was while the skunk expert was in the barn untying the dog.

Fritz was a fox-terrier, lop-eared and

as homely as sin. He was a dirty-white canine, with a black patch across one eye which gave him a most diabolical cast of features, and his hide exhaled the odor of a chemical laboratory gone wrong. He was ready for a night of warfare, and his two-inch stump tail wagged emphatic approval during the preliminaries of getting under way. Fritz knew he was leaving the solid comfort of a soft bed in the hay, with the sole object of chasing little black-and-white devils armed with liquid brimstone, yet he flew out of the barn door as if there was a cat-worshipping performance scheduled outside and he was late for his cue. He was a brave dog, but rash beyond human comprehension.

However, after the expedition had started out into the fog, and picked its way, tandem-fashion, through a barb-wire fence or two, and across an apple orchard into the mountain wood-road, Jones' Inferno grew lighter with every moment. As the eye became accustomed to the darkness the sky brightened into iron-gray, and a few stars flickered dimly above the mist. Walking, too, changed from a torture into a pleasurable exercise after Jones had found his footing, and made the discovery that side-hill clearings are more easily traversed by walking around the stumps than by stumbling over them.

There is nothing impressive about the outfit of the "skunker." In full regalia he would be taken for a tramp, anywhere, and the present example was no exception to the rule. His clothes were a heterogeneous collection of cast-off garments which, because of previous wear on similar expeditions, gave forth an automobile-like odor that was overpowering at first. The outfit proper consisted of a stout club, two

burlap bags to hold the kill, and the above-mentioned dog.

The experienced pelt hunter who goes after small game alone has no use for firearms. A stray shot mark will ruin a valuable pelt and render it unmarketable at any price, while a well-aimed blow with a

stick will finish the business with the same dispatch and with a minimum of noise. And noise is an undesirable element in the hunting of skunks. To track a skunk under the floor of a chicken-house belonging to a nervous and irascible farmer, say an hour after midnight—and to get that skunk—is an operation requiring great nerve and delicate attention to details. The pleasant task of picking bird-shot out of various parts of one's anatomy for months afterward would be, like enough, the net result of the attempt, and the average skunker would "pass" on that



He seemed to regard the act of killing a skunk as a pleasant detail of the business.

proposition with no loss of self-respect. But, given a club and an intelligent skunk-dog, an artist like Bill Evans would get the pelt without waking even the animal inside.

"You see," explained Bill, after he had stopped to light his pipe and the expedition was again on the move, "this is the kind of a night when a sensible skunk ought to keep indoors. Mebbe you've noticed in the city that on a foggy night like this, with no wind stirring, you can't smell nothing much but fog. Even the smoke from a gas factory won't carry far. Well, it's the same with our scent. I caught eighteen skunks on a night like this, once, and I could have killed as many more only I was tired out. You see, the skunk, like most four-legged animals, relies on its nose to detect the approach of an enemy, and on a thick night this sense of scent is useless. Why, once——"

"What's that?" asked Jones suddenly, pointing ahead to a dark object in the road. It was a small, black beast of uncertain dimensions, and it was trotting along as though it had not the least suspicion of trouble ahead—or behind.

"It's our first skunk," muttered the trapper, "and that darn dog is off after a cotton-tail again. Don't come too close, because you might get stunk up a bit."

Jones looked on from the family-circle.

But the first kill proved to be rather a tame performance. Bill tiptoed softly toward the animal, and managed to get within striking distance before his presence was even suspected. Suddenly he stepped upon a dry twig which crackled loudly under his weight. The unlucky skunk gave an unearthly squeal of terror and turned, with a quick jump, to get into action. But Bill had the drop. Before the skunk had time to point its business-end at something tangible, his club dropped with a thud, and there was a dead skunk lying in the road at his feet.

It was about the size of a full-grown cat; jet-black, with a thin white streak running lengthwise along the backbone from tip to stern. The tail was long and bushy, with coarse hairs that hung in a plume, like an ostrich feather. It was such a pretty little animal that it seemed to Jones a sacrilege had been committed. He sniffed the air, incredulously.

Bill chuckled proudly. "Don't seem possible, does it?" he said. "But it was only good luck that kept the air sweet. Generally, when I catch the critters in the open, like this, there'll be yellow streaks flying around, and the place will smell of skunk oil for months afterward."

The bag had now begun to receive its load but was still as inoffensive as a sack of potatoes. Indeed, there are few more fastidious animals than the much-maligned skunk. It is at all times sparing of its ammunition, and will seldom shoot unless the strategic position of an enemy is to its liking. When it does fire it is as careful not to soil its fur with the fluid as the rattlesnake is not to injure itself with its venom. As proof, the five skunks killed by the trapper before midnight exhaled no odor after being dispatched. On second thought, there was one exception.

This was one ill-fated specimen that

had only been stunned by the blow from Bill's club. It woke up during the walk home and, probably not liking the mixed company contained in the sack, "let fly" on general principles. This made trouble for Bill, because the rest of the pelts became saturated with the liquid, requiring burial underground for several days.

By twelve o'clock the trip had covered about ten miles of ground; mostly cross-country travel through rough pasture, stump-clearings and the stony peach orchards which form a conspicuous feature in the Somerset landscape. The sack now held five skunks, two raccoons, and one opossum, and the lot were gaining weight with every moment. Jones was suffering intensely with the distaste for exertion which comes to most city men after an hour's ramble with a lawn-mower. The expedition had simmered down, in his opinion, from a dragon hunt into a mere cat-slaughtering affair. It was all so pitifully easy. Jones had murdered a mangy kitten, once, in cold blood and a pail of water, and the memory of that foul deed was coming to light again. Skunk-killing seemed to be about on the same level.

Not but what there were extenuating features of interest. To begin with, Bill's good luck only held out until midnight. After that, Fritz took a lively share in the proceedings, and the result was chaos. This is what usually happened. The expedition would be straggling through the underbrush, most likely in a blackberry thicket, when suddenly Fritz's tenor bark would pierce the fog. Fritz had a special, "call-out-all-the-engines" alarm, which he used whenever he found a skunk. It was a succession of sharp, agonizing yelps, which indicated that the joy of combat, inherent in dog-nature, was finding an outlet, also that he didn't want to finish the job alone. Often, he was so far away that when reinforcements arrived, he had tired of the sport, and had allowed the skunk to escape. But as a rule the terrier pluckily corralled his game in a fence corner or a clump of bushes, and here Bill would find him dancing madly around the spot, and reeking with delight and skunk-perfumery. His master had trained him to keep his distance from the enemy. Fritz's teeth were sharp, and the marks would ruin a pelt as surely as the hole left by a revolver bullet.

When Bill came up, the dog seemed to understand that his part in the performance was done, and he would either stand back and criticize Bill's work or start off after more game. Possibly, too, he had a wholesome dread of the trapper's club.

As for Bill, he seemed to regard the act of killing a skunk as a pleasant detail of the business. With the extra burlap bag spread across his left arm as his sole protection against skunk-ammunition, he would walk calmly into the *mêlée*. It would be a short fight. The skunk depends almost entirely upon its "spraying-liquid" for its defense against an enemy, and seems to lose its nerve when attacked at close quarters. It will bite at the grass and apparently go mad with rage, but these paroxysms are but harmless evidences of fright. At least, Bill seemed to care nothing for them. If the animal was "shooting-mad," Bill would shelter his face behind the burlap bag, and wait until the eruption was finished. If not, so much the better for Bill. He would wait patiently for the right moment, and then—crack!—down fell the heavy club on the skunk's backbone, and Jones would have another addition to his game-sack.

As before intimated, Jones found that three hours of the sport was about his limit. He had not walked so far at once in years, and he was fast becoming a physical wreck. Jones mentioned his symptoms to his companion.

"Fact is," answered Bill, sympathetically, "we switched for home half an hour ago. I saw you weren't enjoying yourself over-and-above much, and I don't blame you for giving in, for it comes natural. As the saying goes, 'what's one man's meat is another man's poison.' Take a man off the farm and put him on your city pavements for a few hours. It's ten to one that he will go back all crippled up, and he won't be able to turn a furrow for six weeks afterward. I've been there, myself. But I'm sorry you ain't had your money's worth of excitement. Skunk-killing ain't exactly an amusement, but it livens up a bit, sometimes, and then it's a three-ring circus. We may have a scrimmage, yet."

Evans was a remarkable foreteller of events.

It was but a few seconds later when Fritz's bark was heard. I was not far

away, and it boded trouble. Also, into the fog arose the dense, suffocating odor, like nothing else in the world but the perfume exhaled from an enraged skunk.

Bill breathed in the aroma with the delight of a connoisseur.

"I reckon as how we are going to get a little excitement, after all," he said, chuckling. "That blamed dog has scared a skunk into a fit down in Jim Snyder's ditch, and he's afraid to go down after it alone. Come on, if you ain't too tired to see the fireworks."

The ditch was really an open land-drain between two peach orchards. It was about five feet deep, by the same in width at the top. Over it hung a dense tangle of sassafras bushes and wild-grape vines, while the sides were covered with a slippery swamp grass, the more slippery because of the moist atmosphere. Fritz was at the edge of this, barking lustily, and he was nearly frantic with anxiety when reinforcements came up. Jones would not have gone down into that pit of brimstone for a season ticket into the Polo Grounds.

"Surely you don't think of getting that skunk?" he asked. His companion had put on a pair of enormous goggles, and was otherwise preparing himself for an affray at close quarters.

"You bet I am! Can't make a dollar'n-a-half any easier, can I? Hear the critter cough? Sounds like a feller in church who wants to blow his nose, and ain't brought along any handkerchief. A skunk never makes that noise until it is about frightened to a standstill, and I'll have to hurry or it 'll fly the coop. Keep Fritz on the bank, because there won't be room for both of us down below."

Jones grabbed the terrier, who was ready enough to follow his master, while the trapper slid to the bottom. He struck a loose stone on the way down, and landed—as he admitted, afterward—"considerably promiscuous."

"Darn the luck!" he muttered, "I've lost my spectacles." And, without thinking of his danger, he lit a match.

Jones, who was peering through a sassafras bush, fell back, half stifled. He had seen a little black-and-white-striped beast snapping at the grass and twisting itself into uncanny writhings of rage, a most at Bill's feet. The next instant he saw a

streak of yellow lightning playing in a phosphorescent stream about the face of the trapper. Then he heard the dull thud of a club, striking home.

Bill scrambled out of the pit on all-fours, spluttering and staggering like a man gone mad. He had the skunk by the tail, and he flung the limp body far into the orchard. "Quick!" he shouted, as soon as he could talk, "I'm blind! Get some water somewhere, so's I can get the hell-fire out of my eyes."

Luckily, Jones was equal to the emergency. There was a swamp near by, where running water was plentiful, and to this swamp he led the trapper. Bill had received a charge of skunk-ammunition square in the eyes, and the pain, while it lasted, must have been intense. But repeated bathing with water soon cured the agony. Indeed, Bill averred he had become so used to the "injections" as to

regard them as beneficial to sharp eyesight, and that he made the "fuss" for the sole purpose of alarming the city man. This was an obvious exaggeration, to say the least. He was totally blinded for several minutes, and his eyes remained bloodshot for days afterward. However, as the worst result of the episode, he was compelled, for sanitary reasons, to sleep in the barn with Fritz during the next week.

He was over-anxious to make light of the incident. "Fact is," he remarked, on the way home, "the stuff is powerfully strong, but it wouldn't blind a mosquito. As for a bite from the critter giving a man the hydrophobia, the idea's plumb nonsense. I've been bit more times than I can remember, myself, and Fritz gets so cut-up sometimes that, if I didn't know it was from skunk-bite, I'd honestly believe he had been chasing rats in a threshing-machine. Dogs and foxes go mad, at times, and the skunk may be liable to the same disease, but it ain't a natural habit

with the animal. Even the perfumery is made too much of. Between a skunk and one of them gasoline automobiles there ain't much choice in stinks. And for a child to monkey with, I'd give mine a skunk, every time."

But although, as Bill intimates, one may get so accustomed to the odor as to enjoy it, it is best inhaled at a distance. When experienced at close range there are

no words sufficiently vigorous to give even a faint impression of its strength. As mentioned before, it is diffused in a yellow, phosphorescent stream, which, if the wind be high, soon breaks and drifts away in a golden mist, strikingly beautiful on a dark night. Otherwise, it will hit a one-inch bull's-eye at twenty feet. But an east wind from a fertilizer factory, or a whiff of state politics—no particular state—is as the breath of a rose garden compared with the penetrating,

suffocating odor of an infuriated skunk. However, Bill may be allowed his prejudice, for "every man to his trade."

For the sake of variety, Jones determined to round-up the night's work by killing a skunk himself. The trapper had had enough "business" for one evening at least, and he handed over the club and took charge of the game-sack with a readiness that was most suspicious. It was really a case of misery aching for company.

Evans admitted as much. "Just like a city man," he said, grinning cheerfully. "You ain't satisfied with seeing a free circus, but want to jump in and play the clown yourself. Well, I'll sit on the fence next time the show comes around, and watch you stir up the animals."

The weather had cleared shortly after midnight, and the moon was playing strange pranks with the landscape. Swift-flying wisps of fog swept by, and every wisp had its counterpart in shadow on the fields. There were also other shadows



Bill breathed in the aroma with the delight of a connoisseur.

that were bewildering. When every stone becomes metamorphosed by moonlight and a strong imagination into the form of a skunk, the consequences are exceedingly interesting. Jones was a victim of this hallucination until his brain gave way. Then he rested on the top rail of the next fence and waited for Evans to come up with the dog. There seemed to be something wrong with a clump of stones in the field beyond.

This was another peach orchard, newly plowed for spring wheat. When Jones recovered his nerve, he saw that at the foot of the nearest tree were four skunks—a mother and three young ones. It was a larger contract than was anticipated by the city man, but to show the white feather would never do. So he stepped gingerly off the fence—on the skunk side, and tiptoed upon the enemy.

But it was Fritz who forced the issue. He came meandering along under the fence with his nose glued to the ground. Every professional instinct was alert. He had discovered a fresh skunk-track, and he evidently expected to find his game somewhere in the next county, for he over-shot the mark. In fact, he ran straight into that family of skunks.

It was a complete surprise to both forces. Mother skunk was the first to grasp the situation, and her mode of obtaining a strategical advantage was ingenious. In an instant her teeth had gripped deep into the dog's two-inch tail, and the contact must have been most unpleasant. Fritz yelled his opinion loudly in an out-



The next day he burned his second best suit of clothes.

pouring of dog billings-gate, and tried gamely to get a like hold on the enemy. Luckily for himself, he failed.

It was time for reinforcements, and Jones made a flank movement so as to get into the fracas unobserved. The skunk babies had wisely lit out for cover at the beginning, and the field was open. The skunk saw Jones coming and tried to back away, still keeping her hold on the agonized dog. She backed into the peach tree, and—probably thinking it was a new attacking force at the rear—she let go her

hold of the real enemy. Snarling with rage, she let fly with her battery of liquid brimstone. Jones was in the vortex of the atmospheric disturbance, and it seemed to him that the earth had dropped away, and he had landed somewhere in hell. But the battery turned, end-on, toward Fritz, and before that unfortunate canine had time to get out of range, he, too, received his deserts. He went out of commission immediately and, howling dismally, made a quick retreat from the battle-field. As for Jones, he took the better part of valor, and jumped the fence.

The trapper claimed to have "busted" three suspender buttons during the engagement, but it didn't seem at all funny to the city man. At least, not until the next day, when he had removed a little of the odor with a brisk application of elbow-grease, and had burned his second-best suit of clothes. By that time he had regained what was left of his reason, and was even glad that the skunk had got away.



THE WAY OF A MAN

BY EMERSON HOUGH

DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

CHAPTER X

THE SUPREME COURT



THE grounds for the pigeon match had been arranged at the usual place, near to the edge of the military reservation, and here, a half hour before the hour set, there began to gather practically all of the young officers about the post, such enlisted men as could get leave, with cooks, strikers, laundresses, all the scattered personnel of the barracks. There came as well many civilians from the city, and I was surprised to see a line of carriages, with many ladies, drawn up back of the score. Evidently our little matter was to be made a semi-fashionable affair, and used as an expedient to while away ennui-ridden army time.

My opponent, accompanied by Major Williams, arrived at about the same time that our party reached the grounds. Orme shook hands with me heartily, and declared that he was feeling well, although Williams laughingly announced that he had not been able to make his man go to bed for more than an hour that morning, or to keep him from eating and drinking everything he could lay his hands upon. Yet now his eye was bright, his skin firm, his step light and easy. That the man had a superb constitution was evident, and I knew that my work was cut out for me.

"Don't understand me to wish to urge anything," said Orme politely, "but is there any one who wishes to back me, perhaps, or to back Mr. Cowles? Sometimes at our English club we shoot at a guinea a bird, or five, or ten."

Stevenson shook his head. "Too gaited for me at this time of the month," he said,

"but I'll lay you a hundred dollars on the issue."

"Five, if you like, on the Virginian, sir," said young Lieutenant Belnap to Orme.

"Done, and done, gentlemen. Let it be dollars and not guineas, if you like. Would any one else like to lay a little something? You see I'm a stranger here, but I wish to do what will make it interesting for any of you who wish."

A few more wagers were laid, and the civilian element began to plunge a bit on Orme, word having passed that he was an old hand at the game, whereas I was but a novice. Orme took some of these wagers carelessly.

"Now as to our referee, Captain," said Stevenson. "We wish your acquaintance were greater, so that you might name some one who would suit you."

"I'm indifferent," said Orme politely. "Any one Mr. Cowles will name will please me."

His conduct was handsome throughout, and his sporting attitude made him many friends among us.

"I see Judge Reeves, of the Supreme Court of the State over there in a carriage," suggested Major Williams. "I've very much a notion to go and ask him to act as our referee."

"God bless my soul," said Orme, "this is an extraordinary country! What! a Judge of the Supreme Court?"

Williams laughed. "You don't know this country, Captain, and you don't know Judge Reeves. He's a trifle old, but game as a fighting cock, and not to mention a few duels in his time, he knows more about guns and dogs to-day than he does about law. He'll not be offended if I ask him, and here goes."

He edged off through the crowd, and we

saw him engaged in earnest conversation. To our surprise and amusement, we observed the Judge to climb hastily down out of his carriage and take Major Williams' arm; a tall, thin man, whose long hair and beard were silvery white, yet with stature erect and vigorous. His keen blue eye kindled as he saw our preparations.

"Is the case ready for argument?" asked he presently. Williams and Stevenson both replied: "All ready."

Judge Reeves felt in his pockets. "Ahem, gentlemen," he resumed, "will some one be so good as to lend the Court a silver coin. Thank you—" to Williams—"and now, gentlemen, will you toss for the order of precedence?"

We threw the coin, and I lost the toss. Orme sent me to the score first, with the purpose, as I knew, of studying his man.

I loaded at the open bowls, and adjusted the caps as I stepped to the score. I was perhaps a bit too tense and eager, although my health and youth had never allowed me to be victim of what is known as nervousness. Our birds were to be flown by hand from behind a screen, and my first bird started off a trifle low, but fast, and I knew I was not on with the first barrel. I killed it with the second, but it struggled over the tape.

"Lost bird," called out Judge Reeves sharply and distinctly, and it was evident that now he would be as decisive as he had hitherto been deliberate.

We shot along for ten birds, and Orme was straight, to my nine killed. Stevenson whispered to me once more. "Take it easy, and don't be worried about it. It's a long road to a hundred. Don't think about your next bird, and don't worry whether he kills his or not. Just you kill 'em one at a time, and kill each one dead."

Orme went on as though he could kill a hundred straight. His time was perfect, and his style at the score beautiful. He shot carelessly, but with absolute confidence, and more than half the time he did not use his second barrel.

"Old Virginia never tires," whispered Stevenson. "He'll come back to you before long, never fear."

But Orme made it twenty straight before he came back. Then he caught a strong right quarterer, which escaped altogether, apparently but lightly hit. No

one spoke a word of sympathy or exultation, but I caught the glint of Stevenson's eye. Orme, however, was not in the least disturbed.

We were now tied, but luck ran against us both for a time, since out of the next five I missed three and Orme two, and the odds again were against me. It stood the same at thirty, and at thirty-five. At forty the fortune of war once more favored me, for although Orme shot like a machine, with a grace and beauty of delivery I have never seen surpassed, he lost one bird stone dead over the line, carried out by a slant of the rising wind, which blew from left to right across the field. Five birds farther on, yet another struggled over for him. At sixty-five I had him back of me two birds. The interest all along the line was now intense. Stevenson later told me that they had never seen such shooting as we were doing.

We went on slowly, as such a match with muzzle-loaders must occasionally, pausing to cool our barrels, and taking full time with the loading. The heap of dead birds, some of them still fluttering in their last gasps, now grew larger at the side of the referee, and the gatherers were perhaps growing less careful to wring the necks of the birds as they gathered them. Occasionally a bird was tossed in such a way as to leave a fluttering wing. Wild pigeons decoy readily to any such sign, and I noticed that several birds, tossed in such way that they headed toward the score would be an incomer, and very fast. My seventieth bird was such, and it came straight and swift as an arrow, swooping down and curving about with the great speed of these birds when fairly on the wing. I covered it, lost it, then suddenly realized that I must fire quickly if I was to reach it before it crossed the score. It was so close when I fired that the charge cut away the end of the wing. It fell, just inside the line, with its head up, and my gatherer pounced upon it like a cat. The decision of the referee was prompt, but even so, it was almost lost in the sudden stir and murmur which arose behind us.

Some one came pushing through the crowd, evidently having sprung down from one of the carriages. I turned to see a young girl, clad in white lawn, a veil drawn tight under her chin, who now pushed forward through the men, and ran up to the

black boy who stood with the bird in his hand, hanging by one wing. She caught it from him, and held it against her breast, where its blood drabbled her gown and hands. I remember I saw one drop of blood at its beak, and remember how glad I was that the bird was in effect dead, so that a trying scene would soon be ended.

"Stop this at once!" cried the girl, raising an imperative hand, "aren't you ashamed, all of you? Look, look at this." She held out the dying bird in her hand. "Judge Reeves," she cried, "what are you doing there?"

Our decisive referee grew suddenly abashed. "Ah—ah, my dear young lady—my very dear young lady," he began.

"Captain Stevenson," exclaimed the girl, whirling suddenly on my second, "stop this at once. I'm ashamed of you."

"Now, now, my dear girl," began Stevenson, "can't you be a good fellow and run back home? We're off the reservation, and really, though I don't want to be impolite, I don't believe the military has jurisdiction over the Supreme Court," motioning toward Judge Reeves, who looked suddenly uncomfortable.

"The law, my dear young lady," began Judge Reeves, clearing his throat, "allows the reducing to possession of animals *feræ naturæ*, that is to say, of wild nature."

"They were already reduced," she flashed. "The sport was in getting them the first time, not in butchering them, and taking their lives away."

Her eyes, wide and dark, were as sad as they were angry. Fearless, eager, she had, without thought, intruded where the average woman would not have ventured, and she stood now intent only upon having the way of what she felt was right and justice. There came to me as I looked at her a curious sense that I and all my friends were very insignificant creatures, and it was so, I think in sooth, she held us.

"Captain Orme," said I to my opponent, "you observe the Supreme Court in America." He bowed to me, with a questioning raising of his eyebrows, as though he did not like to go on under the circumstances.

"I am unfortunate to lead by a bird," said I tentatively. For some reason the sport had lost its zest to me.

"And I being the loser as it stands," replied Orme, "do not see how I can beg

off." I thought him as little eager to go on as I myself.

"Miss Ellen," said Judge Reeves, removing the hat from his white hair, "these gentlemen desire to be sportsmen as among themselves, but of course always gentlemen as regards the wish of ladies. Under these circumstances, appeal is taken from this Court"—and he bowed very low—"to what my young friend very justly calls the Supreme Court of the United States. Miss Ellen, it is for you to say whether we shall resume or discontinue."

Tears stood in the girl's eyes it seemed to me, but if so, they dried in what seemed as much contempt as anger. She bowed to Judge Reeves, and then swept a sudden hand toward Stevenson and Williams. "Go home, all of you," she said, as though, indeed, the matter was for her to decide. And so, in sooth, much shamefaced, we did go home: Judge of the Supreme Court, officers of the Army, and all, as though we had been caught doing some ignoble thing. For my part, although I hope mawkishness no more marks me than another, and although I made neither then nor at any time a resolution to discontinue sports of the field, I have never since then shot in a pigeon match, nor cared to see others do so.

"Now wasn't that like Ellen!" exclaimed Kitty, when finally we found her. "Just wasn't it like that girl! To fly in the face of the Supreme Court of the State, and all the laws of sport as well. Oh, won't I talk to her when I see her!"

"So that was Ellen," I said to Kitty.

CHAPTER XI

THE MORNING AFTER

Events had somewhat hurried me in the two days since my arrival at Jefferson Barracks, but on the morning following the awkward ending of my match with Orme, I had both opportunity and occasion to take stock of myself and of my plans. The mails brought me two letters, posted at Wallingford soon after my departure: one from Grace Sheraton and one from my mother. The first one—what shall I say? Better perhaps that I should say nothing, save that it was like Grace Sheraton herself, formal, correct, and cold.

The second letter was from my mother

and it left me still more disconcerted than sad. "Jack," it said, "I grieve unspeakably. Come back the first day thee can to thy sorrowing mother."

Yet here was I with my errand not yet well begun, for Captain Stevenson told me this morning that the Post Adjutant had received word from Colonel Meriwether saying that he would be gone for some days or weeks on the upper frontier. The sum of all which was that if I wished to meet Colonel Meriwether and lay before him this business of ours, I would be obliged to seek for him far to the west, in all likelihood as far as Fort Leavenworth. There was no option about it, so therefore I wrote at once both to my fiancée and to my mother that it would be impossible for me to return at the time, nor at any positive future time then determinable. I bade a hasty good-bye to my host and hostess and before noon was off for the city. That night I took passage on the *River Belle*, a boat bound up the river.

Thus, somewhat against my will, I found myself a part of that motley throng of keen-faced, fearless American life then pushing out over the frontiers. About me were men bound for Oregon, for California, for the Plains, and not a few whose purpose I took to be partisanship in the border fighting between slavery and free soil. It was in the West, and on the new soils, that the question of slavery was really to be debated and settled finally.

I made friends with many of these strange travelers and was attracted especially by one, a reticent man of perhaps sixty-odd years, in western garb, full of beard and with long hair on his shoulders. He had the face of an old Teuton war chief I had once seen depicted in a canvas showing a raid in some European forest in years long before a Christian civilization was known—a face fierce and eager, aquiline in nose, blue of eye, and a figure stalwart, muscular, whose every movement spoke a ruthless courage and self-confidence. Auberry was his name, and as I talked with him he told me of days past with my heroes, Frémont, Carson, Ashley, Bill Williams, Jim Bridger, or even the negro ruffian Beckwourth—all men of the border of whose deeds I had read. Auberry had trapped from the St. Mary's to the sources of the Red and his tales, told in simple and

matter-of-fact terms, set my very blood atingle. He was bound, as he informed me, for Laramie, always provided that the Sioux, now grown exceedingly restless over the many wagon-trains pushing up the Platte to all the swiftly-opening West, had not by this time swooped down and closed all the trails. Among the skin-clad trappers, hunters, and long-haired plainsmen, I saw but one woman, and she certainly was fit to bear them company. I should say that she was at least sixty years of age and nearly six feet in height, thin, angular, wrinkled, and sinewy. She wore a sun-bonnet of enormous projection, dipped snuff vigorously each few moments, and never allowed from her hands the long squirrel rifle which made a part of her equipage. She was accompanied by her son, a tall, thin, ague-smitten youth of perhaps seventeen years and of a height about as great as her own. Of the two the mother was evidently the controlling spirit, and in her case all motherly love seemed to have been replaced by a vast contempt for the inefficiency and general lack of male qualities in her offspring.

When I first saw this oddly assorted pair the woman was driving her son before her to a spot where an opening offered near the bow of the boat, in full sight of all the passengers, of whose attention she was quite oblivious.

"Git up there, Bill," she said, "and don't ye stop no more or I'll take a hack at you, shore. Stan' up there."

The boy, his long legs braiding under him, his peaked face still more pale, did as he was bid. He had no sooner taken his position than to my surprise I saw his mother cover him with the long barrel of a dragoon revolver.

"Pull your gun, you lown coward of a man purp," she said in tones that might have been overheard for half the length of the boat. Reluctantly the boy complied, his own revolver trembling in his unready hand.

"Now, whut'd you do if a man was to kivver you like I'm adoin' now?" demanded his mother.

"G-g-g-Gawd, maw, I dunno. I think I'd j-j-j-jump off in the river," confessed the boy.

"Shore you would, and good luck to everybody if you'd git plumb drowned.

You low down white livered son of misery, whatever in Gawd A'mighty world you was borned for certainly is more'n I can tell—and I your maw at that that orto know if anybody could."

"Madam," I interrupted, astonished at this discourse, "what do you mean by such talk to your son—for I presume he is your son. Why do you abuse him in this way?" I was sorry for the shivering wretch whom she had made the object of her wrath.

"Shut up, and mind your own business," answered the virago, swiftly turning the barrel of her weapon upon me. "Whut business is this here of yores?"

"None, madam," I bowed, "but I was only curious."

"You keep your own cur'osity to yourself if you're goin' to travel in these parts. That's a mighty good thing for you to learn."

"Very true, madam," said I, gently disengaging the revolver barrel from the line of my waist, "but won't you tell me why you do these things with your son."

"It's none of your damned business," she answered, "but I don't mind telling you. I'm trying to make a man out o' him."

"And this is part of the drill, is it then?"

"Part of it, yes. You, Bill, stick your pistol up agin your head the way I tol' you. Now snap it, damn you. Keep on a-snappin'. Quit that jumpin' I tell you. Snap it till you git through bein' scared of it. Do it now, or by Gawd, I'll chase you over the side of the boat and feed you to catfish, you low-down imitation of a he thing. Mister," she turned to me again, "will you please tell me how come me to be the mother of a thing like this, me a woman of ole Missouri, and a cousin of ole Simon Kenton of Kentucky?"

"My good woman," said I, somewhat amused by her methods of action and speech, "do you mind telling me what is your name?"

"Name's Mandy McGovern, and I come from Pike," almost before the words were out of my mouth. "I've been merried three times and my first two husbands died a-fighting like gentlemen in difficulties with their friends. Then along come this Danny Calkins, that taken up some land nigh to me in the bottoms—low-downest coward of a man that ever disgraced the sile of yearth—and then I merried him."

"Is he dead, my good woman?" I asked.

"Don't you 'good woman' me, I ain't free to merry agin yit," said she. "Naw, he ain't dead, and I ain't deevorced either. I just done left him. Why, every man in Pike has whupped Danny Calkins one time or other. When a man couldn't git no reputation any other way, he come and whupped my husband. I got right tired of it."

"I should think you would," said I.

"Yes, and me the wife of two real men befo' then.

"If ever a woman had hard luck the same is me," she went on. "I had eight chillen by two husbands that was real men, and every one of them died, or got killed like a man, or went West like a man—exceptin' this thing here, the son of that there Danny Calkins. Why, he's afraid to go coon huntin' at night for fear the cats'll get him. He don't like to melk a keow for fear she'll kick him. He's afraid to court a gal lessen she'll laugh at him—and 'fore Gawd I think they shore would. He kain't shoot, he kain't chop, he kain't do nothin'. I'm takin' him out West to begin over again where the plowin's easier and whiles we go along, I'm givin' him a 'casional dose of immanuel trainin', to see if I can't make him part way into a man. I dunno."

Mrs. McGovern dipped snuff vigorously and looked at me carefully. "Say, Mister," said she, "how tall are you?"

"About six feet, I think."

"Hum! That's just about how tall my first husband was. You look some like him in the face, too. Say, he was the fightin'est man in Pike."

"You compliment me very much, Mrs. McGovern," I said.

"Um-hum!" she added, vaguely. "Say, Mister, is that your wife back there in the kebbin in the middle of the boat?"

"No, indeed."

"You ain't merried yit?"

"No, not yet."

"Well, if you git a chanct, you take a look at that gal."

Opportunity did not offer, however, to accept Mrs. McGovern's kindly counsel, and occupied with my own somewhat unhappy reflections, I resigned myself to the monotony of the voyage up the Missouri.

A sort of shuddering self-reproach now

overcame me. I wondered whether or not I was less coarse, less a thing polygamous than these crowding Mormons hurrying out to their sodden temples in the West; because now, I must admit, in the hours of dusk I found myself dreaming not of my fiancée back in old Virginia, but of other women seen more recently.

We were running that night in the dark, before the rising of the moon, a thing which cautious steamboatmen would not have ventured, although our pilot was confident that no harm could come to him. Against assurance such as this the dangerous Missouri with its bars and snags purposed a present revenge. Our whistle awakened the echoes along the shores as we plowed on up the yellow flood, hour after hour. Then, some time toward midnight, while most of the passengers were attempting some sort of rest, wrapped in their blankets along the deck, there came a slight shock, a grating slide, and a rasping crash of wood. With a forward churning of her paddles which sent water high along the rail, the *River Belle* shuddered and lay still, her engines throbbing and groaning.

In an instant every one on the boat was on his feet and running to the side. I joined the rush to the bows and leaning over, saw that we were hard aground at the lower end of a sand bar. Imbedded in this bar was a long white snag, whose naked arms had literally impaled us. The upper woodwork of the boat was pierced quite through. For all that one could tell at the moment, the hull below the line was in all likelihood similarly crushed through. We hung and gently swung, apparently at the mercy of the tawny flood of old Missouri.

CHAPTER XII

THE FACE IN THE FIRELIGHT

For the first instant after the shock of the boat upon the impaling snag I stood irresolute; the next I was busy with plans for escape. Running down the companion-way, I found myself among a crowd of excited deck hands, most of whom, with many of the passengers, were pushing toward the starboard rail, whence could be seen the gloom of the forest alongshore. The gangway door on the opposite side of the boat was open, and as I looked out I

could see the long white arms of the giant snag reaching down alongside of the boat. Without much plan or premeditation I sprang out, and making good my hold upon the nearest limb, found myself, to my surprise, standing in not more than four feet of water. The foot of the bar evidently ran down well under the boat.

As I turned to call to others on the boat, I saw the tall figure of my plainsman, Auberry, appear at the doorway, and he taking sudden stock of the situation, with smaller deliberation than my own, took a flying leap, and joined me on the snag. "It's better here than there," he said, "she'll like enough sink, or blow up."

As we pulled ourselves up into the fork of the long naked branch, we heard a voice, and looking up, saw the face of a woman leaning over the rail of the upper deck. I recognized my whilom friend, Mandy McGovern. "What are you all doing down there?" she called. Then her gaze seemed to grasp the situation. "Wait a minute," she exclaimed, "I'm comin', too." A moment later she appeared at the opening of the lower deck and craned out her long neck, from which the strings of her sunbonnet hung down, as she took further stock of the situation. I then saw at her side the figure of a young woman, her hair fallen from its coils, her feet bare, her body wrapped apparently only in some light dressing robe, thrown above her filmy night wear. She, too, looked out into the darkness, but shrank back.

"Here, you," called out Mandy McGovern. "Git hold of the end of this rope."

She tossed me the end of the gang-plank rope, by which the sliding stage was drawn out and in at the boat landings. I caught this and passed it over a projection on the snag.

"Now, haul it out," commanded Mrs. McGovern, and as we pulled, she pushed, so that presently indeed, we found that the end reached the edge of the limb on which we sat. Without any concern, Mrs. McGovern stepped out on the swaying bridge, sunbonnet hanging down her back; her long rifle under one arm, while by the other hand she dragged her tall son, Andrew Jackson, who now was blubbering in terror. The bridge, however, proved insecure, for as Mandy gave Andrew Jack-

son a final yank at its farther end, the latter stumbled, and in his struggles to lay hold upon the snag, pushed the end of the planks off their support. His mother's sinewy arm thrust him into safety, and she herself clambered up, wet, and voluble in her imprecations on his clumsiness.

"Thar, now, look what ye did, ye low-down coward," she said, "like to 'a' drowned both of us, and left the gal back there on the boat."

The gang-plank, confined by the rope, now swung in the current alongside the snag. The girl cowered against the side of the deck opening, undecided. "Wait," I called out to her, and so slipping down into the water again, I waded as close as I could to the door, the water then catching me close to the shoulders.

"Jump!" I said to her, holding out my arms.

"I can't—I'm afraid," she said, in a voice hardly above a whisper.

"Do as I tell you," I called out, in no gentle tones, I fear. "Jump, at once."

She stooped and sprang, and as I caught her weight with my arms under hers, she was for the moment almost immersed, but I staggered backward and managed to hold my footing till Auberry's arms reached us from the snag, up which we clambered, the girl catching her breath sobbingly in terror, but making no outcry.

"That's right," said Mandy McGovern, calmly. "Now here we be, all of us. Now you men git hold of this here rope and haul up them boards and make a seat for us."

Auberry and I found it difficult to execute this order, for the current of old Missouri, thrusting against so large an object, was incredibly strong, but at last we succeeded, and so, little by little edging the heavy staging up over the limb of the snag, we got its end upon another fork and made a ticklish support, half in and half out of the water.

"That's better," said Mandy, climbing upon it. "Now come here, you pore child. You're powerful cold." She gathered the girl between her knees as she sat. "Here, you man, give me your coat," she said to me, and I complied gladly, by that time having it half off.

None on the boat seemed to have any notion of what was going on upon our side

of the vessel. We heard many shouts and orders, much trampling of feet, but for the most part on the opposite side of the boat. Then at once we heard the engines reverse, and were nearly swept from our insecure hold upon the snag by the surges kicked up under the wheel. The current caught the long under body of the boat as she swung under the engines. We heard something rip and splinter and grate, and then the boat, backing free from the snag, gradually slipped down from the bar and swung into the current, again under her own steam.

Not so lucky ourselves, for this wrenching free of the boat had torn loose the long imbedded roots of the giant snag, and the plowing current getting under the vast flat back of matted roots, now slowly forced it, grinding and shuddering, down from the toe of the bar. With a sullen roll it settled down into new lines as it reached the deeper water. Then the hiss of the water among the branches ceased. Dipping and swaying, we were going with the current, fully afloat on the yellow flood of the Missouri!

Looking across the stream I could see the lights of the *River Belle* swing gradually into a longer line, and presently heard the clanging of her bells as she came to a full stop, apparently tied up along shore. We ourselves had traveled perhaps three-quarters of a mile, when I noticed the dim loom of trees on our side of the stream, and saw that we were approaching a long point which ran out below us. When we were within a hundred yards or so of the point, we felt a long shuddering scrape under us, and after a series of slips and jerks, our old snag came to anchor again, its roots having once more laid hold upon a bar, which seemed to have been deflected out toward the current by the projecting mass of a heap of driftwood, which I now saw opposite to us, its long white arms reaching out toward those of our floating craft. Once more the hissing of the water began among the buried limbs, and once more the snag rolled ominously, and then lay still, its giant naked trunk, white and half submerged, reaching up stream fifty feet above us. We were apparently as far from safety as ever, although almost within touch of the shore.

It occurred to me that as I had been able

to touch bottom on the other bar, I might do so here. I crawled back along the trunk of the snag to a place as near the roots as I could reach, and letting myself down gently as I could, found that I could keep my footing on the sand.

Little by little I edged up the stream, and found presently that the water shoaled toward the heap of driftwood. Standing no more than waist deep, I could reach the outer limbs of the drift and saw that they would support my weight. After that I waded back to the snag carefully, and once more ordered the young woman to come to me.

She crawled back along the naked and slippery trunk of the snag, pulling herself along by her hands, her bare feet and limbs deep in the water alongside.

"Come," I said, as she finally reached the mass of the roots. More dead than alive, she fell once more into my arms. I felt her grasp tighten about my neck, and her firm body crowd against me as we both sank down for an instant. Then I caught my feet and straightened. Little by little I edged up on the bar, quite conscious of her very gracious weight.

"Put me down," she said at length, as she saw the water shoaling. It was hip deep to me, but waist deep to her, and I felt her shudder again as she caught its chill.

By this time the others had also descended from the snag. I saw old Auberry plunging methodically along, at his side Mrs. McGovern, clasping the hand of her son. "Come on here, you boy," she said. "What ye skeered of? Tall as you air, you could wade the whole Missouri without your hair gettin' wet."

"Get up, Auberry," I said to him as he approached, and motioned to the long, overhanging branches from the driftwood. He swung up, breaking off the more insecure boughs, and after taking stock, was of the belief that we could get across the deep inshore channel in that way. As he reached down, I swung the young woman up to him, and she clambered on as best she could. In this way, I scarce know how, we all managed to reach the solid drift, and so presently found ourselves ashore, on a narrow, sandy beach, hedged on the back by a heavy growth of willows.

"Now then, you men," ordered Mandy McGovern, "get some wood out and start a

fire right away. This here girl is shaking the teeth plumb out'n her head."

Auberry and I dragged some wood from the edge of the drift and pulled it into a heap near by, before we realized that neither of us had matches.

"Humph!" snorted our leader, feeling in her pockets. She drew forth two flasks, each stoppered with a bit of corn cob. The one held sulphur matches, thus kept quite dry, and this she passed to me. The other she handed to the young woman.

"Here," said she, "take a drink of that. It'll do you good."

Presently we had a roaring blaze started, which added much to the comfort of all, for the chill of night was over the river, despite the fact that this was in the spring time. I could not help pitying the young woman who crouched near her at the fire-side, still shivering. She seemed so young, helpless, and out of place in such surroundings. As presently the heat of the flame made her more comfortable, she began to tuck back the tumbled locks of her hair, which I could see was dark, as were apparently her eyes. The firelight showed in silhouette the outlines of her face. I had never seen one more beautiful. I remembered the round firmness of her body in my arms, the clasp of her hands about my neck, her hair blown across my cheek. Yes, I admit that even once more the appeal of this presence of woman, the great enigma of young men, and of old men as well.

As she stood at the fire, innocent of its defining light, I saw that she was a beautiful creature, apparently about twenty years of age. Given proper surroundings, I fancied, here was a girl who might make trouble for a man. She stooped and spread out her hands before the flames. I could see that they were small and well formed, could see the firelight shine pink at the inner edges of her fingers. On one finger, as I could not avoid noticing, was a curious ring of plain gold, all save the setting, which, also of gold, was deeply cut into the figure of a rose. I recalled that I had never seen a ring just similar. Indeed, it seemed to me as I stole a furtive glance at her now and then, I had never seen a girl just similar. Who this young lady was, and how she came to be traveling alone up the river one could not ask.

We had waited perhaps not over an hour at our fireside, undecided what to do, when Auberry raised a hand. "Listen," he said. "There's a boat coming." Presently we all heard the splash of oars. Our fire had been seen by one of the boats of the *River Belle*, out picking up such stragglers as could be found.

"Hello, there," called a rough voice, as the boat grated at our beach. Auberry and I walked over and found that it was the mate of the steamer, with a pair of oarsmen in a narrow river skiff.

"How many of you?" asked the mate. "Five? I can't take you all."

"All right," said Auberry, "this gentleman and I will walk up to the town on this side. You take the women and the boy. We'll send down for our things in the morning, if you don't come up."

So our little bivouac on the beach came to an end. I confess a strange, irrational sinking of the heart as I saw the passengers embarked.

"A moment, sir," exclaimed our friend of the fireside, rising and stepping toward me as I stood alongside the boat. "You are forgetting your coat." She would have taken it from her shoulders, but I forbade it. She hesitated, and finally said, "I thank you so much," holding out her hand. I took it. It was a small hand, with round fingers, firm of clasp. I hate a hard-handed woman, or one with mushy fingers, but this, as it seemed to me, was a hand very good to hold in one's own—warm now and no longer trembling in the terrors of the night.

"I do not know your name, sir," she said, "but I should like my father to thank you some day."

"All ready," cried the mate.

"My name is Cowles," I began, "and sometime, perhaps—"

"All aboard!" cried the mate, and so the oars gave way.

So I did not get the name of the girl I had seen there in the firelight. What did remain—and that not wholly to my pleasure, so distinct it seemed, was the picture of her high-bred profile, shown in chiaroscuro at the fireside; the line of her chin and neck, the tumbled masses of her hair. These were things I did not care to remember, most of all some vague, irresolute, unsatisfied and curious longing. I hated myself as a soft-hearted fool.

"Son," said old Auberry to me, after a time, as we trudged along up the bank, stumbling over roots and braided grasses, "that was a almighty fine lookin' gal that we brung along with us there."

"I didn't notice," said I.

"No," said Auberry solemnly, "I noticed that you didn't take no notice; so you can just take my judgment on it, which I allow is safe."

I glanced up at the heavens, studded thick with stars. It seemed to me that I saw gazing down directly at me one cold, bright, reproving star, staring straight into my soul, accusing me of being nothing more than a savage, no better than a man.

CHAPTER XIII

AU LARGE

At our little village on the following morning, Auberry and I learned that the *River Belle* would lie up indefinitely for repairs, and that perhaps several days would elapse before she resumed her journey up stream. This suited neither of us, so we sent a negro down with a skiff, and had him bring up our rifles, Auberry's bedding, my portmanteaus, and so forth, it being our intention to take the stage up to Leavenworth.

By noon our plans were changed again. A young army officer came down from that post with the information that Colonel Meriwether had been ordered out to the posts up the Platte River, had been gone for three weeks, and no one could tell what time he would return. Possibly he might be back at Leavenworth within the week, possibly not for a month, or even more.

This was desperate news for me. I knew that I ought to be starting home at that very time, instead of pushing farther westward. Should I wait here, or at Leavenworth, or should I go on? Auberry decided that for me.

"I'll tell you what we can do," he said. "We can outfit here, and take the Cut-off trail to the Platte, across the Kaw and the Big and Little Blue—that'll bring us in far enough east to catch the Colonel if he's comin' down the valley. You'd just as well be travelin' as loafin', and that's like enough the quickest way to find him."

The counsel seemed good to me, and I

took it. I sat down and wrote two more letters home, once more stating that I was going still farther west. This done, I tried to persuade myself to feel no further uneasiness, but to content my mind with the sense of duty done, although in truth I was little easy in my mind. Some strange, unsettled thing seemed to have come into my soul.

"The settlements for them that likes 'em," said Auberry. "For me, there is nothing like the time when I start West, with a horse under me, and run *au large*, as the French traders say. You'll get a chance now to see the Plains, my son."

At first we saw rather the prairies than the Plains proper, following a plainly marked trail, which wound in and out among low rolling hills. Bleached bones of the buffalo we saw here and there, but there was little game. Gradually shaking down into better organization, we fared on and on for days, until the grass grew shorter and the hills flatter, as we approached the Platte.

We had been out scarce two weeks, when finally we reached the great valley along which lay the western highway of the old Oregon Trail, now worn deep and dusty by countless wheels. We were on the main western line of travel. I saw the road of the old fur traders, of Ashley, of Sublette and Bridger, of Carson and Frémont, of Kearney and Sibley, and Marcy—one knew not how many army men who had for years been fighting back the tribes and making ready this country for the whites' occupation. As I looked at this wild, wide region, treeless, fruitless, it seemed to me that none could ever want it. The next thought was the impression that, no matter how many might covet it, it was exhausted, it must last forever. This land, this West, was then unbelievably large and limitless.

We pushed up the Platte but a short distance that night, keeping out an eye for grazing ground for our horses. Auberry knew all the country perfectly.

"About five or six miles above here," he said, "there's a stage station, if the company's still running through here now. Used to be two or three fellers and some horses stayed there."

We looked forward to meeting human faces with some pleasure, but an hour or so

later, as we rode on, I saw Auberry pull up his horse, with a strange tightening of his lips. "Boys," said he, "*there's where it was.*"

His pointing finger showed nothing more than a low line of ruins, bits of broken fencing, a heap of half charred timbers.

"They've been here," said Auberry. "Who'd have thought the Sioux would come this far east?"

He circled his horse out across the valley, riding with head bent down. "Four days ago at least," he said. "A bunch of fifty or more at least. Come on, men." We rode up to the station, guessing what we would see.

The buildings lay waste and white in ashes. The front of the dugout was torn down, the wood of its doors and windows burned. The door of the larger dugout, where the horses had been stabled, was also torn away. Five dead horses lay near by, a part of the stage stock kept there. We kept our eyes as long as we could from what we knew must next be seen—the bodies of the agent and his two stable men, mutilated and half consumed, under the half burned timbers. I say the bodies; for the lower limbs of all three had been dismembered and cast in a heap near where the bodies of the horses lay.

"Sioux," said Auberry, looking down as he leaned on his long rifle. "Not a wheel has crossed their trail. I reckon the trail's blocked both east and west."

"The boys put up a fight," he added slowly. He led us here and there, and showed us dried blotches on the soil, half buried now in the shifting sand; showed us the bodies of a half dozen ponies killed a couple of hundred yards from the door of the dugout.

"They must have shot in at the front till they killed the boys. And they was so mad they stabbed the horses for revenge, the way they do sometimes. Yes, our fellers paid their way when they went, I reckon."

We stood now in a silent group, and what was best to do none at first could tell. Two of our party were for turning back down the valley, but Auberry said he could see no advantage in that.

"Which way they've gone above here no one can tell," he said. "They're less likely to come here now, so it seems to me the



Auberry's arms reached us from the snag—the girl catching her breath sobbingly.

Drawing by Geo. Wright.

best thing we can do is to lay up here and wait for some teams comin' up west. There'll be news of some kind come along one way or the other, before so very long."

So now we, the living, took up our places almost upon the bodies of the dead, after giving these the best interment possible. We hobbled and side-lined our horses, and kept out guards both day and night, and so we lay here for three long days.

"I don't understand it," said Auberry, coming in from one of his several short scouts about the camp. "There was women and children along with that bunch of Sioux, and it looks like some hunting party working on south. Still, if the trail ain't cut by war parties on both sides of us, there ought to a' been somebody along here before now."

But that day passed until the sun sank toward the sand dunes, and cast a long path of light across the rippling shallows among the sand bars of the stream, and still no traveler came. Evening was approaching when we heard the sound of a distant shot, and saw our horse guard, who had been stationed at the top of a bluff near by, start down the slope, running. He pointed, and as we looked down the valley, surely enough, we saw a faint cloud of dust coming toward us, whether of vehicles or horsemen we could not tell.

Auberry thought that it was perhaps some west-bound wagons, or perhaps a stage with belated mails. "Stay here, boys," he said, "and I'll ride down and see."

He galloped off, a distance of half a mile or so, and then we saw him pause, throw up his hand, and ride forward at full speed. By that time we could see the travelers topping a slight rise in the floor of the valley, and could tell that they were horsemen, perhaps thirty or forty in all. Following them came the dust whitened top of an army ambulance, and a camp wagon or so, to the best of our figuring at that distance. With no more hesitation, we mounted our own horses and rode full speed toward them. Auberry met us, coming back.

"Troop of dragoons, bound for Laramie," he called. "No Indians back of them, but orders are out for all of the wagons and stages to hold up. This party's going through. I told them to camp down

there," he said to me aside, "because they've got women with 'em. I didn't want them to see what's happened up here." He pointed his thumb over his shoulder.

By the time we approached these new arrivals, they had their plans for encampment under way with the celerity of old campaigners. Their horses were hobbled, their cook fires lighted, their wagons backed into a rude stockade, and the guards were moving out with the horses to the grazing ground. They were a seasoned lot of Kearney's frontier fighters, grimed and grizzled, their hats, boots, and clothing gray with dust, but all their weapons bright. Their leader was a young lieutenant, who approached me when I rode up. It seemed to me I remembered his blue eyes and his light mustache, curled upward.

"Why, Mr. Cowles!" he exclaimed. "How on earth did you get here? I'm Belknap. I'd money on you in the pigeon match, you know. More's the pity it didn't finish."

"But how did you get here—you were not on my boat."

"I was ordered up the day after you left Jefferson barracks, and took the *Asia*. We got into St. Joe the same day with the *River Belle*, and heard about your accident down river. I suppose you came out on the old Cut-off trail."

"Yes, and you took the main trail west from Leavenworth?"

He nodded. "Orders to take this detachment out to Laramie," he said, "and meet Colonel Meriwether there."

"He'll not be back?" I exclaimed in consternation. "I was hoping to meet him coming east."

"No," said Belknap, "you'll have to go on with us if you must see him. I'm afraid the Sioux are bad on beyond. Horrible thing your man tells me about up there," he motioned toward the ruined station. "I'm taking his advice and going into camp here, for I imagine it's not a nice thing for a girl to see."

He motioned in turn toward the ambulance, and I turried. There stood near it a tall, angular figure, with head enshrouded in an enormous sunbonnet, a personality which it seemed to me I also recognized.

"Why, that's my friend Mandy Mc-

Govern," said I. "Came out from Leavenworth with you, I suppose?"

"That isn't the one I meant," said Belknap. "No, I don't fancy that sister McGovern would cut up much worse than the rest of us over that matter up there, but the other one——"

At that moment I saw, descending at the rear of the ambulance, none less than the other one!

CHAPTER XIV

HER INFINITE VARIETY

The young woman left the step of the ambulance and stood for a moment shading her eyes with her hand and looking out over the shimmering expanse of the broad river. All at once all the world was changed. It was not the desert, but civilization which swept about us. The transfiguration was made by this one figure, a woman fair to look upon.

Yet I could see that, though wholly civilized and sophisticated, this was no new-comer in the world of the out-of-doors. She was turned out in very workmanlike fashion, although wholly feminine. Her skirt was short, of good gray cloth, and she wore a rather mannish coat over a loose blue woolen shirt or blouse. Her hands were covered with long gauntlets, and her hat was a soft gray felt, tied under the chin with a leather string, while a soft gray veil was knotted carelessly about her neck as kerchief. Her face for the time was turned from us, but I could see that her hair was dark and heavy; could see, in spite of the loose garb, that her figure was straight, round, and slender.

Thieving more than one glance at this unconscious beauty, I was content until all at once I saw something which utterly changed my pleasant frame of mind. The tall figure of a man came from beyond the line of wagons—a man clad in well-fitting tweeds, cut for riding. His gloves seemed neat, his boots equally neat, and indeed his general appearance was immaculate as that of the young lady whom he approached. In swift male jealousy I became conscious of my own travel-stained garb. I turned at Belknap's voice.

"Yes, there is your friend, the Englishman," said he, rather bitterly.

"I meet him everywhere," I answered. "The thing is simply uncanny. What is he doing here?"

"We are taking him out to Laramie with us. He has letters to Colonel Meriwether, it seems. Cowles, what do you know about that man?"

"Nothing," said I, "except that he purports to come from the English Army, and that I meet him and seem to run counter of him wherever I go."

"I wish that he had stayed in the English Army, and not come bothering about ours. He's prowling about every military post he can get into." He spoke morosely, I fancied not with a wholly military concern.

As Orme stood chatting with the young woman, both Belknap and I turned away, that we might not seem rude. As I did so, I confronted my former friend, Mandy McGovern, who stopped chewing tobacco in her surprise, and quickly came to shake me by the hand.

"Well, I dee-clare to gracious!" she began, "if here ain't the man whose life I saved on the boat! How'd you git away out here ahead of us? Have you saw airy buff'ler? I'm gettin' plumb wolfish fer something to shoot at. Where-all you goin', any how? And what you doin' out here?"

What I was doing at that precise moment, as I must confess, was taking one more half unconscious look toward the tail of the ambulance, where Orme and the young woman stood chatting. But we passed on, Mandy voluble. A few moments later, Orme left his companion and came rapidly forward, apparently having spied me at a distance.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "here you are again! Am I your shadow, Mr. Cowles, or are you mine? It is really singular how we meet. I'm awfully glad to meet you, although I don't in the least see how you've managed to get here ahead of us."

I explained to him the changes of my plans which had been brought about by the accident to the *River Belle*. "Lieutenant Belknap tells me you are going through to Laramie with him," I added. "As it chances, we have the same errand—it is my purpose also to call on Colonel Meriwether there, in case we do not meet him coming down."

"How extraordinary! Then we'll all be fellow travelers for a time. Of course, you'll eat at our mess to-night? That's our fire just over there, and I'm thinking the cook is nearly ready."

It may be seen that the confusion of these varied meetings had kept me from learning the name or identity of the attractive passenger of the ambulance. I presume both Orme and Belknap supposed that we had all met before we took our places on the ground at the edge of the blanket which served as a table. The young woman was seated there as I approached, and her face was turned aside as she spoke to the camp cook, with whom she seemed on the best of terms. "Hurry, Daniel," she called out. "I'm absolutely starved to death." She rapped gayly on the blanket with her empty tin cup. At the time, life seemed much worth living for us all, a matter joyous, care free, full of zest. The wine of the desert air was in our blood.

But there was something in the girl's voice which sounded familiar to me. I sought a glance at her face, which the next instant was hid by the rim of her hat, as she looked down, removing her long gloves. At least I saw her hands—small hands, sun-browned now. On one finger was a plain gold ring, with a peculiar setting—the figure of a rose, curved deep into the gold.

"After all," thought I to myself, "there are some things which cannot be duplicated, among these, hair like this, a profile like this, a figure like this." So I sat and wondered, and, I imagine, gazed.

Belknap caught the slight restraint as the girl and I both raised our eyes. "Oh, I say, why, what in the world—Mr. Cowles, didn't you—that is, haven't you——"

"No," said I, "I haven't and didn't, I think. But I think also——"

The girl's face was a trifle flushed, but her eyes were merry. "Yes," said she demurely, "I think Mr. Cowles and I have met once before." She slightly emphasized the word "once," as I noticed.

"But now that I may remind you all, gentlemen, I have not even yet really heard this lady's name. I am only guessing, of course, that it is Miss Ellen Meriwether, whom you are taking out to Laramie."

"Why, of course," said Belknap, and "of course," echoed everybody else.

"Yes," she confirmed, "I'm going on out

to join my father on the front. This is my second time across. Is it your first, Mr. Cowles?"

"My first, and I am very lucky. Do you know, I also am going out to meet your father, Miss Meriwether?"

"How singular! So are we all!" She put down her tin cup of coffee on the blanket, gazing from one of us to the other.

"My father was an associate of Colonel Meriwether in some business matters back in Virginia——" I began.

"Oh, certainly, I know—it's about the coal lands that are going to make us all rich some day. Yes, I know about that, though I think your father rarely came over into Albemarle."

Under the circumstances I did not care to intrude my personal matters, so I did not explain the sad nature of my mission in the West. "I suppose that you rarely came into Fairfax either, but went down the Shenandoah when you journeyed to Washington," I said simply.

All this sudden acquaintance and somewhat intimate relation between us two seemed to afford no real pleasure either to Belknap or Orme. For my part, with no clear reason in the world, it seemed to me that both Belknap and Orme were very detestable persons. It seemed to me that all these wide gray plains, faintly tinged in the hollows with green, and all this sweeping sky of blue, and all this sparkling river had properly been made just for this girl and me, ourselves and no one else.

My opportunity came in due course. As we rose from the ground at the conclusion of our meal, the girl dropped one of her gloves, and I hastened to pick it up, walking with her a few paces afterward.

"The next time," said I, "I shall leave you on the boat. You do not know your friends."

"Why do you say that?" she dimpled again mischievously.

"And yet I knew you at once. I saw the ring on your hand, and recognized it—it is the same I saw in the firelight on the river bank the night we left the *Belle*."

"How brilliant of you. At least you can remember a ring!"

"I remember seeing this veil once before—it might have been this very one you wore, at a certain little meeting between Mr. Orme and myself."

"You seem to have been a haberdasher in your time, Mr. Cowles! Your memory of a lady's wearing apparel is most exact. One should feel flattered at so good a check list—though really, I have other veils."

She was pulling on her glove as she spoke. I saw embroidered on the gauntlet the figure of a red heart.

"My memory is still more exact," I went on. "Miss Meriwether, is this your emblem indeed—this red heart? It seems to me I have seen it also somewhere before now!"

"When Columbus found America," she answered, "it is said that the savages looked up and remarked to him: 'Ah, we see we are discovered.'"

"Yes," said I, "you are now discovered—each of you—all of you, all three or four of you, Miss Ellen Meriwether!" I smiled straight at her now. She was very sweet, with this red upon her cheek.

"But you did not know it until now—until this very moment. You did not know me—could not remember me. Oh, stupid!"

"I have done nothing else but remember you."

"How long will you remember me this time—me or my clothes, Mr. Cowles? Until you meet another?"

"All my life," I said, "or until I meet you again, in some other infinite variety. Each last time that I see you makes me forget all the others, but never once have I forgotten you."

"In my experience," commented Ellen Meriwether sagely, "all men talk very much alike."

"I told you at the mask ball," said I, "that some time I would see you, masks off. Was it not true? I did not know you when you broke up my pigeon match with Orme, but I swore that some time I would know the girl who did that. And when I saw you that night on the river, it seemed to me I certainly must have met you before—have known you always. And now once more——"

"Having had time to study my rings and clothing, you now identify me with myself?"

"My experience with men," calmly went on this young person, "leads me to believe that they are the stupidest of all created creatures. There was never once, there is

never once, when a girl does not notice a man who is—well, who is noticing."

"Very well, then," I broke out, "I admit it. I *did* take notice, of four different girls, one after the other, because each of them was fit to wipe out the image of all the others—and of all the others in the world. If you noticed that, I am both glad and careless of it."

This was going far, but I seemed cut off from all my earlier life. I was only set down here in a wide new world, in the center of which was this tantalizing sphinx, woman, the enigma, the desire of the world. I was a young man. So now I urge no more excuse than this.

The girl looked about gladly, I thought, at the sound of a shuffling step approaching. "You, Aunt Mandy?" she called out. And to me, "I must say good-night, sir."

That night I rolled into my blankets, but I could not sleep. The stars were too bright, the wind too full of words, the sweep of the sky too strong. I shifted the saddle under my head, and turned and turned, but I could not rest. I looked up again into the eye of my cold, reproving star.

I fought with myself. I tried to banish her face from my heart. I called up to mind my promises, my duties, my honor. I tried to forget the fragrance of her hair, the sweetness of her body once held in my arms. But I could not forget. A rage filled me against all the other men in the world. I longed to rise and roar in my throat, challenging all the other men in the world. It was my wish to stride over there, just beyond into the darkness, to take her by the shoulders and tell her what was in my blood and in my heart—though I must tell her even in bitterness and self-reproach, and helplessness and despair at losing her.

For it was not the girl to whom I was pledged and plighted, not she to whom I was bound in honor—that was not the one with the fragrant hair and the eyes of night, and the clear-cut face, and the round, straight figure, and the witchery that set me mad—that was not the one! It was another, of infinite variety, the sweeter and hence the more terrible with each change, that had set on this combat between me and my own self.



HAVING A BEAUTIFUL TIME

Photograph by James Burton.

TEN YEARS OF ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION

BY HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



TEN Years of Polar Work was finished, the books of 1906 closed, and all hope of further news from the north abandoned, when this telegram upset all calculations, shattered maps, and made a new record for the world:

HOPEDALE, LABRADOR,

Via Twillingate, Nfld.

PEARY ARCTIC CLUB:

Roosevelt wintered north coast Grant Land, somewhat north *Alert's* winter quarters. Went north with sledges February via Hecla and Columbia, delayed by open water between 84 and 85 degrees. Beyond 85 degrees six days' gale disrupted ice, destroyed caches, cut off communication with supporting parties, and drifted me east. Reached 87 degrees, 6 minutes, N. latitude, over ice drifting steadily eastward. Returning, ate dogs, drifted eastward. Delayed by open water; reached North Coast, Greenland, in straitened conditions, killed muskoxen, and returned along Greenland coast to ship. Two supporting parties driven on north coast Greenland; one rescued by me in starving condition. After one week's recuperation on *Roosevelt*, sledged west, completing north coast Grant Land, and reached other land near 100th meridian. Homeward voyage incessant battle with ice, storms, and head winds. *Roosevelt* magnificent ice-fighter and sea-boat. No deaths or illness in expedition.

(Sd) PEARY.

Not since "we have met the enemy, and they are ours," has a dispatch from the front more thoroughly stirred the American people, and not his countrymen only, but discoverers, explorers, and men of science from over sea, vied with each other in welcome and congratulations to the American explorer. This is not the time nor the place to review the year of the *Roosevelt*,

most memorable in Arctic annals. That is Peary's story, and none can tell it so well. Suffice it to say that it will include the highest north, restoring the American flag to the van in this age-long, international race for the Pole; add many miles of entirely new coast line to the westward, closing the last gap on the north coast of the North American archipelago, with still further land seen low in the northwest, and, most important of all, will demonstrate wholly new facts and laws relative to the formation and drift of the ice of the Arctic Ocean, knowledge of which immensely enhances the prospects of early attainment of the Pole itself. Peary's experience makes the complete success of the next attempt with adequate support and equipment and competent leadership almost a moral certainty. No more fruitful and rewarding expedition has ever returned from the north than that of 1905-06, and with the only fit ship still in commission and the ablest and most successful leader still available, and both better than ever, it is their duty to go forward and pluck the prize of the centuries which is at last within grasp.

The recent International Polar Congress at Brussels, marking an epoch in our knowledge of the forbidden zones, renders timely and appropriate a review of what has been accomplished during the last ten years. The conclusions of the Congress were, and inevitably so, purely tentative and provisional. No man or body of men holds the keys to the poles, and no constitution on paper at Brussels can daunt or deter the explorer determined to see and do for himself. Yet the idea, an after-thought or by-product of the Inter-

national Commercial Congress at Mons, in 1905, is sound and auspicious. Honestly and intelligently prosecuted, another expression of the common spirit of the age will be of advantage to science, a definite gain to human knowledge, and a positive force in the general advance of civilization. Great Britain and its Royal Geographical Society have in the situation an opportunity not to be neglected to repair the mistake of their absence from the Congress and to set an example for other powers and societies. The International Congress was convoked and the polar council formed for "the study of the polar regions," not for the attainment of that geographical point on the map where may be the imaginary end of the supposed axis of the earth, and not once during all the Brussels discussion was heard that popular, but utterly meaningless phrase, "A dash for the Pole."

But whatever be the outward and informal result of the Congress, the personal presence and contact of the explorers, the interchange of opinions, the awakening and renewing of personal confidence and friendship, the development of reciprocal interest and enthusiasm, all these, and what must follow in their train, justify the Congress many times over, and are worth much more than it cost in time, money, labor, and most of all, in patient thought and preparation. No gathering of real explorers, like that daily assembled in the Palace of the Academies, or greeting Prince Albert, future King of Belgium, and the Royal Belgian Geographical Society in the old Flemish theater, has ever before taken place, and it was both inspiring and gratifying to see the generous pride and interest each took in the others' achievements and aspirations. Easily first of this distinguished group should be named De Gerlache, Leconte, and Arctowski, the trio of the *Belgica*, to whom was due not only the revival, nine years ago, of interest in Antarctic exploration, but, to-day, the International Congress itself; the sturdy German, Drygalski, whose *Gauss* now sails the north waters under the Canadian Bernier as the *Arctic*; the placid, imperturbable Nordenskjöld, whose *Antarctic*, at the bottom of the Southern Ocean, will sail the seas no more; Brown and Mossman of Bruce's *Scotia* expeditions, the former physically a striking *alter ego* of our own

Peary, and the fiery Charcot; all these, with their comrades, and Baron Speelman of Holland's William Barentz's expedition, thirty years ago to Franz Josef Land, made a memorable and interesting company. The regret of the hour was that America and Peary were represented only by proxy and Great Britain, Scott and the *Discovery*, not at all.

The record of the past decade in polar explorations is both inspiring and significant. Compared with all that has been done and known before, the achievements of the last ten years bulk larger than those of centuries, larger almost than the sum total of the entire past. The world reckons the disappearance of the Spanish flag from the western hemisphere, the partitioning of Africa and the European-Asiatic struggle on the plains of Manchuria, as among the milestones of the last decade. Yet, in the polar zones, and so far as polar exploration and discovery go, events of greater relative and ultimate importance have transpired. For in the decade now closing, the victory in the age-long struggle has been won, the polar mystery solved, and the *terra incognita* of all former time practically eliminated from the map. Credit must be apportioned among several, each deserving liberal praise, and it is also due to many, who indirectly and unconsciously, by experiment and researches primarily for other purposes, contributed to make the present situation possible.

Reviewing in some detail the record of the past ten years in the Arctic, merit and patriotism coincide in giving first place to the American: Peary, of blood and iron, was not in 1896 resting on his oars (he never does that), but having completed his first campaign and definitely determined the insularity of Greenland by two traverses across its great white Sahara, the desert of the inland ice, he was forming plans and gathering resources for the first definite American advance on the Pole itself. In London, in the winter of 1896-7, Peary received the gold medal from the Royal Geographical Societies; later, Sir Alfred Harmsworth, knowing the man with whom he had to deal, presented to him the *Windward*, of undoubted age and doubtful utility, and in January, 1898, having received the McCullum gold medal, the first award by the American Geographical Society, Peary



Prince Luigi of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi.

publicly declared his plans for attaining the Pole. *Windward* and *Hope*, her auxiliary, left for the north in July, parted off Etah August 12th, and for more than a year nothing was heard. In the meantime the Peary Arctic Club was organized, Morris K. Jesup elected its president, and the inspiration and capital were provided which have continued unabated until the present time, and without which the enterprise would have been an early and hopeless failure. *Diana* brought home news in '89 of *Windward's* imprisonment near Cape Hawks; of Peary's midnight, midwinter march through Fort Conger and his narrow escape from complete disablement by the loss of seven toes; of his reconnoissance to the west coast of Grinnell Land, and left him abundantly provisioned and equipped for the great advance which he hoped to make in the spring of 1900. *Windward* went north that summer but did not return, and in 1901, *Erik* was dispatched for information of the past two years. And she found it in abundance. Peary in the spring of 1900 had rounded the northern coast of Greenland, determining definitely its northern and eastern limit, had discovered the highest northern land on the globe, to which he had given the name of Cape Morris K. Jesup, and on which he in a cairn had deposited the flag of his country, and more important in the larger sense of the situation, had definitely eliminated Greenland as a possible route to the Pole and removed the difficult and dangerous crossing of Lincoln Sea from the obstacle to be overcome. The spoil of the expedition included the sextant abandoned at Cape Britannia by Lieutenant, now Admiral, Sir Lewis Beaumont, R. N., of the Nares-Markham 1876-7 expedition; Lockwood and Brainard's original record in their highest north cairn and all the personal effects, diaries, photographs, and souvenirs of the members of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition left at Fort Conger, all of which without exception were returned to their rightful owners by the Peary Arctic Club.

In 1902, Peary, having wintered at Cape Sabine, made another attempt on the Pole, directly north from Cape Hecla, and attained the highest—84 degrees, 17 minutes—ever reached on the western hemisphere, the highest ever reached by America, but the ice pressure ridges proved absolutely

impassable. Barriers, often a hundred feet or more in height, blocked the way, and rather than imperil life in a hopeless effort Peary retraced his steps in good order and, met at Cape Sabine by the rebuilt *Windward*, arrived at Sydney, September 12th, after an absence of over four years.

Hardly was he on his native heath again, however, than the master spirit reasserted itself. In September, 1903, leave of absence for five years was granted by Acting Secretary Darling; the *Roosevelt* was launched at Bucksport, Me., March, 1905, and she sailed from New York July 17th, the best built craft that ever crossed the Arctic circle. His last words to the secretary of the Peary Arctic Club dated Etah, North Greenland, August 15, 1905, were "We go out in a few hours to tackle the proposition you know so well. Take care of yourself." Three days later, the auxiliary *Erik* put out of Foulke Fjord, homeward bound, having first sent a party to climb the lofty hills, circling it on the east, who returned reporting that as far as they could see to the north well into the Kane Basin and across Smith Sound to Cape Hawks in the northwest, there was nothing of the *Roosevelt*, neither smoke nor spars against the sky, which hope and desire interpreted to mean that she was successfully making her way northward to Lady Franklin Bay.

Nansen left Christiana, Norway, August 10, 1893, in the *Fram*, designed and built to demonstrate the drift of Arctic currents, and returned in September, 1896, having effected this purpose. The results of the three years in the ice are even yet coming from the press, and form one of the most valuable contributions to the scientific knowledge of the zone. For Nansen is first a scientist, a naturalist, then an explorer, and lately a diplomat, whose merit both his sovereign and his country delight to recognize. Incidentally, of course, Nansen had designs on the Pole, and when, in the spring of 1904, it began to be obvious that the apex of the globe would not be reached by drift, he left the *Fram* and accompanied by Lieutenant Johansen with dogs and sledges, traveled twenty days northward to within two hundred and seventy-nine miles of the Pole, a point to within eighteen miles of which, however, the *Fram*, by a strange and not altogether agreeable coincidence, subsequently drifted.



Captain Roald Amundsen.

Nansen and Johansen made a plucky and perilous retreat, part of the way in sledges and part in boats; wintered on the north of the Franz Josef Archipelago in a hut built by themselves, often sleeping twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, and in the following May fell into the fortunate and hospitable hands of Mr. Jackson, finishing his third year at Cape Flora, under the patronage of Sir Alfred Harmsworth. As the circumstances of that strange meeting have never been published, possibly this may be a good place. Armitage, second in command, and holding a like commission under Scott, in the *Discovery*, was looking aimlessly with the glasses one morning up and down the coast line, when he suddenly caught sight of a black, moving object and a little later believed he could make out two. Reporting to Mr. Jackson that he thought he saw men in the distance, the commander laughed at him and scouted the idea. By and by, however, the fact that the objects moved and were approaching became indisputable, and then Armitage asked permission to go and meet the strangers, a courtesy belonging to him by right of discovery, but was peremptorily refused.

Hardly had Nansen's arrival at Hammerfest been reported, when by one of those dramatic coincidences always happening in polar work, the sturdy *Fram* and her ever-faithful navigator, Sverdrup, steamed into Tronjhem harbor, and the comrades of three years, after more than twelve months' separation, were reunited, and the most brilliant Arctic voyage of these days concluded. The joy and the honors at the public reception a few days later at Christiana were justly divided between Nansen and his navigator, to whose skill, patience and daring the safety of the *Fram*, and particularly the final extraction from the ice, were largely due. Nansen had demonstrated his theory of the Arctic drift from east to west, and the contribution to human knowledge concerning the laws of nature in the north was important and conclusive. Every man of Nansen's party returned, and the expedition enjoyed almost perfect immunity from illness or accident.

Prince Luigi of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi, who earned his spurs as an Alpinist by coming to America and climbing Mt. St. Elias in Alaska in 1896, and who last summer repeated in the tropics his exploits



Captain Otto Sverdrup.

of the Arctic by ascending the highest peak of Ruwenzori, the fabled equatorial Mountains of the Moon, landed in Teplitz Bay, Franz Josef Land, 1899; his ship, the *Stella Polare*—a Norwegian whaler refitted for the work, not long after followed him ashore, and lay high and dry on the beach all winter. With the leader were Savoyard guides and comrades of the service, some of whom had been with him in Alaska. In the spring of 1900 Captain Umberto Cagni was made leader of the Northern Advance Party—an injury to his hand having partially disabled the Duke—and on May 19th he had the satisfaction of recording 86 degrees, 33 minutes north, which for six years was the highest attained. One party of three perished on the return, and the main body, losing its way, narrowly escaped death from starvation.

Otto Sverdrup, Nansen's navigator, took out the *Fram* in 1898, in a polar quest by the Smith Sound route, and wintering in Rice Strait, just west of Bedford Pin Island, turned south and westward into Jones Sound in the fall of 1899. In 1902 he returned with a rich tale of discovery, hundreds of miles of new coasts, important islands charted—all the result of hard and faithful work, an expedition which has received less recognition than it merits, but which for actual results, both in loyal co-operation of every member with the leader and with each other, and in solid achievements of real value, sets a standard which may well be emulated and will not soon be duplicated.

Second to none in daring is the Northwest Passage of Roald Amundsen and his seventy-ton *Gjoa* in three years from Christiana, Norway, having demonstrated that for which Henry Hudson gave his life. But the Northwest Passage was only a part and the smaller part of Amundsen's undertaking. Navigator of the Belgian Antarctic expedition, in which he proved himself most competent, Amundsen immediately upon its return took in the Hamburg observatory a course of thorough study in magnetism—preparation for an attempt to rediscover and definitely locate the north magnetic pole. This scientific errand was the main object of his expedition, with the Northwest Passage as an ultimate possibility. It was, therefore, doubly gratifying in December,

1905, to have Amundsen wire from Eagle City, Alaska, the news of his arrival overland from Herschel Island, where he had left the *Gjoa* in winter quarters, and include also the welcome confirmation of an earlier report that his quest of the north magnetic pole has been completely successful. Publication of the scientific results of Amundsen's expedition await his return to Christiania.

Other Arctic expeditions of the last ten years which deserve mention, but which for one reason or another have proved disappointing or unfruitful, are Andre's attempt in 1897 to reach the Pole by balloon from Spitzbergen—neither he nor his two companions having again been heard of; explorations of the New Siberian islands by Baron Tell, the Russian, which likewise cost him his life, and the two Ziegler expeditions to Franz Josef Land—that of 1901 led by Baldwin, and of 1903-5 by Fiala.

To complete the record, mention should be made of the American Wellman's Franz Josef Land (1899) and of the three East Greenland expeditions; the Swedish Nathorst and the Danish Amdrup in 1899 and the French Duke of Orleans in 1905, the last of which carried the known coast to the north of Cape Bismarck—which is probably an island—to a new headland, named in honor of the royal house, Cape Bourbon.

Three expeditions are now in the Arctic, each in new fields, of which it is, of course, too early to speak, except in anticipation. North of Alaska is a great unknown sea, confidently believed to contain an important land mass. Ejnar Mikkelsen, lieutenant in the Danish Navy, a member of the Ziegler-Baldwin expedition, with funds from the Royal and American Geographical Societies and the English Duchess of Bedford—in honor of whom his ship is named—with two American comrades will attempt to explore this area, and if all goes well to return in the spring of 1908 by way of Wrangel Island and Baring Strait, with a definite solution of the greatest uncharted area of the north. To the eastward, but with designs to the northward in Mikkelsen's field, is Mr. A. H. Harrison, who last year made a long journey along the coast east from the Mackenzie delta, and who aims to clear up much that is unknown



Dr. Jean Charcot.

concerning the sub-Arctic Canadian Archipelago while on the east coast of Greenland, and Mylius Erichsen has established a station from which he expects to map all the coast yet unexplored between Cape Bourbon and Peary's Independence Bay, with ultimate designs on the Pole and a traverse of the Greenland ice cap south of Peary's track and in the opposite direction, *i.e.*, from the east to some of the Danish settlements on the west coast.

Turning now from north to south, from Arctic to Antarctic, a great and auspicious change is apparent. Expeditions, financed, managed, and led by individual tests of endurance and quests of adventure are contrasted with those enjoying protection of the foremost geographical and scientific societies, recognized by governments and by royalty and in one or two instances aided by definite grants of the public funds. Great Britain and France have advanced in the beginning of the twentieth century the outposts of Ross and D'Urville of the first quarter of the nineteenth, and Sweden, Germany, and Scotland have won first and high honors in the Antarctic, while Argentina leads all the republics of her continent in work in the southern polar field. The

change in the situation is essential—really deeper than it appears on the surface. The day of individuals and personal demonstration has been succeeded by that of system and organization—that of alliance and co-operation, which prevails the world over in every department of scientific research and extension of exact knowledge.

To De Gerlache, the Belgian, must unquestionably be given the honor of the Antarctic renaissance. The Royal Geographical Society, like other large bodies, moves slowly, and though Sir Clements Markham, its president, and president of the International Geographical Congress in London in 1895, speaking under the influence of the enthusiasm of Borchgrevink's liberal story of his landing on the Antarctic continent the year before, urged that an expedition should be dispatched to the south, it was the zealous, patient, indefatigable Belgian who finally got off his little *Belgica* from Antwerp in August, 1897, with a slender equipment and a small scientific staff, joined at Rio Janeiro two months later by an American surgeon. Nearly two years after, De Gerlache and all but Danco of his staff, returned richly laden both with experience and scientific material. First of



Otto Nordenskjöld.

men, the party had endured the Antarctic winter night; thirteen months imprisoned in the pack they had drifted helplessly,

tion and character of the great Antarctic continent could be almost positively demonstrated. The track of the *Belgica* was

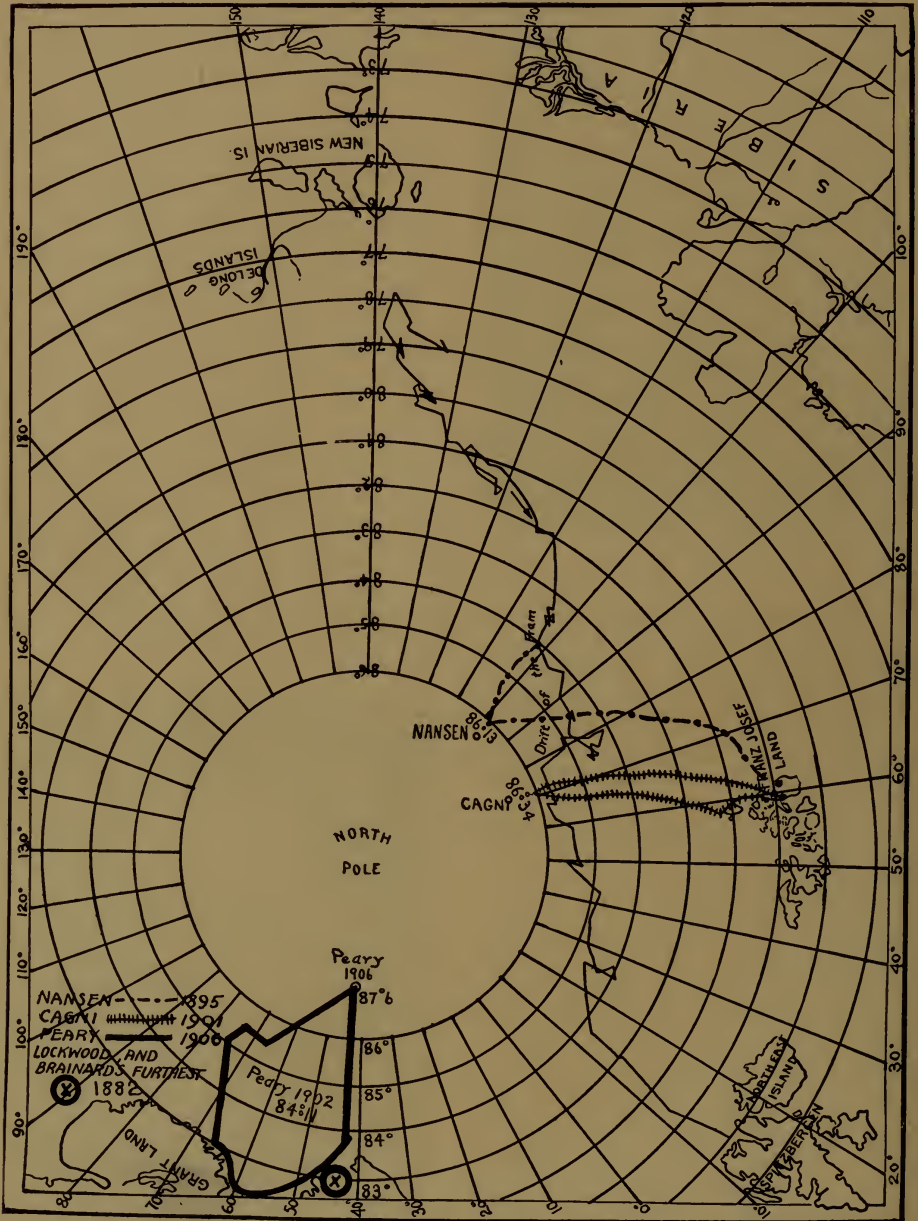


Chart of North Polar Expeditions.

discovering much new land and correcting the location of many ports and islands, and bringing home data from which the posi-

tion and character of the great Antarctic continent could be almost positively demonstrated. The track of the *Belgica* was



Dr. Fritjof Nansen and his eldest son.

In two years, all three were home, richly freighted with results. At the end of the first year, Colbeck, in the auxiliary, *Morning*, had brought back news of Scott's success and good promise, but when the *Discovery* herself arrived at Lyttleton she brought the best news which ever came out of the south. Scott, with Lieutenant Shackleton, later invalided home, and Surgeon Wilson had attained 82 degrees and 17 minutes south, many miles beyond any preceding human foot, while further they had sight of lofty mountains, so that the extension of the land mass to the Pole itself was as good as demonstrated; Armitage, the navigator, a Jackson-Harmsworth veteran, had made a long journey over an ice-free plateau to the southwestward, and Scott, on a second journey, had further pushed his quest westward into the high interior table-lands. Two winters had been passed in comparative comfort, only one casualty and that by accident had occurred. Just before leaving the scene of two winter quarters, the *Discovery* cruised to the eastward, extending the coast line and enabling Scott to write "King Edward VII. Land" on the map; it was no wonder that the *Discovery*, officers and men received a royal welcome, that honors and promotions were distributed with a generous hand.

Drygalski and Gauss came back in due time safely and with a much more monotonous, but none the less valuable, narrative so far as scientific results were concerned. Unable to make land, though within sight of it, the ship had wintered to the westward of the British expedition, protected by a cordon of grounded bergs from the drifting floes and the grinding pack, and here had prosecuted a series of observations which never had superior in respect of refinement and accuracy. Much most valuable knowledge concerning the character of the sea, its constituents and currents, of the formation and drift of the ice and all the physical phenomena of the Antarctic were gathered by the German scientists, and their results, when worked out and published, will go far to settle finally many points concerning which little or nothing has been known. "Gaussberg" they called the distant mountain, which in fine weather they could see, but which they could not reach over the rugged sea and

broken ice; nor were they able without dogs or sledges to attempt exploration of the dimly outlined coasts and still more remote interior.

Most dramatic in its experience of all the 1901 expeditions, hardly surpassed by any crossing either circle, was that of the Swedes under Nordenskjöld. Landed at Snow Hill on Seymour Island, Nordenskjöld, and his party bade good-bye to Captain Larsen and the *Antarctic*, built them a house and settled down to scientific work for the summer, and as it turned out for the winter. Larsen's instructions were to refit at the Falkland Islands, to give the zoölogists of the party a chance at Tierra del Fuego, and to come back to Snow Hill in the summer of 1902. That summer and the next winter passed and Nordenskjöld and his comrades saw nothing of Larsen or of the *Antarctic*. One day they saw coming over the ice and rocks two objects which every one at first asserted were emperor penguins, but on coming nearer proved to be Duse and Andersen, who, landed the year before by Larsen and cut off by open water from their proposed journey overland to Snow Hill, had spent nine months in a hut built of the stones which they could collect, and subsisting on the scanty supplies left with them, but chiefly on the penguins and seals they had been able to kill. Men were never more warmly welcomed than these two, wintering unknown within twenty miles of comrades and headquarters. Finally, as hope was almost departing and the summer drawing fast to a close, one fine day Captain Irizar, commander of the cruiser dispatched by Argentine, called at Snow Hill and bade Nordenskjöld and his reunited party make ready to leave for home. The welcome summons was, of course, willingly obeyed, but "if Larsen were only here," said the released and relieved Swedes; and the very next day, whom do they see tramping across the floe but Larsen and five sturdy sailors from Paulet's Island, where they had wintered after the *Antarctic* had been crushed and sunk by the ice, following a gallant fight of weeks to keep her afloat and bring off the party from the rocks of Snow Hill. The world rejoiced at Nordenskjöld's rescue, and the more when the scientific results of his long isolation were found to be of the highest importance.



THE INTRUDERS—An episode in the closed season.

Drawing by Oliver Kemp.

A DEVIATION OF COURSE

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

DRAWINGS BY E. V. NADHERNY



R. ALLAN McINTYRE walked smartly up and down the snowy deck of his newly purchased sea-going schooner yacht. A long protracted calm had tautened the highly strung nerves of the financier to the point of snapping, and the sleepy slatting of the sails and lazy creaking of gear augmented his impatience to the point of frenzy.

Near the rail his daughter, a very pretty girl with exceedingly blue eyes, was curled up in a wicker chair, dreamily watching the long, oily rollers as they heaved up out of the gray distance. Her face was partly turned from her father, who at every turn in his walk glanced at her sharply. Soon he paused and looked down upon her with an expression of irritated anxiety.

"Where's Fitzroy now?" he asked.

Elsa nodded toward the companionway. "He is down below taking a nap."

"H'mph!" muttered Mr. McIntyre. "So he asked you to marry him, did he?"

"Yes," replied Elsa, "last night. He was going to ask you first, but I saw what was in his mind and told him that in America the consent of the father was a minor consideration."

"H'mph!" You did, eh? What did you tell him?"

Elsa thrust her pretty chin upward. "I have consented," she replied with dignity, "to become Lady Fitzroy."

McIntyre took a few more hasty steps, then paused again before his daughter.

"Well," said he, "I've not consented yet, and what is more I won't!"

"Yes, you will, papa dear," replied his daughter placidly. "You would not consent to anything just now because this calm has made you nervous."

"There's no denying that," answered McIntyre, "but just the same you can't marry Fitzroy. Why, hang it all, we can't afford it."

The color rose in Elsa's piquant face.

"Lord Fitzroy does not wish to marry me for my money, papa," she said with dignity, "nor do I wish to marry him for his title."

She rose from her chair and moving past her father as though he had been freshly painted, swept toward the companionway. As she was about to descend there appeared the blond head and very broad shoulders of a ruddy young man whose cheerful face brightened at seeing her.

"Hello!" he said. "I was just coming up to read to you. Found an awfully jolly story; all about lynchin's and hold-ups."

McIntyre, with a snort of disgust, turned and walked forward to speak to his captain, a bronzed young man, who was staring anxiously in the direction from which he hoped the breeze might come.

"How long before we will get a breeze, captain?" demanded the owner in the voice of one who having bought a vessel was being defrauded of his due allowance of propelling force.

"I hope the breeze may spring up with the turn of the tide, sir," answered the captain evasively.

"How soon will that be?"

"In about three hours, sir."

"Three hours!" cried McIntyre in horror. "Heavens and earth, man, three more hours of this will drive me crazy."

The captain refrained from observing that from present indications three hours was a too generous limit to his owner's arrival at this unfortunate condition. The drawling voice of Lord Fitzroy, somewhat

raised against the slatting of the sails, reached them indistinctly.

" . . . like to get becalmed, rather; one is so glad when the breeze springs up again . . ."

McIntyre gritted his teeth and turned savagely upon his skipper.

"How far are we from the land?"

"We're about thirty miles due west of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, sir, 'cordin' to my reckonin'."

"Thirty miles! Is that all? Then lower the launch."

"What's that, sir?"

"Lower the launch."

The captain turned to his owner in amazement.

"You're not thinkin' of tryin' to make it in a launch, sir!"

"Why not?" snapped McIntyre. "She can do fifteen, can't she? That's two hour's run, and you say that there will not be any wind for three; that's a whole hour saved."

The somewhat fishy eyes of the captain grew quite round with horror at the thought of a life reputed to be worth over a million dollars being exposed to thirty miles of open sea in a small launch. The shock deprived him for the moment of speech and in the pause the voice of Lord Fitzroy reached them drawlingly.

" . . . used to cruise with a chap who would almost go mad if he got becalmed. No repose of manner . . . not a bit. Now *I'm* not that way . . . I like it, rather. . . ."

Again McIntyre gritted his teeth and for a moment his keen features wore the expression of one hanging in the balance between homicidal and suicidal frenzy.

"If that chump knew that I was long about fifty thousand shares," he muttered to himself, "and an underwriter in one of the biggest pools ever financed, I'll bet he wouldn't like it. Well, captain," he said sharply, "how about that launch?"

The captain threw out both hands in expostulation.

"You ain't a sea-farin' man, Mr. McIntyre," said he, "and you don't understand the risk. Why, it would be down-right crim'nal for me to let you go in from thirty miles off shore in that little autumobile contraption . . . an'

in this onsettled weather. Why, s'pose she was to buck on you?"

"Put a man in her that won't let her buck," said McIntyre curtly. "Come, drop her in. It's all your own fault any way. You told me that I could count on reaching Bar Harbor yesterday morning at the outside. I tell you man, this delay may cost me a million dollars."

"What are you doing, papa," called Elsa, "ordering a breeze?"

"There's going to be a gasoline gale in that launch in a minute," replied McIntyre, with emphasis.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm going ashore. *My* time is worth too much money to fritter away on calms."

"But I don't understand."

"Quite so," said Fitzroy. "How are you going ashore, ye know, when there ain't any shore to go to?"

"If you are really going ashore," observed Elsa, who knew her father's capabilities, "I am going with you."

"No, you're not," said her father. "The captain says it's dangerous."

"Then I am *certainly* going. I have not been in any danger for three days, and I am getting quite stale."

"Just the same," said McIntyre, "you can't go."

"I say," said Fitzroy, "if you two are really going, you can't leave me, ye know."

"She's not going," said McIntyre, doggedly. Like many another foolish American father he was self-deluded by the belief that because he could control the actions of syndicates he could also control the actions of an eighteen-year-old girl.

Elsa turned to Fitzroy. "Please touch the bell," she said.

Lord Fitzroy, who had grown somewhat practiced in the maneuver, obeyed, and a steward appeared in the companionway.

"Tell Celeste," said Elsa, "to pack some things for overnight in my kit bag—and bring some whiskey for Lord Fitzroy."

McIntyre compressed his lips and went below to pack his own bag. When a few minutes later he came on deck the launch was at the gangway and the captain was wailing out his woes to the mate.

"S'pose she was to buck on ye, Mr. McIntyre?" he protested.

"I'd sooner take my chances on her



The drawling voice of Lord Fitzroy reached them as he read. McIntyre gritted his teeth and turned savagely upon his skipper.

bucking than on being out of communication with my office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning," answered McIntyre in the voice of unquestionable finality.

McIntyre was about to descend into the launch when Elsa, followed by Fitzroy, came on deck and walked calmly toward the gangway. Behind came the steward with luggage.

"You have had your trouble for nothing, my dear," said Mr. McIntyre. "I told you that you could not go with me."

"Put them under the seats where they will not get wet, James," said Elsa to the steward. "What did you say, papa?"

"I said that you are to stay on the yacht," snapped McIntyre.

"What!" replied the girl, in a tone of dismay. "Without any chaperon? Why, what are you thinking of, papa dear?"

McIntyre tugged at his gray mustache. "H'mph——" he said, and then, the solution of the problem failing him for the instant he added "H'mph!"

Elsa descended tranquilly and seated

herself, the only hands raised being for her assistance.

"If we are going to start," she observed placidly, "don't you think you had better get aboard?"

McIntyre scowled, looked helplessly about him, then descended. Fitzroy, pausing to cram into his pocket a few of his host's excellent cigars which were lying on a transom, followed him.

"Shove off," said McIntyre grimly.

McIntyre took the little wheel and headed the launch due east which was the course given him by the captain. The change from the utter inertia of the schooner to the quivering energy of the little vessel was a delightful relaxation to his nerves and he leaned back and smoked contentedly while keeping his eye on the dial of the compass. Elsa opened a box of bonbons, thoughtfully supplied by the steward, while Fitzroy watched with interest the manipulations of Olsen the Swedish launchman, who was carefully going over the little engine.

There was a thin haze in the air which before long blotted out the schooner; no land was in sight and all about them the oily water heaved in slow undulations. At first Elsa chatted with Fitzroy while McIntyre contributed an occasional staccato observation, but there was an odd, dispiriting effect to the flat tone of their voices in the great void of monotonous sea and sky. Presently Olsen looked up from his engine.

"Dere comes some fog, sir."

"H'mph," said McIntyre.

"Bother," said Fitzroy.

The fog came slithering in, soft, insidious, a few puffs of thin, streaky vapor which soon thickened to a humid blanket. It slid along the oily water completely enveloping the little launch.

"H'mph," said McIntyre, "that's bad."

"Jolly unpleasant," said Fitzroy, "but we must be half way there by now."

Elsa shivered. "Only I wish we were at the end of the last half instead of the first," she said.

"Oh, but then we'd be all the way and not half, you know," said Fitzroy, in a puzzled voice, and Elsa's laugh sounded muffled in the fog.

McIntyre was about to speak when suddenly the little engine sighed, groaned, and stopped.

"What's the matter?" said McIntyre sharply.

"I dhink der engine have stopped, sir," said Olsen. He cranked it vigorously, but was unable to turn the fly-wheel.

"Try reversing her," said McIntyre. Olsen obeyed and succeeded in getting two revolutions when the engine stopped again. McIntyre, who was something of a mechanic, took a heavy monkey-wrench from a sack beneath a thwart and was about to start aft to investigate when Olsen observed:

"Der propeller vas yammed, sir."

McIntyre laid his wrench on the half-deck beside the compass and clambering aft looked over the stern. Just beneath the surface he saw a clog of wood painted a brilliant red and white.

"What the dickens is that thing?" he asked. Olsen thrust his shock head over the stern.

"Yo!" said he. "Ve haf vound up a lobster-pot on der wheel."

For half an hour the millionaire and the Swede, lying side by side, face downward, on the narrow stern, tugged, hacking and hauling at the fouled line, while Lord Fitzroy started and stopped and reversed the engine at their bidding. At length the line was cleared and McIntyre returned to the wheel. The monkey-wrench was still lying beside the compass, but in his haste he did not take the trouble to remove it.

"We'll have to hurry now," said he, "to get in before dark. Open her up to the top notch, Olsen."

"Think what jolly good appetites we will have for dinner," cheerfully observed Fitzroy, lighting one of the cigars with which he had so thoughtfully provided himself.

For some time they slid along in silence, straining their eyes to penetrate the fog. Olsen alone, gave evidence of the disquiet which all felt.

"Vas you on your course, sir?" he asked doubtfully. "Der swell vas comin' astern und she vas now abeam."

"I'm heading east," replied McIntyre testily.

The fog began to thin a trifle, but their vision was still limited to less than a mile. McIntyre glanced at his watch.

"We have been actually going ahead for almost three hours," he said, "and it would not surprise me if we had overshot the place and were heading up into the Bay. I believe that I will swing her a little to the south."

He changed his course abruptly, thereby adding to the deviation error already produced on the sensitive needle by the steel monkey-wrench, and heading for some spot on the African coast, looked eagerly ahead in an effort to sight the land some five thousand miles away.

Mr. McIntyre wearily hauled in his oar and raised his blistered hands to his forehead. A fresh nor'wester had swept away the fog and already the squally gusts were whipping the crests from the short waves. A vivid glow was lighting the eastern sky.

Olsen, who had finished his trick at an oar, was directing their sluggish course with the little wheel. Behind his host the young Englishman was tugging away sturdily at an oar and on the flooring of the

launch, snugly wrapped in steamer rugs, Elsa was sleeping like a baby. McIntyre's face grew even more haggard as he glanced down at her.

"It's no use, Fitzroy," he said, wearily hauling in his oar. "We're only wearing ourselves out and not making any progress against this wind. See any land, Olsen?"

"No, sir. Der light on Cape Sable has gone oud und I see noddings."

Lord Fitzroy brought in his oar with a jaunty snap, lighted a cigar and looked cheerfully toward the crimsoning east.

"Beautiful sight, a sunrise," he observed. "Long time since I've seen one. It is going to be a lovely day," he continued in the tone of one who plans for an outing. "Glad the fog's gone. Beastly thing, fog. Makes one feel so helpless."

"I'd rather have fog than a hard off shore breeze, and that's what we're going to get to-day," muttered McIntyre dejectedly. "We're in a bad fix, Fitzroy, and it's all my fault."

"Oh, stuff!" replied Lord Fitzroy, "any man might have done the same. Besides we're not so badly off, you know. We shan't starve and we're sure to be picked up to-day. There's a lot of traffic hereabouts, isn't there, Olsen?"

"Yes—no—maybe so—I don't think so—perhaps," answered Olsen a trifle ambiguously.

"You're a good fellow, Fitzroy," said McIntyre. "Most men would be calling me all kinds of a fool for laying that monkey-wrench beside the compass."

The bundle of rugs stirred and Elsa raised her sleepy and somewhat disheveled head and looked about, her blue eyes heavy-lidded with sleep.

"Oh, what a lot of water!" she exclaimed. Her glance fell on Fitzroy who was placidly smoking, his sleeves rolled back on his athletic arms, and she laughed. A gust of the rising wind caught her loosened hair and blew it about her face.

"How did we get way out here?" she asked. "I don't believe our captain knew where he was at all."

"Don't blame it on the captain," said McIntyre bitterly, "it was all due to *my* foolishness."

Elsa leaned forward and patted his hand. "Never mind, papa," she said. "We can't be very far from the land."

"Dere is a sail," cried Olsen, who had been searching the horizon in the growing light of the sunrise. He pointed toward the northeast.

The wind was rapidly gaining weight and already the little launch tumbled about as she drifted out to sea. Far upon the horizon they saw a white pyramid which grew rapidly as they watched.

"Dere is anodder," said Olsen, "und anodder. I think dey are fishermen racing home from der Banks."

The vessel first sighted bore down upon them rapidly; she was making a broad reach of the hard nor'wester, and Olsen, seeing that she would pass them close aboard, lashed their ensign, inverted, to the boat-hook and waved it back and forth. Presently they saw that they had been sighted, for the schooner altered her course to pass them to leeward.

Down she rushed, the white seas roaring beneath her bows and her towering spars straining under their weight of canvas. When almost upon them her head fell away from the wind and her long, black hull shot silently past. There came a shout from the wheel and a knot of men in the waist quickly clewed up the fore-top-sail; next, with a jingling rattle the jib and jib-topsail slid scraping down their stays. There was another shouted order and all hands ran aft and a moment later there came the creaking of the heavy sheaves as the crew hauled the main-sheet. Down went the helm, the two men at the wheel throwing all of their weight upon the spokes; the long hull swung in its course and with a roaring aloft and a thundering beneath her bows the big schooner swung to meet the wind. Over she went, heeling until her lee deck was awash as the hard nor'wester struck full on her close-hauled mainsail, then up she came again, and with her great sails volleying like thunder shot dead into the wind and forged ahead flinging wide the short seas on either bow.

Heavy-laden as she was her way carried her past and to windward of the launch; then slowly she paid off, and with headway lost swung in toward them, her hull forming a lee.

"Ketch a line, Square-head!" called a harsh voice, and a snaky rope uncoiled itself above the launch. Olsen snatched it up, threw it into the chock and caught a

turn; a crowd of fishermen hauled away and the launch came rubbing along the schooner's lee rail. A moment later they were on the vessel's deck.

Instantly there came from the wheel a harsh, impatient voice.

"Git a move now. Hook on to that there launch and h'ist her in. H'ist the jib, some o' ye. H'ist yer fore-tops'l."

The fishermen sprang to the ropes, no one appearing for the moment to notice the castaways. As the men hauled away they glanced back toward a big schooner which was tearing up astern of them.

Wearied as they were the contagion of excitement spread to the party.

"Awfully jolly this," cried Fitzroy to Elsa. "These chaps are racing."

"That's what," cried a grimy youngster, holding a turn on the bitts beside them. "We're racin' fer the market."

"Jib tawps'l," came a harsh roar from the wheel. The order was echoed by the crew who sprang for the halliards.

The sail went quickly up and the sheet was trimmed and belayed. One or two of the fishermen glanced curiously at Elsa, but the eyes of most were fastened on the vessels rushing up astern.

"Gawd all sufficiency!" cried a grizzled man. "Fritz 'll bust that old fish crate wide open ef he don't watch out."

"He's gittin' the jib-tawps'l on 'er," cried another. "Betcher there's four steer-in' an' six a-pumpin'."

A tall, muscular man who had been at the wheel when the launch was picked up walked to the foot of the mainmast and glanced critically aloft, then stared across the water at his towering adversary.

"Reckon the's overhaulin' any?" said he.

"Not now," replied a fisherman.

"Yes, she is—the least mite," said another. "She ain't so deep as what we are."

The tall man who appeared to be the schooner's captain studied the distance between the vessels carefully.

"Set the ring-tail," he said quietly.

"Set the ring-tail!" echoed the crew. A chorus of shouts arose, yet the men went swiftly about their work.

"Holy mackr'! Tom must want to lug the whole dam' trolley-pole out 'f 'er. We'll show the Dutchman how to carry sail. Carry sail *hell!* Tom'll carry the

sticks out 'f 'er—you see now—that dam' foremast ain't what it oughter be."

The schooner's captain walked up to the people whom he had just rescued. He nodded genially and with a good deal the air of one who had met an acquaintance on the street. He was a powerfully built man with a stern, but kindly face and very clear, deep-set blue eyes which held the intentness of expression often to be seen in sailors and plainmen. Unlike his crew who were mostly clad in oilers, the captain wore a full-dress muslin shirt, a bit the worse for wear, black cloth trousers, a black waistcoat and a brown derby hat. On his feet were a pair of felt slippers, which gave him a somewhat shuffling gait.

"Morning," he said, with a nod in the direction of Elsa. "Git blowed off shore?" Without waiting for the answer to an apparently obvious question he continued, with a glance aloft at his straining masts.

"It's a turr'ble tax on them dead trees, ain't it? I wish I had a *leetle* more confidence in that forem'st; she's workin' overtime now, but it won't do to git beat by that Dutchman." He nodded astern. "How long you been adrift?"

"Since yesterday afternoon," answered McIntyre.

"Don't say! Well, well, I'm mighty glad we come joggin' along jes' when we did. The cook is gettin' something hot for you an' meantime jes' go below and make yourselves at home."

His keen eyes had never left his spars while speaking and suddenly he leaped forward and gave some directions to a group of men who were rigging an extra preventer backstay. His guests observed with some surprise that his crew addressed their skipper as "Tom," but in spite of this familiarity there was nothing slack about the discipline.

The schooner foamed along and by the middle of the afternoon had dropped her rival several miles astern. Captain Snell told McIntyre that if the breeze held he would be able to land him in Boston by six o'clock the following morning, a Saturday.

Late in the afternoon the breeze freshened and a shade of anxiety became apparent upon the lean features of the skipper.

"This one is able, but she's old," he said to Fitzroy, "an' I've got a sort o' hunch



Drawing by E. V. Nadherny.

"The schooner, deep-laden as she was, yielded scarcely an inch; there came the tearing noise of splintering wood and rending iron."

that her spars ain't all thet they ought to be. I'd hate to bust 'em off jes' when I'm scootin' for home with a good trip o' fish."

"But I say," replied the nobleman, "if you are not sure of your spars, why don't you shorten sail? We would go quite fast enough without that big staysail, don't you think?"

Captain Snell's blue eyes twinkled. "In this business," said he, "a man ain't ever goin' fast enough when there's anybody else goin' faster. It's different with you people over there in England who house your topm'sts an' lash down your main-booms when you go to sea. With us, some galoot gets him a flyin' machine trailin' through the water half in an' half out like a scairt hell-diver an' the rest of us have got to go and do the same thing or jine the 'has-been' society."

Lord Fitzroy's patrician features were clouded with a puzzled expression which presently cleared.

"Oh, I say," he cried, "I believe you're chaffing."

Captain Snell laughed and walked forward. Fitzroy, a trifle bewildered, turned to Elsa.

"Extr'ordinary folk, your fishermen. This man talks as if he rather expected to carry away his masts, yet he won't hear of shortening sail."

Elsa laughed. "That is the last thing that an American ever learns to do," she answered, "either at sea or ashore."

Lord Fitzroy stared, at which Elsa laughed even more. Much puzzled the young Englishman walked forward where he presently joined in conversation with a knot of fishermen who proceeded to mystify him even further. When he went aft again Captain Snell was talking to Elsa and McIntyre.

"We ought to sight the twin lights on Thatcher's a little after dark, ma'am," he was saying. "The Halifax steamer is comin' up ahead of us right now." He glanced to windward. "Seems to be breezin' up a mite and backin' a little ahead."

Something aloft appeared to catch his eye, for he stepped back, gripped a runner and looked up; at the same moment a fresher gust of wind struck the straining canvas. The schooner, deep-laden as she

was yielded scarcely an inch, and then, suddenly, the air was riven by a loud, musical sound like the strum of a giant harp. With it came the tearing noise of splintering wood and rending iron; the schooner lurched to windward and there followed a second crash more strident than the first. The towering masts with their clouds of canvas swayed gently outward and the bellying sails flapped once or twice like the wings of some huge, prehistoric bird. The air was filled with writhing shapes which coiled like serpents, striking into the air, and then, with the roar of a water-spout the pyramid aloft fell crashing into the sea.

Captain Snell shoved his dented derby back on his head and surveyed the wreck with a comprehensive eye. The hard beam wind had carried everything to leeward, and as soon as the crew had hacked through the lanyards of the shrouds, the sheet-ropes, halliards, and all that held the spars to the hull, the schooner drifted head to sea riding to the mass of wreckage as to a sea anchor.

"Dismasted, by gorry!" said Captain Snell. "My judgment about them spars was about c'rrect."

Close aboard, the Halifax steamer which had witnessed the catastrophe, was coming up slowly, her lee boats swung out and her rail crowded with passengers. Captain Snell turned to McIntyre:

"Sorry I can't put you ashore in Boston to-night like I promised," he said, and there was a twinkle in his deep-set eyes, "but the programme has been altered owin' to unforeseen events—not so darn unforeseen, either," he added, with a glance at the stump of the foremast. "If you don't mind transshippin' again, I can put you aboard this steamer. A dismasted fisherman ain't no sort of place for a lady; beside, all fishin' vessels 'r a mite stuffy down below to folks that ain't accustomed to 'em."

McIntyre thanked him and a dory was quickly dropped into the water. The steamer had come nosing up as close as was safe, and in answer to a hail from Captain Snell dropped a sea-ladder to receive the passengers.

"What are *you* going to do?" asked Fitzroy of Captain Snell.

"Oh, we are all right. These fellers comin' up astern will report us and our comp'ny will send a tug out to drag us in."

Saying good-bye to their rescuer they were somewhat precariously transhipped to the steamer which immediately proceeded upon her course. Elsa retired to the room assigned to her, while Fitzroy went in search of a barber and a bath, but McIntyre, having secured a morning paper, eluded the curious passengers who surrounded him and finding a quiet corner of the smoking-room, threw the sheet open at the financial page.

A single glance at the list of quotations of the previous day showed him that the blow of which he had been in dread had fallen, and for the moment he leaned back against the cushions, faint and sick. The raid on the market had taken place and as he pulled himself together and read the financial column he discovered that even if he had succeeded in getting in communication with Wall Street on the previous day, he could only have cleared himself at a very heavy loss. The chances were that even as he read, the last vestiges of his big account were being swept away; only a miracle could save the situation, and McIntyre did not believe in miracles. The day following would be a Saturday and he could not hope to land before noon; the ship was not equipped with a wireless system, so there was nothing to do but to accept the issue.

McIntyre had been a plunger all of his life; financial crashes were not new to him, so after the first shock he pulled himself together, lit a cigar and went on deck.

The breeze fell at sunset and during the night the fog came in so thick that the steamer was slowed to half speed. The weather cleared in the morning and they ran smoothly over a sea as still as ice. While the passengers were breakfasting, a steward stepped to McIntyre and said that the captain wished to see him on the bridge.

McIntyre found the captain studying through his glasses a vessel directly in their course.

"There's a schooner yacht dead ahead, Mr. McIntyre," said he, "and I thought that possibly he might be yours."

McIntyre took the glasses; his first glance showed him that the schooner was the *Elsa*.

"That's my boat," he said. "No doubt the captain is looking for us, poor chap. He's had time enough to get into Yarmouth and find that nothing has been heard of us."

"I will put you aboard if you wish," said the captain of the steamer.

McIntyre laughed. "That *would* rather complete the performance. After all, there is no reason for our going on to Halifax if it is not asking too much of you to stop again."

The captain of the *Elsa* observed that the steamer had altered her course and scarcely daring to guess her design, he nevertheless had a boat in the water as she drew near. He gave a shout of joy as a ladder dropped over the liner's side and a moment later Fitzroy hailed him through the megaphone. Little time was lost, as the yacht's boat was alongside before the steamer had stopped.

"My word!" said Fitzroy, as their two grinning sailors pulled them back to the schooner. "Fortune has been hauling us about by the lugs a good deal as a nipper exhibits a tame hare. What next I wonder!"

"I am getting so accustomed to rowing around on the ocean," said Elsa, "that I am afraid that I shall find it very dull, remaining on the same boat. Really, one should have three or four yachts and then visit them in turns."

"As far as I am concerned," observed Mr. McIntyre, "you are quite welcome to my share."

That evening, after Elsa had retired, Fitzroy, his florid features glowing a dusky red, rapped at the door of Mr. McIntyre's cabin. His host was engaged in a few calculations, the results of which were far from gratifying.

"Come in," said McIntyre genially. His feelings toward the young nobleman had undergone a change during the last twenty-four hours.

Fitzroy entered, and at his host's request, seated himself. His cheerful features wore a somewhat dogged expression.

"Have a cigar," said McIntyre hospitably.

"No, thanks," said Fitzroy. "Fact is, Mr. McIntyre," he blurted, "I've come to ask your permission to marry your daughter."

McIntyre glanced involuntarily at the paper which he had just covered with figures and the lines of his face deepened.

"Before you make that request official," said he, "let me put you in possession of a few facts."

Fitzroy looked puzzled. "Very well," he said doubtfully, "but it's official just the same."

"Lord Fitzroy," said McIntyre, "you probably wondered at my being such a fool as to risk thirty miles of open sea in a small launch. I never would have done so if I had not been in danger of losing my entire fortune through certain events which I thought might occur in Wall Street yesterday, and which as a matter of fact, did occur the day previous. My captain told me that we could count on sailing from Halifax to Bar Harbor in two days at the very outside; it is only a matter of a couple of hundred miles, you know."

"Then do you mean to say," exclaimed Fitzroy, "that you have lost a lot of money?"

"I have lost," said McIntyre slowly, "as nearly as I can calculate what you see here. Nothing short of a miracle could have prevented the panic which must have occurred to-day, and I do not believe in miracles." He handed the Englishman the slip of paper on his desk. Fitzroy glanced at it and his blue eyes opened very wide.

"Oh, I say, you know," he cried, "but that's an awful lot of money."

"The bulk of my fortune," said McIntyre calmly.

Fitzroy glanced at him with undisguised admiration.

"By Jove, but you take it coolly," he cried, then added earnestly, and with some awkwardness while the color rose up in his cheeks: "I can't tell you how sorry I am for you, and all that, you know."

McIntyre eyed him keenly. "I'm not sorry for myself," he said, "my sympathy is all for my little girl."

Fitzroy's color grew deeper. "But it really needn't affect her," he said. "Let her think that she's well dowered. I've got all the money she's ever likely to need."

McIntyre turned in his chair and regarded his guest with such genuine and unconcealed surprise that the nobleman's high color deepened to the dusky hue of resentment.

"Look here," said he, "did you think that the loss of your beastly money was going to make me feel differently about marrying Elsa?"

McIntyre dropped his lean fist on the desk.

"Yes," he answered, "to tell the truth I did. I beg your pardon."

That night the east wind blew freshly and before eight bells in the morning the *Elsa's* anchor splashed behind the Porcupines.

McIntyre, sleeping late, was roused by his steward, who entered the room softly to lay a packet of mail and newspapers upon his desk.

He turned in his bunk and reached out lazily for the paper; then as he ripped it open at the financial page, something caught his eye and with a quick breath he sprang up in his bunk and snapped back the green curtain of the scuttle overhead. For several moments his eyes flashed down the column while his breath came quickly and his face was whiter than it had been on reading the news of his heavy loss.

"Gods of war!" he muttered between his teeth, "and to think that if I'd been able to get ashore I'd have thrown the whole thing!"

McIntyre no longer disbelieved in miracles. The financial catastrophe had been nipped in the bud. Practically the only losers were those who had been frightened and let go at the first attack.

McIntyre read the account carefully through, then threw down the paper and with cheeks flushed and his gray eyes shining, he slipped out of bed, threw on his dressing gown and stepping to Elsa's door rapped softly.

"What is it?" called a drowsy voice.

McIntyre entered softly; he leaned over his daughter's bed and his gray mustache brushed her cheek lightly.

"Papa!" she cried, for McIntyre, although an affectionate father, was seldom demonstrative.

"It's all right, darling," he answered softly. "Fitzroy's a fine chap. He's won me entirely to your way of thinking."

Elsa's blue eyes opened wide; she reached up her arms and clasped her parent's neck in a rapturous hug.



IN THE DAISY FIELD

Photograph by F. C. Clarke.

GENERAL JAMES ROBERTSON, THE FATHER OF TENNESSEE

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

DRAWING BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS



THE pioneers of Kentucky are justly famous in historic story, but the names of those who laid the foundations of the neighboring state of Tennessee are for some inexplicable reason less familiar to the public mind. Yet their achievements deserve an equal fame. There are no more heroic figures in the history of border warfare than those of the two friends Sevier and Robertson. Perhaps it would not be unjust to pronounce John Sevier the most persistently successful of all our early Indian fighters, while it is certain that no man in frontier annals withstood so long and so valiantly and with such indomitable spirit the ceaseless shock of savage battle as James Robertson, the founder of the settlements on the Watauga and the Cumberland. Boone and Kenton are picturesque characters and their careers are full of thrilling and romantic episodes, but measured by services to the nation and to civilization, only one Kentucky pioneer can rank with Robertson and Sevier. The first of these early Tennessee heroes invites our attention now; of the brilliant, amiable, and valiant Sevier we hope to speak more at length in a later paper.

There was nothing in James Robertson's antecedents and early environment to pre-
sage his future greatness. As the old annalist Haywood, who knew Robertson well, grandiloquently puts it, "He had not a noble lineage to boast of, nor the escutcheoned armorials of a splendid ancestry." Like Kenton he came of the most obscure stock, but unlike that simple, careless, and foolhardy hero, he derived from some

remote ancestral source a temper as stern and grim and unbending as those of the heroes whom Cromwell led against the cavaliers at Marston Moor. He was a native of Virginia and was born in Brunswick County on the 28th of June, 1742. He had no childhood schooling, and his rigid nature found no sport in the loose and cruel pastimes of his station. He listened to itinerant preachers, found life full of solemn and serious purpose and grew into a stern, God-fearing Calvinist. Yet he was as courageous and spirited as he was upright and truthful, and his earnest and correct life won him universal respect. Industrious, frugal, ambitious, he got on in the world, and before he was of age he married above his rank and settled in western North Carolina. His wife taught him to read and write and his natural gifts unfolded. Like so many of our early pioneers, he possessed wonderful physical strength, was above six feet tall, spare but big of frame. His presence was commanding, his blue-gray eyes keen, his heart undaunted, and by every group of his fellows he was at once recognized as a leader of men. He achieved fame as a hunter in his youth, and is said to have joined Boone in one of that remarkable man's expeditions. He listened with keen relish to the tales of adventure of all those who had crossed the mountains to the west. Their description of lands, beautiful, fertile, and abounding in game, stirred his ambitious and adventurous nature, and at twenty-five he set out alone on horseback to find a new domain, and if possible to preempt for himself a tract of rich land. Living upon parched corn that he carried, and the game that he shot, he reached the high valleys



Drawing by Stanley M. Arthurs.

"There were crowded together in the little fort, men, women and children, compelled to withstand a harrowing seige of three weeks."

on the western slope of the Great Smoky Mountains, and was filled with delight. Game was plentiful, the clear sparkling streams watered a rich soil, high peaks sheltered from extremes of temperature the lower levels, and majestic primeval forests climbed the slopes. The few scattered hunters and settlers whom he met received Robertson with rough, untrammelled hospitality, and their kindness strengthened his wish to make his future home among them. Selecting a domain he planted a crop of corn and awaited its harvest, hunting and making friends the while with his fellow adventurers and impressing them with the strength and force of his character. In the fall he started on his solitary trip east to bring his family to his new plantation, and encountered the first of that harrowing series of adventures of which his subsequent career was to be so full. In the passes of the mountains he became confused and finally lost. Among the rocky summits he wandered for days without gaining any clue as to his whereabouts. His horse became lean and weak, and he was forced to abandon it. Mountain mists and frequent rains spoiled his powder, and he was compelled to live upon berries and nuts. Wolves and bears and the mountain cougar added their terror. He became at last so ill and famished that he could scarcely gather wood for a fire or strike a spark with his flint. A less courageous and determined man would have lain down to die, but Robertson crawled and staggered on. At length, after unspeakable hardships chance led him into the path of two hunters who aided him to reach friends.

But this adventure did not in the least dampen the enthusiasm of the man. He preached the beauty and fertility of the new country to his neighbors, and in the spring of 1771 turned westward again, leading a colony of some fifteen families who drove their stock and packed their few belongings on horses. The mountains were passed and the banks of the Watauga reached in safety. Compared with his fellow settlers in those poor days, Robertson was a man of means, and on an island in the river he built a log house of more than ordinary pretensions and at once assumed the position of a leader. The year after came that chivalrous gentleman, John Sevier, and these two at once became

the moral forces of the nucleus of our great empire in the West. One of the most careful and conscientious of historians has declared, "that these two men afterward proved themselves to be with the exception of George Rogers Clark the greatest of the first generation of trans-Alleghany pioneers."

The settlers on the Watauga were without law or courts or organization, and their leaders were men who derived their authority from intrinsic merit. These men were almost the first to prove what it lay in the native American to do. The capacity of their leaders was equal to the terrible strain put upon it, and Robertson stood first among them in those early days of desperate fortune.

It is to be remembered that as yet no Continental Congress had met, and the Revolution had not been fought, and it is curious to note and to study here in the eastern fringe of the great western wilderness, the evolution not only of a miniature democracy but the birth of the basic idea and morale of our republic. So far as we are aware no historian has yet pointed out the significance of all this. There drifted to the border not only many disorderly people who sought a life of license, but outlaws and criminals as well, and it was soon evident that unless law and order were established among pioneers who dwelt in constant menace of Indian raids, utter dissolution would be bred from within. Accordingly, in the spring of 1772 Robertson was the leader of a movement for the organization of a system of government. A written constitution was adopted which was known as the Articles of the Watauga Association; a court was organized; officers were installed, and here beyond the mountains, while the eastern colonies were still subject to Great Britain, was first born the idea of a self-governing, independent American commonwealth. In view of all these facts it is hardly extravagant to call James Robertson the father of American democracy.

The land lying between the Ohio and Tennessee was the permanent home of no tribe. All that territory now embraced in Kentucky and Tennessee was a common hunting ground for both northern and southern Indians. Many tribes claimed title to this or that district, none dwelt

constantly in any region. Savage inter-tribal wars were often fought there, and the new settlements lying in the valley east of the Cumberland mountains were directly in what came to be known as the war trail. But the parent colonies and the settlers themselves by virtue of treaties and presents and the wisdom and skill of the pioneer leaders—especially Robertson—had avoided any general conflict for the first few years. In the early part of that year when the government of Watauga was organized, the British agent among the Cherokees, claiming that the settlements were not in the scope of the treaty made by Virginia, ordered the settlers to abandon their land. This they declined to do, and gathering together the chiefs of the Cherokee tribe which claimed their territory, they leased their plantations of the Indians themselves, and with them made a treaty of peace. But in the celebration of the event an Indian was killed by some drunken whites. At this all the Indians left the scene in high dudgeon and the horrors of savage war now threatened the little settlements. The pioneers at once set about fortifying their log homes and building a fort. Robertson now took upon himself a mission requiring the greatest tact and skill as well as the highest courage. Though warned that the Indians would certainly take his life in atonement for the slain warrior, he set off alone through the wilderness to the Cherokee towns. His unruffled bearing, his courtesy, diplomacy, and bravery won the admiration of the chiefs, and his earnest eloquence persuaded them that the murder was not countenanced by the whites in authority. He promised the punishment of the wrongdoers, and his tact and fearlessness saved the pioneers in their then feeble and unprepared condition. But though thus postponed, a savage war was inevitable. The Indians had no understanding of the sanctity of obligation and no respect for treaties. Nor had they any wish to adopt the customs of the whites and live in peace as farmers.

In 1774 the troubles between the settlers of Virginia and the northern red races brought on Lord Dunmore's war. There were differences, too, between Pennsylvania and Virginia, which nearly brought on a conflict between those two colonies,

the settlers of the latter accusing those of the former of being prompted by a commercial spirit to something more than a friendly attitude toward the savages. The Shawnees and Mingoes who, it must be confessed, had suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the Virginia borderers, took the warpath and they were joined by many warriors from distant tribes—Delawares, Miamis, Wyandots and even a few Iroquois. The settlers along the streams of Holston and Watauga, promptly responded to the call of Virginia, and as a matter of course, Robertson was one of the first to volunteer. His record here was that of a fearless and resolute fighter, and it is full of picturesque and thrilling incidents which we have no space to relate. He was present at the furious and bloody fight of the Great Kanawha, when the Virginians under Colonel Lewis unexpectedly encountered the savages under the masterful Chief Cornstalk, perhaps the ablest tactician among Indian leaders. On the morning of October 10, 1774, when Lewis, who had with him more than one thousand men, was in camp at Point Pleasant, between the Ohio and the Kanawha, Robertson and Valentine Sevier, a brother of John Sevier, having pushed forward alone to kill game, suddenly encountered the van of the savages. Trained pioneers as they were, they made good their escape, but certain other less experienced woodsmen who were hunting in the woods fell victims to the advancing Indians. Lewis, thus warned, formed for battle, and hurried forward his troops, and one of the most important and sanguinary Indian battles ever fought on the continent resulted. The savages fought with skill and fury, but they were now battling with frontiersmen of equal craft and courage and more steadiness, and though from their coverts they inflicted far more loss than they suffered—the casualties of the Virginians being one-fifth of their whole army—they were finally beaten and repulsed. This battle was of special importance since by it the spirit of these savages was so cowed and broken as to insure for the most part their quiescence during the first years of the revolutionary struggle.

Robertson now returned to Watauga where the changing conditions were soon to demand his eminent abilities. We have

seen that it was chiefly to his foresight, fearlessness, and diplomacy that a war with the Cherokees had been avoided. The news of Lewis' victory added to the security of the pioneers for some months, but with the outbreak of the Revolution, British agents, following a nefarious practice that even at this date stirs the blood with hate and horror, began to incite the savages against the settlers in all parts of the South. Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, and Chickasaws, were bribed with British gold to enter upon a war of extermination, and British arms and ammunition were put into the hands of a merciless foe who spared neither sex nor age, and whose delights were outrage and torture.

In June of 1776 the Cherokees took the warpath, moving in several parties. The Watauga settlements, the most isolated, lying south of the Holston and Kentucky colonies, were the first to suffer. Fortunately warning had been given to Robertson by a friendly squaw, yet many houses were burned, many settlers killed, and much stock driven off. Robertson gathered such settlers as were nearest into his fort, and there at dawn, on the 20th of July, he was attacked by a large band of braves. The first rush of the Cherokees was stopped by the long rifles of the pioneers, but there were crowded together in the little fort men, women and children who were compelled to withstand a harrowing siege of three weeks, during which they saw their hard-earned homes destroyed and their cattle slaughtered. But another band of savages had been defeated by the settlers to the north in a desperate pitched battle, and about the middle of August, as succor approached, the savages who were beleaguering Robertson withdrew. In the vicinity of the Watauga eighteen men had been killed by the Indians, and nearly a hundred families made homeless. Shortly after this Colonel Christian at the head of some Virginians, and the settlers from the Holston and Watauga inflicted a severe punishment upon these upper or overhill Cherokees. A treaty of peace was now concluded, and because of his peculiar fitness Robertson was made superintendent of Indian affairs for North Carolina, and for some months by his tact and address kept the savages for the most part quiet. Certain unruly warriors from several of the

southern tribes, however, were gathered together by the chief Dragging Canoe. They were known as Chickamaugas, and continued to harass the settlers for years to come. But Robertson was to have little personal concern with their depredations.

By this time the Watauga settlers had secured a firm footing and demonstrated their ability to hold their own. Though still dwelling in the midst of perils, a degree of security, order, and comfort had been won, and no man had contributed so much to this end as James Robertson.

He was now thirty-seven years old, and almost from his birth his life had been one of strenuous and heroic effort. Yet, strange to say, just as he had reached middle age and a condition of honor and comparative ease and repose, he suddenly entered upon an undertaking, the difficulties and dangers of which were to make his previous career seem like a primrose path. Hunters and explorers had for long brought tales of a more fertile and abundant region, which lay a little to the west of central Tennessee, and there Robertson determined to plant a new colony in the great bow of the Cumberland River at what was then known as the French Lick. Land hunger and his innate love of adventure were doubtless his chief motives, and to these may be added a superstition of which he made no secret, that he was a chosen agent of God to wrest from pagan savages this fair land. Perhaps, too, though the suspicion may be invidious, a little jealousy of the growing popularity of the brilliant and accomplished Sevier may have added something to his discontent. Whatever the influence, Robertson, in the spring of 1779, with a few companions, traversed the wilderness, visited the spot where the beautiful city of Nashville now stands, and there planted a crop of corn for future needs. In the fall at the head of nearly four hundred settlers, he set out to plant his colony more than three hundred miles west of the nearest white settlement. The horrors of that journey we cannot tell in our restricted space. The winter proved the coldest ever known since the western country was discovered. Part of the settlers, including most of the women and children, went by the water route, and encountering savages, fought their way through, suffering terrible distress and a

loss of over thirty-three of their number. Robertson's own contingent underwent trying hardships. So difficult was the journey that though he reached the Licks in December, 1779, it was not until April, 1780, that all the settlers were united at the chosen spot. Robertson at once built a little stockaded village which he subsequently named Nashboro, after a governor of North Carolina. Two other similar stations were erected, and most of the settlers reclaimed land at varying distances from these, and built their log cabins. Under Robertson's lead a government was organized, modeled after that of the Watauga settlements. Though for a few weeks these pioneers dwelt in comparative peace, with abundant game all about them, yet in the early summer they began to be harassed by the savages, and their history thenceforward is perhaps more troubled and bloody than that of any other settlers in the west. For something like fifteen years these men were subjected to an almost constant siege from a foe without heart or conscience, and their annals illustrate, as those of no other western settlers do, the determined spirit and unflinching courage of a new race of men. It is to be borne in mind that the savages with whom they battled were much abler warriors than the pony Indians west of the Mississippi. Throughout all those first years, ceaseless vigilance was the price of life itself, and indeed, fully one-half of the first pioneers perished at the hands of the savages. Robertson was the chief mainstay of their perilous fortunes—a rock against which the savage storm beat in vain. On more than one occasion the settlements would have been abandoned, but for his invincible temper. The Chickasaws sorely beleaguered the little colony during the first year; those who plowed and planted were obliged to do so under guard. Some of the families who settled farthest from the stockade were murdered, their houses burned, their stock run off. At times the savages carried their raids to the very stockades. Some of the pioneers gave up the intolerable struggle and went north into Kentucky and the Illinois country. By November, 1780, desertion and Indian outrages had left of the original settlers in and about the three stations only one hundred and thirty-four. But

these were for hardihood and courage the very flower of the pioneers.

"My station is here and here I shall stay if every one of you deserts me," Robertson declared, and his undaunted soul put a new spirit into the loyal and fearless men who remained.

We have no space in which to depict even briefly the long struggle, but some instances may be given as illustrating the heroic stuff of which this inflexible man was made.

The unhesitating fearlessness which characterized Robertson was shown on one occasion that first summer when, during the night, a party of over a hundred Indians stole all the horses belonging to his station. Promptly at dawn Robertson took the trail with only thirty picked men. After following more than forty miles he came upon the band as it was making ready for camp. So swift had been his pursuit that the crafty Indians were themselves taken by surprise. "Give them one fire, men," shouted Robertson, "then club them with your rifles," and springing forward with his followers at his heels, the Indians were scattered like leaves before a wind, leaving the stolen horses behind them, and fifteen of their number dead upon the ground.

When a little after this, continued raids had all but exhausted the ammunition of the settlers, and things looked desperately hopeless, Robertson displayed his hardihood, woodcraft, and courage, and his insensibility to despair by a most hazardous venture. Bidding the pioneers to take every precaution against surprise, he set out for the Kentucky settlements with three companions, one of whom was his oldest son, in the hope of procuring powder. Every mile of the journey was one of deadly peril, for the country was infested with prowling and murderous savages. But under Robertson's guidance the moccasined feet of his party skillfully passed all dangers and reached Harrod's Station. That place was itself in jeopardy and could spare no ammunition. Robertson pressed on to Boone's Station, and the gallant and unselfish Daniel divided with him what ammunition he had. The return trip was even more perilous, and deserves itself to be the subject of a paper. Robertson crossed several Indian trails as he drew near home, and more than once saw the

campfires of the savages. He regained his own station, however, and was of course welcomed with the wildest joy by men who had left only three rounds of ammunition each. Finding that his wife and children had gone to Freeland's Station, a little farther distant, without a moment's rest Robertson mounted his horse and rode through the wilderness to that place, which was the shelter of ten families of pioneers. As his wife was ill, he determined to remain at Freeland's during the night. All the inmates of the stockade retired early, but Robertson sat with his lady until a late hour. She had fallen asleep near midnight, and as he sat by her side, lost in gloomy reflections, his quick ear caught the rattle of the chain at the stockade's gate. He leaped to his feet and peered through a loophole to discover a band of savages entering the inclosure. Snatching his rifle from the wall he shot the leading warrior, and at the same time gave the cry of "Indians!" Soon every one of the pioneers was at his post and a desperate fight followed. The savages were finally driven out with severe loss, though two of the inmates of the stockade were killed. Robertson's vigilance alone saved the station, and his arrival had been most timely, as the place had been almost entirely without powder.

But after this fight Robertson's little colony had no further difficulty with the Chickasaws. While in Kentucky Robertson had met Clark and had persuaded him to abandon a fort he had built at Iron Bank upon the Mississippi. The Chickasaws had considered this post a menace. In consequence of this act the tribe accepted overtures of peace made by Robertson, and later became firm friends of the Cumberland settlers. Between their chief Piomingo and Robertson something of intimacy sprung up. The revolutionary struggle was now raging and the Chickasaws soon became the allies of the settlers in wars with other tribes. Indeed, scarcely had they buried the hatchet and so brought to the pioneers hope of a surcease of savage terrors, before the Creeks and Cherokees in the south and the more northerly Shawnees, Wyandots, and Delawares, aroused by the despicable diplomacy of Great Britain, took the warpath. In the second year of their settlement the Cumber-

land pioneers fought with bands from many tribes. More than once Robertson nearly lost his life, and his station barely escaped being wiped out. One morning—April 2, 1781—just before dawn, a sentry on the blockhouse at Robertson's station spied an Indian near the stockade. He promptly fired at him but missed his aim. As soon as it was dawn, three or four Indians were discovered in the thicket and they in turn fired at the picket. In the early morning light Robertson at the head of twenty-one mounted men led a galloping charge into the bush toward what proved to be only a decoy. At a little distance from his stockade he unexpectedly came upon a party of over a hundred Indians who sprang from ambush and fired upon his little command. Several of the whites were wounded, and five or six were killed, but Robertson did not give way. He dismounted his men and ordering them to cover, had begun the unequal fight, when all were surprised to hear the war whoop in their rear, and to discover that another and stronger band had cut off their retreat. They gave themselves up for lost, but determined to sell their lives dearly. At this juncture the horses became frightened and stampeded, and their love of booty drew the Indians in the rear into a chase after the steeds. The settlers, taking advantage of this unexpected diversion began a retreat for the fort through the break in the Indian lines. When the savages discovered this move they closed in again. But by this time the pioneers were close to the stockade. The wife of Robertson was now to save what remained of the command. She stood, rifle in hand, on the stockade, and as the savages were closing in between the retreating party and the fort, she shouted to those below to throw open the gates and let loose the dogs. Fifty large, savage hounds sprang at the Indians who recoiled before the unusual onslaught. The retreating pioneers were thus enabled to regain the fort, but not until after a loss of one-third of their number and all their horses. It would probably be difficult to find in border annals a more melodramatic, novel, and picturesque affray than this.

But these instances are, so to speak, only sample incidents in the bitter struggle for existence. The second year proved more

terrible than the first. Unable to plant or reap, or even to hunt, save at great peril, starvation more than once stared the settlers in the face. But Robertson would not surrender. Year followed year, and distress from floods and drought, disease and the savage war bore hard upon the settlements—still nothing could break Robertson's determined spirit. He deemed himself the accredited agent of heaven to reclaim the wilderness. He feared God, but no man, red or white, and to his rude followers he used to read and expound the scriptures, which was almost the only book he knew.

Robertson's sagacity and unflinching courage brought his colony through the trying years, and at the close of the Revolution the western trend of immigration greatly strengthened his position and increased his resources. He was soon able to bring into the field against the southern Cherokees and Creeks, whom the jealous machinations of Spain now induced to make war, several hundred men, and in 1787 he conducted a successful campaign against those tribes, in which he proved himself an able, resourceful, and inventive general. Few episodes of his life indeed are more thrilling than his masterly surprise and destruction of the Indian villages on the Tennessee and its tributaries. As Tennessee grew, Robertson grew in honor and reputation. When she became a state he was one of her foremost and most trusted men. He declined to succeed his friend Sevier as governor, but in 1790 he accepted a commission as Brigadier General tendered him by Washington. As Indian Commissioner in the West he showed himself brave, wise, and firm, where the general government was weak, vacillating, and stupid. The Chickasaws he had early made his friends and their chiefs loved and trusted him as long as he lived. Later he succeeded in divorcing the Choc-taws from their allegiance with the British, and he finally negotiated a peace, which lasted many years, with the Cherokees. It remained for the violent and aggressive Jackson to completely break the power of

the Creeks. While on a mission to his friends, the Chickasaws, Robertson died in their country, September 1, 1814, at the age of seventy-two.

Robertson's settlements were small, his followers were rude, rough men, but the future of those little colonies was big with destiny, and from the loins of his pioneers has descended a race of men, who measured by achievement are perhaps inferior to none that ever trod the earth. The deeds of the leader himself were enacted in an obscure corner of the world, but his heroism was not less than that of other men whose fame is brighter because the theater of their action was more in the gaze of the world. His character was of the grim, austere type of the Scotch Covenanters, from whom he sprung. Accepting for his guidance in life the gloomy tenets of pure Calvinism, and applying its pitiless logic to all life's affairs, he did his duty as it was given him to see it with unswerving fidelity. He was loyal to his friends, and if stern and unbending toward his foes, could still be generous. There was something, too, of the Scot's thrift and caniness in the makeup of this heroic man. Less dashing and brilliant and accomplished than Sevier, less aggressive and far-seeing than Clark, less willful and headlong than Jackson—he was yet without the weakness of any of these, and no one of all our frontier fighters surpassed him in resolution and courage. "The God of Nature," says old Haywood, "had given him an elevated soul and planted in it the seeds of virtue, which made him in the midst of discouraging circumstances look forward to better times." By the dwellers in those backwoods communities on the Cumberland, Robertson came to be looked up to much as were those old patriarchs who were priests, law-givers, prophets, and warriors in primeval days.

Tennessee has been termed a Mother of States, and as the founder of the first American colony beyond the mountains, no one of the determined frontier fighters who did valiant service there deserves so much as Robertson to be called the Father of Tennessee.

THE FULLNESS OF THE YEAR

BY T. S. VAN DYKE



THOUGH breezes fan the treetops it is sultry below from moisture exhaled by millions of leaves into air both still and hot. Yet you can travel everywhere because one of the advantages of this great hardwood forest of the north is that it has less rain than those farther south and is so rolling that when there is too much it drains quickly off, leaving little green meadows of rich grass instead of swamps and sparkling brooks of clear water instead of sluggish sloughs. And there is more life to an acre than in a whole section of many pine woods. Dragon flies in crimson and green dart about over the watchful trout and every patch of sunshine vibrates with the gold and blue of butterflies. Everywhere is the hum of the bee with the wings of steel blue wasps and yellow banded hornets blending in happy concord, while the cheerful rattle of the locust seems to add nothing of discord. Black flies and mosquitoes chime in, but there is nothing else to fear, though the rattlesnake is occasionally found. It is a maxim that speckled trout and malaria are never found together and here at least it is remarkably true, for there is no more healthy place than right here in the steaming heat of midsummer.

The luxuriance of nature is now at the full with a slight waning in some of its forms. The shades are deeper and the tints lower with the gloom of the thickets increasing, the gray limbs of the basswood quite lost in its wealth of green, and the white branches of the aspen hidden by its tremulous leaves that now hang almost still. Most of the white of June is gone with the blue of the larkspur deepening

rather than illumining the shade, like that of the veronica or campanula, that now begins to swing, or the brownish purple of the wild ginger nodding low along the ground. And the song of the wood robin is waning fast, with the sprightly strains of the warblers less frequent, and farther apart are the outbursts of melody from the oriole and more rare the flash of the tanager or gleam of the red start through the darkening green. Less common, too, is the ringing "chewink" of the towhee, though he is still busy scratching the ground, and more feeble the voice of the highholder whose wings shed golden light as he rises and falls in wavy flight. And the voice of the whip-poor-will is weakening, with the song sparrow having much less to say, while the greenlet is growing more modest; and soon there will be silence in the maples' crown of green and around the toadstool spotted stump and by the little bog where the sweet purple of the *Arethusa* bows. But the bits of meadow are never so fair as now with the *calopogon* beginning to glow in richest purple above the waving grass, with ferns of golden green fringing its outer edges, and these relieved by the yellow beams of the star grass, and this by the deep blue of the iris lingering longer than in the outer world, the whole inclosed by trees whose sunlit green rises in tiers of different shades.

Lovely enough is the mountain lake and lovelier still by contrast is the lake of the prairie as found on these head-waters of the Mississippi. But the lake of the woods has still greater charms and never is more fair than in midsummer. Generally you may look down many feet through clear water and hear the canoe grate on a pebbly shore. Even the muddiest slough that connects with the upper tributaries of this great

river is purity itself compared with those farther south, while the lake has all the purity of a mountain spring. Some of the water line may be hazily green with the arrowy spires of the wild rice, or darker with cat-tail or flag, or the water may sleep dark and smooth beneath the sweeping boughs of the arbor vitæ or white birch. And here you may see the wood duck leading little scraps of energy that scatter in yellow lines beneath the water when you paddle too near, while with dolorous squeals the mother vanishes over the clamoring masses of fox grape that festoon the overhanging butternut. And along the shore the brown bittern stands at ease, while the blue heron, that as yet knows not the plumage hunter, neglects to take down his leg. From some dead limb near which his love is tending the callow brood whose cries echo over the waters the snowy egret looks down with no suspicion of danger, and the little grebe may be drifting near its nest under the showy white of the arrowhead. More watchful, but still very tame, the loon may float about half under water, ever ready to dive deeper if necessary, and clouded water near the shore may show where the deer left in haste before you even came within sight. Below the snowy petals of the water lily the long pickerel lies basking in the sun; in the depths of the more open water you may note the dark back of the bass, and out in the deeper lake the muscalonge may try your tackle to its utmost. And all around it the trees tower as grandly as elsewhere, making a setting of green for its silvery light that always makes a picture of itself.

In this great hardwood forest late summer brings a host of berries never seen elsewhere. In the great windfalls and in the track of the fire raspberries, red, yellow, and black, are crowding out gooseberries that clasp hands across the logs, and blackberries that hug the old stumps, while currants struggle through the press with huckleberries darkening among them, flooding the woods with a fragrance that makes the bee hum with a happiness he never knew even on famed Hymettus. And to this is added the breath of the whole mint family now out in red and purple and blue. For dittany, balm and bergamot, with calaminth, melissa and thyme, lavender, basil and blue curls are all doing their best

to maintain the rich flavor of wild honey that now fills the woods. And the wild bean is helping with its soft violet hanging over the fallen tree top and the spiranthes with its twisted lines of white flowers. And others help keep up the light in spite of the green cover above—the foxglove, whose ringent gold beams from its tall stem, the silene nodding in white among the deeper hues, the chelone opening its snakish mouth of pinkish white along the brook, and the rosebay glowing in purple among the gold and blue of the fireweeds that spring in the track of last year's fire. Even the old stump is now arrayed in its very best with its mosses at their greenest, its big toadstools with their most creamy tints, and the smaller ones in brightest scarlet, and even the wild cucumber that drapes it is in its brightest green.

Along the sandy edges of the brook you may see the tracks of the otter, the mink, and the wolverine, but you never are farther from seeing one of them than now. In the little swale where the maiden hair grows so rank and the stiffness of the scouring rush bends beneath its own weight, you can see where the little bears have rolled and played, and the mother has pulled down the blackberries for them. Possibly you may find the whole family at dinner. More possibly not. Quite certainly not if you cherish the delusion that the bear is a big clumsy thing, easy to see and easy to approach, because he looks stupid in a cage. The bear you are seeking will look much more like a black shoat with ears, eyes, and nose almost as good as those of the deer, and can skip through a tangle of logs as neatly as the shoat can between the legs of a boy trying to head him off. Still less are you likely to see one or any of the larger animals if you conclude from some modern writers on nature that to observe the habits of wild animals all you have to do is to observe. If it were as easy as many would have us believe, they would be no more interesting than so many cattle in a pasture. But the very charm of their presence in the woods is in their absence, an absence so persistent that years in the woods will not enable one to learn anything from seeing them. The deer is the most easy of all to get an occasional glimpse of, yet most all our knowledge of him is obtained by long following of his tracks.

With the waning of summer the woods become more silent. The melancholy note of the cuckoo dies away with August and the blue jay tunes his jingling pipe less often. The ground robin still scratches merrily on the ground, but gone is his cheery greeting to the morning light, and gone, too, the sweet good night of the woodthrush when twilight deepens after the evening shower. You may still see the vermilion of the cardinal grosbeak, yet hear no more his melodious whistle from the tangled thicket, while the black and white and carmine of his rose-breasted cousin will be still more rare as his rich notes fail in the darksome brake.

And suddenly an air of ripeness steals over the great woods. The hop, pouring its clusters over the ironwood, has little left to do but give the golden tinge of autumn, while the black seeds that glisten beside the gray bark of the prickly ash look as if the summer's work were done. The spots on the breast of the young robin are running fast into red, the young ravens glisten in the sun almost as brightly as their mother, and the young hawk that spreads his wings against the blue shows a tail as broad as that of the old one. Even the brook wears a more finished air. The silver fern that hangs over its edge looks weary as the water ripples more gently. The dragon fly comes out later in the day and the little water bugs circle in smaller orbits, while even the skaters seem in less haste. The hum of the bee is lighter, the rattle of the locust milder, while the mournful dialogue of the katydid when evening falls warns us that summer is done. The same tale is told by the drooping limbs of the walnut and butternut, by the reddening of the plums and yellowing of the crab apples along the creek bottom, with purple and crimson stealing over the little apples of the hawthorns. And suddenly you hear something fall where the oaks stand so thickly massed on the ridge—something heavier than a crumb from the table of the squirrel. And to-morrow there is another and then another, until in a few days they are falling all around and they are acorns beyond mistake. And in yonder maple is a spot of red too bright for the coat of the red squirrel and to-morrow the same in the ash and the poplar and the big elm. And to-morrow the smaller trees are yellowing fast,

the wahoo in the dale and the rock elm by the brook, with the shrubs fast following suit, the tall purple shaft of the columbo flying golden banners and the kinnikinick flaunting a redder flag.

And what has been fighting this burning bush, scattering its red arils and crimson capsules, twisting its smooth limbs and tearing its golden leaves? Beside it the ground is scraped bare and in the soft earth are the prints of large sharp-toed hoofs. But you need not get excited for you are rarely farther from seeing a deer though you find tracks increasing by the day as if hundreds were arriving from some distant place. You will also find more tracks of the bear as he begins to feed on the acorns, and amazing is the ease and certainty with which you can find the exact spot where he was a few moments ago. But it is more easy to find the ruffed grouse whose drumming is still heard far into the fall in spite of the theory that it has something to do with mating. Sometimes a whole covey may rise into view above the underbrush to speed like arrows down the long colonnades of trunks, or with a grand flutter of white, brown, and gray they may go roaring into the nearest tree where you may strain your eyes in the effort to see them as they sit like knots on the branches.

In the little grassy flats and meadows summer reigns a few days longer. The long green leaves and purple flowers are still bright on the pogonia, the soft blue of the gentian is still in the noon of life, from the snowy perianth the ladies' tresses still shed sweet incense and belated lilies yet linger where the broad leaves of the clintonia may shine as brightly as in spring. But on the lake of the woods the coming of autumn is plain in the weakening shade of the overhanging willow and the reflection in the water of the yellowing birch, in the fading green of the towering wild rice and the brownish tinge on the woolly plumes of the typha. It is yet plainer in the sheen of the full-feathered wood duck whose carmine, chestnut and green beam in the softened light, in the heavy throb of the wing of the mallard arriving from the north and in the hissing speed of the blue-winged teal as he cleaves the air on the swiftest wing that wild fowl ever plies. One feels it in the gentle peace that sleeps on the face of the water and in the mellow

tint that lingers in the sky, in the plaintive whistle of the widgeon soon heard above where the rice is whitening, in the strings of gossamer that begin to ride the air, in the flocks of blackbirds that roar among the reeds. Change on the hill and in the dale save in the few spots where the shafts of the tamarack stand trim and dense beneath their denser heads or where groves of pine that run into the hardwood in places have dwarfed all other life.

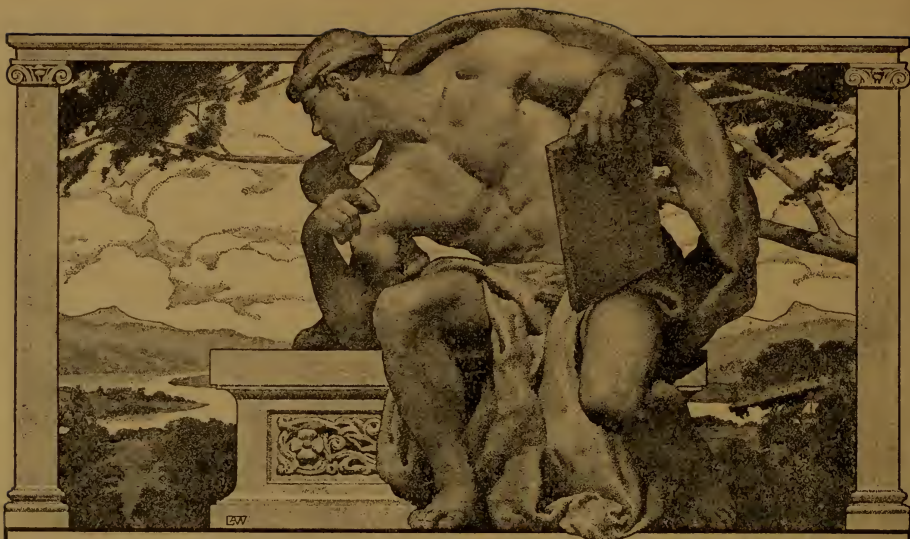
At last the ground is softened to your tread by the fall rains, and the trees are so bare that you can see twice as far through the heaviest timber as you could before. Tracks of deer and bear are even more plenty. Yet the woods never seemed so distressingly short of life as on the damp, dismal morning that the oldest hunters say is the best time for hunting. The grouse that yesterday spread his banded tail along your path and the big northern hare that burst from the dry leaves with a racket that made you tremble are no more in sight, and equally quiet are the squirrels that made so many wavy lines of gray and black as they sprung from tree to tree. Of course you do not notice a dim spot of dark gray with two or three peculiar bits of sticks above it in a distant thicket. You came here to look for the artist's deer with a dozen points on his horns all glittering at brickbat range. Five minutes later when you find fresh tracks leading away from that thicket in jumps fifteen feet apart you will wonder how that deer could stand there and then run away without your seeing him. It will take you longer to learn that half a dozen can do the same thing and many a time deceive even the expert. And this slippery nature of the game is what lures you ever on. The consciousness that it is all about you and you are not keen enough to see it makes the charm. The fire that consumes your vitals burns more brightly with each disappointment until you feel a contempt for the man who shot a deer at the salt lick made by some settler, the man who shot a deer in the water where it was driven by dogs, while the man who had a moose called to him by an Indian who did all the scientific part of the hunting, while the white man did only the murder, makes you feel positively savage.

Who said the woods were dead with the

blue berries shining on the long trim shoots of the arrowwood, clusters of white glistening on the snowberry, and red berries lighting up the black alder and the nemophanes, with the spindle tree blazing in scarlet, the glossy blackberries of the inkberry still in the prime of bloom, the witch hazel closing the long floral procession with its long yellow petals? Who said the woods were dead? Or rather who said there were any bear here? Yet you cannot help blessing the evergreens for keeping up some show of life. The creeping snowberry, suggesting the wintergreen in fragrance as well as in life, is never so lovely as on this miserable morning they tell you is so good for hunting and there is a special charm in the red berries of the leatherwood that illumine some of the gloom. Over the brown carpet the little ground pine trails its long green fringe as full of life as in the noon of summer, while the broad leaves of the kalmia shine never more brightly than now.

And the little twin flower and the mayflower, though they long since folded their fragrant petals, are rarely more welcome than now when their living green relieves the brown of the sodden leaves. And even the club mosses are handsome, and the horsetails you despised in the height of summer, while the bracken ferns that yet linger in the russet swale are positively beautiful. But there is scarcely a sign of animal life for your untutored eye, though it is the day of all days to see game and bag it.

But what a change when the sun brightens the forest. As suddenly gone as if he had never existed as quickly is the grouse at home again. His drum sounds down the drying glade and again the leaves scatter beneath his uproarious wing as he springs along your way. Again the woods echo with the squeal of the sapsucker and the chirp of some belated chickadee, and the big northern hare now shows himself more than before with his coat fast turning to white; the little snowflake has come down on the first blasts of the north and his white and black and chestnut enliven much of the somber gray and brown, and the cardinal grosbeak seems never so bright as in the thicket where the shining scarlet of the inkberries rivals his brilliant crimson.



THE VIEW-POINT

~ BY CASPAR WHITNEY ~

New Spirit in Rowing

Although we cannot call ourselves a rowing people in the sense in which we apply the term to the English, yet the season just closed has been none the less an eventful one; and certainly the boating spirit grows apace in America. True, and unhappily, practically all the activity is on the Atlantic Coast, but better there than nowhere; moreover there are indications of an awakening on the Pacific Coast as well as some slight symptoms of agitation in the great Middle West where our best athletes come from. And that is the trouble—they come away instead of staying there to build up the home product. Once upon a time there was quite a little rowing in the Mississippi River section straight down the river as far as New Orleans, where the old St. Johns stood for good sport and excellent form; but that was kept alive entirely by club interest, and club interest is difficult to keep alive beyond a rowing generation unless it has one or more colleges serving as athletic feeders. Rowing failed to thrive in those parts of the West and the South because it was denied support from its source of natural supply; very few schools or colleges took it up, and the most prominent one to do so has been

chasing off every year far away to the Hudson River to try conclusions with Eastern institutions which were in no need, instead of remaining at home in an effort to work up some rowing interest among its neighbors. I refer of course to Wisconsin, which, like Michigan, appears to prefer the Eastern shadow for the Western substance; both of them ought to use their muscle and money in lifting the local standard. There is no reason why both Chicago and Minnesota universities should not have crews, and an annual race for these great Western colleges would mean something.

On the Pacific Slope President Wheeler of California has been instrumental in arousing a little activity among the students of his own university, which has led to racing both at Oakland and at Seattle with Stanford, California, and Washington universities as contenders. This year Washington beat Stanford about four lengths on Lake Washington at Seattle. Now I hear there is talk of next year's winner of this triangular event being invited to enter the Hudson River regatta, but I hope the Coast university authorities will prevent their crews from thus serving as mere advertising material for the Poughkeepsie boat races; for that about fittingly describes the interest of these Eastern regatta

promoters in the Pacific Coast oarsmen. It takes too much time and too much money to make these long pilgrimages, whether they start from Oakland or Madison, and at best the junket is an undesirable perversion of college sport. In addition it tends rather to mar than to benefit local conditions, as to recruits as well as to the standard of competition.

**One Star
Does not Make
a Constellation**

Every now and again when some Western college happens to have an uncommonly good crew, or track team, or football eleven, its thoughts immediately fly eastward, where scalps hang temptingly; and once in a while a meeting between East and West is a good preventive of cockiness—for East as well as for West. But let us have the main thought where it belongs, *i. e.*, on the upbuilding of the sport for the sport's sake in the territory upon which reliance must be placed for the continued annual renewal of fighting energy. That is the most important consideration, and it ought to be the first thought of every university seeking to secure both prominence in the athletic field and benefit to its undergraduates. It is only exhibiting common sense to say that no game can be maintained at a high or at even a uniform standard of excellence unless recruits are constantly enrolled, unless the substitute class is continuously filled with the grade of athlete required. It counts nothing in the final analysis for a place in the athletic world that a lot of points were secured one year entirely through the single efforts of some star performer who happened that year to be in attendance. It is keeping up a good average that counts in the long run; more golf matches are won by consistently excellent putting than by brilliant driving; it is the scrub team which makes the star eleven.

**American
Rowing
Association's
Good Work**

The very best thing that has come to our rowing is the American Rowing Association, which is doing a great deal to foster the sport among the schools and the colleges and to keep alive a boating interest among university oarsmen after they have been graduated.

The lack of this interest always has been the weak spot in our club rowing, which on that account has been obliged to get along without the very desirable influence of the university element on rowing as well as on social standards. The American Association was organized with a view to supplying this need, and it is gratifying to record its very fair measure of success. Its regatta this year, wisely held as usual upon the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia, was quite the most brilliant of the five it has given—one for every year of its existence—because of the entries from Yale and Cornell; Harvard also had entered, but failed to materialize. Hitherto the Association has not been given the support from the rowing colleges which it should have had, and I hope 1907 records the beginning of a new and more helpful spirit. And the truth is that the rowing colleges need the Association very nearly as much as they are needed, for more racing is one of the most pressing requirements of American college boating, and the annual regatta at Philadelphia will provide an opportunity where the best crews may meet without fear of damaging their amateur status. Thus we are laying the foundation of what may finally develop into an American Henley, and if ever we do get so far college rowing and club rowing will be that much the more benefited, hence it behooves us all to give active, not passive, help to this Association.

Meantime, as I say, because of this effort and others less prominent, the boating spirit grows apace.

**Four
Good
Crews**

In the two rowing events confined to college entries, on the Hudson River, at Poughkeepsie, and on the Thames at New London, the racing proved to be the most spectacular that has probably ever been seen on either course, although the crews, with the single exception of Columbia, were not above their average quality, and in one notable instance, Cornell, were not indeed up to the high standard that university has maintained in the last few years.

Earlier in the season some of these crews had met over a two-mile course with various results upon comparative reckoning. Columbia had absorbed a lot of encouragement

by beating the veteran Harvard 'varsity on the Charles River (one mile and seven-eighths course); Cornell had emphasized the power of her low stroke and easy recover by defeating Harvard at Ithaca in a two-mile race—the third year the 'varsity crews of these universities have met at the same distance, and the third time Harvard has been defeated—the newcomer, Annapolis, had caused something of a sensation by winning from Columbia over two miles of rough Severn water; Yale's junior crew at the American Association regatta had given some suggestion of the smooth work likely to be seen later in their 'varsity; and Pennsylvania at the same regatta gave an exhibition which the alumni of that university looked upon in disappointment—no less than a beating at the hands of the New York Athletic Club eight, a fairly good crew, but bearing no license to defeat a college 'varsity with its careful preparation and long period of training. Altogether the preliminary season, so to say, was almost as interesting as the week for which they were trimmed, and nothing like such a season has ever been seen in American college boating. Let us have just such another next year; match racing is one of the surest ways to attain to a high degree of rowing excellence, always presupposing, of course, that the fundamentals have not been neglected.

There were seven crews in the 'varsity race at Poughkeepsie—Cornell, Columbia, Syracuse, Pennsylvania, Georgetown, Wisconsin, and the U. S. Naval Academy—but only two were first class—Cornell and Columbia which finished first and second with barely a quarter of a shell's length separating them after a close struggle all through the four miles, and a desperate and pluckiest of spurts by Columbia that came when it looked as if they were being shaken off. Both this race and the one on the Thames rather jolted that favored and much-used argument (of those who seek to shorten the present classic course from four to three miles) that the last mile is unnecessary strain and could be left off without damage to the event, as the crew leading at three miles is always the winner. Columbia was leading at three miles, and Harvard at the three mile flag and also a half mile farther along, if not leading at least was as near doing so

as Yale, so closely were the rival crews together. And two more exciting or closer finishes than those furnished by Cornell and Columbia, and Harvard and Yale have never been rowed.

Wasting Opportunity

It is indicative of the popularity of Annapolis, and likewise suggestive of the rowing ignorance of the average American, not to say critic, that Annapolis should have been looked upon by so many as the most likely winner of the race. The men in the Navy boat certainly deserve high praise. The impressions I carried away from the race were chiefly concerned with—(1) the smooth work of Cornell; (2) the courageous finish of Columbia; and (3) the strength and endurance of the men in the Navy shell. Only eight men of unusual quality as to heart and muscle could have pulled four miles in 20 min. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., with a stroke never less than 36 to the minute, and for a considerable part of the distance as high as 38 and 40; that Annapolis did this is enough of praise to speak of any group of athletes. What those same eight men would have done to the record had they been rowing the Cornell or even the Columbia stroke, can better be imagined than written down; it is safe to say, however, that they would probably have made a mark that would stand for many a season to come. It was a pity to see such material wasted on such a stroke, yet it was not so irrational as that of Georgetown.

Coaching Unintelligence

That there were only two finished crews on the Hudson does not reflect creditably upon the intelligence of those coaches who have been going to Poughkeepsie annually to view the high-class rowing of Cornell—and to take their yearly beating; it appears that they have not put in their time very profitably. Year after year we witness the same faults that are responsible for poor rowing and defeat; year after year the coaches stick obstinately to what they call their school of oarsmanship: Pennsylvania persists in putting practically all their power on the end of the stroke; Wisconsin continues to rush their slides and thus check the boat (although there is

slight improvement here); Syracuse still adheres to the "get-there" stroke, so does Georgetown; the Naval Academy, where surely we might naturally look for intelligent direction, condemns eight plucky young men to a heart-breaking stroke and a four mile futile effort that is more than likely to leave its mark on one or another of that valiant crew. If this is to be taken as a sample of the Navy's capacity to diagnose situations then America's only naval need is not battleships.

In a
Class
Alone

There was one brilliant exception to the rule this year—Rice, the Columbia professional coach. Apparently he had studied the Cornell stroke with intelligence, and without the prejudice which in rowing spells ignorance; and he had the sense to profit by the blunders of his predecessors. As a result he has in a single season lifted Columbia rowing out of the slough of despond into which it had all but disappeared. If Harvard gave Mr. Lehmann a degree for turning out a crew that nearly ruined itself by a stroke impossible under the existing conditions, what should Columbia do for Rice?

The Columbia stroke this year was the nearest to Cornell's of any seen in any year, and next year no doubt it will be nearer by becoming a little less vicious at the catch and therefore a little more uniform throughout. Therein lies the winning quality of the Cornell stroke, its uniformity which makes for the economical use of the crew's energy, and its easy recovery that permits the boat to keep moving between strokes and gives the oarsmen an instant's respite. There is no vicious smack at the water on the catch, no terrific lug at the end of the stroke; neither is there any hang; the oar goes into the water cleanly without a second's hesitation and is taken out with no commotion, but from the time it enters to the time it comes out it is rowing. Cornell is in a class by itself in the matter of stroke, and the quicker the other college coaches recognize that fact the more assured will be their present engagements. Yale is closely approaching Cornell form, and Columbia made an advance this season which nearly overtook the not-quite-up-to-average eight from Ithaca; but a Cornell crew of the first class continues, in my

judgment, unbeatable at four miles on the Hudson, as well as on either the English or the American Thames.

The Hand-
writing on
the Wall

Yale's defeat of Harvard at New London was a triumph of just that same progressive and intelligent spirit which answered for the rise of Columbia on the Hudson; the stroke at New Haven has been drawing nearer to the Cornell pattern, especially in the important element of recovery: and recovery was more largely than any other part of the stroke responsible for Yale's victory. It was a notable achievement for Yale to make substantially a new crew, and with it beat a veteran eight that had placed the crimson above the blue the year before. And such an eight too, with such a captain! Their superiors have never been seen on American waters. With their stroke smoothed out, victory and a new record must have resulted. Yet all season they have been committing the same error of recovering hard and rushing their slides, and the hindrance to the pace of the boat caused by these errors they have sought to overcome by increased number of strokes. Rowing about three strokes more to the average minute than Cornell, Harvard was beaten almost a length in two miles; averaging from two to three strokes the minute more than Yale, Harvard lost by three seconds over four miles; rowing a lower stroke than Columbia, Harvard was beaten half a length in one mile and seven-eighths. With such magnificent material in the boat and on the substitute list, that showing can have but one meaning—and if it is not apparent at Cambridge then sympathy is undeserved.

It was the most exciting race the Thames has yet witnessed; both crews passed the one mile, the two and a half, the three, and the three and a half mile flags together, with the lead alternating no less than six times and the winner always a matter of speculation until Yale began to pull away almost in the last furlong.

It has been said that the retirement (illness) of her number six, two days before the race, was an irreparable loss to Harvard; that may be true, and if it is Yale shares the loss with her rival; but I doubt if the change made any material difference in the

boat's speed, for the substitute pulled one of the best oars in the shell and finished strong, stronger than some of the regulars, who acted as if they had been given too much work.

It wasn't the change in the personnel of the crew that affected Harvard's chances—there was material enough to make two 'varsity eights—it was the extravagant waste of great natural power through a disregard of the cardinal virtues that make the stroke of Cornell's successive crews so pre-eminently the leading ones here in America.

Time
and Tide
Wait on
No Crew

An effort has been made, I note, to compare the times made on the Hudson and on the Thames for the purpose of rating the crews, but nothing dependable can be gained by that process, for the very good

reason that the differing conditions of the two rivers are too considerable. We do know for a certainty that the Hudson current is much the faster; how much the faster is the question we should like to see answered, but it must be a great deal to permit Pennsylvania's poor crew to do four lengths worse than the Navy's 20 min. 13½ sec. (which took third place) as compared with Yale's time of 21 min. 10 sec. There really is no trustworthy comparison possible; the only line to have been given (and that only suggestive) was in 1897, when Cornell beat Yale and Harvard in 20 min. 34 sec., all three crews being below the average, the Harvard and Yale eights in fact being much below in class those that represented these two universities this year; of Cornell of that year it is enough to say that in the race with Harvard and Yale, and subsequently with Columbia and Pennsylvania, both of which she captured, the winning times were the poorest that have ever been made over the Poughkeepsie course. This year Cornell won in 20 min. 2½ sec., Columbia following so close as 20.04; there were only three seconds between Yale and Harvard! And on both rivers victory came to the crew that earned it through superior skill and economy of strength.

Certainly, in the present circumstances of the sport, no satisfactory comparisons can be made.

Mediocre
College
Baseball

College baseball has not shown in 1906 the advance in skill among the leaders that rowing exhibited; indeed the so-called leaders have failed to reveal as much advance, comparatively speaking, as the smaller lights in the college firmament. This was particularly noticeable in base running and in batting; college players seem in fact to make no advance at all in batting, and are about where they were half a dozen years ago, despite employment of professional coaches. The truth is that I cannot see any appreciable improvement in any department of the game since the faculties prostrated themselves before a professional guide in response to the "we-must-win" sophism. This year individuals were about average, but the teams played in streaks, and some of the streaks were very bad indeed; and none of them was good enough or sufficiently sustained to give character to the nine. Taking their work from first to last Princeton was the strongest team on the college diamond, and it is very close between Cornell and Harvard for second, with the latter winning out, however; Yale next and Pennsylvania fifth; others deserving mention being Pennsylvania State, Navy, Army, Wesleyan, Williams, Lafayette, Lehigh, Columbia, Georgetown, Virginia, Dartmouth. Some devotees of the game say that Cornell should be given second if not first honor, pointing to comparative scores with outside teams, but these enthusiasts fail to take into consideration the different time of the season the games selected for comparison were played. It is a pity Princeton and Cornell did not meet, as each had strength in the same departments and the resulting contest would have been most interesting. Princeton won two straight from both Harvard and Yale; Harvard won two out of three from Yale; Cornell beat Pennsylvania, and won one and lost one to Harvard.

Stupid errors in judgment and some juggling were largely responsible for Yale's loss of the deciding Harvard game. Error-making was general, Pennsylvania being the most frequent offender of those rated here.

The only western comparison was supplied by Williams, which beat both Michi-

gan and Chicago, while Alabama which came north heralded as the best of its section, was successively defeated.

Of individual pitchers, Heyniger (Princeton) and Deshon (Cornell) especially distinguished themselves, with Hartford (Harvard) honorably mentioned. "Tad" Jones of Yale made the best catcher, and Vaugh (Princeton) Dana and Briggs (Harvard) and Kinney (Yale) are entitled to a word for the manner in which they filled their respective positions.

The Taint That Won't Come Off

I have not ranked Brown here, because Brown last year surrendered to the professional element; that being the manner in which its faculty shifted from under its responsibility. I have had a number of letters asking for an especial ranking as between Princeton and Brown, and therefore say that if I ranked Brown it would be after Cornell; there is not much of a line for comparison, but there is enough in my opinion to so decide despite the further fact that Brown had a veteran nine, half of whom had enjoyed the extra practice of playing on summer resort teams for board and lodging, and a shorter and easier schedule than any of the leading teams.

That the faculty of Brown has relaxed its laws so as to indorse semi-professionalism does not alter the fact that upholding this type of athlete is violating the spirit, and in most instances, the letter of the law which governs amateurs in their play; nor does it change the unenviable position

of Brown or its nine in the eyes of the college and amateur world.

Pack up Your "Grip"

Americans never do a thing half way. One wonders what figures may exist to show the growth of the tendency on the part of our business men to get into the solitudes for a vacation. It certainly is no small matter to the railroads and steamboat lines or they would not go to the trouble and expense of issuing tons upon tons of attractive literature, all of it well calculated to lure the busy man from his desk and send him hurrying to the rod-and-gun-shop or the camp outfitter. And what will be its effect upon our composite national character? The American girl shows the effect of the new outdoor life for women. Why will not the typical American man of the future bear some mark of outdoor living?

Coming down to the practical side of the whole matter, a word of advice is appropriate here. In the rush from the desk to the camp we American men of business who do nothing half way are prone to overestimate our powers. One cannot enter a race without preliminary training. Very many treasured vacations are spoiled through overdoing. A man cannot spend fifty weeks bending over books, and two weeks of strenuous physical exercise, packing heavy kits or reefing stiff canvas. Or at least he cannot do it with that benefit to his health which he should gain from a vacation.

To such a man the proper vacation-motto is—*Loaf!*



"EE-O-E" AND OTHER FABLES*

BY CHARLES FINLEY

JUST why such articles as "Beyond the Gap" are ever written is more or less of a puzzle to the normal mind.

The readers of *OUTING* for February will remember the story, no doubt, as it appeared in that number.

It purports to be a correct and faithful portrayal of the region and people of eastern Kentucky embraced in Harlan, Letcher and Perry counties, and to have been written by a man who, as a member of a United States Geological Surveying corps, spent more than a year in that territory.

As a matter of fact the story is a grotesque and hideous caricature; its author was never a member of a United States Geological Survey and was never in eastern Kentucky in his life.

Just here is the puzzle: What motive could have been strong enough to prompt him to write a story stigmatizing all the people of an entire region as descendants of convicts, moonshiners, feudists, assassins—savages, in short—and to impose upon an editor's confidence in order to publish the atrocious slander to the world—knowing, too, as he must, that he would certainly be contradicted and exposed? Was it cupidity and because he needed the money? Was it avid Falstaffian longing for fame? (It will be noticed that the author becomes a hero in even the first paragraph of his story and modestly pleads the "rashness of youth" as an excuse for making "a foot traverse alone through Harlan and Perry counties, one of the few dark spots on the map of the United States.")

Or was it a plain, old-fashioned case of chronic and incurable Munchausenitis?

Probably it does not matter very much. I am inclined to think that the motives governing any individual capable of writing and publishing such an atrocious slander as "Beyond the Gap," are not worth speculating about.

Men do not write accurate and truthful portrayals of sections of country and people from imagination and what they have read in frothy, pot-boiling novelettes. These seem the sources of information of which the author of "Beyond the Gap" availed himself.

Be that as it may, the fact is that during my whole life I have never read a story that as persistently and consistently and continually misstates and misrepresents verities as "Beyond the Gap" does.

From beginning to end there is not one statement of importance to the ensemble of the story that is true.

It is not true that the country is probably "the roughest in the United States." It is not true that "in some sections travel by horseback is impossible." It is not true that "wagon roads are almost unknown," nor that "until the advent of the Government surveying party no one not a resident of the vicinity had been in this part of Kentucky away from the larger towns in more than twenty years."

I was born and reared in Whitley County, southeastern Kentucky. I lived there till thirty-five years of age.

I have made numerous horseback trips through Harlan, Letcher, Perry, and other adjoining counties.

In the autumn of 1899 I made a stumping tour through this region in a light buggy. There were wagon roads in plenty, penetrating every part of it, and they were good enough to permit of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise being annually hauled into these counties over them.

On my way from Harlan, Harlan County, to Whitesburg, Letcher County, I stayed over night at the same house with a drummer for a Knoxville shoe house who, with his trunks of samples, was driving through this territory on his regular trip.

Communication between the various parts of these counties by road, and between them and other counties and the outside world is as good as in any similar district in the United States, and much better than in many.

In addition to this a man can sit in either county seat and telephone to any part of either of the counties, to Knoxville, to Louisville, or wherever he chooses.

Commercial travelers, lecturers before County Teachers' Institutes, candidates for state offices, timber buyers, capitalists seeking investment in coal and timber lands, judicial officers, lawyers with cases in the courts and many others have regularly visited these counties, some of them for almost half a century.

Some as fine farming lands as are in Kentucky lie along the streams of these counties, thousands of acres in extent, cultivated with modern machinery and yielding bountiful crops of corn, oats, hay, etc.

The other day I asked a friend of mine, living in this city now, but who, as a tim-

* In "Outing Magazine" for February an article appeared entitled "Beyond the Gap," which, as we now learn, appears to have done injustice to a certain section of the South. The Editor therefore takes pleasure in giving space to this reply by Mr. Finley.

ber-buyer from 1883 to 1889, traveled into, over, and through the remotest parts of these counties, what proportion of the corn produced there was used for making “moonshine” whiskey. He said, “About ten bushels in a million.” He also said that during all these years of traveling over these counties he had never seen a “moonshine” still.

Such a thing as making meal by crushing the corn in a mortar with a pestle is utterly unknown there.

Since the author of “Beyond the Gap” was never in eastern Kentucky it follows that the incidents in which he claims to have figured or to have observed never happened to him or in his sight. Now, I undertake to say they never happened to *anybody* or in *anybody's* sight.

The Bert Hensley story, the assassination of Hensley's boy by Scott, the subsequent shooting of Scott by Hensley, the whole story from beginning to end is a fabrication. Judge M. J. Moss of Pineville, Kentucky, Circuit Judge of a district embracing Harlan, Letcher, and Perry counties for nine and a half years, ending six months ago, unites with the county officials of Harlan County in saying that no such thing ever took place.

No such dish as sauer kraut, molasses and rancid grease was ever heard of in eastern Kentucky, much less eaten as a regular diet.

No such warning cry as “Ee-o-e” was ever heard in that region.

The implication in the Hensley story that assassination is so well recognized, long established, and legitimate a practice that a code similar to the dueling code has grown up around it—that the assassin must “shoot fair”—must “holler afore he shoots,” and must not fire on his victim “nigher 'n a hundred yards” is not only ridiculous but atrociously false.

Murderers in eastern Kentucky are much like and not more numerous than murderers everywhere else, including New York—they give their intended victims as little warning to escape or notice to defend themselves as possible, whether it is in a roof garden or on a lonely mountain road.

The people of Harlan, Perry, and Letcher counties—of all eastern Kentucky for that matter—come of a stock than which there is no better. They are almost unmixed Scotch, Irish, English, Anglo-Saxon. Their ancestors came to Virginia and the Carolinas in early days. The stories Boone and John P. Finley, who preceded Boone into Kentucky by two years, carried back to their old homes of the richness of the region to the west developed a crop of pioneers. These either sold their plantations or left them and, taking their families, slaves, live-stock, tools, and seeds, followed their leaders westward. An ancestor of the writer left a fine farm in Virginia which was sold after his death many years later by his executor, and cast

his fortunes with many others in the new land.

They moved into this region before the Teuton and the Latin and the Slav had begun to come to our shores. And when they did begin to come the railroad lines over which they must reach the interior ran north or south of, but did not penetrate this region.

So I say their blood stream is almost unmixed. It is the same stock which produced Henry Clay and Abraham Lincoln.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois was born in eastern Kentucky. United States Chief Justice Miller was born in eastern Kentucky. Ex - Governor Woodson of Missouri, ex-Congressman Green Adams, ex-Speaker of Congress John White—names that occur to me as I write—were born in eastern Kentucky. Convict blood does not flower nor fruit like this.

Family names that appear in eastern Kentucky, still survive in the British Isles, are still found in Virginia and the Carolinas and appear elsewhere in Kentucky and other western states, showing whence the family originally came, where it first settled, and that while one branch of it moved to eastern Kentucky another remained beside the old roof tree while yet another migrated to another state or section.

There is not and never was, in the history of eastern Kentucky, a practice to permit the local preacher to sell whiskey at the close of services in lieu of a salary. Harlan, Letcher, and Perry counties long ago voted the legal sale of whiskey out of their boundaries. Judge Moss says: “I served as Circuit Judge of this district for nine years and six months . . . and in all these years there never was an open saloon in either Harlan, Letcher, or Perry county. There are no saloons within fifty miles of Cumberland Gap in either of the states (Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee), except those located in Middlesboro.

Mr. F. T. Fields, postmaster, at Whitesburg, Ky., says: “The people of the mountains are not all Baptists, but there are three sects that have a good representation, notably the Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists. No man in the mountains of Kentucky ever heard of such a division of the Baptist Church as ‘Feet Washers,’ ‘Muddy Heads’ or ‘Soup Eaters.’”

I am just in receipt of a letter from Rev. A. S. Betrey, of Hazard, Perry County, Kentucky. He says: “I have lived in Perry County for the last ten years. I have, the most of that time, been pastor of the First Baptist Church of Hazard and president of the Hazard Baptist Institute. In connection with this work I have traveled over all parts of Perry County and I confidently say that the disgraceful battle over the dedication of a church between the ‘Muddy Heads’ and ‘Feet Washers’ as described in OUTING MAGAZINE is an unqualified falsehood. *It never did take place.* The fashion of allowing

the local preacher to sell whiskey at the close of services never existed in this country."

There has not been a feud in either of these counties in almost twenty years. Such a thing as a man going about carrying six revolvers was never seen nor heard of even in old feud days.

There is not a shooting gallery in either of these counties—either at a cross-roads store or elsewhere.

I sent an offer of \$1000 to the author of "Beyond the Gap" something like a month ago if he would produce a man from eastern Kentucky or anywhere else who could perform such a feat as he says he saw Abe McCoy do. Up to date he has not claimed the money. I can get an affidavit from McCoy that no such thing ever occurred.

There is no "old Shachelford who lives at the head of Poor Fork in Perry County." Poor Fork Creek heads in Letcher and Harlan counties and *does not touch Perry County anywhere*, and no "old Shachelford" nor any Shachelford who has "a record of thirty-eight killings to his credit" lives anywhere in this region.

Judge Moss says: "On inquiring from old settlers I find there are some Shachelfords in this country, but that they are peaceable, law-abiding citizens." Judge Moss says further: "There are two Lige Howards in Harlan County—both reputable citizens and law-abiding men. Neither of them ever killed a man, much less twenty-nine men. . . . There is no creek in this county called 'Skin Quarter.'"

Again: "As to the Bill Hensley of Jesse's Creek killing twenty-four men, there is no Bill Hensley living on Jesse's Creek, nor any other Bill Hensley in this county, who ever killed twenty-four men or any other number of men."

Again: "The reference to 'Shot' Steve Daniel and his family is like the other articles—it is a falsehood from beginning to end. Mr. Daniel and his wife and children *are still living*; he never had any trouble with squatters and owns his own property. He recently sold his property . . . and is arranging to move to Virginia."

Again: "Upon careful investigation we have never been able to find any such man in this country as Marcus Howard." In this connection I will say that James L. Howard—accused of having assassinated Senator Goebel—has no brother named Marcus.

Harlan, Letcher, and Perry counties are divided into from sixty-five to one hundred school districts. Each of these districts has its own schoolhouse in which a school is held during six months of each year.

The teachers are usually native to the county where they teach. Their qualifications are ascertained by examining them upon a list of questions prepared for the entire state and submitted through the proper county authorities to the candi-

dates for certificates of qualification in each county.

I undertake to say that as high grade certificates are awarded to applicants from these counties as from any other in the state. The highest honors ever awarded by the State College of Kentucky were won by a young man from eastern Kentucky.

In addition to the common schools in the country each county seat has a graded school.

Mr. F. G. Begley, postmaster at Hazard, Perry County, says: "The Missionary Baptist Church has one of the best schools in the country at Hazard. They have just completed a girls' dormitory and their school building is up-to-date."

"The Presbyterians have a fine school at Buckhorn in this county known as Witherspoon College. The principal of the Baptist Institute at Hazard is a Perry County boy."

Mr. Fields whom I have before quoted, says: "The story of the wholesale massacre of the foreign corporations' employees with which the article closes is indeed a fitting one for the close, as the climax of his slanderous article is here reached. We have hundreds of foreign corporations owning lands, timber, mineral and other resources in this country and not one of them will say it was ever mistreated in any respect or that any of its employees were."

And so I might go on at length. I might mention and denounce the silly story of Britt Howard's tracking the author of "Beyond the Gap" as Australian bushmen or our own Indians are supposed to do, or the equally silly story of hanging a sock or other garment over the door when going away as a token of the time of return, or the moonshine still in a cave *under* Cumberland Gap, or a score of other statements, equally silly or outrageous.

But what is the use? I can save time and space by saying that in the whole story there are but two statements that approach the truth, and both of them are greatly exaggerated. One is that "the largest virgin deposit of coal in America lies in Harlan, Perry, and Fletcher counties, Kentucky"; the other that "the best shots in the world are the Kentucky mountaineers." There is no "Fletcher" County in Kentucky but Harlan, Letcher, and Perry counties are marvelously rich in coal, timber, and other material resources.

The mountain men *are* good shots, but they are never "trick" shots such as "Beyond the Gap" pictures Abe McCoy. They are good shots because pure water, plentiful, wholesome and nutritious food, exercise in the open air and abstinence from those excesses which have enervated other parts of the race have preserved in them the robust health, the eagle eye, the strong arm and the steady nerve which made the

English bowmen the force they were—that later made the British soldiers and sailors synonyms for courage, endurance, and strength, and still later made Kings Mountain and New Orleans bloody memories to our mother land.

But this skill was not acquired at a shooting gallery nor for a sinister purpose. These people have, as their forbears had, the Anglo-Saxon instinct for the implements of the world-old games—the chase and war.

Among the three regiments of the Kentucky State Guard the gold medal for marksmanship over the rifle range is held by a member from Whitesburg, Letcher County. He shoots for just the same reason his ancestor twanged a bow-string—because it's an instinct in his race and blood, and not to qualify himself as a "bad man," nor to employ his skill in feud.

That there are lawless men in Harlan, Letcher, and Perry counties is undeniable.

They are everywhere. But that there are more there in proportion than elsewhere I *do* deny. The people of these counties are divided, just as people are divided everywhere, into good, bad, and indifferent. And there, just as everywhere else, the good are in the majority, incredible as that seems after reading "Beyond the Gap." The great majority of them are quiet, honest, industrious, peaceable and law-abiding citizens who pay their taxes, till their farms, go to church Sundays, and rear their families in the fear of God and to believe that it is just as despicable to print a slander of a neighbor as it is to speak one.

They may be poor as measured by the standards of piled-up wealth elsewhere, but they always have enough to divide with the wayfarer who travels their way, and that too without compensation or price, and they have that which millions cannot buy—content. All they ask is to be let alone.

CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING IN AMERICA

BY FRANCIS M. WARE

CROSS-COUNTRY riding in America is very much more simple in method and conditions than is the same sport in any other country where it is in favor, for the reason that not only is the variety of fences likely to be encountered very limited, but that they are the same in all sections; and also for the reason that the fences themselves are neither disguised by foliage which hides their true proportions from the anxious gaze of an approaching horse and rider, nor as a rule are there ditches of any width dug upon either side of them. Custom, convenience, and agricultural necessities prevent any considerable amount of hunting at any time but in the fall of the year, and the violets so offensive to the nose of that ancient huntsman offer but a slight obstacle to the olfactories of the hounds which pursue the elusive and copiously-applied anise seed trail.

For all practical purposes rails, gates, and stone walls comprise the fences found in any American country. An occasional brook, ditch or gripe, of fair width is met with, but our wonderfully versatile native horse seems to make no special to-do over them, and either jumps them clear or goes "in and out" of them the first time they cross his path with utmost cheerfulness. In fact there has never seemed to be about American water the lurking

horror that it possesses for man and beast in England and other countries, and quite a bit of a brook will be "larked over" by a young horse as gayly as any other obstacle he meets. True it is that perhaps ignorance is bliss, and that as the cynic says, "He who knows nothing fears nothing," but be that as it may results speak for themselves, whether the result of ignorance between the girths, or rashness in the saddle. What there is about a possible wetting, or a roll over beyond a clear brook one never could see; for no fall can be safer, just as no fall is less likely to happen, and of all obstacles a ditch or brook of any width is the least formidable obstruction one is likely to meet in crossing a country. Of course pace of fair quantity is necessary to get over if the width is over five or six feet, but even if it is twice that or more there is never any call for the express rate at which most people charge it, and which always seems an evidence that they act in desperation and as if fearful not only that their mount may change his mind and refuse it, but that the same lamentable result may occur in the case of the plier of steel and whipcord. A moderate pace and a considerable amount of collection, the one continued, up to the last few strides, the other to the very brink always bring the best results; the horse's hind legs well under him, and he in balance, not widely

extended and going on his shoulders as so many hunters are allowed to do, a style which brings on more refusals than any other. To "hit him and hold him" as they say in coaching—to urge by the pressure of the legs, yet restrain and lighten the forehand by the effect of the bits, increasing the speed to a rate commensurate with the width to be covered, yet never beyond that where this collection cannot be continued not only brings you clear over, but gives the horse ample time to look well at what is before him, to see his take-off and his landing, yet through his collected attitude between legs and heels making it most difficult for him to refuse. This is very different from the usual style of going flying at the brook, head loose, and under full pressure; but you will see many refusals in the latter style and but few in the former, however many times he may jump short, or even keep straight on and slide in without jumping at all. Horses need rousing at water of course, but there are several ways of accomplishing that end, and the quiet and resolute always works out best in the end.

One should be very sure to give plenty of room at water not only to any one in front, but to those on either side, and if one is riding a young horse, and for educational purposes follows another, he should be very careful to select a very bold and flippant fencer and a very resolute rider, for the sight of a refusal or a pull up, or turn away will affect a youngster for life and give him an idea that should never find lodgment in his one-ideal mind—that all horses do not, and therefore he need not, invariably do their very best without hesitation to clear any obstacle at which they are put; an idea which may become a fixture with him, and which he may proceed to utilize himself at any moment when he decides that a jump looks forbidding or that he feels a trifle tired or loath to take exertion.

With posts and rails or walls there are two styles of leaping employed—the flying in which the horse "stands away" at his fence and jumps in his stride, and the deliberate in which the animal goes close under them, makes a marked pause as he rises and measures his effort, landing close to the obstacle upon the other side. Both styles have enthusiastic supporters, neither of whom will acknowledge much good in the style of the other, but like all other things a combination of both, or a change from one to the other is wisest and most useful.

There is no reason why a wealthy idler should not do as he likes with his limbs and neck, but most of us Americans who go hunting are men with work to do, and we are simply fools if we do not safeguard ourselves in every reasonable way to insure that the incidents resulting from the pursuit of our pleasures interferes in no way temporarily or permanently with the pur-

suit of our business interests. Horses will fall and men must get broken bones if they ride or hunt much, but a temperate style of crossing a country will do more to prevent this end than any other precaution which one can take. There is a theory that the flying leaper throws his rider clear of him if he falls more usually than his more temperate brother, but observation hardly indorses this. True he throws him away generally, but he keeps on rolling after him half the time, and not infrequently crumples him up. Beside which the best of the rapid goers, no matter how fast they come flying down to a fence, prop themselves at the moment of jumping, and after all perform the feat like the deliberate horse; the only difference in the act being that the bold leaper cannot or will not stop if discretion directs. If then the actual clearing of the obstacle is performed in the same fashion in both styles of jumping, there appears no especial value in the flying style save and except in the case where there is a gripe or ditch upon the take-off side which makes the animal stand away a little as he rises. In such cases more speed is of course advisable, but even here the deliberate horse may be hurried to the proper degree to get the extra impetus, and still the flying style has no advantage.

Furthermore the flying jumper takes a lot more out of himself by his flippant style, and puts a vast amount of useless effort into every jump, charging a three-foot rail as though it were five feet high and twenty feet wide, while the other horse just "lobs" over it with hardly an effort. Surely in a long run this must tell, and it is believed that we have fancied the flying style in America chiefly for the reason that most of our hunting is done behind draghounds which are not at work for more than an hour at the outside, and then go a very fair to fast pace, so that not only does not the flying leaper become exhausted, but his style has not the objections which would show themselves were the quarry a real fox whose scent would almost surely be very cold, and over which hounds would potter along at a pace which would make the flying jumper mad with impatience. Beside this we imagine that the fast style is "correct" and must be English; whereas in England a line of our country would stop two-thirds of any hard-riding field from the mere fact that in their usually moderate countries where hedges, ditches, banks, and brooks are the usual fences, a few rails afford an insurmountable obstacle to horses and riders who have never encountered them in their usual outings, and to whom therefore they are as a thing unclean and wholly to be shunned. The deliberate horse has no place in such country unless the banks and hedges may be jumped "on and off" or crept through, or in a place like Cheshire where the walls are plenty. Nothing more dissimilar than our

country to the "flying shires" can be imagined, and it demands a style in crossing it which shall meet its peculiarities, and be slavishly imitative of none.

Your deliberate performer rarely pulls; he generally has a spare leg to use in saving his neck; he can be stopped or turned; he can measure his jump and clear height much better in his style; he does not bang his knees about, and cut up his shins at the stone walls; at gates or rails he is much more sure; and on the rare occasions when he may have to go through or over water—something the dragman rarely tackles, as he will have to wade it if he does, and where he can wade your horse easily can follow—he gets over as well as most, for the reason that he need not extend his usual gallop much to work up the impetus necessary.

There are lots of occasions when you see hounds swinging in your favor or note that they are about to check, where also you may at once pull such a horse up; jog across a field or two, and even jump a few fences out of a trot—than which there is no safer way to negotiate any wall, gate, or rails. Altogether, the flying leaper has small place in our native hunting.

The modern hunting seat has a surprising and alarming tendency to forwardness of attitude. You see men apparently about to kiss their horses' foreheads when rising to a fence, and absolutely clear of the saddle from the knees up, and you witness their miraculous landing in the same position. What on earth keeps them on if a horse pecks or stumbles is always a mystery, although that they *do* remain on deck we have daily and plentiful evidence. What is gained by the grotesque position would trouble them to explain. The modern English school rides long in the stirrup; the thigh nearly straight, or very slightly bent at the knee; the weight placed in the middle of the saddle. What the gain can be in suddenly shifting this load forward still further is not clear, especially as they seem to go no further or better or more easily to their mounts than do those who ride shorter and either sit erect as would seem logical, or lean far back at rising and landing in the old-school style. Certainly the English do not thus perch on their horses' ears, nor do the horsemen of any other country in the world—the English, on the contrary, as all their countless instantaneous hunting and steeplechasing pictures show, sitting very, very far back at even the smallest fences, their feet far outstretched beyond the horses' shoulders—a departure as far to the other extreme as is our absurd adaptation of that of the vivacious Mr. Sloane, the ex-jockey. A very slight stumble, or a quite ordinary bungle of some fence will serve to throw off or nearly unseat many of these very "forward" riders.

Our average country is becoming so cramped with wire fences, valuable crops, and the encroachments of the suburban

resident that what we above all need, to be comfortable out hunting, is a handy placid mount which will turn anywhere, stop anyhow, and go any moderate pace, and thus mounted, any one will see more fun than all the "thrusters and busters" who go hurtling over the county on wild-eyed, headstrong gee-gees which are neither to be turned or stopped in anything smaller than a ten-acre field. We are a nation of business men with livings to earn, and families to keep, and it is "not good enough" if we must take too many foolish risks in a sport which provides, at best, plenty of chances for physical damage. Hence the craze for a fast pace and a big country which, for a time, signalized hunting in America, was but an evanescent feature, and that master was most durably popular who paid due attention to the wishes (even though not voiced) of his field, and gave them the comfortable gallops over the moderate line which all could enjoy. Such pastimes should not be too suddenly and violently graded up to the ability of the expert, but kept within the powers of the average performer, who may develop later talents which at first he does not possess, and who will abandon the pursuit if he finds himself either a butt for the jokesmiths or too frequently a subject for arnica and hot fomentations. Hunting can never be in America much more than the means to the end of a good gallop, and the drag furnishes a far more acceptable medium for this purpose than the wild fox, who, if a gray, gives almost as much sport as a rabbit; if a red, must be found far away from home, as a rule, to get a decent run.

In one feature of hunting we are especially fortunate, and that is in the clearness and plain outline of our fences and the ground approaching them—matters which, of course, in a drag-run may be attended to by the dragman in the open and fair line he lays out. Therefore the novice has little to do but remain on the quarter-deck of his conveyance and see all plain before him—be it ever so forbidding in aspect, at least undisguised by "hairy hedge or grewsome gripe," while the pace will never, or very rarely, exceed that of a comfortable gallop. Thus conducted hunting may be a sport for old and young, male and female, for the bold and determined as for the weak and vacillating; each class reaching its average of amusement at the minimum of personal risk; but if the game becomes a furious steeplechase over the biggest and stiffest fences to be found or built, after a pack which "tin-cans" across country like a troupe of gliding shadows, then the master, whips, and two or three light-weight fanatics will have the sport (?) very exclusively to themselves, and the countryside, once they become tired of paying large assessments for silly expenses, will leave the outfit to pursue its frenzied course to the inevitable smash which impends over all such non-sporting ventures.

HOW TO PACK A HORSE

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

HORSE PACKS

ALMOST anyone can put together a comparatively well made back pack, and very slight practice will enable a beginner to load a canoe. But the packing of a horse or mule is another matter. The burden must be properly weighted, properly balanced, properly adjusted, and properly tied on. That means practice, and considerable knowledge.

To the average wilderness traveler the possession of a pack saddle and canvas kyacks simplifies the problem considerably. If you were to engage in packing as a business, wherein probably you would be called on to handle packages of all shapes and sizes, however, you would be compelled to discard your kyacks in favor of a sling made of ropes. And again it might very well happen that some time or another you might be called on to transport your plunder without appliances, on an animal caught up from the pasture. For this reason you must further know how to hitch a pack to a naked horse.

In this brief resumé of possibilities you can see it is necessary that you know at least three methods of throwing a lash rope—a hitch to hold your top pack and kyacks, a sling to support your boxes on the aparejos, and a hitch for the naked horse. But in addition it will be desirable to understand other hitches adapted to different exigencies of bulky top packs, knobby kyacks and the like. One hitch might hold these all well enough; but the especial hitch is better.

PACK MODELS

The detailment of processes by diagram must necessarily be rather dull reading. It can be made interesting by an attempt to follow out in actual practice the hitches described. For this purpose you do not need a full-size outfit. A pair of towels folded compactly, tied together, and thrown one each side over a bit of stove-wood to represent the horse, makes a good pack, while a string with a bent nail for cinch hook will do as lash rope. With these you can follow out each detail.

SADDLING THE HORSE

First of all you must be very careful to get your saddle blankets on smooth and without wrinkles. Hoist the saddle into place, then lift it slightly and loosen the

blanket along the length of the backbone, so that the weight of the pack will not bind the blanket tight across the horse's back. In cinching up, be sure you know your animal; some puff themselves out so that in five minutes the cinch will hang loose. Fasten your latigo or cinch straps to the lower ring. Thus you can get at it even when the pack is in place.

PACKING THE KYACKS

Distribute the weight carefully between the kyacks. "Heft" them again and again. The least preponderance on one side will cause a saddle to sag in that direction; that in turn will bring pressure to bear on the opposite side of the withers, and that will surely chafe to a sore. Then you are in trouble.

When you are quite sure the kyacks weigh alike, get your companion to hang one on the pack saddle, at the same time you hook the straps of the other. If you try to do it yourself, you must leave one hanging while you pick up the other, thus running a good risk of twisting the saddle.

TOP PACKS

Your top pack you will build as the occasion demands. In general, try to make it as low as possible, and to get your blankets on top where the pack rope "bites." The strap connecting the kyacks is then buckled. Over all you will throw the canvas tarpaulin that you use to sleep on. Tuck it in back and front to exclude dust. It is now ready for the pack rope.

THE JAM HITCH

1. *The jam hitch.* All hitches possess one thing in common—the rope passes around the horse and through the cinch hook. The first pull is to tighten that cinch. Afterward other maneuvers are attempted. Now, ordinarily the packer pulls tight his cinch, and then in throwing further the hitch he depends on holding his slack. It is a very difficult thing to do. With the jam hitch, however, the necessity is obviated. The beauty of it is that the rope renders freely one way—the way you are pulling—but will not give a hair the other—the direction of loosening. So you may heave up the cinch as tightly as you please, then drop the rope and go on about your packing perfectly sure that nothing is going to slip back on you.

The rope passes once around the shank of the hook, and then through the jaw (see diagram). Be sure to get it around the shank and not the curve. Simplicity itself; and yet I have seen very few packers who know of it.

THE DIAMOND HITCH

2. *The diamond hitch.* I suppose the diamond in one form or another is more used than any other. Its merit is its adaptability to different shapes and sizes of package—in fact, it is the only hitch good for aparejo packing—its great flattening power, and the fact that it rivets the pack to the horse's sides. If you are to learn but one hitch, this will be the best for you; although certain others, as I shall explain under their proper captions, are better adapted to certain circumstances.

The diamond hitch is also much discussed. I have heard more arguments over it than over the Japanese war or original sin.

"That thing a diamond hitch!" shrieks a son of the foothills to a son of the alkali; "Go to! Looks more like a game of cat's cradle. Now *this* is the real way to throw a diamond."

Certain pacifically inclined individuals

have attempted to quell the trouble by differentiation of nomenclature. Thus one can throw a number of diamond hitches, provided one is catholically minded, such as the "Colorado diamond," the "Arizona diamond," and others. The attempt at peace has failed.

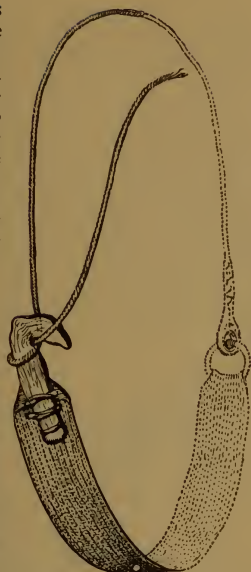
"Oh, yes," says the son of the alkali, as he watches the attempts of the son of the foothills, "that's the *Colorado* diamond," as one would say, "that is a *paste* jewel."

The joke of it is that the results are about the same. Most of the variation consists in the manner of throwing. It is as though the discussion were whether the trigger should be pulled with the fore, middle, or both fingers. After all, the bullet would go anyway.

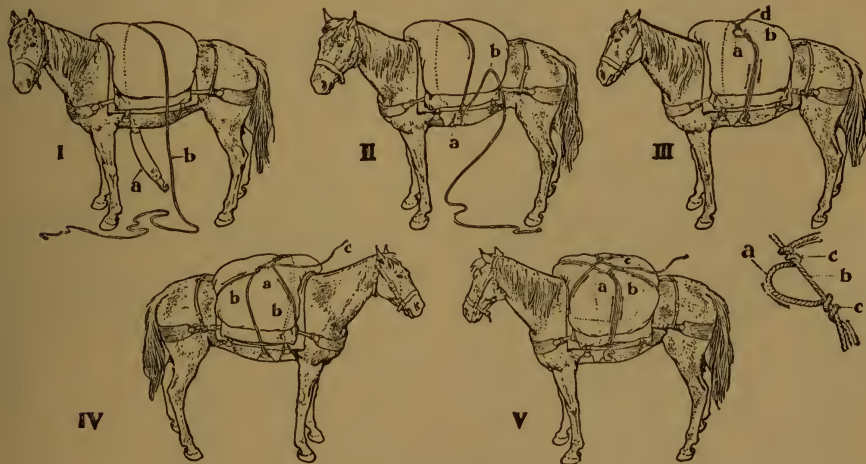
I describe here the single diamond, as thrown in the Sierra Nevadas; and the double diamond, as used by government freight packers in many parts of the Rockies. The former is a handy one-man hitch. The latter can be used by one man, but is easier with two.

THE SINGLE DIAMOND

Throw the pack cinch (a) over the top of the pack, retaining the loose end of the rope. If your horse is bad, reach under him with a stick to draw the cinch within reach of your hand until you hold it and the loose end both on the same side of the animal. Hook it through the hook (II-a) and bring up along the pack. Thrust the bight (III-a) of the loose rope under the rope (b); then back over, and again under, to form a loop. The points (c-c) at which the loose rope goes around the pack rope can be made wide apart or close together according to the size of the diamond required (V). With a soft top-pack requiring flattening, the diamond should be large; with heavy side pack it should be smaller.



The jam hitch.



Single diamond hitch.

Now go around to the other side of the animal. Pass the loose end (III-d), back, under the alforjas, forward and through the loop from below as shown by the arrows of direction in Fig. IV.

You are now ready to begin tightening. First pull your cinch tight by means of what was the loose end (b) in Fig. II. Place one foot against the animal and *heave*, good and plenty. Take up the slack by running over both ends of the loop (c-c, Fig. III). When you have done this, go around the other side. There take up the slack on b-b, Fig. IV. With all there is in you pull the loose end (c, Fig. IV) in the direction of the horse's body, toward

his head. Brace your foot against the kyacks. It will sag the whole hitch toward the front of the pack, but don't mind that; the defect will be remedied in a moment.

Next, still holding the slack (Fig. V), carry the loose end around the bottom of the alforjas and under the original main pack rope (c). Now pull again along the direction of the horse's body, but this time toward his tail. The strain will bend the pack rope (c), heretofore straight across back to form the diamond. It will likewise drag back to its original position amidships in the pack the entire hitch, which you will remember, was drawn too far forward by your previous pull toward

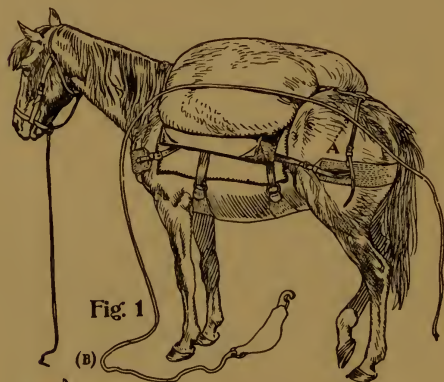


Fig. 1

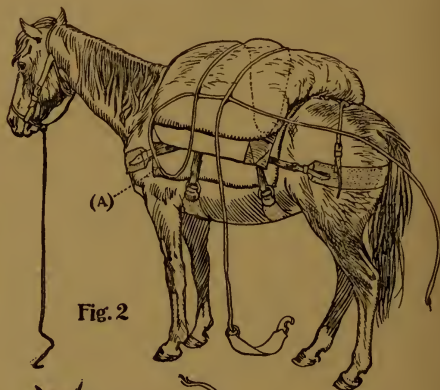


Fig. 2

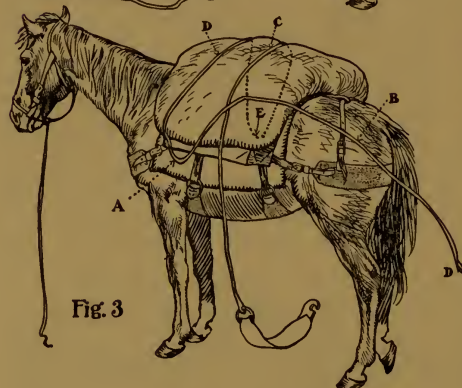


Fig. 3

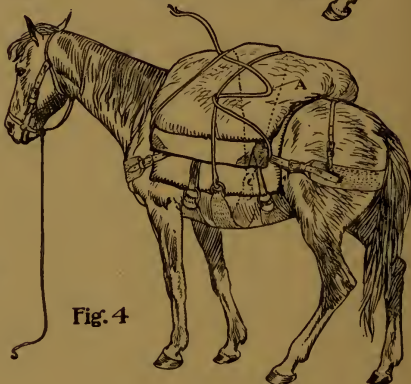


Fig. 4

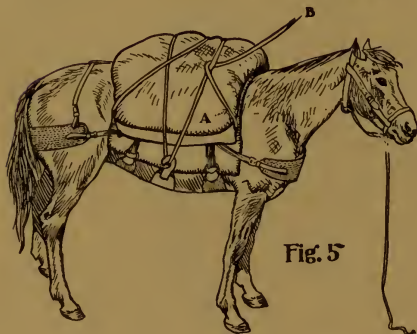


Fig. 5

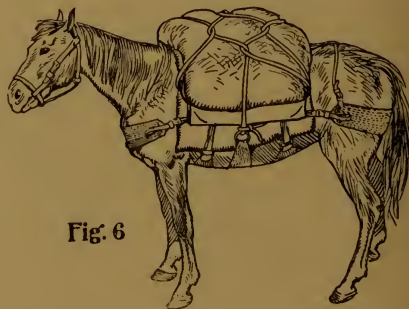


Fig. 6

the horse's head. Thus the last pull tightens the entire pack, clamps it down, secures it immovably, which is the main recommendation and beautiful feature of the diamond hitch.

THE DOUBLE DIAMOND

The double diamond is a much more complicated affair. Begin by throwing the cinch under, not over the horse. Let it lie there. Lay the end of the rope (a) lengthwise of the horse across one side of the top of the pack (Fig. 1). Experience will teach you just how big to leave loop (b). Throw loop (b) over top of pack

(Fig. II). Reverse loop (a, Fig. II) by turning it from left to right (Fig. III). Pass loop (a) around front and back of kyack, and end of rope (d) *over* rope c, and *under* rope d. Pass around the horse and hook the cinch hook in loop (e). This forms another loop (a, Fig. 4), which must be extended to the proper size and passed around the kyack on the other side (Fig. 5). Now tighten the cinch, pull up the slack, giving strong heaves where the hitch pulls forward or back along the left of the horse, ending with a last tightener at the end (b, Fig. 5). The end is then carried back under the kyack and fastened, and the hitch is complete as shown in Fig. 6.

FEEDING DOGS WITH THE LEAST TROUBLE

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

EXCEPT toys, every breed of dogs presents a perplexity in the food required for health. Not in the theory of feeding, for we all know what is best, if we could provide the best at a convenient outlay of trouble and money. The bother comes to the amateur who must think of the going out of dollars and who has not a special kennel and a professional kennelman.

In most things American the stumbling block is labor. The cost and difficulty of producing dogs and maintaining a dog fancy follow the common American experience. It is hard to get skilled labor, even if you have the money, and ruinous to do business unless you reduce labor cost to the minimum.

Thus it comes that at intervals the rules for feeding dogs must be rewritten to meet the progress of labor-saving invention.

In theory the very best feed for weanling puppies is milk and raw eggs. It is said that the eggs supply to cow's milk exactly the constituents required for a substitute when the dog mother's supply gives out. As the weeks pass you can gradually introduce bread, dog biscuit and meat. For adult dogs at hard work, you are not likely to give too much meat. The difficulty will rather be to get enough. Raw scraps from the butcher are acceptable, when you have no facilities for cooking. All the manufactured dog biscuit are good, corn meal as well as the rest, but hardly have enough substance and, in my judgment, lack some quality of digestive availability. It is my settled belief, deduced from careful observation, that no dog food is quite good as a digestible material unless it contains enough meat at least for a distinct flavor.

The explanation is probably not adequate in dietetic science, but it has often seemed to me that there had to be a keenness of appetite and a gratification of taste to set the digestive processes at work so that the food would be fully utilized. I have often seen dogs thrive on corn or wheat bread, simply flavored with a little thin soup or kitchen grease, when they would weaken on the bread alone.

One of the modern labor-saving devices is the cracklings or dried refuse from the packing houses. A noted handler has recently published a severe condemnation of this food. He says that it is offal, has no nutriment, and tends to make bad blood. I think that he is mistaken, and that he has not used the material wisely. This stuff should not be fed exclusively or in large quantities. Chip off a pound, boil until it is soft and mix the resulting soup and softened cracklings with bread or biscuit, for six or seven dogs of collie or pointer size. The dogs will find it appetizing and will do better than if fed on the bread alone. A dog is a natural eater of scraps and offal.

This handler, Mr. Askins, advances several other criticisms and one good suggestion. He condemns the waste from the breakfast food factories, and other prepared dog foods. He is mistaken again there. For purposes of digestion and nutrition these substances should be flavored or mixed with meat, but they are excellent foods, especially in summer, and for idle dogs at any time. It is important to know this fact, because they are ready to use and save the labor of preparing food. In fact, to reduce inconvenience to a minimum, you can do very well with your dogs

by using the baker's bread, corn bread or whatever other cereal you can get most easily; pouring boiling water over cracklings (chopped up) or whatever meat substance comes handy, and mixing the two. It is well to remember the old story that the stomach requires "filling" as well as nutriment. If the bread or cereal is not rich in protein it helps out wonderfully all the same.

Mr. Askins' good suggestion is that dog men should invent some way of using beans and peas. Six or seven years ago I advocated that food. In a droughty summer and autumn the farmer who had some of my dogs found himself without corn and without money but with an abundance of cowpeas. He presented the case to me and I told him to use the peas, with care as to thorough cooking. For two months he fed almost nothing else. The dogs never thrived better. Peas and beans are theoretically rich in protein, but they must be boiled long to be assimilable. My friend, the farmer, boiled a bit of pork with his supply, and the dogs ate eagerly. I should not ask a better regimen for any kind of dogs than this: One day beans boiled with pork, one day dry corn bread or manufactured dog biscuit, one day meat, either raw or cooked; then back to the beans.

But all this calls for trouble and special effort. What is the minimum for the amateur who has something on his hands beside dogs? He will usually have a servant to help if he keeps his dogs at home, or somebody whose business it is to feed if he boards them out. The chances are that the servant or other person is good-natured enough about it, but will not have much zeal in the occupation; will throw out food every day if it calls for nothing more, but will not carry out detailed instructions. The best resort is the manufacturer or the cannery. Canned beef or even salmon will do as the meat ingredient, and a very little will do for each dog. Waste breakfast food, baker's bread or dog biscuit will furnish the rest. If your nearest butcher will supply some of his refuse lean meat, chopped up with the cleaver, it will be an improvement twice a week. Let him throw in a few big bones to be gnawed. In this way cooking can be avoided altogether. The dog which gets sick will nearly always eat raw eggs stirred up with broken bread.

It is odd that all the books have a hard word for corn bread, while all the country owners use nothing else. And the country dogs are strong and healthy. I have no doubt at all that corn bread is all right, after the dog stomach gets used to it. A man who fancies bird dogs or hounds must have them kept in the country, unless he has his own kennel or country place. He can be quite contented if they are fed on corn bread.

How often should a dog be fed? Theoretically, a small feed twice a day is better

than a big one once a day. In practice once a day will turn out better. With the inattentive service you are most likely to get, the once-a-day will be the only regular feeding you can rely upon, and regularity is important. In the working season for bird dogs and hounds, you like to begin early in the morning at your sport. A dog works better on an empty stomach. It is his nature to get along best with digestion not too frequent. Let him be fed well at night. For other dogs, which seldom work hard enough for exercise, much less for fatigue, the one-time method is plenty.

No other animal, perhaps, is as "notional" about eating as a sporting dog. It is common to see a hound or setter refuse to eat for two or three days after he reaches a new home. You need not be anxious, unless he is evidently sick. Let him alone, don't leave food lying around, and he will be himself shortly. In kennels where there are a number of dogs it is always the case that some eat ravenously and some hold off, picking indifferently at the food. It is best for each dog to be fed separately in all kennels where two or more are kept. But there, again, is the amateur's question of time and trouble. At least he must charge himself with seeing that one dog does not gorge while another starves. The easiest plan, perhaps, is to hold out part of the food until the greedy ones get their allowance, send them back to the kennel and supply the slow feeders at their leisure.

Individuality in dogs must be considered when using meat. The cranky ones will often refuse other food if they get meat separately. This is the more to be expected if the meat is fed raw. Raw meat is so distinctly the natural food of the dog kind that an appetite once indulged will not be altogether contented with other supplies. The habit often causes anxiety because it may be that, for reasons of health to the dog or convenience to the owner, feeding raw scraps is advisable. Nobody likes to see a dumb animal apparently starving, but sometimes the voluntary starving may do as much good as harm. Gradually the dog will learn to take his rations of biscuit or corn bread; but you will now and then see one which will wait two days for his meat, while bread lies in front of him. All this can be obviated by serving the meat daily in a stew, mixed with cereal or bread, instead of on separate days. At times it works well to leave out the meat entirely and compel the dog to adjust himself to bread. Compassion need not be excited when a canine misses a meal or two. He is not to be judged by mankind's habits. Abstinence is rather in his line.

A principle is that when at daily hard work in the field, and the feed comes once a day, a dog can hardly eat too much; when doing nothing in a kennel, certainly in summer, he cannot eat too little voluntarily.

Sloppy, soupy stews and mashers should

not be fed continuously. They weaken digestion. Meat or hard biscuit force a little wholesome chewing and help to give proper exercise to the digestion. Undoubtedly any animal gets more nutrition from food if the digestive process requires some reasonable labor from the stomach and intestines.

Water admits no carelessness. It should be always around, always clean, and always fresh.

A recent authority says that the caution against bones for dogs is unnecessary. A dog's stomach, he tells us, soon takes off the sharp edges. In a way he is right; but it is the occasional bone that goes wrong.

As a summary for the amateur who keeps a few dogs but does not care to devote much time to their management, it is a working principle to let the caretaker do what is easiest and surest for him, with a

sprinkle of necessary ready-made amendments supplied by the owner. Keep on hand a bag of dog biscuit or waste cereal. Try to have the butcher send around rough meat and bones, as he accumulates a stock. A few cans of the cheapest packed meat or salmon won't cost much. Without annoying thought or expense, nowadays, the dogs can be well enough fed by anybody. All the old customs of much cooking of "stirabout" and other mushes can be safely discarded. At a pinch you can defy the authorities altogether and rub along with corn bread and "middling" meat. One caution: In changing suddenly from a bread to a meat diet, or vice versa, a dog will often go badly off in nose or otherwise be affected. If you must make sudden changes, give the dog time to get accustomed. Either diet is probably right enough and only needs digestive adjustment.

SEA TROUT FISHING IN CANADIAN WATERS

BY ARTHUR P. SILVER

WHEN the successful angler surveys a four- or five-pound sea trout dripping fresh from the tidal waters of some Canadian river, as he notes the fine proportions and pure colors of the fish, the graceful form of the round broad back curving to the small well-shaped head, the flashing lights thrown back from the brilliant silvery sides, the opal tints of the lower parts of the body, and the delicate carmine of the stiffening fins, he finds it difficult to believe that the sea trout is not entitled to a name of its own for all the protestations of the naturalists that it is nothing more or less than the ordinary river trout, otherwise *Salvelinus fontinalis*, which has "suffered a sea change into something rare and strange," by a habit that has gradually been acquired of running to the ocean, where the bountiful diet of the sea has brought about a remarkable development in size and beauty. Anatomically considered there can be no structural difference whatsoever discovered between the two, sharply contrasted as they are to all outward appearance.

The naturalist has also settled it that there is no specific difference between the gamy *ouananiche* (pronounced *wonaneesh*—a fish in appearance very similar to the well known Loch Leven trout) which haunts the inland Canadian waters, and the Atlantic salmon. The opinion was for

a long time held that this interesting fish was a "land-locked" salmon, by some means having formerly become imprisoned by natural barriers in remote upper waters, and debarred for a long period of time from access to the sea. Further investigation, however, has shown that the *ouananiche* cannot possibly be considered a land-locked salmon, for wherever found it can run to sea if it has the desire. Hence we are brought face to face with the remarkable conclusion that two varieties of the finny tribe by which the vast network of Canadian lakes and her thousands of clear rapid rivers are tenanted have this marked peculiarity in common, that a certain proportion of individuals have developed the habit of running to the ocean, while others of less enterprise, remaining all their lives in the fresh water pools and rapids, are seen to be inferior in size and attain less magnificent proportions, although it must be admitted that in strength and courage these are in no wise inferior, or in any properties which go to the make-up of a noble game fish.

Careless of their classification on the library shelf, however, early in July shoals of silver-sided trout press in from the sea toward the mouths of all the great rivers flowing over the ancient gneiss and granite rocks of the interior of the great Labrador peninsula, rushing down the sides of her

shaggy mountains into the cold Arctic tide; advancing also into the myriad streams which seek the channel of the majestic St. Lawrence, the noble rivers of New Brunswick and the short but picturesque streams of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia.

Perhaps the best sea trout rivers of the Dominion are two beautiful little streams running into the Bay of Chaleur, the Nouvelle and the Escuminac. No satisfactory explanation can be given of the remarkable fact that no salmon are ever known to ascend either of them. It is impossible to picture a more ideal specimen of a sea trout river than the Escuminac. Here you see a succession of deep still pools overhung by steep shady banks with gentle rapids above and long shelving tails where the big fish love to sport and feed. In both rivers are found a peculiarly large and fine breed of sea trout—smart bold rising fish which take freely and play with wonderful agility. In their general characteristics they approach the salmon more nearly than any other Canadian sea trout. They choose the same stations at the tails of the pools, and rise at the fly and play when hooked very like the salmon. The water in both these rivers coming from the Shick Shock Mountains is gin-clear, so that a pool fifteen feet deep looks as if the bottom were merely glazed with a thin sheet of plate glass. One can watch every fish in the pool and see him leave his lair to dash at the fly like a falcon at its quarry. Most fishermen prefer not to see their game, notwithstanding a weighty authority has declared,

"The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream."

It is very exasperating to fish over a six- or seven-pound fish in full view taking not the least heed of your skillful attempts at his capture. I have seen as many as a dozen trout collected together in the Escuminac behind a rock, and have caught them all one after the other. After an interval of an hour or so I have seen as many more come to the same resting place and all take the fly in turn. There is no doubt not as much amusement about this to most anglers as there is in taking out of deep dark waters a fish of whose existence you were previously totally unaware; a pleasure which Thoreau considered somewhat akin to drawing the winning ticket in a lottery.

It may happen that when angling for sea trout one finds himself suddenly confronted with his big cousin, the salmon, as illustrated by the following anecdote from the diary of an old friend who, to borrow Izaak Walton's familiar epitaph, was "a good angler and now with God." This shows how the unexpected sometimes happens in sea trout fishing.

Mr. Baillie, grandson of the Old Frontier missionary, was fishing the General's Bridge River (Annapolis Co., N. S.) upstream for trout, standing above his knees in water, with an old negro, Peter Prince,

at his elbow. In the very act of casting a trout fly he saw a large salmon lingering in a deep hole a few yards away from his feet. The sun favored him, throwing his shadow behind. To remain motionless, pull out a spare hook and penknife, and with a bit of his old hat and some of the gray old negro's wool to make a salmon fly then and there, he and the negro standing in the running stream, was the work of only a few minutes. This fly must have been the original of Norris' famous killing, "silver greyt!"

In the early part of the season the sea trout, especially in tidal waters, prefer gaudy flies such as the red hackle and scarlet ibis, or a bright claret body with white wings. A distinction must be made in the size and color of flies for use in the rough rapids, or in dark pools covered as is often the case with an inch or two of creamy or snow-white flocks of foam, also between those tied for the dark water of some streams which have their sources from lakes encumbered with beds of black mud from which shoots upward a rank growth of water plants, and those which issue from clear mountain springs. The same flies are not equally effective on dark days or when the wind ripples the water and when the sun shines bright and clear. During the fishing season there are apt to be far fewer cloudy days than bright ones. Frequently the sun rises and sets day after day in unclouded splendor. There are many picturesque trout pools, however, where precipitous cliffs shade the water so as to admit of a couple of hours good fishing both in the early and late hours of the day. Were the sportsman compelled to confine himself to one fly for both bright and dark days, clear water or turbid, he could not do better than select the Parmachene Belle which is irresistible at almost all times to a feeding trout. Many very successful sportsmen limit their range of sea trout flies to bodies of claret, yellow, or orange, with wings of turkey, drake, teal, or woodcock mingled with the black and white of the jungle fowl. The very best trout fishing cannot be had except by camping out. However, Canadian guides are, generally speaking, expert canoe men and adepts in woodcraft, and one can often hire good Indians, who are agreeable by their wonderful gift of taciturnity to one who wishes to do nothing and think of nothing but fish and enjoy the beauties of his usually romantic environment.

As a canoe—whether of birch bark or cedar—is a *sine qua non* in the majority of Canadian rivers, the angler should practice casting with a firmly balanced body and hold his movements at all times well under control. It is true that the little craft can often be steadily held by the poles during the play of a fish, but it is sometimes necessary to run free and trust the skill of the men in navigating the

rapids while one keeps his attention riveted on the struggling game fish. Whenever there has been a heavy spate the Canadian angler looks forward eagerly to the few days during which the water is slowly subsiding to its normal average condition as certain to offer the best fishing. Both trout and salmon may doubtless have run up river during the flood, but it requires the dwindling current to settle them in their accustomed pools and stations.

A favorite "station" for large trout in a river is an eddy behind some shelving rock where flies and smaller fishes are carried by the set of the current. There are some such haunts never unoccupied when fish are running, for if a trout is taken out of one of them his place is immediately supplied by another who has deserted a less desirable station.

Should it be near the time of the full moon, when one run has passed on its way, there will be no long wait until the next one arrives, though the fish will certainly not average the same size. There is undoubtedly something about the "bright regent of the heavens," when in the majesty of full orb which determines the flights of snipe, woodcock, and other migrant birds, and which determines the in-shore movements of anadromous fish. In the case of the birds it may be that they prefer to travel beneath a bright sky. The high tides prevailing at the full of the moon doubtless account for the approach of the fish to the rivers at this time—the sand bars and reefs being better covered up and affording an easier passage than ordinary.

Whoever has had the privilege of lying at full length on some mossy overhanging bank while watching a large trout in his lair, perceives that a true figure has yet to be drawn of him. Even photography can give no hint of the wavy circles from the spotted dorsal fin undulating loosely athwart the broad back; of the perpetual fanning of the pectoral fins, of the capacious gills opening and closing, the half open round mouth, the luminous brown eye, the ceaseless slow vibration of the powerful tail; nor can pen adequately describe the startling suddenness of the dart at some idle fly touching the surface, the quick return to the old position and the resumption of the poise with head elevated at a slight angle, pectorals all tremulous, and floating watery circles emanating from every slight motion of the body. It is also worth while to watch a trout rush four feet up a perpendicular fall of water, pause, tremble violently all over, and in a moment throw himself clear of the stream and fall into the basin above, at an elevation of about three feet more.

In low water sea trout play about near the mouths of all the rivers, moving along the deep channels cut through the sand-

flats by the racing current with the ebb and flow of the tide, awaiting favorable conditions to make their ascent in order to deposit their spawn. Here, by taking a boat, good sport may be enjoyed.

It is true there are those who agree with Scrope when he declares, "The truth is I like no sea fishing whatever, being of opinion that it requires little skill." On the other hand a sea trout taken from the salt water is vastly superior to one that is caught after spending a couple of weeks in the rivers. The change of diet, or the effects of the warmer fresh water, seem to have a relaxing effect and speedily affect both the appearance and flavor of the fish.

Perhaps the most enjoyable sea trout fishing is to be had in some dark romantic pool far "up river" where the fish will be found at the edge of lily pads, or sometimes under the broad leafage of the floating water weeds, or hiding behind banks of water fern or half sunken logs. Such fish are only to be approached in a light boat or canoe. You must steal slowly and circumspectly up the calm water ("studying to be quiet" as good old Izaak directs), showing no shadow until you have drawn within reach of the place where you have repeatedly seen back fin and tail show up as a fly was lazily seized, or large vibrating circles where his prey has been struck at with the broad tail. That he is feeding is evident from the brief intervals at which he keeps rising. Now see to it that the "green drake" descends like thistle down. There comes a sudden "boil." Yes, you have hooked him—by the quick tension of the line and the rod curved to the butt. Give him no loose line, but hold him tight, keep his head well up, and guide him, if you can, out of the dangerous tangle of the weeds, away from his lair where there may be another giant of the river in hiding. He plunges and fights with great fury, but all to no purpose. You slip the net under him and he is yours.

How pink they are in flesh and what delicious eating! Boiling is doubtless the best mode of cooking the sea trout. However in camp the more expeditious frying pan is usually called into service. Say that the beech or maple logs of the camp fire have burnt low into scarlet glowing coals—burning without any smoke whatever—there is your chance for artistic cooking. The frying pan is laid on with several slices of the best pork available, and when this is sufficiently melted and the pan sputtering and crackling with the heat, then drop in the trout split and cleaned and lay the thin brown slices of the pork or bacon over them. When the underside is of a bright chestnut hue then turn over the bodies and it will not need the tingling air of the Canadian forest to sharpen the appetite into an appreciation of the delicious fare.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE INTERIOR

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

THE HOUSEHOLD WATER-SUPPLY

COMPARATIVELY few country homes have, as yet, a system of water-works which supplies water to all parts of the house. But we are speedily coming to that. The day isn't far off when the pump will no longer be operated by hand, and water will be at our service "up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." This is as it should be, for the household that is obliged to make many trips to the pump in the yard daily wastes a good deal of time and labor that might better be applied to other work. The small gasoline engine is going to solve the problem of water-supply for the house for us. It is going to do away with the noisy, unsightly, and complicated wind-mill. It can easily be made to pump from the well or other source of water-supply to the attic of the house, from which it can be distributed everywhere in pipes. Such a system can be put into any house with but very little trouble, at any time, if open plumbing is not objected to, and nowadays most persons prefer that to the concealed system. Large tanks or reservoirs will not be needed, for a few minutes' operation of the engine each day will be sufficient to lift all the water required during twenty-four hours. The fresher it is the better. The services of a plumber will be necessary, of course, in installing such a system, but, this once done, and done well, there ought to be very little expense connected with it thereafter. Pipes leading to rooms in which there is not sufficient heat, in winter, to prevent their freezing, should be so arranged that the water can be shut off from them by valves near the tank. Should there be any danger of the tank's freezing in severely cold weather, it can be emptied at night, by opening the valves of the pipes connected with it, and letting off the water through the pipe which carries it to drain or outlet. The tank can be refilled so easily and so rapidly in the morning that there need be no annoyance because of lack of water for household use. If "the man who attends to things" starts the engine when he goes to the basement to see to the fire, there will be plenty of water on hand when the people in the kitchen get around to make use of it. The convenience of running water in each room is never fully appreciated until one puts such a system in operation. Then he will wonder how he ever got along without it.

SMALL VS. LARGE ROOMS—SOME SUGGESTIONS ABOUT FURNISHING

A correspondent writes: "We are planning to build a new house this season. The plan we have about decided on calls for a parlor and living-room. Neither can be very large. I have thought of making a change, and having one large room instead of two ordinary sized ones. Would you advise this? How would it do to have an archway of grille work or spindles in the center? What color would you suggest for the woodwork, which must be painted, and for the walls? The parlor faces south. The living-room would not get much direct light. Would you advise mission furniture?"

I would advise one good-sized room rather than two small ones. You will find it more satisfactory in every way. You might have an open-work archway if thought best, with portières that can be drawn to give the appearance of two rooms, as occasion may require. I would much prefer spindles to grille work. Spindle work is simpler, and has more dignity about it, and is more agreeable to the eye than a mass of intricate angles and designs such as characterize most grille work.

As a color-scheme I would suggest ivory white for woodwork, and a light sage-green for the walls, with ceiling a soft cream. This ceiling color can be brought down a foot or eighteen inches on the sidewalls with fine effect. If old rose curtains are used you will have a very pleasing harmony of colors. Have a large rug rather than a carpet, with olive ground, figured with ivory and old rose, with a few touches of yellow to heighten the effect of the other colors. If you conclude to have two rooms connecting with a wide arch or doorway, I would advise the colors suggested above for parlor, and for the living-room walls of a very light sage with an orange tint in it. This will give a warm, sunny effect to the room, and light up well, and will be found much preferable to a color of deeper tone for a room that does not get much direct sunshine. If but one room is decided on, it can be made very pleasant by putting a fireplace or grate in the north end, and having a wide mullioned window at the south. In such a room the north end of it can have a rug with deeper tones in it than the one in the south half. The depth of color will offset, to some extent,

the lack of direct sunshine, and afford a pleasing variety in the color-scheme.

I would not advise mission furniture. This style is all right for some places, but its place is not in the living-room. It has the merit of being substantial, but it is clumsy and ungraceful in its massiveness. It is a fad, just now, but its popularity is already on the wane. There is plenty of furniture in the market that shows excellent taste in outline and design, and this will be found more satisfactory than the severely plain, or the over-elaborated, because it strikes the "happy medium" which one does not tire of as he does of either extreme. Don't—oh don't!—get a "set" of furniture. Get the things you need without regard to their being alike in pattern. So long as there is a general harmony between them, they will be entirely satisfactory, because lack of sameness will prevent your tiring of them as one is sure to of the old regulation "set," which has about had its day. But let whatever you buy be genuinely good in material and honestly made. That's wise economy always.

SOME SUGGESTIONS ABOUT PICTURES

In buying engravings and etchings be careful to see that they do not have a background of pine in which there are knots or pitchy places. If there are any of these they will discolor the picture after a little. I had a fine etching spoiled in this way last year. I noticed that a part of it was turning yellow, and on searching for the cause I found that the backing had several pitchy spots in it. I took the picture to a dealer for renovation, but he failed to remove the color. Therefore make sure that the backing of the pictures you buy has nothing but sound, clean wood in it.

Avoid heavy, showy frames on pictures of ordinary size. The picture is the main thing, if it is a good one, and if it isn't good you don't want it. Flat frames of wood in light colors, with a narrow inside molding of gold are very satisfactory for most water-colors. So are ivory and gold frames if they can have a background of solid color, like old blue, sage green, or a mustard brown.

Oil paintings look best in frames whose outer edge projects somewhat. This seems to detach the picture from its surroundings and focus the eye upon it more effectively than a flat frame would. In water-colors and engravings we secure this effect by surrounding the picture with a mat of neutral color.

Never hang pictures high on the wall and tilt them forward to bring them on a proper level to fit the eye. Hang them on a level with the eye, and let them incline forward very slightly, if at all.

Do not arrange pictures in precise and formal groups. Hang them in such a manner that they will show to the best advan-

tage. Experiment with them until you have found the right place for each one. Many a beautiful picture is spoiled by careless hanging. A picture that seems a failure in one place may come out charmingly when you hang it where conditions are all favorable.

We neglect the corners of our rooms too much. Fine effects can be secured by hanging long and narrow pictures there. Try this, and see if I am not right. Corners are excellent places for upright flower pieces.

Great care must be taken to hang pictures covered with glass in positions where the light will not strike them in such a manner as to cause reflections, as from a mirror. All pictures under glass are most effective on walls which do not face windows.

Never buy a picture that doesn't please you because a friend urges you to do so. You are buying for yourself, therefore let your own taste decide the matter. You may not have what is called "a cultivated taste," but you can tell when a picture pleases you as well as if you had all the cultivation in the world, and that's the criterion for the purchaser to judge a picture by—does it please? A picture need not be expensive to be good. Really fine ones can be bought cheaply. A good picture has as much of a mission in the family as a good book has. Books, pictures, music and flowers are the four apostles of the gospel of the beautiful in the home.

SOME HINTS FOR THE FRUIT-CANNER IN THE HOME

Before putting fruit in glass jars, wash them in soap suds containing a little soda. Then rinse well with scalding water, and set in the sun to dry.

If you want the flavor of the fruit to come out well, do not use an excess of sugar.

Never use poor fruit for canning. The best is none too good. Let it be as fresh as possible, and not over-ripe.

Handle it as little as possible.

Have everything in readiness before you begin operations. The woman who has to run to pantry or kitchen every time a thing is wanted makes herself double the work that's necessary.

Use the best grade of sugar. It may cost a little more than the ordinary, but it will make your fruit enough better to pay the difference in cost.

Do not stir your fruit when it is cooking. If you want to know how it is coming along, take out a piece of it without disturbing the rest.

Give it a brisk boiling. If allowed to stand and simmer it will not retain its shape well.

When the cans are ready for sealing, see that the covers fit perfectly. Never use one that does not hug down tightly to the shoulder of the jar.

Never use old rubbers. They have lost too much of their elasticity to be satisfactory.

If you are putting up fruit in bottles or jugs which cannot be fitted with covers, cork them well, and then brush them over with a wax made as follows: Two ounces of resin, and four ounces of beeswax. Melt on the back of the stove, stirring often to prevent its burning. Put it on the bottle or jug while hot, and use it liberally.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Strawberry Planting. (B. N.)—Strawberries can be planted to advantage this month and next. If this is done—and the work is done well—the plants will make a vigorous root-growth before the coming of cold weather, and next year ought to give you a good crop of fruit from the bed. Make the soil fine and rich. Set the plants in rows at least two feet apart, and eighteen inches apart in the row. In setting, spread the roots out evenly, and make the soil firm about them. Water well, two or three times a week, if the season happens to be a dry one. In reply to the request for information as to what kinds to plant, I would say that Brandywine and Senator Dunlap are favorites with me, but I would hardly care to be put on record as saying that they are the best, because there are many other kinds on the market which I have never grown, and some of them may be better than the two I name. Sometimes a variety that succeeds in one locality may prove a partial failure in another, because of difference of soil, and other conditions. If there are any growers in your neighborhood, I would suggest that you consult them before deciding on the kind to plant.

Care of Gold Fish. (F.)—Let the globe in which you keep your fish be of good size. Ten or twelve inches across, at least. Such a vessel is desirable because it gives the fish more room, and the water in it does not lose its freshness as soon as it will in a small vessel. Be sure to have a growing plant in it; aquarium moss is good. So is parrot's feather. Either grows readily from cuttings broken from the parent plants, if inserted in a little sand until it has had a chance to form roots. Renew the water frequently, especially in warm weather. The old water can be drawn off by a siphon, without disturbing the fish or the plants in the globe. Place a handful or two of pebbles about the roots of the plants to hold them in place, and cover the

sand, of which there should be an inch or two in depth. Never make a habit of feeding the fish with crumbs. The prepared food sold by dealers in aquaria is best.

Engines for Farm Use. (S. S. A.)—Certainly I advise the use of the gasoline engine on the farm. If you can save manual labor by it, why not make use of it? The time is coming—and it isn't far off—when no up-to-date farmer can afford to be without one. In a recent issue of *Hoard's Dairyman* I find the following: "Almost every boy has a natural fondness for machinery, and a gasoline engine, by permitting him to give play to his ingenuity in rigging up machinery and operating it about the home may solve the vexed problem of how to keep the boy at home, in many cases." All of which I heartily indorse.

Building the Hen-House. (W. E.)—It is not necessary, as you seem to think, to go to great expense in building a place in which to keep hens. Nor is it advisable to do so until you have tried your hand at the poultry business, and satisfied yourself that there is a chance of success in it for you. Better experiment carefully before you put much money into the undertaking. A house that is snug and warm can be built quite cheaply. You say you propose to start out with about forty hens. I would suggest a house about twenty feet square, with a scratching-shed in front or at one side. Let the house be seven or eight feet at the front, with a sloping roof. If it is five feet high at the rear it will be just about right. Build it of boards covered with two thicknesses of tarred sheathing paper, and finish with matched lumber. Paint it as soon as built to prevent shrinking. Have a wide window in the part facing the sun. Take pains to make every part of it as snug as possible. Hens require a warm place in winter. Arrange the nest, in such a manner that they can be got at without entering the building. This can be done by placing them along the side, with a little door over each one, in the wall. The perches should be wide and flat. Arrange them in such a manner that a fowl is never obliged to sit under other fowls. It is a good plan to suspend them by iron rods. These will hold them rigidly in place, and will not harbor insects as wood will. Now is a good time to build the house. If you wait until late in the season you may hurry it along so rapidly that the work will not be thoroughly done.



Photograph by McCorkle, Portland.



MUSIC IN THE FO'CASTLE

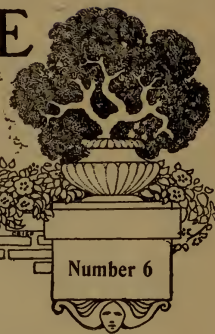
Drawing by Henry Jarvis Peck.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



Vol. L

SEPTEMBER, 1907



Number 6

THE PENT AND HUDDLED EAST

BY VANCE THOMPSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRIBAYEDOFF



OW the old East End has changed to one who goes back to it after the years! Always it is drab, and the mean streets stretch away, mirk miles long. Always the low squalid houses cluster round the dirty flagged squares, and out of the desolation hideous piles of model buildings uplift their prison walls. But how it has changed! And how, at every point, one's knowledge is confused by a new population in the ancient streets, by the vanishment of old haunts of riot and misery. Down Ratcliffe Highway the drunken sailormen swung in bygone days, howling; now the suave, gesticulating Orient chaffers there. The hooligan is almost an alien in Whitechapel. For Whitechapel is the Ghetto; it is a strip torn from Red Russia.

Wherein is the great change?

In this: A proletariat of inferior quality—but not at all tumultuous—fills the mean streets. The true natives of the slums of the East have not wholly gone. Still one may see and have speech with the wicked,

brawling little Englishmen, but there is less and less room for them. They swim, gasping in the alien flood. And the poor workmen, grown poorer, have sunk deeper. From Poland and Galicia and Russia the new proletariat has filtered in, filling the nooks and crannies of the slums. They have many virtues, these Eastern Jews; they are sober; they are thrifty; they are money-wise; and, banded together by an unreleasing freemasonry of race and religion, they have had little difficulty in supplanting the native East-Enders, who were brawlers, drunkards, wasters, inefficient competitors. You shall go down into a Whitechapel where the only Gentiles are those who light the fires and turn the wheels for Israel. And in Mile End Old Town, where there are 66,000 inhabitants, you will find only one Englishman out of six. A notable change. None of the grim and turbulent memories of the "Jack-the-Ripper" period will fit into the present-day scheme of things. A grayer world, not so striped with blood; a grayer sea of poverty, through which the sharks swim lazily, and philanthropy, a fat white bulk, floats on the scum.

THE SECONDARY MILLIONS

Oh, figures are grim and eloquent things! I like to see them file across a page in their lean, black way, abrupt and prophetic as spiders. After all they are the only unlying sign-posts on the road humanity is going. Their metallic arms obstinately refuse to point to an optimistic south when the road runs bleakly north. A few figures, then:

England is rich. Assume, by way of imagery, that the national wealth is a loaf of bread at which forty millions feed and that the loaf is sliced into twelve parts. Now eleven slices go to the uppermost five millions. The thirty-five millions are all gnawing at the remaining one slice. An enormous and perturbing fact. It is evident that one slice, since the loaf is not miraculous, cannot feed the thirty-five millions; quite evident, many get not even a crumb. In London last year two hundred died in the streets of starvation; they got not a crumb, and year in and year out two millions are on the verge of starvation.

(By night we crossed a little bridge over a slip by the docks; in this deserted place a policeman stood on duty. "Why are you stationed here?" "To keep the women from going over into the water—so many of 'em went over into the water it got the name of Suicide Bridge.")

There are other figures, grimly eloquent: There is a standing army, as the phrase goes, of 80,000 unemployed; add, still, 30,000 women very badly employed indeed; and 33,000 homeless adults; and 35,000 wandering children of the slums; and 15,000 free criminals and you have before you a statistical summary of the situation in the greatest city in Christendom. Interesting, is it not? And with those who do not walk the streets o' night things are only a degree better. It is a fact that ninety per cent. of the producers of the actual wealth of London have no homes they can call their own beyond the week's end and no other possessions than the few sticks of old furniture that will go into a hand-cart for trundling from lodging to lodging. And 300,000 people live in one-room tenements, in which decency is impossible. Every night 30,000 Londoners sleep in four-penny lodging-houses—the four-penny "Doss," and every night 11,000

sleep in the casual wards. Where should they sleep, these secondary millions? In London there are 1,292,737 workers who get less than five dollars a week *per family*! The week I write of there were 99,820 persons in workhouses, hospitals, and prisons of the great town.

Figures when they are melted up together and run into a mold, come out—after cooling—in the shape of an inexorable mathematical law. Of these the most imposing and symmetrical is the law of averages. By said law certain things come to pass. Nine-tenths of man's felicity depends upon being well-born; in London a bit more than nine-tenths. In the upper classes eighteen per cent. of the children die before reaching the age of five years, but in the lower classes—say of St.-George's-in-the-East—the average death rate is twenty-nine years of age. So by the mere fact of being born out of the nobility and gentry the Londoner is stripped of twenty-seven years of the life that might have been his. Oh, of other things, too, he is shorn! His short life is bare of comfort or delight. Nor can he take pride in it—it is, at once, too dirty and too sad; all by that chance of birth too far eastward. Pain and hunger and helotry—the empty belly and the overburdened back—are his heritage. He and his woman—a pair of lean, warped animals—slink together through the grayness of life, under the iron laws. And in blows and oaths, they find a certain joy in gin—which is white as water and runs hellishly hot down the throat and smokes in the brain; find, too, in the pewter pot of heavy-wet a certain sleep which is better than waking; go thus through life till the iron law of averages knocks them on the head at twenty-nine.

An inexorable law, decreeing that one of every four Londoners shall die in workhouse, hospital, jail, or lunatic asylum—one out of four.

It was in the Paragon Buildings I think: a workman's home of one room; the man was at work; the woman was there with her four children—four boys. They were not attractive boys. Glum and pallid they munched greasy bread. They were ragged, unclean, unhandkerchiefed. But I could not keep my eyes off them—for one of them I knew was foredoomed to die in



Typical East End old clo' men.

Photograph by V. Gribayedoff.



A Whitechapel "geezer."

Photograph by V. Grihayedoff.

workhouse, madhouse or jail. Which one of them, I wondered. Over which tousled little head was the grim, statistical fate impending? And nothing could deflect it. Upon one head or the other it must fall.

Take your Englishman in his club and ask him how he feels about this state of affairs; he will look mournful and wag his head and ask you to have a whiskey-and-soda. The Englishman, having no sensibility, loves to create round himself the fiction that his feelings are too deep for words. As a matter of fact, bar the professional philanthropists and a few socialists, the English are quite content with things as they are. To be sure they like to read "Slum Stories." From Dickens to Morrow a host of writers have made fortune by beating the drum on the empty bellies of the poor. But most of that literature is

maudlin, and through all of it runs a dirty thread of obsequious falsehood.

THE DOSSER AND THE CASUAL

A group of dirty fellows stands at the street corner, against the background of a public-house. You see that in New York and you see it in London, but you do not see it anywhere save in the Anglo-Saxon world. The German and the Latin idle, but only those of our breed loaf, in gloomy fellowship, at street corners. These fellows of Brick Lane are typical of the race. Their hands are in their pockets. Their caps are pulled down over their eyes. Their shoulders are hunched up. They are mean and sullen and wicked. A bold girl passes. Her hair is in curl papers; her boots are broken; her skirt drags muddily. Under her arm is a bundle of coats, covered

with a black linen cloth, which she has just finished machining for the "Sweater." One of the loafers lifts his head, showing a sallow face—a face like a bad dream—and draws an insult at the girl.

"Garn, ye petty-larcenist!" she says, and goes her way.

An old woman in cap and apron comes from the public-house; she is bent and weazened; she carries a wretched little thing that seems to belong to the human species, an idiot, almost bald, that rattles

a sort of wooden ball, filled with nuts or pebbles. A man crosses the road. Like all the others he is small. They breed the Londoner big and tall and wholesome in the West; here the Englishmen are little and warped and stunted—no bigger than the Jews. This little man slouches along; his coat is foul with mud and grease; a dirty brown neckerchief hides his lack of a shirt; his trousers are trodden rags about his heels; he is swallowed by the black mouth of a lodging-house. Go you in after



The county council's new benches his only luxury.

Photograph by V. Gribayedoff.



Female "corner loafers" waiting for the next
thirst to seize them.

Photograph by V. Gribayedoff.



Earning a night's lodging and breakfast at the casual ward.

Photograph by V. Gribayedoff.



Hessel Street, where live the poorest of the poor.

Photograph by V. Grbayedoff.

him. There are half a thousand such places where you may get fourpenn'orth of sleep. Through a stone hall you come into the living-room, where at night the men sleep on the benches. At one side an iron sink with a dripping faucet. Beyond, the dormitory, filled with beds, where adults and children sleep together. A woman squats on the floor, weaving the mats she hawks from door to door. Now and then she calls one of the children over to her and cuffs it; probably her own. The man who has just come in tells her of his "luck." It has been bloody bad, he says, and he sits at a table and eats fried fish out of a yellow paper. As it grows later the lodgers come in by one and two. Some are well on in drink and happy. Tobacco smoke, the smell of food and beer, a rancid odor of stale humanity cloud the air. At the fire the women quarrel for room to toast herrings. In such a den I came upon a merry fellow with a wooden leg—a Welshman named Davies, who had written a book of verses, and for half a crown I read the "Lodging House Fire," which you may read for less:

My birthday—yesterday,
Its hours were twenty-four;
Four hours I lived luke-warm,
And killed a score.

I woke eight-chimes, and rose,
Came to our fire below,
Then sat four hours and watched
Its sullen glow.

Then out four hours I walked,
The luke-warm four I live,
And felt no other joy
Than air can give.

My mind durst know no thought,
It knew my life too well;
'Twas hell before, behind,
And round me hell——

Lower than this hell is the casual ward; there is one only three streets away; in coming into a stone-flagged room the "casual" is stripped and put into a bath, while his clothes are "stoved." Then he gets supper—unsweetened "skilly" and a slice of bread; no drink—not even water is given him, a queer, cruel privation. His bed is of planks in a stone cell. They wake him early, give him gruel and bread again, and set him to work. If he comes oftener than once in a month, he must "stay in"

four days; in any case he must do a day's work by way of payment. He breaks stone or picks oakum. The stones are worth less when broken than before. Oakum in these days of iron ships is of no use or value. The work is heart-breaking, because it is empty and useless. In fact, the casual ward has been designed for the express purpose of keeping casuals away. In all London (as you know) only 11,000 are desperate enough to accept this hospitality; there are thrice as many who prefer to walk the streets. They sleep under the arches, by the riverside, against a dark wall——

And in all the world there are no human animals lower in degree. I know Naples and the Genovan waterside and the slums of Marseilles and many an old-world town, but nowhere have I seen humanity rotted into such ignominy. There are things one can't say, and I saw them. Only the worst are left in this East End. Thousands upon thousands have been crowded out by the immense alien throngs of Israel. A diluvian immigration. In addition scores of the old human rookeries have been torn down, and the slum-dwellers have fled, making new slums on the marshes of Walthamstow, in watery Canning Town, at Plaistow, Stratford, Leyton, Edmonton, always East. And they who cannot get away are the weakest and worst. Unable to compete with the sober and thrifty Jews, unable to fend for themselves in work or crime, they have got to the bottom of life—so low that official charity cannot reach them—humanity in its last stage, fit only to throw to the lampreys and the eels.

THE PAUPERS AT THE GATE

Petticoat Lane—no longer "the Lane," famous in letters; only the old smells survive, among the multiple barrows of fish and stale vegetables. The clothes, old and new and revamped, overflow the shops and sidewalks; tin pans and blankets, tawdry laces and pinch-beck jewelry—an Oriental bazaar. The street is absolutely packed with a chaffering crowd, voluble, eager, noisy; they are swarthy, these folk doubly of the East, but already their faces are overlaid with the pallor of the slums. Go into Wentworth Street; another Ghetto. Go where you will—Watney Street, Hessel Street—still you are



The "guttersnipes" of Brick Lane.

Photograph by V. Gribayevdoff.



Two typical East End characters

Photograph by V. Gribayedoff.



An exclusively Jewish market in the heart of Whitechapel.

Photograph by V. Grihayedoff



The Coster family.

in the Ghetto. You may walk past miles of Jewish shops; you might walk for hours and hear no English word—unless you spoke to a policeman. Sober and industrious, they have absorbed all the work that supported the slum-dwellers of old. Half the clothes of England are made in these dingy, disease-haunted tenements. The shirtmakers used to make four or five shillings a week—in the wet cellars and garrets, and that seemed bad enough. These poor Jews are content to make half-a-crown a week or three shillings, and the work has gone to them. At eleven o'clock at night I saw them bending over their sewing-machines—men and women, cubbed up like Joseph (the story is in the 105th Psalm) in a dark hole. In the slipper-maker's trade it is the same thing. The Gentiles got fourteen shillings a dozen for men's patent-leather slippers; the aliens, frugal and quick-working, do the work for seven shillings and sixpence. I went into an immense room where fifty of them worked—oh, the swift-going, unceasing hands, capable as tools! In sweat and filth, under blazing naphtha lamps, they toiled, half-naked. And a task-master went to and fro, shouting orders in Yiddish, a clamorous bully. It would have been a joy to kick that man-driver. He was fat and shining as a seal. But with all one's sympathy for these driven slaves, the economic fact is the main thing—these fifty aliens have lowered the wage by one-half and displaced one hundred English slipper-makers. What became of them? Most of them went to the workhouse, or the jail, the ultimate refuge of one Londoner out of four.

I was sitting in the reception room of the medical officer of the hamlet of Mile End Old Town. A slim, upstanding young man, the doctor; keen gray eyes; Saxon red in his blond hair and mustache; worldly-wise and a trifle cynical—having looked into many diseased bodies and minds. Coming down into the East, he made a study of it—that kind of cold, intense study, which is acquired in the dissecting-room—withal, speaking Yiddish as one must in this part of the world. And all morning the patients streamed in. A Jewess fell on her knees and kissed the skirt of his coat. She stood up gesticulating. Her voice was amber. She begged for money

and food—with a wild kind of energy. The doctor gave her an order on the Jewish Board of Guardians.

This is an admirable institution by the way. Wherever I turned in the East End I found it at work. Two of its inspectors came into a room—it was in the Paragon Building—where I was talking to a woman. They had sent her husband to New York. He had proved to be an honest fellow and had returned the thirty dollars they had given him to show as his own at Ellis Island. Now they were going to send her and her five children on to him. In the meantime she went daily for bread to the offices of the Jewish Board in Middlesex Street. Thousands of penniless Jews are yearly helped over to New York by this charitable organization.

Always the patients came—bearded men, women, many young people. Two diseases were conspicuous—phthisis and eczema. Phthisis is spreading rapidly. The Jews are very migratory, moving from house to house in the confines of the quarter. Thus one consumptive family poisons a dozen houses, often in a year. And the workshops are as badly poisoned. The patients that day came less for medical care than for relief, and one and all—for they were of that race—the doctor sent on to the Jewish Board. We were just about to go—for I was to accompany the doctor in his rounds—when an old Gentile woman hobbled in. After that Oriental morning of strange sounds and fervid gesticulation it was good to hear a bit of English. White-haired, bent, feeble, there was still a lot of pluck in the old soul.

"You don't mind work, eh?" said the doctor.

"I'd like to work if I could, I've 'ad a busy life and don't like laziness," she piped, and told us her troubles. In a faraway youth she had lived in the country. It took a long time for her to tell us of Kent and the rabbits of her youth and the fifty years she had been a cook in London. Finally:

"So yesterday I bawt some rabbit an' you may believe I cooked it proper—I only 'ad half a pown—two pieces awt of the back—two beautiful pieces awt of the back, doctor—an' in 'alf an hour I was in hagony. I believe there was somefin bad in that rabbit."

It was a long peregrination we made, the doctor and I; here a single room in which a whole family lived; there a room into which two families crowded. For rents are high in the East End—higher than in the West. A house situated in Mile End brings in more to the slum-lord than if it were in Kensington. A room rents rarely for less than a dollar a week. The usual rental is one dollar and twenty-five cents. Now that is a huge proportion of the four or five dollars a good workman can earn. Almost everywhere there was dirt; everywhere there were fast-shut windows and an atmosphere foul with heat and disease, darkness and filth. Once only we came upon a house-proud woman—her little home clean and orderly, and on the walls a brave show of cheap colored pictures, and in a gilt frame a photograph of her “man,” as an Austrian soldier. That was the rarest thing I found in the slums. For the Rowton houses—like the Mills Hotels of New York—are a cut above slumdom. Think, then, a room for sevenpence a night; indeed a tolerable way of living for a shilling a day. But for that one must be unmarried and, as well, sober and respectable—conditions the slum-dweller does not

wholly fulfill. And in fact Lord Rowton’s charity has chiefly benefited those helpless creatures, gentlemen born with a silver spoon and left—as Jerrold said—with no employment for knife and fork. Degraded gentlemen, broken tradesmen, thrifty laborers, these are the inhabitants of the 800-roomed hotels Lord Rowton built at the cost of half a million apiece.

There was a wise man said:

A dog starved at its master’s gate
Predicts the ruin of the state.

And the paupers who starve at England’s gate? A monstrous throng of them that increases at the rate of nearly seventeen per cent. a year—that crawls along the rotting highways toward the cities of iron and stone; one wonders what they predict for the state. Already only one-fifth of the population dwells in the country; the cities harbor the other four-fifths—32,000,000 town-dwellers. More and more they come up to London. That hideous Ghoul has but to whistle and from all the extremities of the three kingdoms they flock to her dirty feet. And one out of four goes to the slums—the eternal inn on the road to the workhouse or the jail.



An East End lodging— Good night.



THE TRUE LAND OF BUNCO

BY ERNEST RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HORACE TAYLOR



I WAS reading one of those broad-paged periodicals, or the part of it that is headed "The Thought of the Nation" flanked on each side by a three-inch strip of miscellaneous advertising, when my eye reached this dazzling caption: "Can the Small Farmer Live?" Now I can't help it that the name of a university professor was gravely appended to the dissertation inspired by this senseless inquiry; any person of average sense can see that it isn't above the general standard of sanity of a five-year-old child's rapid-fire questioning. Ask the returning horde of summer sojourners who are daily streaming back to the city, those sunburnt, mosquito-bitten shadows who accumulated whole libraries of summer-resort literature last spring and later lost their cheerful smiles and hard-earned shekels in answering that absurd question about the small farmer. They will tell you all about it, and they'll tell you, with truth breathing in every sad inflection of their voices, that the small farmer *can* live—and the smaller the farmer the better he can live—after his victims are gone.

Take my own experience. Before my family left for the old homestead up among the New Hampshire hills some pang of remorse stirred in my wife's kind heart, born of the contrast between my lot and hers and she said to me: "Why can't you find some quaint old farmhouse not too far from the city, kept by nice quiet people of the better sort and trolley out after the day's work is done, sleep in the fresh

country air, and in the morning trolley in again, refreshed, to begin the next hard day? There ought to be just such a place and just such people if you would look about a bit—and I should feel so much easier in my mind if I knew you also were getting some of the same life that the rest of us will be enjoying."

Well, the thing did look reasonable and inviting, and I spent several afternoons looking over the various possibilities in the near-by towns. At length I found something that had the right look to it—a cozy little farm upon the outskirts of a straggling country village some eight miles from the city and served by a newly established trolley line. Half way to the crest of a steep hill, upon a natural terrace, lay the house I sought, snuggled away among elms and maples, a bit back from the road, with hollyhocks in prim beauty beneath the windows and the golden gleam of sunflowers beyond. White painted it was, with a spick-and-span yard about it, and thrift and careful management in every visible manifestation. I fell in love with the place at the first glance, and when I had been shown about the house lost little time in striking a bargain with my prospective landlady, a quiet-voiced, white-haired matron of some sixty years. The price agreed upon struck me as a trifle "steep" for country board, but parsimony seemed out of place in such surroundings and I closed the compact without demur.

As I walked slowly down the hill to the trolley back to the city, I congratulated

myself upon a wise choice. A half-dozen cows browsed lazily in the near-by pasture, hens cackled and roosters crowed lustily before the massive barn; a well-kept vegetable garden was visible beyond the roadside wall, and early apples, red and yellow-green, burdened the orchard trees. "Ah!" said I to myself, "this sort of thing should be preached from the pulpits, cried from the very housetops to the sweltering multitudes of the city! Here are peace and quiet, the air of God's outdoors, food such as never passes the lips of the city dweller, the exquisite inspiration of life next to Nature, all for the toiler at the very gates of a great city! Ah, blind indeed are those who will not see!"

I journeyed on to catch my car, my mind dwelling ecstatically on visions of creamy milk, new potatoes, green peas and corn, of sunset glories, of blissful strolls across the moonlit pastures and the night slumbers which should follow. It mattered not that my car was late—a trifle of twenty minutes or so—the time passed lightly and I reached home and wife and children enthusiastic over my discovery.

And when the time came for our parting for the summer I know our mutual regrets were softened by the consciousness that it wasn't to be the usual one-sided affair with the disconsolate husband toiling in the city's heat, and the wife and children restfully absorbing the delights of country life far away. No, I was to have my share of it after all.

I reached my new abiding place on a Thursday in time for supper—"our usual light supper" my sweet-faced landlady informed me as she helped me to a modest portion of canned salmon salad, adding apologetically: "We have to fall back upon canned goods considerably out here, fresh fish is so hard to get in the country, you know." I hadn't thought of this, but it seemed reasonable enough and, at any rate, "fish day" came only once a week, so what did it matter? One mustn't be in a hurry to find fault, right at the outset, just because one can't enthuse over canned salmon, a small dish of berries and a slice of pale cake as one's supper. So I smilingly remarked that I wasn't particularly hungry, excused myself, and started for a twilight stroll. The pleasure of this, however, was speedily denied me by a spiteful

little thunderstorm which came up out of the west with surprising celerity and sent me scurrying to the house for shelter.

In the seclusion of my room I lit the lamp and sat down to enjoy a pipe of tobacco and a book. I had blown scarce a dozen slowly ascending whiffs into the heavy air when a vigorous knock sounded at the door. As I opened it my landlady's face, wearing a composite expression of apology, disgust and irritation looked in upon me. "I forgot to tell you, Mr. R.," she said, looking over my shoulder at the blue haze beyond, "that we allow smoking only on the back piazza. I am affected by it myself and we find our boarders generally dislike it." Leaving me in bewildered disappointment she vanished.

Here indeed, was a blow at comfort. My morning and evening "pipes" are my chiefest solace. I cannot write without my faithful brier between my teeth; it is as necessary to the flow of thought as my pen itself, and here I was relegated to a rear piazza for a study! And so there were other boarders—and I had fatuously imagined myself in solitary possession of my Elysium!

I went to the window to lower the curtain—the window looked upon the road, it had ceased raining and there might be



"We allow smoking only on the back piazza,"



"I went to the window to lower the curtain."

passersby—and discovered there was no curtain! So I had to undress there in the lighted room and, at the critical point of decency, blow out the light and finish the operation in the dark.

My landlady, in showing me the room, had gracefully waved her hand in the direction of the bed with the remark, "a nice husk bed—one of our treasures." Now I had heard of the husk bed before—or had read of it—and in my fond imaginings it occupied a place apart, as a crisp, airy thing—healthful, restful, and a delight to one's jaded body. It is, in reality, an ingeniously contrived instrument of torture which has the rack of the Middle Ages beaten to a standstill. It's an inoffensive thing to the uninitiated; investigated, it proves to be a compilation of dried corn husks, corn cobs, stove wood, and nettles. It's the way they're put together, the proportion of the various ingredients, that does the trick. It takes an artist to make one up properly.

By a gradual process of continued occupancy the husks are forced between the interstices of the other bric-a-brac until the result bears close resemblance to the raised map of a very mountainous

country. You can't "renovate" it. You can't compromise with it. The only alternative is the floor, which precedent and general custom forbid.

When I turned back the bedclothes and crawled upon the corrugated surface of the mattress I felt—I could not see—that I was "in for it" in more ways than one. I don't know whether my immediate predecessor in that bed was man or woman, large or small, fat or thin, one person or two, but whoever it was or whoever they were my sympathy, or what is left of it (I've used a considerable portion on myself) goes out to them.

The topography of it is fixed in my memory for all time. On the side at which I had entered there rose what I termed "The Coast Range." This was a long series of minor eminences running from the stingy little pillows at the head almost or quite to the foot board. Beyond the Coast Range lay a little valley, not quite wide enough to receive my anatomy but possibly created for the accommodation of a very young child. The further



"As well try to alter the contour of the everlasting hills."



"We have to fall back upon canned goods considerably."

side of this little valley, which I christened "The Vale of Innocence," rose abruptly to meet an elevated plateau occupying the center of the bed. This I named "The Land of Little Sticks," partly because of the little hillocks which covered its entire surface and partly because it impressed me as perhaps the most barren and desolate section of the whole outfit. Another valley, "The Valley of the Shadow," lay beyond the Land of Little Sticks, and on the further side rose "The Rockies," almost majestic in their grandeur. The Rockies were of real service to me inasmuch as they prevented my rolling on to the floor in my restless tossing to and fro upon that veritable couch of horrors.

But the Valley of the Shadow was the ultimate agony! When I first discovered it I felt relieved. It was evidently the work of centuries; deep, capacious and inviting. I sank into its depths and rolled over into a comfortable position, my back against the slope of The Rockies, my feet extended. Then it asserted itself. It was like the bed of a prehistoric torrent run dry. Boulders rose beneath me and ground into my tortured hide, ledges projected from the mountain side and gored my back, while miniature fallen trees thrust the jagged ends of broken limbs into me at a dozen places. At last, mad beyond endurance at the demoniacal contrivance, I rose and lit the lamp, seized the nearest weapon (it happened to be an empty dress suit case), and vented my anger in mad and fruitless assault. As well try to alter the contour of the everlasting hills!

Defeated and unnerved I made a makeshift couch upon the floor and took my sleep in fitful naps till morning broke. I never slept upon that bed again.

That morning I was the first one at the breakfast table. I was an hungered and I wanted eggs—fresh eggs—dropped, fried, scrambled, in the shell or out of it, I cared

not which so long as I had eggs. But it was not to be. I raced through a cereal atrocity which shall pass unnamed and was served, not eggs, but—canned salmon! This time it was mixed with granulated potato and further disguised in a lather of white sauce, but the pink shone through in spots as if blushing at the flimsiness of the deception. That evening when the salmon appeared again in its original rôle of salad, I struck—struck hard and imperiously for eggs and got them—two diminutive, unmarketable pullets' eggs to satisfy an appetite keyed to ostrich egg dimensions!

Saturday morning's breakfast ushered in two more undersized eggs and there they disappeared from the menu. They were driven out of the reckoning at Saturday's supper by the beans—the brown baked beans of New England—which, not content with a clear field at the evening meal, reappeared as if to an encore on the Sabbath morning and again, cold, for a curtain call at night. Ah, it was terrible, the steady recurrence of those beans!

Sunday morning I felt I must make a beginning at my literary work. It was a beautiful day and the fields, passing fair



"I didn't know at the time just what it was that happened."

in all their green loveliness and the fascinating play of light and shade, beckoned alluringly. I chose a spot out in the pasture beyond the barn, beneath a spreading oak, an idyllic pastoral scene before me and the blue cone of a distant mountain rising into the sky beyond. Here I felt would be my recompense. Here I could forget the tragedy of the bill of fare and nestling up against the warm breast of Nature drink at the very source of outdoor inspiration.

I had brought along a box, for the grass yet glistened with the dew, sat down upon it with my back against a massive boulder and swept into an exultant flow of thought-expression that really surprised me.

I had been writing for perhaps twenty minutes when something happened. I didn't know at the time just what it was that happened but I do now. A white-faced wasp, harboring an ancient grudge against mankind, and noticing my intense preoccupation had taken advantage of it to insert about three inches of the hottest kind of "sting" into the under side of the fleshy part of my leg. Then he broke it off. A farm hand, strolling afieled not far off, heard my yell of anguish and afterward told me I jumped about eight feet in the air. I can well believe this. I felt equal to it at any rate. Then I ran—and, talk about hitting the high places! I think I hit but precious few places of *any* altitude in my flight for the house. I simply soared.

I spent the remainder of the Sabbath in bathing a great red welt on the under side of my leg with saleratus water and arnica.

Monday morning I rose early. I wanted to witness the glory of the dawn for one thing and I also wished to recover a fountain pen, a writing pad and a hat I had inadvertently left in the back pasture the previous day. I was a trifle late for the dawn—they start such things rather early in the morning in the country—but I found the other articles, and, after thoroughly wetting both

feet in a leisurely stroll through the pasture, made my way toward the house.

Out by the barn stood a big red farmer's wagon evidently made ready for a trip to town. Its long body glistened in the sun and a dingy canvas rose like a huge tent over goods piled high within. Some one was busily grooming a horse in the dark interior of the barn hard by and I boldly approached the wagon and lifted the canvas. Shades of Ceres and Pomona! What a sight I beheld! Great square boxes not only filled the bottom of the wagon, but were piled in tiers one upon the other; full to the brim they were with carefully arranged rows of corn, jacketed in brightest green, with peas whose pods fairly bulged in plumpness, with beets of dull carmine and tomatoes of a ravishing crimson hue. Finally my eyes rested upon the eggs—dozens upon dozens of them—and such eggs!—great buff and white miracles that quite filled one of the largest boxes.

I gazed upon this display of fresh-garnered treasure with mingled emotions. At first a consuming rage sent the blood coursing to my temples and I clenched my fists at the hideous memory of that canned salmon.

And then I smiled—smiled at a sudden and Heaven-sent conception of the humor of it all. I was the victim of a Preconceived Idea. In the argot of the bunco steersers I was the "come-on," the guileless, verdant one who, putting faith in men, leaves his happy home in the vain hope of achieving material happiness at a minimum

outlay and meets discomfiture in the quicker wits of those whose easy prey he is. I sought out my landlady and paid my bill, not in anger but in humiliation, with that up-against-it feeling which leaves you conscious only of inferiority and the loser's portion. Then I went back to the city and its restaurants, there to await the arrival of my fresh country eggs, my longed-for vegetables and my peace of mind.



Back to the city to await my fresh country eggs.



AN OASIS IN MIDSUMMER

Photograph by W. M. Snell.

ALONG THE COLUMBIA

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



THE Columbia is one of the big rivers of this continent, and in time of flood it has a flow greater than is ever attained by either the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi. Its lower course, especially, is broad and impressive and a great highway for commerce and travel. At the mouth the river is two miles across. Here, a short distance back from the sea, John Jacob Astor in 1811 established a trading post. He selected a spot where the south shore dipped inward a little and a cove gave slight shelter. This did very well as a site for a village cluster, but for a large town like the present Astoria, it has disadvantages. The shores nearly everywhere rise from the water's edge in a steep slope and the place clings along this declivity for several miles. Probably more than half the town is not on the land at all, but is on the wharves, or stilted up at the waterside with the waves lapping about underneath at high tide. The whole waterfront is a curious labyrinth of wharf streets and footways, railroad trestles, enormous sawmills with their great piles of lumber, the warehouses of the river steamers and the ocean-going ships, and the wide-spreading fish canneries.

Here, too, were the fish wharves beside which were hundreds of stanch rowboats used in fishing. Some of the boats had gasoline power, but in most you saw a mast lying along the gunwale, and as soon as the craft starts for work and gets into open water the mast is set in place and the sail spread to the breeze. Each boat carries two men—a "captain" and an "oar-puller." They drop the net out over the stern and let it drift with the tide.

Boats are coming and going all the time, but most of them start out at low tide, toward evening, and do not return till morning. In the quiet weather of summer they often delay the start for home until the land breeze springs up, and then come flitting in, half a thousand or more, all together.

After a boat has delivered its salmon to the cannery it goes to its hitching place by the wharf, and the wet net is pulled out and hung on rails that are set on the wharf for this purpose. Later it is carefully looked over and the breaks repaired. The nets are both wide and long, and cost three or four hundred dollars. The captain has two-thirds of the profits and he may be fortunate enough to clear two thousand dollars in the season if he uses good judgment and works hard. But the average is much less, and some poor stupid fellows barely pay expenses.

The open season is from April fifteenth to August fifteenth. There is no forecasting when the fish will run in multitudes. One man may come home and go to bed having caught nothing. Another may come in an hour later who has drawn up his net so full that he cannot get all his fish into his boat, and has to throw many away. Often, the bulk of the catch is made within a fortnight, but again the haul of fish may be distributed somewhat unevenly through the entire four months.

Wherever I went along the Columbia, I found the habitations sticking pretty close to the waterside, and the stream and the railway skirting it furnished nearly the entire means of transportation. Here and there were trails through the woods, but no roads worthy the name when you got away from the villages. The country is still very rich in natural resources and has



A glimpse of the town of Astoria.



A typical light-draught river steamer.



An old Astoria wharf.

only been scratched yet. Go back from the river almost anywhere, a short distance, and you are in heavy woodland, so thick and luxuriant that you push along in twilight gloom. The shores of the stream abound in booms and logs, and you see frequent stern-wheel steamers plowing upstream with a long raft trailing behind.

One of the problems of the sawmills is what to do with the slabs and refuse. The mill men would gladly dump it all into the river, but there is a law to protect the fishing which forbids the water being thus contaminated. A good deal they burn. Some mills make great piles of the waste material roundabout at the edge of the water, and when the floods come it is a relief if the accumulations go adrift. So the shores of the great river are everywhere thick-strewn with sawed fragments and sawdust, and likewise with numberless stumps and logs. For many families it is more convenient to get firewood from the shore than from the forest. If so, the supply is inexhaustible. Then, too, if a man wants to build a fence or a shed he can by a little picking get plenty of really good timber and boards from the drift to meet all his needs.

The sawmill people are reckless regarding the fishing, and so are the fishermen themselves. The finest salmon are the Royal Chinooks, for which there is a closed season of eight months, but in the smaller places the fishing is almost continuous. The fishermen are supposed to set free any Chinook that gets into their nets out of season, but this they seldom do. They dispose of such fish less openly, but rarely are willing to sacrifice the immediate personal gain to the future common good. If left entirely to their own devices, the fishermen would in a few seasons exterminate the salmon and put an end to the very industry by which they make their living. A few years ago it seemed likely this would happen, but of late the propagation of the fish has received attention, and many millions of spawn have been put in the waters. As a result, the number of fish has apparently been largely increased. How much it is not easy to say, for the people interested in the industry prefer there should be an impression of a short catch in order to bolster prices.

To see the river at its best one should

make the journey from Portland to the Dalles, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. The railroad is close to the shore much of the way, and the views from the car window are quite entrancing, but it is only from the river steamers that one gets the full beauty of the scenes. As you go up the river the valley is at first broad and pastoral. Gradually, however, you come into a region of wooded bluffs and you begin to see rocky precipices rising from the water's edge, or lonely pinnacles like monster monuments.

At intervals some little village finds a clinging place in a dell among the rocks, and these forest hamlets looked very attractive and Swiss-like in their mountain environment. Perhaps the most pleasing of them is Cascade Locks at a spot where the river breaks into a foaming tumult of rapids and the shores rise in great rocky ranges on either side. Formerly, according to an Indian legend, the river here was spanned by a mighty natural bridge, beneath which the water flowed smoothly in an unbroken channel, and the redmen were accustomed to cross the bridge in their travels and local intercourse. At one time there lived on the Oregon side an Indian brave whom the gods regarded with much favor. While hunting on the Washington side he met and fell in love with an Indian maiden of a neighboring tribe. Presently he married her and they started together for his home. But when about to cross the bridge, disappointed suitors and others of the maiden's tribe leaped out from an ambush. The two hastened on across the bridge, and no sooner had they reached the Oregon side than they heard a tremendous crash, and looking around, they saw that the great bridge had fallen, carrying the wrathful pursuers to their death. Thus the gods showed their love for the young brave. The fall of the bridge formed the rapids which have obstructed the white man's navigation.

The village came into being as a portage place, for steamers could not get over the rapids, and their cargoes had to be transferred a half mile across a neck of land. Now the government has built locks, and the steamers pass on. These locks have cost three or four million dollars—an investment entirely out of proportion to any present business done through them.



Winding one of the great nets.



Taking a salmon net from a fishing boat.



A game of hop-sotch by the riverside.

In earlier days the local fishing was an important industry, but salmon are not as plentiful here as they were. Below the locks are numerous fish-wheels along the shores. They are a striking feature of the landscape, for they are from twenty to forty feet in diameter and six or eight feet across. Each pair of spokes is fitted with a great wire-meshed scoop. The wheel is adjusted in a substantial framework, and the current revolves it and keeps the scoops lifting from the water. A stout lattice dam reaches out from the wheel with a sharp slant down stream. This guides the fish to the scoops, and the first thing they know they are hoisted in the air, and fall into an inclined trough from which they flop down at one side on to a platform, or into an inclosure of water where the fisherman can get them at their convenience.

The chief resort for persons of leisure in the village was the porch of a tiny butcher's shop. Thence you could look down from the hillock where the shop stood and see two or three other small places of business, a hotel and the station. This was the heart of the hamlet, but there was seldom enough transpiring to rouse the loiterers from their dreamy lethargy. I had not been long a member of the porch group when a brisk, elderly man joined us and as he did so regaled us with a couplet of a song which ran in this wise:

"Happy land, happy land!
Breaking stones and wheeling sand."

"It's a long time since you been here," said the butcher. "Why ain't you bought any meat of me lately?"

"I ain't eaten no beefsteak for a month," replied the singer. "It don't agree with me."

"If you stop eatin' and buyin' meat, how'm I goin' to live?" the butcher asked.

"Well," responded the singer, "that's your lookout. I can't kill myself to make the butcher live."

The newcomer was an old resident of the village and in response to a question I asked about the fishing, he said: "The salmon have been kind o' played out here the last few years, but a dozen years ago this here river was full of salmon. I've taken a dip net and stood on the shore and thrown half a ton out in a single day. The

net was on the end of a sixteen-foot pole, and I'd just let it down and then lift it up. The water was generally too riley for me to see the fish. There was lots of fun and excitement when they was comin' fast. I've dipped out three bluebacks to a lick, and once I got a Royal Chinook that weighed sixty-eight pounds. He was a whopper, but we didn't use to be paid only two cents a pound."

While we were chatting, two laborers passed, each shouldering a roll of blankets. The butcher pointed to them and said: "You see those fellers, don't you? Well, when I first reached here from the East I thought a man with his bed on his back was the funniest thing I'd ever come across, but a rancher in this country won't take his hired men into his house. They've got to furnish their own blankets and usually sleep on the hay in the barn. I kn w a feller, who when he'd just arrived and didn't understand the ways they manage, got a job harvestin' on a big wheat ranch. The help are apt to sleep in the straw stacks then, and it's precious little time they get to sleep anywhere. But he didn't know anything about that, and he was sitting around in the evening, and he says to the rancher, 'Where am I goin' to sleep to-night?'

"'Why, I don't care where you sleep,' says the rancher. 'I've got 960 acres of land around here, and if you can't find a place to sleep on that, I'll get my next neighbor to lend me a piece of his.'

"It's only hoboes who travel without blankets. When you see a man knockin' around this country empty-handed and 'lookin' for work' you can be dead sure he's prayin' to God never to find it."

One of the occupants of the porch was a watch pøddler. He was eighty-six years old, bowed and gray, but still brisk and hearty. "I been in this country since 1870," said he, "and I ain't got used to it yet. I took up a claim, and I had a neighbor on one side of me that was nicknamed 'Gassy' Smith because he talked so much, and on the other side lived a man called 'Hog' Jones who was so stingy he wa'n't fit to live. I didn't stay there very long and I been travelin' around mostly since. But my son has a farm out here. His house looks as if it had stood where it is for sixteen hundred vears, though I don't



A salmon wheel—Fishing by machinery.

suppose it has for fifty. It's the darndest old shack you ever saw, but that doesn't seem to trouble him any. He's got the Western habit of not payin' much attention to the home surroundings. Another thing—they rarely take the trouble to raise vegetables and the like o' that. Have you noticed how dry and tough the beef is here? The creatures are fed very little corn and they have to do a lot of tramping over the range to get enough to eat. So they're small and lean. You let a man from here see the way cattle are given corn in the East, and his eyes would fall right out of his head with surprise.

"I've stopped at ranches to get dinner where they wouldn't furnish me anything but bread and milk. Good Lord! I've been to places where they had any amount o' cows and yet not a mite of butter. The people are easy-goin'. They mostly own their farms, but seldom have money laid by. However, there are men who make

their fortune in some of the enterprises of the region. I know a chap who came into this village with fifty dollars in his pocket, and he became a partner in the sawmill. A few years later he sold out his interest for sixty thousand dollars. He was a smart, sharp, devilish good man, I tell yer. When he got his money he left. He didn't build here or spend any of his cash here."

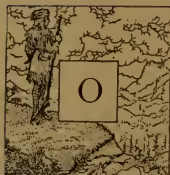
"No," said a young fellow who with a companion was playing cards at the far end of the porch, "of course he didn't. A man with wealth has no business in such a hole as this. What enjoyment is there here for him? He goes, and he goes quick, you bet cher!"

No doubt the confines of life in the river village were narrow, but I could not feel that it was so blank as this young man claimed. Certainly nature had done much for the place, and the wild charm of mountains and forest and stream surrounding could not easily be surpassed.

A DUEL IN THE DARK

BY W. J. CARNEY AND CHAUNCEY THOMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CRAWFORD



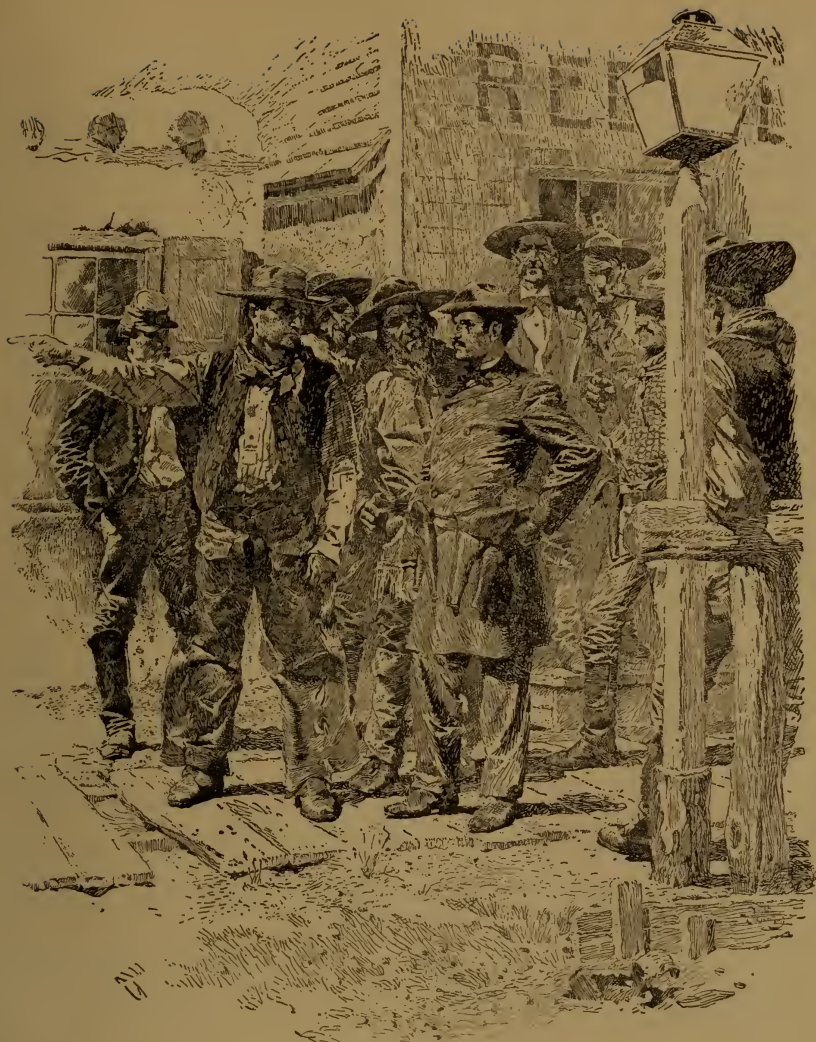
OVER at the O. K. dance hall, kept by the notorious Charlie Kemp, Sam Mickey had his gambling outfit. Sam was one of the slickest men in Kit Carson. He dressed well and was always clean shaved, except a slight mustache. His game was known as the "Horse Heads," a green cloth all covered with bright and different colored heads of horses. He could smilingly look you in the eye and shoot you while engaged in an apparently pleasant conversation. It was always supposed that Marshal Tom Smith was a silent partner in the game. But this was not true. In the same room, strung all along the sides, were thirty or more tables, all presided over by men who would shoot at the drop of a hat. A door from the main hall opened into the keno room. This room was filled with men seated at the table playing keno.

The marshal had an interest in the keno room, I knew, for he told me as much. At that time he was up on the platform talking to the marker, who was inspecting cards and paying winners. The dance was going on, three sets on the floor, and all the tables were crowded. Liquor was pouring over the bar, the girls marching their partners to it for drinks at the end of every dance. Everybody was around. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a beautiful day.

Pony Spencer, a dead game sport, had just arrived in town bringing with him six Mexican señoritas as dance girls for Kemp. Pony walked his dusky beauties into the hall with as much pomp as if he led a regiment of victorious cavalry. For a moment the dancers stood still, the fiddlers stopped playing, the games ceased, and everybody stood up to take a look at the newcomers.

One of the girls was from the Luma Padee, a small town near Fort Union. She was well known to many personally, and to all by reputation, as the most desperate woman in New Mexico. At a nod from Dick Gaunt, the floor-manager, the travel-stained girls were shown into a room prepared for them. Now there was bad blood between Pony Spencer and Sam Mickey, and as Mickey looked across the hall a sneer was on his face, and he stooped down and made a remark to the man seated by him, at which both laughed. Pony's face flashed up and every one could see his anger. As soon as Pony had escorted the girls to their door, he turned and made for Sam's table. I was standing near the door to the keno room and was watching the trouble between the two men.

Pony stopped opposite Mickey and looked across the table into his eyes with that look so hard to describe, but so easy to understand. Pony said nothing, but the look spoke for him; it meant "What do you mean?" The other, true to his nature, looked up with a smile and said cordially: "Well, Pony, old man, got back, eh? What luck? Had a good trip? I hardly looked for you so soon." Pony still looked at the pale, smiling face before him, but uttered no word. Then unable longer to contain himself he turned on his heel with a muttered curse, his teeth set hard, strode out of the hall looking neither to right nor left. Mickey watched him, and I heard him say to his sitting friend: "Ain't heeled, I guess. Oh, but wasn't he raw! Well, he'll come back and I suppose there will be all sorts of trouble. What a fool I was to take any notice of the stubby importer of female greasers. I didn't think he saw me—but, let 'er go. It's got to come some time, and now's as good a time as any."



I saw him loosen his two six-shooters.

Mickey got up, walking over to where I stood. As he passed me he said: "Well, Cap, what—do—you think of the Spencer circus? The white girls ought to give him a reception to-night?"

"Probably they will," I replied.

"If Rowdy Kate was in town she would give him one at the wrong end of a six-shooter." Mickey laughed. Then he went on out of the double doors in front, and I passed out of the back door and around the corner into the People's Eating Saloon. I was determined to watch the game to a finish, for I believed, as Mickey did, that the only reason there was not

trouble in the hall was that Pony was not properly heeled, and the fact came to him as he stood before his enemy. I had no more than taken my stand near the window when I saw Pony, his coat thrown carelessly over his shoulder, walking down the sidewalk. Beside him was Jack Brennan. Jack was an old discharged cavalry man. He was considered entirely fearless, never was known to make trouble, and never tried to shirk it.

This Brennan was not a gambler, that is, it was not his profession, although he was a big poker player. At the time I write he was a Deputy United States Marshal, be-

longing to as brave a class of men as the world has ever seen. In the West at that time, 1870, there were no untried men wearing Uncle Sam's badge of marshalship. There was no such thing in those days as getting the appointment through a political pull. While that might be the case with the District Marshal himself, the rank and file, the men who did the real work, must come for appointment with a name for cool and undisputed courage.

It may have been by accident that he was with Pony, but more likely, had been requested by Pony to come and see him through his intended call on Mickey. The street was empty except a few railroaders in off the grade. There was no one in sight that would be likely to take any notice of Mickey, nor would I if I had not been present at their meeting in the hall. Mickey leaned over beside the big square post as he saw them coming.

I saw him loosen his two six-shooters, and as he did he left the buttons on the flaps of his holster unclasped. There he stood pale and cool, arms folded, with hands open, fingers drumming on his shoulders, and the never-failing smile on his face. Pony stopped and turned facing Mickey. I could not hear what the men said. Then Pony began slowly to back away from Mickey, never removing his eyes from that white face. Jack Brennan stepped a little to one side. One or two others stopped to see the trouble. Mickey was saying something and kept bobbing his head up and down; I could see him stealing his hands down toward his six-shooters. Pony was also slipping his hands along his belt toward his guns. To look at Mickey's smiling face from where I stood one would never suppose there was anything disagreeable going on between those two men; yet each was thirsting for the life of the other and waiting only the first little slip up of the other to begin pumping the lead into him.

When Pony had backed to the middle of the street all disguise was over; both men had their six-shooters out and blazing away. At the same first fire I saw Pony slap his open right hand to his side. The six-shooter fell to the ground, but he did not stop firing with the one still in the left hand.

A young fellow, Ned McNally, reeling

drunk, staggered between them and received a bullet in the breast. Down he went on his face, quivering and biting the dirt. I saw blood splash on Mickey's cheek—then the form of Tom Smith rushed between the two men. The shooting stopped. Smith faced Mickey, and the wounded gambler sat down on the edge of the sidewalk and with his hand began to brush the pouring blood from his face. Pony was running toward the lake on the open prairie. Smith turned and started on the run after him. In each hand the marshal held a six-shooter. Walking through the building and coming out the back door I could see the chase, and I heard Smith shout: "Halt, Pony, halt or I'll shoot." But Pony kept on running. Smith took aim. "Last time, Pony," he called. "Now then—halt."

Pony dropped on one knee and turned to look back. Smith went up to him, put a hand under Pony's arm, helped him to his feet, disarmed him, put the six-shooter back into the holster, hung the belt over his arm, and started to the jail with his prisoner. Smith paid no attention to the other duelist. But Jack Brennan did as the marshal was passing on the other side of the street with Pony. Brennan called to him: "Say there, Smith, why don't you arrest both men?" Smith did not answer and Brennan taunted him, saying: "So you stand in, do you, Smith? Is everybody free from arrest if they divy up with you? What's your price?"

Nothing a man could say would set harder on Smith than this. He stopped, hesitated a moment, then went on again. As he did this Brennan laughed tauntingly, walked down street and into the O. K. hall. The crowd was amazed. All that heard the remarks knew that Kit Carson was soon to see a clash between two of the gamest men in the West. It would be hard to say which was the gamer of the two. Every one knew that Brennan said what he did for no other purpose than to bring on a fight between himself and the marshal, and none knew better than Brennan himself, that, when he accused Smith of taking tips, he lied. Smith was a square man. Brennan also knew that he was sure to be accommodated with a fight; usually such an affair was an everyday matter, but a fight between two such men as the two marshals

was not, even in Kit Carson. It could end but one way—the death of one or both. Brennan acted as if nothing unusual had taken place, and lounged about town, talking with friends, and now and then placing a bet at one of the tables. Still he well knew that before the day closed he must give an account for his words. I went up to the jail and there found both Pony and Mickey sitting in the office. They had their wounds attended to and had already been before the judge and paid the fine of fifty dollars and costs for shooting inside the town limits. There was no charge for attempted murder. To tell the truth, I don't know how the court would go about trying any one for any charge that a money penalty would not settle, for, if one man killed another and did not do it in the approved style, that is, in a fair fight or in self-defense, it would be promptly attended to by Judge Lynch, through the Vigilance Committee.

But if anything was approved by the public it was sure to be approved by the old judge. Law had little to do with affairs in New Mexico thirty years ago.

McNally was bleeding at the lungs, but not yet dead. In fact, he did not die, but never regained his health. Smith was sitting in the office as pleasant as ever, with a friendly word for all. To look at him, one would not suppose that he had in his mind to demand an apology from a man he well knew would not make it and that a deadly fight would surely follow. We ate supper together. After supper Smith made ready to go down on the street, and as he left the building the old judge looked after him and, turning to the others in the office, said: "Tom's life is one of strife, still he don't seem to worry much. I wonder if he will come back to this office alive. Boys, you ought to go and keep an eye on him. Try and be near so as to save him at any cost. He would be a great loss to this town. Brennan means to kill him, and Jack Brennan is the one man in town to-day I would be afraid to pit Tom against. He is just as game and just as cool as Tom, and knows well the size of the job on hand. I wonder what the trouble can be? It is foolish to suppose that United States Marshal Brennan would pick a quarrel with Town Marshal Smith on any other grounds than an old sore. Be on hand, boys, and

prevent trouble if possible, for both are good men—but of the two, save Tom. We need him most."

The judge voiced the opinion of the whole town. As Smith was passing Black Jack's saloon he spied Brennan standing at the bar. Smith called Petie, the fruit boy, and sent a message to Jack, who turned at once and walked out to meet the marshal.

"Jack," said Tom, speaking in a low voice, "I want to know your reason for the insult you gave me to-day."

"I have no explanation to make. You know what I said, and that goes," was Brennan's answer.

"I am at a loss to understand you," said Smith. "I am no tip-taker, and I don't believe you think I am. But I don't allow any living man to run a bluff on me, and I can't let this pass. You know that. I don't want any trouble with you or with any man, but as I am sure that you are doing this to pick a row, I would like to know the real cause of your insult. You could look for a square deal from me, and you know it, and it was not necessary for you to make an old washerwoman barge of yourself or to tell a lie to get a fight out of me."

At this Brennan made a blow at the marshal, but was grabbed by mutual friends.

"Get out of the way, all of you," said Brennan, "don't hold me and let me be killed without a show for defense."

"That," said the marshal, "is another insult. You know I would never fire on a defenseless man."

The two men's best friends now did all in their power to prevent bloodshed. All Smith asked for was an explanation and a reason for Brennan's hatred, as he was sure there was some misunderstanding on Brennan's part. Heretofore the men had been the best of friends. Brennan would give no reason, but kept saying stubbornly: "You know what I said to-day? Well, that goes."

"Well," said the marshal, "I don't see any way out. I will not stand to be insulted, and as he will give me no clew to his conduct, he must fight me."

So fight it was. Two friends of each man were, by consent of their principals, appointed to decide on the way of battle. Brennan's friends held out for a duel on

horseback. Their man was an old cavalry man and, being a United States marshal, nearly all his work was done mounted, chasing government horse-thieves and bad Indians. This would have been unfair to Smith, as he had little or no skill on a horse. The plan at last agreed upon was characteristic of the times, the country, the men that planned it, and the men that were to fight. In town was an old freight shed, sixty feet long and thirty wide. At either end was a door. Each man was to stand by a door, and at the word they were to enter and open fire. The doors were shut, and not opened until the duel was over. There was to be no light except that made by the blaze from the muzzles of their six-shooters. They were at liberty to fight their own way. The hour was midnight. It came all too soon. At the last moment, before taking position, Marshal Tom made a last appeal to Jack to explain his attitude.

But the other sent back another insult. Brennan, full of that reckless, foolish nerve so plentiful among frontier men of that time, made his entry at the word of command with a lighted cigar in his mouth. Such foolhardiness was suicidal, as this gave Smith a target. The marshal, as he got the word, bowed politely to his friends and stepped quickly inside the door. It was slammed behind him. Instantly a bullet struck it, then another, then rapid firing began and was kept up for some seconds. After the first eight or ten the shots did not come so quickly, but, from the sound of the reports, it was evident that both men were still alive and shooting. After about five minutes the shots seemed to come all from one direction. Then two shots would come almost together as if the second man were firing at the blaze of the other's gun. This stopped, and a step was heard approaching our, or Smith's door. When the step came closer hard breathing was heard, and sounded as if the man was tired. We listened, expecting to hear a call for the door to open, or a knock, but although the man inside walked close to the side and end no word was heard. As he passed the door the noise made by the hard breathing was horrible and sickening to hear. Not being able to see the man made it all the more dreadful. We looked at

each other, but no one spoke. Before the man inside got far away another shot was heard, and, as it could not be fired by the man we had heard breathing we knew both men were still alive.

Jimmy Reed, the lightweight pugilist, asked if we had not better try and get them to come out, but before an answer could be given the loud, rattling breathing was again heard. This time it seemed at first to be in our outside party it sounded so plain. We heard a groan, and then came a thick voice weakly calling: "Boys, get a light." This meant "open the door." Three yards from the door we found Brennan lying against the wall. He was bleeding badly from the mouth and was shot through the lungs. He was dying fast. His face had the gray, ashy color that can never be mistaken. Marshal Tom was seen at the other end of the shed walking toward us. Except a slight scratch on his wrist he was unhurt, though in his clothes were two bullet holes. When he espied Jack's face he hastened to his side, knelt down and begged him to tell the cause of it all.

Whatever Jack said none of us understood, but Smith did and spoke low and quickly to the dying man. Then his voice raised and we, standing apart, heard him say: "Oh, Jack! you ought to have told me before. You would have had to go to Denver to find the man responsible for that." Tears filled the eyes of the marshal as he supported Brennan's head and tried to soothe his last moments. Jack could not last long and was now beyond speaking. The doctor came, but could do nothing. Twenty minutes after the door opened, there in the dim light of a candle, surrounded by the silent, uncovered group of friends, held in his slayer's arms, Jack Brennan breathed out his life. He died victim of his own folly and hard-headedness, a brave man but a foolish one.

Next day all the places closed during the funeral. The whole town deplored his death, but no one, not even the dead man's closest friends, blamed the little marshal.

Brennan was the thirty-seventh man we lowered into the grave who had died with his boots on, and Kit Carson was not yet six months old.

HIT OR MISS

THE STORY OF A NEW BRUNSWICK CARIBOU

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON



HERE in the forest came a quick stillness and the cold. One heard the frost go creeping at its work; the trees, riven in its grip, cracked like pistol-shots, and across the wall of the skies by night flowed the draperies of the aurora, its pale glow adding to the loneliness of the solitudes. Drifting on the weather, the herds, one by one, came down to the open barren grounds; and at their heels went Tomah and I, following where the broadened slots tracked a passage through the trees. By highland and bog we made our way, skirting the *brul * and the matted tangles of the cedar swamps that lay on the Mirimichi and bearing southward, as the trail led, headed for that line of barrens that stretched under the ridges in our front.

Tomah went ahead. "Hunh!" he grunted, making his boast, but cautiously, "mebbe good place for caribou pretty soon. Big barren best find um when snow is deep."

We struck the barren half way down its length and, shoving aside the last of the twigs, cautiously looked forth. North and south stretched the long open, but as far as we could see not a living thing moved upon its surface. In the east, the light of day grew broadly, and as we stood, scanning the level plain, the red edge of the sun came peeping over the trees, and showed us the forest lying quiet in the dead clutch of its winter sleep.

But the caribou—where were they? For a while we stood in the shadow of the bush, spying out all the edges of the bar-

ren's bays and shore, but seeing nothing for our pains. The whole vista before us lay dead and tenantless, and as the last pale stars merged into the growing brilliance of the winter day Tomah, crouched at the barren's edge, arose and waved his arm about him.

"Hunh! Caribou stay in trees. Must go look for him."

"The wind's all right, Tomah," said I, raising a bared hand to feel the quiet air, "you go this way, and I'll go the other. We ought to find caribou pretty soon."

The silence of the woods swept about me as I slipped on through the bush. Overhead the tops sighed, whispering faintly as the light breeze touched their boughs, and that and the crisp click of the snowshoes striking together was all the sound that came to bear me company.

Crack! A twig snapped near at hand. At the sound the blood surged into my breast. At the right lay a little mound swelling up from the forest's level floor, and as I stood on watch, the rifle thrust forward and ready, the brush cracked again. In that quiet the sound carried like a rifle-shot—*again*—then silence! The keyed-up suspense of waiting brought the blood rushing to my ears, and every heart-beat sounded on itself like the stroke of a heavy sledge. *Crack!* There was the sharp swish of twigs as a heavy body forced itself through the undergrowth, and looking across the crest of that little ridge I saw the bush sway to and fro, and for an instant glimpsed a flash of white among the laticed branches.

There was the chance to shoot, but I waited. If my friend Tomah now had stood there, he would have taken the shot

off-hand, and filled the thickets with lead. But Tomah hunted not for the glory of the thing, and only for what it stood him in meat. It was meat—only meat—that Tomah sought—food—the necessities of life, scorning with the savage's contempt the possession of a mere useless trophy like horns, and in the face of it Tomah, perhaps, was right and I altogether wrong, with not a rag or vestige of moral clothing left to shield me. But each man to his own liking, and so I stood there waiting, ready to blaze away once I had clapped my eyes to horns.

The bushes parted and out into the clear stepped a caribou cow, fat, round, and sleek. All unconscious of man near at hand she stepped along, her nose thrust forward, and the lighter hide of her underbody gleaming whitely in contrast to the darker hues above. She was fat and round, indeed—a barren cow—and Tomah's eyes would have gleamed fitly at so much juicy meat going unhindered along the forest. Sliding down the edge of the hill the cow turned abreast of me, and was going on when something of a sudden halted her. For a moment her head swung back, and with her short, stubby ears going like vanes, she stared directly at me. Away she went then, leaping among the windfalls, halted again, turned back and, as a breath of air carried the taint along, crashed onward into the depths of the trees.

Close to the barren's head a broad trail lay in the snow, each imprint clear and crisply molded—the hour-old slots of a herd of five heading southward along the barren's eastern edge. Along that field of white one read the trail as clearly as if written down on paper—the heavy, broadening prints of three larger caribou, and beside them the sharper marks of a brace of calves. For twenty rods or so, perhaps, the herd had kept to the open; then the bush tempted them, and at the first cape of trees they had turned aside and slipped into the tangled cover. Tomah, laying out the country for my guidance, had told me of a smaller barren half a mile to the eastward, and following the track a while, I made sure the herd had gone that way. So bearing off to leeward, I fixed my line and hurried, for who follows the moving caribou must put his best foot forward and waste no time in the going.

A half hour passed. In that flat country between the barrens the trees had narrowed in, dark thickets of cedar so closely standing that the sunlight died in their tops, and even the snow could not sift between; looking forward, I saw the trees widening, and a glimpse of sky told where the forest opened into the barren I was hunting.

The opening was small and round—a half mile across, perhaps, and lying like an amphitheater among the trees. In some age gone by a little lake had spread there, but now there was only a pot-hole at the center, deep with mud beneath its skim of ice, and fringed about with moss and clumps of thorn-like bushes. Void and lifeless, the barren glimmered in the bland light of a winter's day—the herd had either crossed it or gone by among the trees, and with every sense of disappointment I stood looking out across the plain of snow.

But *there!* Once again I heard a twig snap—a faint sound, but clear, in that crisp, vibrant air. I looked to the right of me, and four hundred yards away was the herd, streaming out into the open, the cows ahead with the calves frisking at their sides, and in their train the herd bull slouching along in selfish unconcern. Half-way out of the cover he halted, and with a hanging head, looked about him carelessly; the way was clear, and tossing his front he tracked on after the others.

Half uncertain, I stood debating the chances. On the edge of the herd worked the bull, pawing at the snow, and at every mouthful of moss torn from its cover throwing up his head to scent the air. Each stride took him farther into the wind and away from me and, though I had no glasses, in the glare of sun above the snow I could make out the spread of his yellow horns, and the rifle itched in my hands.

Slipping back into the cover I ran. It was one thing or the other—I must either head them off as they worked forward to the wall of forest beyond, or take my chances with a long shot across the open. And in that dazzling light, full in my eyes, I had little faith in a shot at such a range. So, keeping to the trees, I sped along as fast as the cover would let me, and going up into the wind as far as I dared, crawled to the barren's edge and peeped.



Westward lay the trail, growing fresher as we pushed along.

There were the caribou, and there, too, was my friend Tomah, running in for a shot. The moment I clapped my eyes to the opening I saw him sneaking up behind a long point of trees, crouched like a poacher and edging along as swiftly as he could shuffle, his rifle thrust out before him. Just between us was the herd, and the knowledge of how Tomah, in action, was wont to fill all the air with lead, made me hug closer to the snow and I lay there, my eyes on the drifting caribou.

As it stood it was toss and toss who got the shot. The minutes passed; nearer and nearer drew the herd, and by a sudden shift bore down directly on me. But no sooner had they turned when again they swung to the eastward, and boring away across the barren, straggled in a broadside across the front of Tomah's cover.

Boom! I arose on my elbows and peked. At the roar of Tomah's rifle the five threw up their heads and looked. A puff of snow danced into the air just behind the herd—*boom!*—Tomah again, and I ducked! For the herd, plunging around in their tracks, went shacking down the

wind, and there I lay in line with Tomah's fire and his rifle going it like a Maxim.

Boom—boom—boom! The bombardment ended at last, and I looked out along the barren. There was Tomah standing in the open with one hand held to shade his eyes, and there far below us were the caribou, padding like a string of hackneys and the snow flying from their heels.

I showed myself to Tomah, upon whose round, fat face chagrin was written largely.

"Hunh!" he swore, his eyes evading mine, "damn gun no good!"

Once more we trod the forest hunting a trail fresh enough to follow, and though we found many tracks in the bush, all were too old to make it worth the while. Mile on mile we marched along, and saw no sign of hide or hair, or any track that was less old than overnight, and gloom settled anew on Tomah, grumbling and profane.

"Hunh," he mumbled, toeing the frozen sign of a bull that had gone by many hours before, "damn caribou leave the place again. No find um caribou to-day."

But I was not so sure of that. With the snow closing down there was no call, it

seemed to me, that should urge the herds to wandering. For here was food and plenty—food close to the heavy shelter that they liked; and unless these caribou were routed out by some other better reason they would hang to these plains for many days to come. Tomah, all at odds, would have struck off in another direction, but I kept doggedly along. And there, an hour after we had boiled the midday kettle, I found the trail that I hunted.

"Look, Tomah!" I stopped and felt of the tracks—fresh! Yes—scarcely a half hour old. Hardly more than that, or, at all events, the snow in the hoof-marks had not had time to freeze again. Four—five—eight! On that untracked sweep of snow it was not hard to count their number. Eight caribou had gone that way, and from the look of it one was a monster—a caribou with a slot as big as your hat!

Of course, in that open, there was no telling whether it was bull or cow. Cows I have seen with an open hoof as large as any bull's, but these tracks presently swept up into the forest edge, and there among the trees was sign enough to tell this was a bull, and a pretty fair-sized bull at that—yes—a big one. For I saw where he had picked his way among the trunks, and no small caribou would have been so choice in the way he kept clear of the tangles.

With our rifles hanging low we sped on swiftly at a trot. Westward lay the trail, growing fresher as we pushed along, and going straight into the eye of the wind. Two miles we made; my gait dropped to a walk, and at my heels grumbled Tomah, urging a better pace, and filled anew with all the Indian's savage eagerness of the chase.

"Hunh! Caribou walk pretty damn fast, I think," said Tomah, wiping his face, and then we turned a long cape of woods.

"Look, Tomah!"

There, a half mile ahead, was the band of caribou. They had crossed the open leisurely, but faster than we had followed, and we saw them just entering the woods beyond. Tomah gave a hurried glance. "Caribou go lie down in trees," he whispered, and breaking ahead of me, swung away into the woods at my right.

I let Tomah go. It struck me just then that Tomah's reasoning was a little out of kilter, for why should these caribou lie down at a time of day like this. It was

much better logic to think they were going to feed, and why should they plunge on back into that very bush they had just but left. Instead of following Tomah I swung down along the edge of the barren, going fast; and to that—to that only, I think—I owed the luck of the day. One last glimpse I had of the Indian as he raced along, little clouds of snow springing up at the heels of snowshoes; then he was gone, and I had all the world to myself.

Boom! What was that? *Boom!*

Tomah has discovered his mistake. Instead of swinging out further to the right, he had run in toward the barren and jumped them. *Boom!* All the forest world took up the thunders of that sound—played it in re-echoing crashes to and fro, bandying it among the illimitable distances. *Boom!* Again Tomah's rifle crashed, and as my eye swept the cover in front, leaping figures burst through the screen of twigs and all the forest edge seemed alive with caribou.

There in the lead came a cow, wild with fright, and galloping clumsily at her heels a calf and a yearling bull. Instinctively I covered her shoulder with the sights—swung from her to the spike-horn—and seeing no horns worth taking, held back the shot. Crash! The cover parted; another cow dashed into the open; then came the herd bull, his horns laid flat backward and bursting his way violently through the bush. *Boom!* Tomah again was filling all the woods with lead, and—*boom!*—I shuddered at a thought of what carnage all this shooting might mean.

Bang!—I began. At the shot the big bull stuck his feet in front of him and leaped aside like a goat. *Bang!* A crash in the thicket answered back to the shot, and as I looked over the sights I could see nothing but a blank wall of twigs standing where the game had been. Jerking another shell into the breech, I ran forward after him, and as I turned the edge of the little clump of bushes, there he was scudding down a lane between the trees, his white scut gleaming whitely against the dark background of timber, and hustling for his life.

In that dim light of waning day there was small chance to line the sights together, and one fired by instinct altogether, snapping at the game as one squibs at a cock

in close cover. But again he showed—he was in the open now—and as I pulled at the bull, the foresight bobbing in time to his stride, I saw him turn endlong, head over heels, stopped like a rabbit struck with the dose of shot.

But the chase was not yet done. “Whoop!” I had yelled, calling to Tomah, and was running forward, when new life came to the fallen quarry. As I threw another cartridge into the chamber he heaved to his feet again. *Crack!*—I missed him then and knew it, and away went my caribou, bounding along the forest and untouched by an aimless bullet that followed the dissolving view of him.

Tomah joined me. With one arm held before me to shield my face from the twigs I plowed through the bush, halting at nothing, for there was the white carpet of the woods dotted redly, and I knew the game was hit. *Boom!* Tomah saw him, and let go across my shoulder. “Don’t shoot!” I screamed back at him; “he’s mine!” And as we swung out into the open there was the bull humping it for the forest at the other side. *Bang!*—and—*boom!* Together Tomah and I whaled away at him, and at the roar of the two guns he leaped aside, stumbled heavily and was down.

“Sartin shoot um now!” yelled Tomah, gloating, and there was a sickening sense of disappointment in my breast, as I realized that perhaps Tomah, indeed, had downed him in the end. But once again—and we could have sworn he was shot to pieces—the bull lurched to his feet, and dodging sideways from the bullets flipped after him, plowed out of sight into one of the little islets of cedar that lay out from the barren’s shore.

Standing off where I could rake it on either side, I bade Tomah go in and rout out the wounded bull. And Tomah, with a grunt, departed. “Sartin I shoot um that bull,” said he, grinning; but I had other views of the matter. In that dense cover he would jump again long before Tomah could reach him, for there was little chance of his lying down with the enemy following so close at his heels. But while I stood there, itching with uncertainty—*boom!*—Tomah’s rifle roared among the cedars, and there again across the open streaked the bull, making a gallant race of it.

He was heading back now, straight for

the cover he had just but left. Against the sun, he loomed up big and splendid, and even in that moment’s wild lust of killing I felt a pity for the great beast that had made its struggle so bravely. Gray-white and powerful, he urged himself along, the last sunlight gleaming on his horns, and the white hair of his throat and belly as white as the snows beneath him. “*Hob—shoot!*” screamed Tomah, and drawing at the flat broadside of the bull’s shoulder, I let go at him. And that was the end of it! I suppose we all of us feel a moment’s pang that comes in the reaction of the savage glee of killing, and I stood over him, wondering whether the mere boast of slaughter repaid for such destruction. But Tomah, coming up, showed no submissive weakness of regrets, and with a swift knife made sure that the game was ours.

“Sartin that good caribou. Plenty meat now.”

Plenty meat? That recalled to me Tomah’s bombardment in the forest beyond. “How many caribou did you kill in there?” I demanded, and at the question, Tomah looked abashed. For a moment he scratched his fat chin awkwardly, and stood looking up at me.

“Hunh! Damn gun no good at all,” he answered slowly, “see um two-four—fi’ caribous. Shoot all the time. Kill um *nothing*.”

I laughed, I couldn’t help it. My fear had been that Tomah, with his usual greed, would kill all there were in sight, and out of all that shooting only nothing as the net result!

“Dunno—damn gun no good!” he mumbled, and set to work at the bull.

“Sartin you fire four—seven—eight shot—hey?” he asked suddenly, looking up.

Seven, I answered, and he grinned again.

“You see um that leg?” he demanded. A shot had struck it in the cannon-bone, and Tomah, raising it from the ground, flipped the leg to and fro. “Sartin you hit him there. That’s why caribou fall down so much.” Dropping the leg, he laid his finger on the bullet hole at the shoulder. It was my bullet, too, that had done it, for Tomah had not hit him at all. “Sartin you hit him here, too. That kill um caribou.”

It was quite plain.

“Hunh!” grunted Tomah, and turned away. “Shoot um seven times at caribou. Hit um only twice. Hunh!”

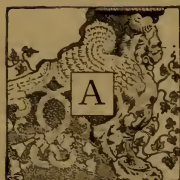
TALES OF A COLLECTOR OF WHISKERS

BY J. ARCHIBALD MCKACKNEY, MUS.DOC., F.R.G.S., ETC.

(EDITED BY RALPH D. PAINE)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

IV.—THE WANDERING BOOKCASE



At one time I was keenly interested in collecting, as a sort of side-issue, locks or clippings from the whiskers of famous men. It was a pursuit which I later forsook in favor of my more valuable and elaborate collections of Whisker portraits, but in the course of several years I had acquired fragments of the beards or whiskers of nearly every man of national importance at home and abroad. Some were given me by their owners, others were obtained by bribing their barbers, while a few came to me by means not so scrupulous.

I was unhappy, however, because my collection lacked a souvenir snipped from the royal adornment of a certain illustrious ruler of a European state whose name I must withhold. Suffice it to say that he was generally acknowledged to wear one of the most magnificent beards in Christendom. Diplomacy and intrigue had failed me and I had about given up this specimen as hopeless.

While traveling on the continent I was one day filled with excitement to behold this illustrious sovereign enter a first-class railway carriage in my own train. He was accompanied by a military officer of high rank, and I guessed that he was making a journey *incog*. I could not help fingering a pair of folding scissors in my waistcoat pocket, but of course I was not mad enough to attempt an open assault upon the coveted trophy.

Presently the train pulled out from the station and there I sat with only the walls

of a compartment carriage between me and the prize that I would have given a handsome fortune to possess. I racked my brains to devise some scheme for making the acquaintance of His Majesty, but my mission was so delicate and even insulting that I could only writhe in baffled helplessness.

At length the train halted at a wayside station and there seemed to be some trouble on the tracks ahead. I summoned the guard to unlock my door, and stepped on the platform to stretch my legs. A minute or so later I saw the illustrious potentate impatiently throw up his window and poke his head out to glare to and fro as if seeking the cause of our detention. His noble beard fell outside in a torrent and wagged in an imposing manner.

While I was staring at it with envious eyes, the guard signalled the order to go ahead. I was about to hurry into my compartment when a startling outcry arose from the adjoining carriage. I turned and beheld a truly amazing spectacle. While His Majesty was withdrawing his head from the open window the sash had dropped with great force. The end of his beard was caught and held as in a vise and almost a foot of it hung over the window sill outside.

The helpless prisoner was roaring for assistance and beating the glass with his fists. I saw the chance of a lifetime. The train was in motion, and swinging myself on the footboard, I whisked out my scissors, and with a lightning sweep of the arm, snipped a generous handful from the end of the captive beard. It was hideous

lese majestie, but my ardor reckoned not with consequences. Never shall I forget the murderous wrath that flamed in the countenance of my august prey as he gnashed his teeth at me through the window.

It was all over in a second or two. I knew that the king's companion would stop the train if a release were not instantly effected. Tucking my trophy in an inside pocket I abandoned my luggage and ran swiftly across the platform, through the station, and into the traffic-crowded street. Leaping into an empty cab I threw a gold piece at the driver, ordered him to drive like the devil for nowhere in particular, and was borne swiftly away from the scene of my remarkable achievement.

I shall pass over the incidents of my flight and escape. Thanks to a lavish use of money and a frequent change of disguise I succeeded in passing the frontier, and within three days was crossing the English Channel. The European newspapers were ringing with garbled reports of the assault of an anarchist or lunatic upon the person of a certain illustrious ruler, but none of them connected the dastardly incident with the American tourist, J. Archibald McKackney.

At that time there was a keen rivalry in this field of collecting between a New York man named Pillsover and myself. He was, in fact, no more than an imitator, and had begun to seek the whiskers of celebrities through hearing of my success. He was a friend of mine, in a way, and I had often entertained him at my New England country place.

After my return from abroad I asked him down to view the trophy shorn from the chin of the European ruler in the manner described. He tried to conceal his consuming envy, but I could see that he was wretchedly unhappy. His two most notable captures were totally eclipsed. One of them had been purchased from the barber of a petty Hapsburg prince, and the other begged from an American cabinet minister.

We spent the evening among my collections in the library and when we were ready to go upstairs, I went to replace the priceless trophy in my fireproof vault. The steel doors had been closed by my secretary, however, who took it for granted



Snipped a generous handful from the end of the captive beard.

that I had finished my business with it. The time lock had been set to open next morning, so that I was barred out. I had been examining a volume of a costly edition of a standard author, and one of the books lay open on the library table. Without more ado I tucked the parchment envelope containing the royal strands of whisker between the leaves of this book which I restored to its case, intending to look after it in the morning.

My friend and rival, Pillsover, was compelled to take the midnight train to the city and we parted on the best of terms. Little did I dream that when next we met it would be as implacable enemies.

Early in the morning I was aroused by a telegram demanding my immediate presence in Boston on a matter of large financial importance. The news was so disturbing that the recollection of the trophy in the bookcase was wholly driven from my thoughts. In fact I did not recall it until my return late in the afternoon of the following day. Then I hastened to the

library, withdrew the volume which I had been reading two nights before, and searched it with some small excitement.

No one but a collector can picture my emotions when I discovered that the *parchment envelope* was missing. I ran through every one of the thirty-odd volumes with furious haste. Tearing my hair and fairly breathless I summoned my secretary. His tidings added fresh fuel to my wrath and consternation. I should explain that this subscription edition of books, with their handsomely carved case, had been shipped to me on approval. Through a blunder of the publisher a binding slightly different from the style selected by me had been sent. I had noticed the error and intended to write about it at my leisure.

In the meantime, however, the publisher discovered the error, and during my absence in Boston he had sent an agent to my house with the other set of books. My secretary explained to me that the agent had taken the wrong edition back to New York with him, and placed the new set of books in their case in my library. Knowing that I desired to have this change made, my secretary had made no objections. I am afraid that my language was shocking, but the provocation was immense. Here was my parchment envelope, containing the gem of my hirsute collection, whisked off to Heaven knew where by a misguided wretch of a book agent!

When I became calmer I asked if anything else had happened during my unlucky absence. I was informed that Pills-over had called on the previous day, just as the publisher's agent was driving away with the first set of books. Pillsover recognized him as a salesman from Vellum & Co. and had shown considerable curiosity concerning his errand.

"I explained the circumstances," confessed my secretary, "and Mr. Pillsover asked me if you knew of the transfer of books. I told him that you had to go to Boston without a chance to attend to any business at home. Then he wanted to know whether you had left me any special instructions about the collections. I told him I had not seen you that morning. Then he spent some little time in the library, made some inquiries about the time lock of the vault, and said he was thinking of getting one like it."

A few more questions and I had fathomed the purpose of the conscienceless Pillsover. He had returned to try to secure, by trade or purchase, the Sovereign's Whisker. A collector myself, I could imagine him as passing a restless night tortured with the desire to win me from my prize. He knew where I had stowed the trophy overnight, and he was able to make a shrewd guess that it still reposed in the book. As soon as I had pumped my secretary dry my surmise amounted to a conviction that the book, I sought, along with its fellows, had been carted away to the publisher and that Pillsover had followed its trail in hot haste.

I perceived at once that if Pillsover could overtake the bookcase, he would abstract the parchment envelope, and that I should not be able to prove his guilt. In fact, there would be no way of bringing home the theft to anybody. Pillsover had obtained the start over me, but I instantly called up the New York office of Vellum & Co. on the long distance 'phone and ordered them to hold the returned set of books until I could make a personal examination of them.

Their reply pained me beyond words. The books had been received, but there happened to be so many orders on file for this particular edition that they had been reshipped by express within an hour of their arrival. I demanded the address of the consignee, and was told that *four sets* of this edition had been sent out in the afternoon and that it was impossible to tell which of the four had been returned by me. Here was the very deuce to pay. I insisted upon having the four addresses of the consignees. They were scattered from Skowhegan, Maine, to Richmond, Virginia. The publisher tried to console me over the 'phone by adding:

"Your friend, Mr. Pillsover, was in this afternoon and tried to catch the books you speak of. He seemed quite excited when I explained the circumstances of their re-shipment. He made me give him the addresses of the four consignees, so we took it for granted that he was acting in your behalf."

In my mind's eye I could see Pillsover starting hot-footed to run down the four sets of books one by one, even waiting for

their arrival at the homes of their purchasers. It was a desperate gamble, with odds of three to one against him, but the stake was worth it. There was nothing for me to do but to pursue the same tactics, to chase the wandering bookcases over the face of the earth until I had found the right one and pray that I might overtake it ahead of Pillsover.

It was a most formidable task that lay before me. I shrewdly guessed that Pillsover would hurry to one of the farthest points of the circuit in the hope of throwing me off the scent. I therefore set out post-haste for Skowhegan, in the first stage of the spectacular race for the King's Whisker. There I learned that my rival had reached town ahead of me. The gentleman who was expecting the box of books told me that they had not yet arrived, but that a man calling himself an agent of Vellum & Co. had been anxiously inquiring after them.

It seems that the rascally Pillsover, wishing to hide his identity, had clapped on a false beard and was passing himself off as an agent with books to sell. He had been making a pretense of a house-to-house canvass, so I was told. If Pillsover intended resorting to such despicable dodges as this to hide his perfidy, I would fight him with his own weapons. Consulting a Skowhegan lawyer I was pleased to learn that there was a town ordinance forbidding

all kinds of agents to vend or peddle without paying a tax and securing a license. The authorities were promptly informed of Pillsover's lawless operations, and he was arrested and thrown into jail over night. The constable caught him red-handed on a doorstep with a sample book in his hands so that I did not have to appear in the proceedings. I waited until the box of books arrived, was permitted to examine them, and found no missing whisker. Leaving Pillsover to cool his heels in the calaboose, I headed for Burlington, Vermont, to seek the second bookcase on my list.

I was delayed by missing my connections, and Pillsover, who was fined and released next morning, must have taken another and swifter route. At Burlington I found that the second consignee, Jonas Harding, was an eccentric old codger who lived six miles out in the country. I chartered a livery rig and sought his home with the greatest possible expedition. About half the distance had been covered when the clatter of wheels made me look behind. A buggy was fairly careering down the long hill, the horse at a gallop. Leaning far over the dashboard and plying a whip was none other than Pillsover, red in the face, shouting like a madman. He had thrown prudence and self-respect to the winds. He had forsaken his ambush. The capture of the Royal Whisker had already obsessed him. Apparently he had



Then the wooden-bottomed chair caught me in the small of the back.

no thought for the future. The lust of the chase had so gripped him that he was ready to fight for the prize. I myself had become keyed up to such a desperate state of mind that I could scarcely blame him.

I give you my word I hardly knew the man. When he recognized me he uttered a yell that curdled my blood, and urged his poor beast with more fury than before. I drew whip and slashed my willing steed. I could not let Pillsover beat me to the second bookcase. It was a breakneck race of almost three miles over a rock-strewn country road, up hill and down. I could only pray that my rig would hold together, as we bounded and caromed along side by side, or within two or three lengths of each other.

Half a mile from the finish Pillsover began to draw ahead. He had the better horse and when he saw that I could not overtake him he cast a look at me over his shoulder that was positively fiendish. I had to watch him whirl into Mr. Jonas Harding's dooryard in a cloud of dust, a good hundred yards ahead of me. When I leaped from my buggy he had vanished through the front door. As I ran after him an old man bolted into my arms yelling, "Fire, thieves, burglars, help! There's one of 'em in the parlor and here's another a-helling after him."

I shouted reassurances in the old man's ear, but he brushed me aside, caught up a wooden-bottomed chair, and would have brained me on the spot had I not dodged through the parlor door. I had time to glimpse Pillsover in the act of yanking books from a case by the armful. Then the wooden-bottomed chair caught me in the small of the back and I sprawled headlong on top of Pillsover. As I tried to scramble to my knees my hand fell upon volume fifteen. The gilded lettering gleamed like fire. In a flash I recognized it as the book I sought. Tucking it under my arm I made one spring for the nearest open window. Not even my coat tails touched as I flew through it like a bird. Climbing into my buggy I drove pell-mell toward Burlington, and as the vehicle spun into the highway on one wheel I heard the sounds of battle raging in Mr. Jonas Harding's parlor.

While I steered my galloping steed with one hand I opened the book between my

knees. Alas, my gallant struggle had been in vain: *there were no whiskers between the leaves!* I was reasonably sure that Pillsover had not examined this book when I fell upon it, and there was nothing to do but hasten after the third bookcase.

Pillsover was covering ground with fairly infernal energy, I will say that much for him. In fact I was in the library of the third consignee, in Harrisburg, when I saw him dash up the front steps. My host had promised to say nothing of my visit as I wished to confuse my rival as much as possible. Therefore I slipped behind a portière as Pillsover was ushered into the room by a servant. He was left alone for a few minutes, and I had the pleasure of seeing him tiptoe to a corner of the library and fumble with the glass door of the Vellum & Co. bookcase. He was in such clumsy haste to get at the books that he tugged too hard at the catch. The case had not been solidly placed. It toppled and fell over on Pillsover with a terrific crash, and several plaster statuettes smote him on the head with great force. I paused only long enough to view him prostrate with a large bust of Dante resting on the back of his neck. Then I fled to catch a train for Richmond.

By a most arduous process of elimination I had been able to determine beyond a shadow of doubt that the parchment envelope was in volume fifteen of the fourth consignment which had been shipped to Micah P. Rogers of Richmond. I found him without difficulty, and Pillsover had not yet appeared on this horizon. Neither had the bookcase. It seems that after waiting for a reasonable period, Mr. Rogers had notified the express company. The local agent was unable to find any traces of the missing box of goods. More investigation convinced the parties interested that it had somehow gone astray between New York and Richmond. Every effort was being made to locate the missing package, and I had no other course than to confide in Mr. Rogers and ask him to forward the precious document to my home as soon as the shipment should reach him.

Wearied and disappointed I started to return to New York. My train was not more than an hour beyond Richmond when it was blocked by a wreck. A brakeman informed me that the tracks could not



The wretch was crawling toward the box on hands and knees.

be cleared for several hours. Therefore I walked ahead to watch the wrecking crews at work. A number of cars of merchandise were strewn about in frightful confusion. Fire had broken out among the splintered express cars and their contents, and the train crews were fighting it with bucket brigades.

Another passenger train coming in the opposite direction from mine was standing on the other side of the blockade. Its people were also walking along the track to view the interesting scene at close range. Foremost among them I recognized Pills-over, evidently bound for Richmond. His head was bandaged and a strip of plaster gleamed athwart his nose. As I drew nearer the one side of the blazing wreckage, he approached closer to the other until we were glaring across the smoking barrier perhaps a hundred feet apart. He could see that I was a passenger on the train that had left Richmond earlier in the day, and he was forced to conclude, of course, that

the parchment envelope and the Royal Whisker were in my pocket. His emotions must have been tormenting in the extreme, for several times he shook his fist at me. I assumed as triumphant expression as possible and stared at him with haughty contempt.

The wind shifting, I was able to walk nearer the wreck and presently my eye was drawn to a smashed packing case that had been tossed down the embankment to the edge of the burning area. Where the planking had been ripped away I thought I saw several dark green books protruding. Moving closer I noticed that more books lay scattered about on the grass and among the lumber just beyond.

My curiosity was aroused. I ran down the slope as near the wreck as the frightful heat would permit. When a dozen feet away I felt almost certain that these were books of the same edition which I sought. If so, they must be billed to Richmond. The chance of their being the Rogers shipment was overwhelming.

While I stood gazing at them, trying to shield my face with my coat, a yell rose from beyond the wreck. Pillsover had made the same discovery and jumped at the same conclusion. I must act on the instant or not at all. The wretch was crawling toward the box on hands and knees, coughing and choking for breath. I pulled my coat over my head and tried to fight my way along the embankment. The gusty wind veered suddenly and drove a deadly sheet of flame between me and the box. Driven back, I watched the greedy fire lick around the prize I sought. Dimly I could see Pillsover reeling back with his face in his hands. Baffled, I watched the precious shipment burst into flames.

Presently a charred bit of paper fluttered past me. I clutched at it, and my fingers closed on a bit of smoking parchment. I sniffed it eagerly, and detected the odor of burning hair. There was no doubt that the Royal Whisker had perished on this imposing pyre.

(The fifth Tale of a Collector of Whiskers will narrate the singular adventures of "The Shipwrecked Parent.")



AROUND THE CIDER BARREL—The testimony of experts.

Drawing by Oliver Kemp.

THE FISH PONDS OF CAPE COD

BY JOHN MURDOCK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



O most people, the name Cape Cod brings up the idea of salt-water fishing—the codfish, of course, mackerel, pollock, bass, tautog, scup and squeteague, not to mention the ubiquitous quahaug, prized in his early youth as the “Little Neck clams,” substitute for the oyster at summer dinner-parties.

There are plenty of all these, to be sure, but in addition, the numerous ponds furnish pickerel fishing, which is certainly not surpassed, if equaled, anywhere in New England. Of late years, too, many of these ponds have been stocked with small-mouthed black bass, which have thriven and furnish excellent sport. The common eastern pickerel, *Esox reticulatus*, however, is pre-eminently the fresh-water fish of the Cape, and in some of the ponds grows to a remarkable size.

The pleasant old town of Orleans is essentially a region of ponds, and if one chose to go far afield, with Orleans as a base, he might fish a fresh pond every day of the season.

The largest neighboring bit of water, Linnell's Pond, is no longer what it was thirty-odd years ago, when the writer visited Orleans on college vacations. In those days the western shore was a clean sand beach, with only a sparse line of lily-pads at the edge of the deep water, where the shelving beach suddenly dips down. Here the big fish used to lie, and by wading out, and throwing—casting is hardly the word—a big spoon with the long heavy pickerel-rod of those days, one could easily reach them, while the clean sandy beach made an ideal place to land your fish without gaff or landing net. The fish were

greedy, too, and an hour's work along that little stretch of beach, not over an eighth of a mile, was sure to give at least one good fish, and usually more.

But the pond is changed now. The once clean beach is foul with a thick growth of rushes and sedge, and in place of the sparse line of lily-pads at the edge of deep water, a dense bed of lilies and floating-heart makes fishing impossible except at occasional breaks in the barrier. Along the western shore the big fish still lurk in the old place, but they have changed too. Whether from excessive fishing, or because the pond is so full of feed, especially of young herrings, the fish have grown sophisticated and fastidious. A plain bare spoon no longer tempts them—it must be baited, and even then often fails. Sometimes live minnows or angleworms will do the trick, but nothing is sure.

A surer find is “Aunt Sally Mayo's” Pond, a little gem nestling among the hills close to the salt water of Pleasant Bay. This is a longer walk, nearly two miles, down past the post office and across the hills, but one never grudges it, for he is always reasonably sure of a good basket. It is the only available one of a chain of three lovely little ponds, for of the other two, one is private property and preserved, and the other so thickly beset with lilies that fishing from the shore is impossible. There is no boat on “Aunt Sally's Pond,” so we must wade along the shore, often mid-thigh deep. But much of it is clean beach, and the water plants are not thick enough to interfere seriously with fishing, while the fish, though not extremely plenty, run to a good size, and take the bait with a rush that often brings them clean out of water after they have seized it.

In the other direction, going toward the



Where Walton might have been happy, among the Cape Cod hills.



A try at Percival's Pond.



Forcing a way through the rushes.

railway station, and about a mile from home, lies Percival's Pond. In old times this was famous, but when the writer came back to the Cape, five or six years ago, people said: "It is no use fishing there—the fish have all been killed out." One wonders how such beliefs originate. The first time we tried the pond out of curiosity, last season, we took nine fine fish. After that we went there several times, and never got less than two fish, running to two pounds weight and better; the shore is clean, the deep water easily reached by wading, and the fish are easily handled.

But after all, our favorite stand-by is the little pond, a few minutes' walk from the house, which we call "Frank Gould's," though Frank Gould, the butcher, has been long dead; on him, in old times, before the days of Chicago beef, and butcher-carts driving by two or three times a week, we used to depend for our only taste of fresh meat. Many a happy hour we spend there every season. The fish are small—one of a pound weight counts for a big fish—but there are lots of them, and they are hungry for anything—spoon, live minnow, frog's leg, pickerel throat, or even a bit of pork rind. Curiously enough, hungry as they are, these fish never take the bait with a rush, like "Aunt Sally's" pickerel. A slight check as your bait is drawn through the water, the eclipse of your gleaming spoon by a dark body, is often your only warning of a strike, and it is always necessary to wait for your fish leisurely to turn the bait round and take it wholly into his mouth before you hook him.

But what, after all, makes it a sporting pond, is the difficulty of fishing it. The cedar trees and the bushes grow close down to the water's edge, and one has to wade along the shore, forcing his way through the rushes and flags, casting into accessible holes among the lily-pads, where one can often see the fish poised motionless in the crystal-clear water, and when once hooked, must be coaxed hurriedly through open holes, lest he twist the line around the rushes. Indeed, he must often be lifted clear of the tops of the rushes, and swung dexterously inshore before he has time to drop from the hook, and must be handled and basketed while you stand up to mid-thigh in water. What with rushes, lily-pads and bushes, nearly as many fish find

their way back to the water as get into the basket. It is a delightful little pond, and possesses one great advantage. The fish bite as well in sunshine as in cloudy weather.

The chain of big ponds, Great Cliff, Middle Cliff, or Little Long Pond, and Lower Cliff, or Higgins' Pond, back in the woods across the Brewster line, have a great reputation for big fish, but it is a long rough walk to the nearest, and they do not often lure us away from our favorite near-by haunts. Beside, they are all closely wooded to the water's edge, and have so little beach that fishing from the shore is practically impossible, especially when the ponds are high, and the only available boats are on Great Cliff Pond. This pond has given us good sport with game little bass, running from half a pound to two pounds, and very large yellow perch; but in four trips we have only taken two small pickerel, though, to be sure, we were devoting ourselves particularly to the bass fishing. Middle Cliff we tried once, but the lilies were so thick that we did nothing, while in Lower Cliff in seasons of low water we have found a few fair fish.

Hidden in the woods, not far west of the Cliff ponds lies the little Ralph's Pond (pronounced "Rafe's" in the true old English fashion). It takes its name from old Micah Ralph, the Indian, who in old colony times owned unnumbered acres of woodland around it; Little Ralph's is famous for its winter fishing through the ice. We went there once last season, and found it surprisingly like our favorite "Frank Gould's," except that the rushes are not so bad, the woods not so near the water, and the fish, if anything, thicker and greedier. I never saw pickerel so hungry. In less than two hours, going once around the pond, two of us had basketed twenty-seven fish, all of them small.

Over in Harwich, an hour's drive from our base, lies another chain of ponds, of which the largest, Long Pond, or Pleasant Lake, lying partly in Harwich and partly in Brewster, is nearly three miles long. They say there are plenty of fish in this pond, but it is so big that it is hard to find them, and the fishermen, a good many of whom come down from the city, devote themselves to the string of round ponds, each some twenty or thirty acres in area,



Linnell's Pond, the largest of these bits of fresh water.

and separated from one another only by narrow sand bars, which stretch away from the eastern end of the lake, evidently the remnants of a larger lake of earlier times. We did very little fishing here, for we could get no boat, and the lily-pads—or “bubbly stuff,” as the old sea-captain we talked with called it—prevented fishing from the shore, but we saw a fine string of pickerel, among them a four-pounder, which had just been caught in Greenland Pond, the first of these small ponds, where bass also abound.

Then, in the afternoon, we turned south, and drove four or five miles through East Harwich just over the line into Chatham, where we found another cluster of ponds among the bare grassy hills, which reminded us strongly of “Aunt Sally Mayo’s” Pond, though most of them were larger. There are pickerel in all of them, but our time was getting short, and we only tried one, which yielded seven small fish in a short time. Some day we mean to fish them thoroughly, for they look promising.

Another day we went exploring over in Eastham. Here, close to the railroad station, we found another cluster of ponds, one of which, Cole’s Pond, is said to be very good, though in the short time we had, we caught only a few small fish. This pond is best fished by trolling a spoon from a boat, for the deep water is not easily reached from the shore. The yellow perch, too, are very abundant and large, and the little Depot Pond, just over the hill, is said to be full of white perch. One of these days we mean to make a trip down to Wellfleet, where there is another cluster of ponds, from which we hear great stories of eight-pound pickerel.

East of the Cliff ponds, on the line between Brewster and Orleans, is Baker’s Pond, a beautiful bit of water, and always a favorite with the fishermen who stay in Orleans village, but to fish it you must cart a boat in, for none are kept there, and fishing from the shore is of no use. At present fishing is allowed there three days only in the week, for the State Fish Commission has just stocked the pond with trout.

In East Orleans, almost over at Nauset Harbor, is still another pickerel pond, called Thatcher’s, where some very good fish have been taken, but it is right in the midst of a colony of “summer folks,” and consequently is fished very hard.

As to baits, we use a variety—live minnows, when it isn’t too much trouble to catch them. The fish take them well, but more often we use cut baits of some kind—perch bellies with the red fins, pickerel throats—remember Dr. Holmes’ lines:

There’s a slice near the pickerel’s pectoral fins,
Where the *thorax* leaves off and the *venter*
begins;
Which his brother, survivor of fish-hooks and
lines,
Though fond of his family, never declines—

or, best of all, perhaps, a frog’s leg, skinned. We have found all of these cut baits far more killing when fished on a little casting spoon. Whether fishing with a spoon or not, we use a rather light fly rod, casting and fishing with a “sink and draw.”

Trolling a spoon from a boat has given us a few fish in Linnell’s Pond, but phantom minnows and such apparatus do no good at all. On the whole, the freshwater fish of Cape Cod are simple in their tastes, with few cultivated eccentricities.





WHERE THE SHADE OF THE ELMS IS MOST WELCOME

Photograph by Chas. H. Sawyer.



Young broad-wings, with the down on.

THE ROBBERS OF THE FALLS

BY HERBERT K. JOB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THIS beautiful May morning the falls were glorious. The recent rain had filled the mountain brook with a rushing torrent which took its fifty-foot leap into the dark rocky gorge with an unusual roar. Thence it thundered down a series of cascades to join the river below, past the dark hemlock forest on both sides which added its dignified whisperings to the tumult of the waters. Here and there amid the deep green of the hemlocks showed the pale yellows of oaks, chestnuts, and birches which were just beginning to unfold their verdure.

It was warbler-time, and as I scrambled along half way up the steep declivity, following up the stream on its left bank, I was watching a flitting troupe of warblers, among which were several beautiful male Blackburnians and bay-breasts, ceaselessly active in the upper branches of the hem-

locks. Just then I caught sight of something which made me lose the warblers. Not far ahead of me was an oak, in whose second crotch, forty feet up, was a sizable nest of sticks, from which projected, with an upward slant, a stubby thing which looked like a hawk's tail. Was it really that? It is easy to imagine what one wants to see, and sometimes an old stub will prove deceptive. However, my powerful Zeiss glasses soon showed that it was surely a hawk, and I paused to enjoy the pleasant anticipation. Then I cautiously advanced and came nearly to the tree before the hawk heard my steps above the din of the waters. She stood up in the nest, and away she went, with a shrill scream—"whee-e-e"—and alighted high up in a tall tree, whence she continued to squeal her displeasure.

A broad-wing! Not our commonest

hawk by any means. And an obliging hawk! I had no climbing-irons with me, but, as I examined the situation, it seemed as though the bird had considered my convenience in selecting the site for her nest. About fifteen feet away was a rather large hemlock, with step-ladder branches beginning some fifteen feet up, and close beside it a young hemlock, making another ladder to the first branches of the big tree. To run upstairs was the simplest thing in the world, if one does not mind an elevation, and very soon I was overlooking the nest with its two sizable dirty-white eggs, blotched with brown, lying on a bed of bark and twigs, with a few green hemlock sprays for ornament. It was too nice up there to hurry down. The tree was on the edge of a steep declivity, and far below I could see the swirling waters which roared away unceasingly, almost loud enough to drown the angry screams of the hawk, which was making frequent dashes at my head, sheering off just out of reach.

But it would not do to linger and lose too many of the golden moments, so, leaving my prize for a while, I descended, crossed the brook and actually, within sight of the same falls on this other side, in a few moments had found a nest of the Cooper's hawk containing three eggs. This was in a hemlock tree, an old nest which I had now examined for eight consecutive seasons without result, but now, at last, it was occupied. This hawk was as shy as the other one was bold, for I could hardly, even by the most cautious approach, catch sight of her before she left the nest.

Surely this wild, picturesque spot, this stately dark forest with its tumbling, roaring waterfall, was a veritable den of robbers—at least from the standpoint of the humbler wild creatures. Scientists have named the class of birds of prey "Raptors," or robbers, and they well deserve the title. With a dash and swoop they are upon their unsuspecting victims, who pay the penalty with their lives. No bird or small mammal would for a moment be safe in that fearful forest. No doubt they must feel as did our ancestors in the wilderness surrounded by bears and prowling wolves.

It is well known that robbers of this class are very jealous of competition. When a pair of hawks occupy a tract of

woods they consider the ground as theirs, and drive off all other hawks which would hunt upon their preserve. Boundaries are as clearly recognized as in human society, so here it is probable that the mountain stream formed the *ne plus ultra* for the depredations of either. Could we know the facts, what tales of violence and tragedy might come from around those falls. From our standpoint, the Cooper's hawk is the worst of all this feathered robber fraternity. Not content with victimizing the woodland creatures, it dashes into the barnyard and carries off chickens right before the eyes of the enraged but helpless owner. It is also a great destroyer of such birds as men call *their* rightful game. The broad-winged hawk, on the other hand, is quite a harmless robber, from our point of view. It is a more sluggish bird, seldom visiting the farm, and lives more on squirrels, mice, frogs and insects, things which do not so vitally concern man. Both these species are widely distributed, but the broad-wing is more northerly in its breeding range.

I am wondering whether most of these numerous mountain brooks of this picturesque region of western Connecticut do not have their feathered robbers. Only two days before this I was descending the gorge of another similar roaring stream hardly two miles from here, when I noticed a hawk's nest in an oak tree over the water. It was not occupied, and presently, as I went on, I came to another, in the top of a tall dead birch tree, also over the stream. It looked like an old nest, but I clapped my hands loudly to see if anything might start, and was surprised to see a broad-wing fly from somewhere lower down, though not from the nest. Assuming that she was preparing to rebuild this nest and had been perching near it, I was about to go on without climbing, as I had no irons with me, when I happened to espy a neat new nest, not half as high as the other, in a low hemlock, well concealed by the branches. White down clung to the twigs all about, and I understood. It was but thirty feet up, with branches all the way. Very soon I was looking over the edge and examining the two eggs. Growing beside this tree, at just the right distance to set a camera, a dozen feet or so, was a slender but strong young oak.



A band of new-fledged robbers.

In time past I had photographed a Cooper's hawk on the nest, but never yet the broad-wing, so here was a new field to conquer. With these two nicely situated broad-wings' nests to work on, there was certainly a fine chance. Before beginning the actual work of photography it was necessary to prepare these hawks for the ordeal that would try their nerves and courage. So, on my second visit, a day or two later, I rigged up a dummy camera on the convenient tree before each nest, at about the same level. These were nothing but a cereal box with a round hole in the end to suggest the lens, and piece of burlap for the focus cloth. After a day or two they accept it, unquestioning, as a part of the natural surroundings, and hardly notice the substitution of the real camera. The main trouble then, when one sets the shutter and goes into hiding, is to make them believe that he has really left the woods. As long as they suspect that an intruder is near, they will not go to the nest.

My first try was with the broad-wing at the big falls. The female was incubating, indifferent to the dummy strapped to the branch of the hemlock, fifteen feet from her. It took certainly an hour to set my camera—driving the screw-bolt, clamping the camera to it, focusing, tying the instrument so it could not swerve, inserting plate, attaching the spool of thread to the shutter and dropping it to the ground, and last of all setting the shutter, taking care not to pull it off as I descended. The next thing was to select a hiding place. A fallen tree about one hundred yards away was just the place I wanted, so I laid out the thread carefully to a convenient hollow beneath the trunk, taking care to keep it from tangling. I had a friend with me, and, watching our chance when the hawk that was flitting about took a circuit away, we ran for our cover and crawled in under the trunk, where the nest was just visible through a peek-hole through the branches. The only thing to do now was to watch for the hawk's return to the nest, and then, when she was quiet, to pull the thread carefully so as not to jar the camera while the shutter opened for the required half second. I was using my single 18-inch lens, and the bellows were so long that in the woods, even with direct sunlight, this was none too much, with the full opening.

We lay perfectly still and listened to the hawk music. Both the birds were now flying around and screaming like good ones. It seemed as though they surely would stop in a few minutes. But after half an hour they appeared to feel as much outraged as ever, and our necks were getting badly cramped. Evidently they knew we were hiding there, so I had to ask my friend to withdraw, reluctantly, for it was too bad to have him miss the fun. Birds are not much on counting, and these ones could not even count two, for as soon as he had gone they believed that the coast was clear. In a couple of minutes their screaming ceased. There was dead silence a while, and then I saw a hawk alight in a tree near the nest. Presently she flew to another branch, and then glided right on to the nest, where she stood erect, listening. This was my chance, and quickly, yet steadily, I pulled the thread taut. The hawk gave no sign of having heard the shutter, and settled down to brood. I gave her ten minutes to get over her alarm, and watched her through my field-glass. Now and then she would turn her head, and then settle back with a sleepy air, just like an old sitting hen.

The exciting question now was whether or not the shutter had sprung, or had the thread got tangled. Quietly I crawled out from my retreat and away from it, so as not to show the hawk where I had hidden. As soon as I walked boldly she saw me and flew, and I hurried to climb the tree. To my great joy the shutter was closed. I changed the plate, set the shutter for another shot, and this time walked off noisily beyond my hiding place and to one side of it. Then I dropped to the ground and crept back silently to cover on hands and knees. This time no suspicions were aroused. For a quarter of an hour all was quiet. Then suddenly I saw a shadow. It was the hawk gliding swiftly through the woods, and in a moment she was on the nest. I let her settle down before pulling the thread, and got her sidewise, a fine clear picture.

The hawk was now becoming accustomed to my approaches, and, for that matter, the broad-wing, though very retiring, is not as wary as most of the hawks. It is a near relative of the so-called "hen-hawks," but a smaller bird, of medium



A great horned owl incubating near the falls.



Broad-winged hawk bringing bark to her nest.

size, and, like its relatives, is rather sedate and somewhat heavy in its movements. My friend was anxious to be in the game, so, as I changed plates again, I called him, and this time we both sneaked to the bower. The hawk soon returned. She flew straight to the nest, and alighted somewhere close to it, but behind a large branch. For an instant I was undecided, but pulled the thread, upon which the hawk flew. It was great luck that I pulled just then, for it gave me the best hawk picture I have ever taken. The hawk stands on a stub close to the nest in a watchful attitude, carrying a piece of bark in her bill, evidently for the purpose of trimming or ornamenting her nest. At other times I have seen hawks bring something in returning to their eggs. Almost always one finds a fresh green spray placed on the nest, as though each day one or other of the hawks brought a bouquet to ornament their home. This is one of various suggestions which go to show that animals are not entirely destitute of æsthetic sense.

The broad-wing gave me three shots more that day, six in all, the best day's "hawking" that I have ever had, for all the pictures were good. And now there was the other robber to conquer. I did it alone, and my friend missed one of the times of his life. It took two days, though, to gain the victory. On the first attempt the hawk would not go near the nest while I was in the woods, so the next time I brought my little brown umbrella tent and pitched it well down the stream from the nest, as far away as I could see when the hawk returned to it. The task of screwing up the camera in the slender oak opposite the nest in the hemlock was a hard one. There was no support but one slender crotch for the right foot; for the other the spur of the climbing-iron had to suffice. It was necessary to cling to the trunk while

using both hands on the instrument, and the pile of jagged rocks beneath the tree was enough to incite one to extreme caution. I was glad enough when the ordeal was over and, dripping with perspiration, I was again on solid ground.

Then I withdrew far down the brook, and crept back up the dark gorge and into the tent. The hawk seemed suspicious of the camera, the lens and shutter of which flashed in the sun, and it was only after hours of waiting, with eyes at the peek-hole and neck almost paralyzed, that I secured two shots at the hawk on the nest. After this I took down the camera, and with the precious plates followed the path along the brook back to the "rig."

From time to time I made the rounds of these various robber camps, and photographed the young at various stages. The broad-wings by the big falls hatched but one of their two eggs, the Cooper's hawks two of their three, while the other broad-wings were completely successful. On the second day of June I climbed to the nest of the latter pair, and heard the little hawks chirping in the shells, through which each bill had already broken. Just a month later, on the second of July, one of them was able to fly from the nest as I peered over the edge. The other robber families were about ten days later in their growth. To provide food for all these lusty carnivora many a tragedy was enacted by these falls.

The picturesque big fall was visited by numerous summer picnic parties, but of these probably not a person was sharp-eyed enough to perceive that they were in a notable robbers' den, and that keen, murderous eyes were watching them from the shadows of the hemlocks as they listened to the music of the falls and watched the artistic grace of the leaping jets of the silver spring.

LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

GRANPOP'S BIG BASS

BY CARROLL DEAN MURPHY

GRANPOP carefully wound a rebellious Lima bean vine about its pole.

"Queer how them runners won't go round but one way," he mused; "sot in their ways jest like humans. Time's been, I was sot agin hoein' jest that stebborn. Wall, it took a plenty of hick'ries, but now I reckon I relish gardenin' a little in the cool of the mornin'."

He glanced approvingly at the eastern sky and moved up the row, cleaning out the pusley and wire grass with slow, methodical strokes.

"Hey, Granpop!" called a barefooted boy, as he came running across the corn patch; "Granpop, me an' Bill's goin' fishin'. Let's us dig some baits."

"Wall, Jimmy, I dunno as we can find any, it's so dry," quizzed the old man.

"You can always find dandies," said Jimmy.

They crossed the garden together, to a shady spot by the barn. Granpop dug away, while Jimmy gathered the baits into an old tin can. Then the old man shouldered his hoe and with the boy trotting at his side went toward the house.

"Used to keep my old crooked willow right on them same nails when I was your size, Jimmy," he said, seating himself on the edge of the porch, in the shade of the old-fashioned red trumpet flower.

"That was awful long ago, wasn't it?" said Jimmy. His lead was loose and he stopped to bite it on to his line.

"Ye-uh—long ago. Before ever the big Harvey Sweet apple tree was planted," agreed Granpop soberly. He laid his old straw hat on the step and rested his head in his hands.

A whistle sounded from the street and Jimmy answered it.

"Wisht you didn't have the rheumatiz so bad, so's you could go 'long, Granpop,"

he said, as he picked up his pole and bait can. "We always ketch more when you're along."

The old man smiled. "Wall, now, Jimmy, we did used to have some luck on our little j'ants, didn't we? But you'll have to ketch Granpop's fish now. He's gettin' too old to stomp around very spry."

"Too old," he mused, when Jimmy had gone. "Older 'n the old Harvey Sweet grandfather planted. I mind fillin' my pockets, jest like Jimmy done a minute ago, off the tree that stood there afore that un—big, red apples they was, and sweeter 'n maple wax—me and Joe Mullen and Acey Bartlett. I mind they called me 'Poke.'"

He looked off into the sky and watched the gray curtain of cloud falling in shreds before the sun. Then he rose, and going into the house, settled himself to read the paper.

The sun had risen high and the blinds were drawn against the heat. A blue bottle buzzed at the window. Granpop finally roused himself and, putting up his spectacles, sought a cool spot on the vine-covered back porch.

Suddenly he seemed to hear a whistle—Acey's whistle. Two boys with fishing poles were leaning over the front fence. He looked about—the apples on the sweet apple tree were red!

"Gee whiz!" he said, "me and Joe and Acey was goin' fishin' this morning, and I forgot all about it."

He jumped on a box, got down his willow pole and started out through the orchard.

"Got any baits?" he called.

"Uh-huh! Gimme 'n apple."

"Aw, Poke, y'ain't fergot your best friend?"

And so, as the boys went down the road, Poke wormed three big red apples out of his breeches pockets.

Poke felt the soft dust under his bare feet, the tall grass dripping with dew, and the cool beaten path along the willows.

The mile to the dam seemed as short as a circus parade.

There the crick was foaming from its plunge. Willows shaded the water, and under the mossy planks where the stream fell, the big bass waved their tails in sleepy comfort.

Poke baited his hook with a big fat worm, spit on it for luck and slipped it into the water. Then the three sat whispering and watching their corks. The current pulled at Poke's and took it half under. A leaf came downstream and caught on his line, making curves that spread and floated away. The sky got deeper and bluer as he looked up through the limp willow leaves. It was hot up there, but not on the old spile. Suddenly his cork bobbed.

Poke gripped the spile with his legs and waited. The cork wiggled again, then steadied.

"I had a bite," he whispered.

"Minnies," answered Joe.

Poke pulled up. "Minnies nuthin'," he said angrily; "bare hook."

He baited again and dropped into the same spot. The cork settled, bobbed vigorously, then went under. Poke's heart thumped, and he jerked up. Swish, a gray body went over his head into the willow branches.

"Little sundab," said Acey, coming over to look.

For a long time everything was quiet. But the fish wouldn't bite any more, and at last Joe said, "Let's try 'em with crabs." All three set their poles and went down to the riffle.

"Gee! Looky!" yelled Joe, as they came in sight of the poles again. Acey's was going like a pump handle, and Joe's cork was clear under. Joe ran out on the log as fast as he could go and started to pull up. But just then Acey tried to get past him. They bumped together, and Joe fell in clear over his head. Acey never stopped till he had pulled up.

"O-oh! Look what I got!" he yelled, swinging a big mud turtle back and forth.

Joe climbed out mad, and without a word yanked at his line. It stuck on a snag. He tried to poke it loose with his pole, but couldn't. Then he got madder than ever and gave a big jerk. Swish, the line cut the water, and then went slack.

"What'd you do?" asked Poke.

"Lost my hook. Aw, let's quit. 'Taint no fun fishin'."

"Huh-uh!" said Acey, whirling his turtle over his head and slapping it on the water.

"Aw, let up. You're scarin' 'em all away," growled Poke.

"Ho! You're jus' mad 'cause you ain't got no turtle." Acey let it dive under the log and then pulled it back. "Look at him swim turtle fashion," he went on.

"Wouldn't have yer dog-goned old turtle," said Joe, still sulky over his ducking: "I'd throw him back 'f he's mine. What kin you do with him?"

"Make soup," said Acey, "n'else I sell him up to the saloon. They give Chalky Simpkin's brother a quarter fur one onct."

"Gee!" said Joe. In silence he squirmed out of his shirt and hung it on a bush by his dripping breeches. Then he jumped into the sand, where he lay, sprinkling handfuls over his wet skin.

Poke stuck a piece of crab on his bare hook and fished on, dropping some splinters from the spile for the minnies to grab at. After a while his eyes seemed to bore right down, till he could almost see bottom. There, way under water, was a muddy log and two little fuzzy snags. Once, in the deepest part, a big shadow, blacker than the water, slid by, and Poke caught the faintest gleam of sunlight on a big, scaly side. He held his breath and watched his cork till his eyes blinked. There was a nibble, or maybe just the wind jerking his line. It was blowing a little, for the leaves above him stirred, and a spider hanging by a thread swung dizzily and backed up a little for fear of tumbling. Then came a sure enough nibble, maybe from that big one. And then—Splash! Joe had got too hot in the sand and had dove off the dam. Poke's cork stood still; he was mad.

"Aw! darn it!" he yelled, "I thought you kids was goin' to keep still. I almost had a great big bass—an awful big one. I seen him."

"I fergot you's fishin'," said Joe. Then he went off up in the wheat stubble, and everything was quiet, except for the falls, and Acey calling his turtle names. Poke looked at his bait and quickly threw in again where he'd seen the big one. The

breeze tumbled the willow leaves and made the spots of sunlight dance on the water. Then his cork went under. He jerked up and climbed to the bank again. But when he saw it was only a horny chub, he slammed it back in.

"Now, what 'd you do that for?" demanded Acey. "Ain't you got no sense? 'Tain't no use us fishin' now; he'll tell all the others."

"Aw won't neither," said Poke. But it was true, though Poke had forgotten about it. He set his line carelessly and stared at it, with his head on his hand. The sun had got round to his spile. He could see it in the crick and wished he was there too, for the water splashed invitingly cool. It wasn't any fun fishing.

"Last one in knows what he is," yelled Poke. He jumped up and ran across the top of the dam, skinning his shirt as he went. He threw his clothes on the sand and dove—"Smack!" Acey and Joe ran in as he came up.

"O-oh! What a belly-slapper," yelled Acey. Poke didn't answer, for just then Joe came up and said:

"I bet it's twice over your head and hands. I can't touch."

"Ho! I can bring up," shouted Poke. He let himself sink, and Acey watched. Suddenly a fistful of mud shot out of the water. Poke slung the dirt over his head and started for Joe, swimming sailor fashion. They splashed for a minute, then wrestled. Joe went out choking and rubbing his eyes.

Just then the noon whistle at the shops blew. The three splashed off the mud stripes and ran for their clothes.

Acey didn't have to wear any undershirt, so he got dressed first and went to pull up his turtle. It kicked hard and snapped at the line.

Poke, too, went to wind up. His cork was under and his line tight. He tried to pull up and something almost jerked the pole out of his hands. *It* was an awful big one.

He drew the pole in hand over hand, then the line. A big black fin cut the water and shot away with every inch of slack. Poke's ears buzzed. He didn't hear the noise of the dam, nor the other fellow yelling. The tight line and the swirl of water were all he saw. The cord cut his hands,

but he gritted his teeth and got in the slack again. The fish dove and dragged him into the shallow water, but he held on, panting; brought it in a foot at a time, clutched it with both arms, and ran way back up the bank. *It* was a black bass—a whopping big one.

"Golly! Ain't he a dandy!" gasped Joe.

"Geel!" said Acey, "het he's bigger 'n the one Soapy caught up to the bridge. Don't you?"

With trembling fingers, Poke silently strung it and held it up to view. The stringer did look fine. The sundab just made the bass look bigger. Poke almost wished he had saved the horny chub, just to carry home; then again he thought maybe the bass would look better alone.

"Want me to carry him a ways?" asked Acey.

"Huh-uh! I ain't tired," said Poke. But the stringer was heavy, just the same, and had to be carried 'way up to keep the bass' tail from getting dirty.

The way home seemed pretty short. Poke soon felt the dust of the road again, hot this time, so that he had to walk fast. Old Mr. Farrar came by on his hay rigging, and stopped:

"Where 'd you ketch him?" he asked.

"Up to the dam," said Poke and Acey together, both trying to talk offhand.

"Fine fish; weighs about four pounds, eh?" The farmer clucked to his raw-boned team.

"Pert' near seven, I bet," said Poke, hurrying on. He climbed the fence, then quickly put the stringer behind him, for there was mother. He knew what she'd do. She'd say, "Why, Fred, I was afraid you were going to miss your dinner, or——" Then she'd see his wet clothes, where he had waded in after his bass, and ask. Then he'd show her *it*. She was smiling now and opening her lips.

"Hey, Granpop! Look what I caught!"

The old man started and rubbed his eyes. He looked down—his hands were empty. He looked about. He was sitting on the old back porch. The locusts were droning still. Jimmy stood beside him. And the apples on the old tree were yellow.

"Ain't he a dandy?" said Jimmy, hold-

ing up a big bass. "How much d' you s'pose he weighs, Granpop?"

"Whanger! Weighs a big three pounds, I reckon," said Granpop, "but he looked bigger 'n that."

"Why, when did you see him, Granpop?"

"Me?" The old man chuckled softly. "Didn't you spy me round the old dam this mornin', Jimmy? Shucks, rheumatiz can't keep your old Granpop home long as he can doze on the porch and dream about when he was a boy."

"Maybe that's the reason Bill and me had luck," said Jimmy seriously, letting his bass loose in the big tub. Then a soft voice called and the two went in. It was dinner time, and the smell of baked sweet apples came out to the vine-covered back porch.

BILL FIKES' FOX HUNT

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL

UNCLE EZRA did you ever ride to hounds?" inquired the grocery clerk in an attempt to draw attention from the prune barrel into which the upper third of Boggs had disappeared. At the query, the prune-chaser straightened up and dusted the mold off his vest front.

"Eh? Ride two hounds?" he repeated in mild surprise, "I should hope not, son, I'm no juggler."

"I heard you were quite a fox hunter once. Just thought I'd ask, you know," said the clerk, as he put a handful of desiccated cabbage leaf into the free tobacco box.

"Fox hunter! Well, I calk'late some that I was! Why, son, I was chasin' the animals years before you was born, an' probably would be yet if I hadn't run 'em all out o' th' country."

"I suppose you've hunted foxes with Bill Fikes?" asked Jinn Hallett, as he peered around the stove.

"Hunted with Lill? Yes, once. I remember that time very particular—it finished poor Bill for fox huntin'. Makes me laugh every time I recall Bill ridin' that slow suicide of a critter he drawed. And that hunt, I could just get down an' roll."

At this juncture the clerk clapped the

cover on the prune barrel and the peril was averted.

"You see, Bill had alwaus swore he was a regular ringmaster at hossback ridin'. Even went so far as to let on he'd been refusin' big offers once a month for th' past ten years from circuses all over th' country jest to ride hosses. I never see 'im straddle a hoss, though, till we went down to Squire Eaton's fox hunt. Bill had to go, seein' he was some maple sugary on th' Squire's daughter, an' th' daughter had egged th' Squire on to invite Bill so's she could see how he looked in high-water pants.

"After we'd got down there th' Squire pulled me off to one side an' says, in a whisper:

"I hear Bill's an old circus equestrienne, an' I'm dum glad of it. I've got a regular devil of a hoss for 'im to ride, an' an ordinary man couldn't manage 'im."

"Is that so?" says I. "Well, I guess my pardner is th' one to make that hoss feel 'is oats if any one can. You'll enjoy watchin' Bill ride that hoss, Squire," I says.

"I'm glad to hear that, Ez," he says, real relieved. "I guess we might as well start 'er off."

"Then he turns around an' blowed a blast on a powder-horn an' yells:

"Ahoy, boys! Yoho! Yoho! Yoicks! Yoho!"

"This brought th' hull crowd of men an' dogs an' hosses an' admirin' females up in a knot, an' th' mountin' begun. Bill hung back on th' edge lookin' like he'd swallowed a jew's harp an' it was interferin' with 'is air. When th' stable bridegroom led out Bill's noble steed my poor pardner nearly fell down. So did I, after one look at that nag. I see then that Squire Eaton was a perfessional joker with capital letters a foot high.

"That animal was so high up from th' earth it was jest like lookin' up at th' Masonic Temple. Away up on th' roof of 'im he had a backbone that looked like th' map of th' Rocky Mountains done in bone. Bill run 'is hand lovin'ly over th' critter's spine an' said he'd seen worse, but couldn't recollect jest where.

"Th' Squire's daughter bein' present prevented Bill from makin' th' remarks he wanted to, but th' looks he give me made me shiver as though I'd had a nightmare.



"Most o' the time Bill 'peared to be sailin' along in the sunshine jest like a butterfly."

We got 'im aboard finally by usin' a step-ladder an' main force an' th' Squire tooted th' cornet as a signal that all was set.

"Th' first thing Bill's hoss done was to jump th' pump an' then hurdle a row o' beehives. In doin' this a half dozen beetle-browed honey-producers anchored to Bill an' th' hoss an' done a lively business. Bill took th' lead—jest like I'd said he would an' he held it. He showed us some ridin' that you don't often see even in circus rings, too. I never see a feller ride so far away from 'is nag an' still stay with 'im. Most o' th' time Bill 'peared to be sailin' along in th' sunshine jest like a butterfly, touchin' 'is hoss occasionally to give 'im a pointer where he wanted to go.

"Some o' th' boys who got up near Bill said th' remarks he was castin' off was ekal to any Spartacus to the Gladiators they'd ever listened to. About every third time Bill'd come down he'd meet th' hoss goin' up on th' next jump an' th' sound was similar to a man poundin' a hollow stump with a sledge hammer.

"In about twenty minutes Bill's hoss had overtook th' dogs an' waded through th' bunch, puttin' two of 'em on th' hospital list with onjointed backs. In a minute or so more he'd caught up with th'

fox, an', after runnin' 'im neck an' neck for half a mile, passed 'im easy. Th' fox was so disgusted he tried to bite Bill in th' leg as he went by, but Bill was too high up to be reached.

"Th' Squire blowed a few toots on 'is foghorn to advise Bill to come back an' be sociable, but we see that hoss jest tuck in 'is tail good an' careful an' stretch out like a homesick jackrabbit. Bill was hangin' on like a porous plaster to a tramp's back.

"We could see 'im haulin' on th' reins, but th' Squire said he'd give any man two hundred dollars who could bend that animal's neck, an' Bill didn't win. It was made o' castiron, th' Squire said.

"Th' last we see o' my pardner he was just toppin' a rise in th' far distance with th' hoss skinnin' along like a scairt catamount 'bout five foot below. Th' Squire was sort o' melancholy for a while, thinkin' he was a hoss out, but I told 'im to bear up brave an' begin preparin' to git booted clear across Catawba County if poor Bill never showed up again.

"But next day Bill sent word from a town twenty miles off that he was alive an' hungry, but that th' hoss was in difficulty through breakin' an' enterin' a hotel office an' attemptin' to register. I forget what

it cost th' Squire to settle for th' bric-a-brac that animal had maltreated, but it was nothin' small. Bill walked like a pair o' carpenter's calipers for six weeks an' threatened to sue th' Squire for permanent injuries to 'is beauty.

"That was th' last fox hunt I ever see Bill Fikes engage in—th' identical last one. He sort o' lost 'is hankerin' for it, I guess."

The narrator paused, yawned deeply and drummed lightly with his fingers on the cover of the prune barrel. Then, as a sudden thought struck home, he gently lifted it and slid an arm into the depths, while he eyed the clerk fiercely, as one who takes his just dues, fearing no man.

CORN AND GRAPES

BY E. P. POWELL

DURING September America belongs to corn and grapes, they are cosmopolitan. Riding at forty miles an hour on one side of you, all day, are vineyards, with purple or white clusters—only to be estimated by tons; on the other side miles of corn. The air is loaded with fragrance. These are the two most delicious foods in the world. What a wonderful provider is Nature; for at least one-third of all this corn and these grapes will be wasted, like the apples in the orchards, through insects and bad management—yet we shall have enough. Forty years ago one carload of grapes glutted the New York market, but now twenty carloads in a day will drop out of sight. One hundred years ago the corn crop was less than one million of bushels a year, now it is nearly three billions of bushels. Our fathers shelled the whole of that crop by hand, and they carried it to mill on horseback. Sitting on a spade, the edge of which lay over a half bushel, they scraped off the kernels. If all the Chinese in the Celestial kingdom could now be set at work on our annual harvest, the next crop would overtake them with one-third of the ears still to shell. Those were days of sweet romance and homefulness; these are the days of mills, machinery, and elevators.

This corn which now feeds a nation of eighty millions, and is going to feed half the world, which you call the king of all

grains, do you know that it is the product of Indian agriculture? Originally it was only a maize, a very simple grass, and some Indian Burbank began its development into a product so different that Nature had to take the heavy ears away from the top and fit them into the sockets of the leaves. When white man came, the Indian was able to give him not only field corn, but a variety of sweet corn. The Iroquois cultivated hundreds of acres, and all the valleys of New York were full of corn fields and apple orchards. I was able in one of my horticultural experiments to carry this corn back, step by step, each year selecting the shortest stalks and the smallest kernels, until at the end of six years, I had a stalk only two feet high, with seed like a spike of timothy—and once more on top. I had reversed evolution and found out the origin of corn.

However, these aborigines left enough for us to do. These corn fields of ours show a steady evolution, with a suggestion of still further achievement in the future. New corns, far richer in food values, have been produced. Ordinary corn contains but little over four per cent. of oil, but the Illinois Agricultural College has bred a new sort, containing nearly seven per cent. There is a difference of ten per cent. in the protein contained by other varieties. "The Corn Gospel Train" is a good symbol of our age—a train of cars equipped with professors, who go from farm to farm, as well as village to village, teaching the tillers how to create more corn to the acre and of better quality—less labor, more corn.

We have got to get ready to feed a population of four hundred millions, and that will need at least fifty bushels of wheat to the acre and one hundred bushels of corn. By careful selection of seed, continued for ten years, we expect to get at least fifty bushels as an average yield per acre, instead of thirty. Ahead of us we see corn fields with five ears to the stalk, and three stalks to the hill. Give us twenty-five years and we will raise the average to one hundred bushels per acre. With all this we expect to become so intimately associated with Nature that we shall not exhaust fertility by culture, but shall increase it. We shall find our fertilizers at our own doors.

The grape story is equally cheering. Grapes are nearest of all fruits to being a perfect food. You will do well to eat one meal a day of nothing else. Every farmer will gain by having at least one acre of Wordens, Niagaras, Lindleys, and Brightons. These will save him in outlay for beef, and he can market a handsome surplus. They will cut off his doctors' bills, adding a dozen years to his life. Fifty years ago no farmer had anything more than wild grapes, or possibly an Isabella or a Catawba struggled for life against neglect and frost. Then came the Concord about the middle of the century, with Delaware a little later. Then Dr. Grant created the Iona—still the most delicious of all grapes; while Rogers' seedlings and Ricketts' seedlings gave us at least two score more of superb products. The writer has on his nine acre homestead over one hundred sorts, and new ones constantly crowd for admission. The five best grapes for a country home south of New York are Jefferson, Iona, Moore's Early, and Brighton. North of New York we may select Moore's Early, Niagara, Lindley, Brighton, and Worden. In Florida we grow out of doors the Black Hamburg, Muscat of Alexandria, and Sweetwater.

The corn field is always beautiful, from the time that the seed sprouts until the tall stalks stand in stooks for the husker; beautiful when it waves its streamers in June, or yields its sweet ears in July, and equally beautiful when the rich brown of August creeps over it, or the stalk stands ripe for the reaper in September—always the handsomest plant in the republic. I know the best of them, both north and south, and I say advisedly that the palm must be given to corn. I like best to walk alone in a big corn field in the earliest morning. Then I am likely to meet a woodchuck, who has not yet gone home from his marauding. A gray squirrel is pretty sure to call out from a butternut tree, where he is working at a plucked ear; and as likely as not I walk into a covey of bobwhites. Let them all alone, I say, for they will destroy enough vermin to make good a small toll of the corn. I am not so sure of the crows, who come in great flocks—only a crow is better than a blackbird. These last have need of some better apology for living than I have heard.

Only of late, in the Western States, they are taking to town life, and are doing good service as street scavengers.

Roasted corn is a luxury that is now nearly forgotten. It was not boiled sweet corn, but really roasted ears. In my boyhood, when we had huge fireplaces, we used to lay it in the hot ashes—burying it well—then heaping coals over it to let it thoroughly parch. It came out after fifteen minutes with a fragrance that is lost entirely with the water-soaked ears that are pulled out of a pot with a long iron fork.

Harriet Martineau, in 1835, touring our Republic, tells us of her first experience with what she calls the "most delicious of vegetables." "The greatest drawback is the way in which it is necessary to eat it. The cob, eight or ten inches long, is held at both ends, and, having been previously sprinkled with salt, it is nibbled and sucked from end to end, till all the grains are got out. It looks awkward enough, but what is to be done? Surrendering such a vegetable from considerations of grace is not to be thought of." So we all thought in those quiet homely days.

Along the edges of the corn fields grew the grapes; wild they were, but we had not yet tasted an Eldorado, or a Hayes, or a Wapanuka, or a Headlight. We could eat Bon Chretien pears in those days! But there really was a difference in those wild grapes. Some of them were tender and sweet, and they were appetizing—at least for boys. I remember one vine, a delicate little thing, that held with tiny tendrils to a rail fence, and it bore grapes that were as good as Delaware—or I am mistaken. We did not then know how wise it was to preserve Nature's more delicate children, so the little vine of natural evolution was allowed to perish. I made a pilgrimage to find it, but it was gone—and I was ashamed.

There will be a husking to-night. The boys have selected about thirty huge and solid pumpkins for seats, and the stooks of corn stand twenty feet thick, all around outside. Wires are fixed, on which to hang the lanterns of the workers. Inside the seats, the whole center of the yard is left clear for the clean golden ears after they are stripped. Josiah Andrews and Ephraim Foote are the chief competitors; only old man Dennison gives them a close

race. It is a curious and pretty piece of business. At seven o'clock every seat is occupied with laughing, story-telling farmers, farmers' boys, and farmhands. Grandfather Hull gives the signal. Lifting a stalk deftly, so as to bring the ear to the left hand, he strips the husks down with the right, and then twists the golden spur cunningly out of the stalk and the husks—quick as a flash tossing the ear to the ground. Soon there is a pile, and each man and boy has his own heap. Now all are at work. The jokes grow fewer, the talk lags. Ears fly thickly through the air. There will be one hour's pull, and every bit of it will be farmer's science. With all their inventions they have never yet got a better corn husker than the two human hands, with brains running through them. You will easily see that it is brains if you watch the piles. Modern invention has spoiled mowing and reaping, and indoors there is no more sewing or knitting or candle making, but corn husking *is*, and I think it will long remain.

The kitchen is lighted with unusual brilliance, and there is a hum of business inside. Faint odors of doughnuts come to the champions. If you could only look indoors you would see a long row of pumpkin pies, and there are seven jars of honey, for these huskers are hearty eaters. Parson Chase is here, and Deacon Hanford, and they are doing work neither need be ashamed of. After the feasting, when it comes to the dancing, and the champion leads the girl of his choice, the parson smiles and says genially: "Folks do not see things as they used." "Bless the Lord, no!" says the Deacon. "There's no use manufacturing sins. There's enough of them in the nature of things."

The hour is up; yes, a good long hour and a half. The village clock strikes nine before the huskers shove back from the stooks—what there is left of them. The girls are coming from the house with arms full. Cider first—a genuine brew. I should like to stop right here, to sing the praise of real cider—September cider—

made half and half of Pound Sweets and Gravensteins. But really if I were to tell you all that I know, and all that I think of this pure brewing of the best fruit God ever made, I should never get to the end of the dancing and feasting, and we should not get home until midnight. Only this I say, cider is fit for mortals only when made of sound apples, and every one washed at the spring. Coffee comes for those whose blood goes slow, and are already sleeping or nodding. This is one of the fine things about farm life, that as soon as the work is done the worker sleeps.

I take it evolution will never run us away from two things, grapes and Indian corn. It has picked them up with us, and in the rush of steam and electricity it will not leave them behind. Indeed we may as well own it up, that if corn and grapes were taken away we ourselves would have to slow up, or stop altogether. The number of new corns now being tested in the United States is among the ten thousands. Two thousand new wheats are on trial in one state, and every year we have new apples fit to grow with the Spitzenburg and Spy.

The aim of our plant breeders is not to secure a single supremely good corn, but varieties adapted to different purposes; one for muscle building; one for starch; one with an excess of protein, and another with this element largely eliminated. Man and animals alike depend on these new departures. The work behind is magnificent; that ahead stirs the imagination, as Homer stirs our martial blood. We have only begun our work. There are grapes ahead still more vinous, and the foot-long clusters shall shade the poorest man's cottage. A corn producing one hundred bushels to the acre, and a culture adequate, would revolutionize the world. It would enable us to double the population of the globe. It would give us in place of three billions of bushels, nearly or quite ten billions, and we will have it. Glorious is the agriculture of the future. Beautiful is September with its grapes and its corn.



MOUNTAINEERING IN NORTH AMERICA

DEEDS AND OPPORTUNITIES ON THE WORLD'S BEST CONTINENT FOR CLIMBING

BY ROBERT DUNN



ALPINE climbing is a specialized sport, highest development though it is of mountaineering, which is the broader and more human aim. It attenuates naturally into rock-climbing, "stunt" work. Next, the art of scaling skyscrapers on the outside might logically be developed—acrobats and the variety stage ending the perspective.

So the outdoor world has never taken alpinism wholly to heart. It has been viewed askance, midway between mountain-climbing for love of exercise and Nature, and Polar exploring for nobody knows quite what. And its expense and technique have evolved a type of man. His enthusiasm is uncommunicable except to fellow-climbers, and toward all mountains on which rope, ice-axe, and Swiss guides are not needed—and for mountaineers untrained to such—he has a certain condescension.

Unlike him, the proper climber plays to Nature for no more than her infinite variety. He responds to the hilt before her simpler and more exquisite aspects for which the trained fellow has been spoiled. He, jaded by gloom and chaos, is stirred only by the hairbreadth, and that imperial sense of winning by strategy what is denied you and me. He overshoots the ideal of good heart, good legs, and that world's-mine-high-up-in-the-early-morning feeling; and, if it must be whispered, I bet he is less happy ascalping his virgin summit in Chitral than you and I may be on old Mt. Washington, N. H.

From the hill behind the hotel, you seem

to look down upon the Matterhorn, and thus the Swiss-trained ones have beheld the mountains of the world, though among virgin ranges they follow the pioneers' wake. Theirs is a cultivated heroism. They hate to admit that peaks exist more baffling than where their ropes have raveled. They distinguish alps from mountains arbitrarily, the one being what an axe-master has seen or climbed; inferior summits where the amateur has tried. Even a first-class is told off from a second-class alp—as if wanton Nature considered angles of elevation or glacier mass, and had designed Switzerland to sit in judgment on the peaks of the world! Mountaineering for its own sake marks civilized man searching beauty in its countless guises, for the savage climbs only to hunt and the scientist for less human reasons; but it has been developed askew, through a cult of summits, not by the peaks of the world.

North America has suffered shamefully from Alpine arrogance. Its masters have looked upon glacierless Colorado, the ridges bulging faintly above the continental plateau; upon Popocatepetl and his sister titans reaching isthmusward; upon the snowy dead craters of the Cascades—and pitied us Americans that our lands offered mountain sport for none but women and old men. Volcanoes? An inferior sort of mountain. The Appalachians? Molehills.

But on this continent are fields for climbing, greater in variety, wider in appeal to every sort of mountaineer, alpinist included, than on any other of the world's six areas; and among summits physically attainable, probably the hardest in the world. The Himalayas, with greater real elevation, have bases of attack discount-



On the trail.

Drawing by N. C. Wyeth.

ingly high, and the accepted idea that thin air prevents climbing above 25,000 feet, bars their tiptops. If South America offers greater height and heroic weather, Alaska requires training in a sport quite new—sub-Arctic alpinism, for which you must persist and endure like a polar traveler, work axe and rope, cordel, or pack cayuses across tundra. Its ten or more summits between 15,000 and 20,300 feet, present the *greatest effective height, the longest snow and ice slopes, in the world.*

All but Mts. St. Elias and Mt. McKinley, 20,300 feet, the highest on the continent, are virgin. Mt. Logan, 19,500 feet is the world's remaining alpine problem. Swiss training alone will not win it. Climbers have avoided Alaska, oftener accepting challenges from Asia and the Andes. Alpinists must succeed in this ultimate field, or come to judgment for their condescension. Alaska lacks only that prohibitive elevation for which you may as well train in a laboratory vacuum.

In the Canadian Rockies are no peaks of more than 13,000 feet, and the highest—except Mt. Robeson, which may be more than 13,000—are no longer (1906) virgin. But more than is customary with Nature, the region duplicates beloved Switzerland, especially in structure, and to-day is the best all-round mountain playground in the world. If its apexes average 2,000 to 3,000 feet less, bases of attack are counter-vaillingly lower; and its area is a dozen times greater, multiplying by so much the number of high peaks. There trailless, chaotic forests, mosquitoes, flooding rivers, will train you in difficulties, in which Alaska, for instance, demands experience, and wherein Switzerland as a proving ground is deficient. And if some dozen needle-spurs have kept Europe guessing for years, Canada has scores, and all untried.

Northward into Alaska towers a unique region. The Rockies are depressed in about latitude 54°, the coast ranges elevated. Thence through British Columbia and the Alaskan strip, summits nameless and without number pitch up to more than 10,000 feet straight from salt water, a greater New Zealand. The Devil's Thumb, near Wrangel Narrows—exceptional only because named—rears a 1,700-foot spire from an alp already topping the tide by 7,000 feet.

Grading into the States, the Cordilleras remain alpine even in the most bigoted sense, but not widely. "Nowhere south of the forty-ninth parallel," typically says one expert, and an American at that, "can a field be found for genuine alpinism, conditioned upon the presence of snow and ice as a dominant feature." As if climbers molded the earth's face! As a fact, the adjoining section of Montana, the St. Mary River country—sublimar in many ways than the Yellowstone or Yosemite—with its glacier clusters in the Lewis and Livingston ranges, still offers such alps of more than 10,000 feet, as Mts. Cleveland, James and Jackson, for first ascents. They differ only hypercritically from summits across the border. Ice and snow is certainly a "dominant" feature on Mts. Baker, Rainier, Dickerman, Hood, and Adams in Washington and Oregon, and Shasta in California, some of whose glaciers exceed those which have gained fame in British territory.

Elsewhere in the States, except upon isolated needles, good hearts and legs avail as much as technique. Probably the Tetons of Wyoming, the Olympics of Washington, and Cascade peaks without number could all be taken on the first try by experts, but having overlooked such challenges, they may be denied the benefit of the doubt. Over the first ascent of the Grand Teton, Wyoming, a controversy has raged, showing that most assaults upon it failed, though made by better mountaineers, in all ways unallied to rope and axe, than the victors of Canada. Mt. Olympus, Washington, an alp in outline if one ever was, and in full view of a city of 100,000 souls, still remains to be scaled. For the rest, the electric mountaineer will be satisfied with the domes of Colorado, Mt. Whitney and the Sierras thereabout, or the Wasatch Range, where all but the final dash may be made hands on the bridle.

In Mexico, the Cordilleras again become first-class peaks in all but alpine sense. Popocatepetl and most of its unfamed neighbors of the Sierra Madre are easy for any one physically fit, but not so Ixtaccuatl and Orizaba. Both bear true alpine glaciers. Fully half the tries, chiefly by scientists not without mountain experience, have failed to gain the high middle peak of Ixtaccuatl, on which successes

can be counted on your fingers. Southward, most Central American peaks of more than 10,000 feet, such as Colima, are volcanoes, and so "inferior," and while scientists and English and American residents have climbed many of them, no strict record of ascents exists, for such mountaineers are more modest than their alpine brothers.

In New York and New England, the East tempts with a new field in winter climbing. The Great Gulf and Tuckerman's ravine of Mt. Washington, require a full day's step-cutting in ice and névé. Blizzards are severer than in the Alps or Canada, as the deaths of Curtis and Ormsbee, experienced men, in 1901 testify. Desert climbing in the West suggests possibilities. There the proper mountaineer beloved of light and color might open a magic region, now sealed to all but the prospector, true pioneer of America.

Organized climbing in America started along the broadest lines. Though the early clubs of New England followed the first popular interest in alpinism, roused in the sixties by attempts on the Matterhorn and by the London Alpine Club, they sprang more from the nature-loving tradition of the Concord writers. Most proved still-born, until the Appalachian Mountain Club came to life in Boston in 1876. Climbers the world over, pausing in the New England hills, have laughed at its school-teacher and clergyman members wielding axes on old lumber paths and discoursing on God and sunsets; but this society is still far and away the most active force in American climbing, having practically opened the Canadian Rockies to the world. The Sierra Club of San Francisco has sprung up on the Pacific coast, more lately the Mazamas of Portland, Oregon, and the old Rocky Mountain Club has been revived; while the latest ambitions of American climbers are represented by the American Alpine Club, founded in Philadelphia in 1902.

To begin on the heights by latitude and elevation, the story of Alaskan climbing is brief. The chief summits of Alaska, *i.e.*, mountains of more than 15,000 feet, which is the equivalent of more than 20,000 feet in any other country, lie in three areas: the Mt. McKinley region, the most remote, 150 miles northwest of Cook Inlet, with

Mt. McKinley, (20,300 feet), Mt. Foraker, (17,100 feet) and Mt. Hunter (15,000 feet?) the Wrangel group, 200 miles east, on the left bank of Copper River, with Mts. Sanford (16,000 feet) and Blackburn (16,140 feet), and the active Wrangel volcano (14,500 feet); and the St. Elias alps to the south and southeast, on the Pacific coast, with Mts. Logan (19,500 feet), St. Elias (18,024 feet), Crillon (15,900 feet), Vancouver (15,666 feet), Fairweather (15,500 feet), and four or five others more than 12,000 feet.

St. Elias, discovered by Vitus Behring in 1741, was long thought to be a volcano, from its shape and the dust of avalanches pouring into an amphitheater on its south face. From a voyager's description, Tennyson wrote with more art than accuracy of the mountain:

And one, a foreground black with stones and
slags,
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful
crag,
And highest, snow and fire.

It rises from the 1,500 square miles of Malaspina glacier, 40 miles from the ocean, and marks an angle where its chain, bordering the Pacific for nearly 800 miles, sends 600 miles of peaks westward, called the Chugatch range from beyond Copper River to Cook Inlet, and 200 miles, the Fairweather range, to the south. St. Elias is the center of three ridges converging at right angles, except from the north, where a fourth joins from the east the main eastern ridge. Parallel to it, 20 miles due northeast rises another range, the apex of whose even crest is Mt. Logan, the major defiance of the region. Mts. Crillon and Fairweather pitch directly into the sea in the range's southern arm—maybe the most magnificent spectacle in the world. The remaining high peaks of the range, Mts. Augusta, Cook, Vancouver, Newton, cluster about St. Elias; while of the giants extending westward, over almost continuous glaciation, only Mt. Natashat, on the interior face of the range, and invisible from the ocean, has been named.

Before the ascent of St. Elias by the Duke of Abruzzi in 1897, with twenty-one men at a cost of \$50,000, previously discussed in this Magazine,* four attempts had

* May, 1903.

been made to climb St. Elias. The two first were abortive: In 1886, by Lieutenant Schwatka and H. W. Seton-Karr, which reached 7,200 feet on a chain facing the southwestern slope of the mountain, while W. H. and E. Topham and W. Williams in 1888 reached 11,460 feet on the main southern ridge. Prof. I. C. Russell, who underwent the first mountain hardships in Alaska, saw that St. Elias was too steep to be ascended from the south. In 1891 and 1892, he crossed countless spurs and glaciers, approaching the peak from its eastern rear. On the col connecting the summit with its northern spur, and the key to the ascent, he reached 10,000 feet the first year and 14,500 feet the next, discovering Mt. Logan, and once spending six days of incessant storm alone at 12,000 feet. He said that trained guides would be of little use in Alaska, and Abruzzi's success in no way disproves this, as the Duke found the last pull up Russell's arête no harder than on the Swiss Breithorn.

The recorded winning of Mt. McKinley's top rock last year by Dr. F. A. Cook, of Brooklyn, is fresh in all mountaineers' minds. His story is of perhaps the most remarkable snow-climbing feat ever executed—certainly on this hemisphere. His temperatures down to -16° , often in the exhausting air pressure of half an atmosphere, endured for some ten days, are without parallel in the annals of climbing. Beside testifying to his extraordinary persistence, his account vindicates the wisdom of "traveling light," rare among Swiss graduates, and the value of polar, rather than technically alpine, experience, of which he had none. Having acknowledged defeat after three harrowing months in the vile weather of Alaskan swamps south of the range, he started on a reconnaissance with a single companion, a packer. Sheer cliffs had blocked him on the south and east sides of the mountain. Clear skies, then a glacier, finally a north-eastern ridge, all unexpectedly accommodating, lured him on and on to victory, which, judging from his own words, was as heroic as it was at first unanticipated.

The first attempt to climb McKinley, in 1903, was described by the writer in these pages.* The same season Judge Wickersham reconnoitred the mountain, and the

year before Alfred H. Brooks of the Geological Survey reached about 7,000 feet on the 10,000-foot range separating McKinley from the tundra on the northwest. Our party was stopped by hanging glaciers and a perpendicular wall at 10,800 feet on the southwest ridge, after two days' incessant step-cutting, and six weeks' travel across swamp.

The McKinley peaks are the highest point of the semicircular Alaskan range, where it bears from northeast to southwest, between the Yukon, Kuskokwim, and Sushitna watersheds. The mountains are immense in mass, the summits ridge-like or dome-shaped, while their ramparts, the chief obstacle, have been left almost perpendicular by rapidly shrinking glaciers, the largest three to four miles broad at the moraine. Many are from ten to forty miles long before becoming alpine and chaotic with drift cones; foot travel is hard, sleds and horses useless, although we took packed cayuses at one point to nearly 7,000 feet. The glaciers on the range's southern face, where it has a straight-line thickness of forty miles, spread like a mighty octopus through peaks on which year in and year out is not a drop of running water, not one living thing. Weather conditions are trying rather than dangerous; blizzards in summer are rare, but snow and rain in the lowlands is often incessant for weeks at a time, while above 8,000 feet it may be continually clear. Summer snow line on the coast is at 2,500 feet, in the interior about 5,500 feet.

For this sub-arctic mountaineering you need both an alpine and polar outfit; in the interior a pack-train as well, and above all the physical and moral fitness for each way of travel—three subjective requirements each poles apart. Traveling inland you must be prepared to struggle across swamps with raging pack-horses crazed with horse-flies and mosquitoes, which puts the determination and efficiency of every individual member of the party to a supreme test. For packers or porters you must have men drilled by the hardships of the country, where men who have used guides in Canada say that the hired Swiss would collapse or revolt. Yet a well-prepared attempt to climb an Alaskan alp is not a year or so's undertaking, as it must

* January-May, 1904.

be in Asia or on the Andes. For a coast peak, three or four months' vacation is enough, though the cost is not small.

Outside the St. Elias and McKinley regions attempts should be made to climb in the Wrangel group, and on Mts. Crillon and Fairweather. Though probably once volcanoes, Sanford and Blackburn are judicially alpine, having southern faces, eroded by the greater glaciation there, with a perpendicular of two and a half miles. This section is reached fairly easily from Valdes, by the trans-Alaskan mail route, now dotted with road-houses. It has not been visited except by prospectors and the Geological Survey since the writer's reconnaissance on Mt. Wrangel, seven years ago.* This huge active volcano is at least thirty miles long, with doubtless three lively craters. Volcano climbing is another overlooked sport, and Alaska has more fiery cones than any other temperate region. For twelve hundred miles, from the west shore of Cook Inlet to the Siberian coast, the Peninsula and Aleutian Islands are dotted with a steaming score, at the least. Of these, Mts. Redoubt and Iliamna rise to more than 12,000 feet each, straight from the sea; eruptions of Shishaldin and Pavlof rank with Krakatoa and Pélée, while the islands of Grewingk and Bogoslov hissed into life above Behring Sea during the last century.

Winning the Canadian Rockies is an oft and overtold story. Appalachians have captured the hardest summits, though the pioneer climbers were English, clergymen notably—the priest in mountain climbing being an alluring study. As usual they waited until the Canadian Pacific railway was finished in 1885, and now write naïvely as discoverers of geography and grandeur with which trappers since the eighteenth century were intimate. The same fate awaits Alaska, for the credit in exploiting a region always goes to those who shallowly express what has been to its true avatars a vitalizing appetite, expressed in life itself. The first authentic account of the mountains is in the diverting journal of Captain Palliser, of 1857–60. In the early eighties the Canadian Geological Survey, and later the railway surveys, reduced them to maps. Finally the great Whymper has tottered

into their easier valleys, sealing them with alpine approval.

The peaks lie in two groups, Selkirks and Rockies. Both border upper arms of the Columbia River, which there twist north and south. The Selkirks reach to the west, are lower and snowier, and drain into Fraser River; the Rockies to the east are higher and bolder, lying on the Hudson Bay and Arctic watersheds. The main Rocky summits occur in two groups, one north, one south of the railway, and the first are slightly higher, but less precipitous. Among these, Mt. Columbia, at the head of Saskatchewan and Athabasca Rivers, first located by Jean Habel in 1901, as "Gamma"—good routine German—is the highest peak in Canada, unless the virgin Mt. Robeson, sixty miles further north, is found to top it.

From the first advertised Canadian ascent—of Mt. Stephen, on the railway—by J. J. MacArthur of the Topographical Survey in 1887, to the final climb of Mt. Assiniboine, 11,800 feet, by the Rev. James Outram in 1903, but one life has been lost. The mysterious fall and death of Philip Abbot, within sight of the summit of Mt. Lefroy in 1896, ranks in American annals with the historic Matterhorn catastrophe of the sixties. The top was won the next year by his companions. Outram's dash to the summit of Assiniboine, the "American Matterhorn," and southernmost high mountain of the region, is perhaps the most acrobatic feat. Two separate parties had failed in 1899 and 1900. The more difficult peaks—Goodsir, Hungabee, Deltaform—were taken in 1903, after tries in previous years, by H. C. Parker and Professor Fay—climbing, as one of them typically puts it, "with all haste and many apprehensive glances upward." In the same year Columbia, Lyell, Forbes and Bryce, the giants of the northern group, fell to Messrs. Outram and Collie, while the year before the English clergy had won the Selkirk apexes—Dawson, 11,100 feet, and its neighbors Deville, Mitre and Wheeler.

But the true pioneers are Tom Wilson and Bill Peyto, packers and cayuserustlers, of Banff. Hardly one ice-axe fiend but was carried by the pack-train of one or both, who as woodsmen and practical geographers *showed* the aliens what they would climb. But *their* story, alas!

* OUTING, December, 1902.

will never be written. I should like to know, for instance, their version of Collie's tale how he bribed them with whiskey the time they crossed the flooded head of Saskatchewan River; their comments on tenderfeet quarrels and camp-fire talk, as their bosses opened canned turkey and they spat Workman Plug into the ashes; what they think of Habel and others scattering on American peaks names of Swiss guides, and such banananymys as La Rosetta and Valfredda. Outram, who took to climbing for his health, was the star, Bill has told me, while the immortal Whymper was that rantankerous he never understood how the man could have tied so many of the world's top-rocks to his belt. The second-class guides imported by the railway kept getting lost in the woods, and Tom and Bill scorned them on the trail as roundly as they admired their "right smart" work above tree-line. The Banff packers climbed, as well, and it was inspiring to see such undetached sons of the wilderness honestly won by our cultivated love of dawn and glory from heights early in the morning.

The railway, so apt in the wiles of advertising, only reluctantly exploited the region. Its officials looked upon climbers as lunatics long after the woodsmen were converted. Once Professor Collie was telling Sir William Van Horne, its president, that the center of the alpine region at Bear Creek, on the Saskatchewan, where five large valleys converge around Mt. Athabasca—the only peak in the world whose snows drain into three oceans—might be boomed to rival the Grundewald and Chamonix. The expatriated knight replied that he thought it might be a very good thing for the country, *if a few of these climbers did get their necks broken*. Abbot had been killed. Sir William must have known it. Anyway you look, the remark was most humane. But, then, Abbot was an American. . . . Even Jean Habel remained as untouched by the spirit of the land. On reaching a summit, and putting names in a cairn, he writes: "As my men had behaved very well I dubbed them 'guides from Banff.' My head man" (Peyto or Wilson?)—"a very good fellow (*sic!*), suggested, 'Put Swiss guides.' But as both had been born on the plains of America *I thought that such a designation*

would bring me into conflict with the Swiss Government, and abstained from doing so." Only to have seen Tom wink when he said, "Swiss guides!"

But by far the neatest tale of Canadian mountaineering concerns Mts. Brown and Hooker—myths now relegated to the limbo of Mt. Iseran. In its palmy days alchemy fostered no such credulity as sways some scientific map-makers. Unexisting Mt. Tillman, Alaska, which had decorated maps for fifteen years, where the writer in 1900 first found a flat plain, or the rubbery height of St. Elias, which has bobbed between 12,000 and 20,000 feet (even Russell cheated it by a sheer half mile), are not even good jokes beside the 17,000 and 16,000 foot mountains, which from 1827 on have been engraved on each side of the pass at the head of Athabasca River, with the "Committee's Punch Bowl" between. A map might omit Great Slave Lake, but never the "punch bowl." A kid at school might pass for not locating Fort Garry, but to the dunce stool he went for not knowing the colonial boast that these peaks mark the apex of the Rocky Mountain system. Now, as a fact, the walls of this pass are only a few thousand feet high, and the "punch bowl" is twenty yards wide!

Neither the railway surveys, spending three million dollars, nor George Dawson himself nailed the lie. That was done in a library by Collie, after two seasons' expeditions and a year of worry. Except the maps, and a hint in Palliser's journal linking Brown and Hooker with one Douglass, a botanist, of Douglass fir (Oregon pine) fame, no mention of them could be found in print, until Collie struck Bancroft's History of British Columbia. There the botanist's diary was cited. Collie dug it out. Douglass had crossed Athabasca Pass from Vancouver in 1827, camping in the eye of the pass on May 1st. On the north lay a mountain, he wrote, "which does not appear to be less than 16,000 or 17,000 feet high." But this three-mile-sheer peak, *he climbed in a single afternoon*—"which," as Collie naively observes, "was naturally absurd." The chance say-so of a botanist, but geographers ate it alive! Surely one was with Douglass, and named the "punch bowl"—after mixing his keg in it. A Professor Coleman had

been in the pass five years before Collie, but finding no Brown and Hooker, and seeing higher peaks to the west, imagined they had been mislocated. But these peaks then had names; the Brown and Hooker business is no error, but a hoax. During the Klondike rush, when the writer was just north of this region, trappers smiled and shook their heads when you asked about Brown and Hooker. They knew. Geographers are more guileless.

Although peaks in the States offer histories and climbing fields no less diverting, space prevents detail further than is shown in the "Table of North American Mountains." Compiled at some effort, and naturally imperfect, the writer thinks that it presents for the first time our mountains from the climber's point of view.

The first mountain ascent made on this hemisphere, unless you insist on Balboa's glimpse of the Pacific (it that Keats transformed into a vision), was made by none less than Cortez, while worrying the Montezuma household, in 1519. Passing Popocatepetl, 17,784 feet, one day, he sent up one Diego Ordaz to learn "the secret of the smoke." Diego came back with an icicle, and a harrowing tale of suffocation, for which Charles V. let him put a burning mountain on his letter-heads. Humboldt, that scientific Alexander the Great and arch sham-sticker, called most of the monks liars who claimed to have climbed it during the next two centuries. The summit was first won authentically by F. and W. Glennie, Englishmen, in 1827. You climb now from Ameca, a town forty miles southeast of Mexico City, 8,000 feet high. The real pull begins at 13,000 feet—as in all these mountains—at the Talmacus ranch. In summer they are almost snowless, but the weather is stormy. January and February are the best months for climbing, when for Orizaba and Ixtaccihuatl, ropes, axes and a week's provisions should be taken. Popocatepetl as a volcano is in the "solfatara" or ash and gas state, though no eruptions have been known since 1539, and no records of that date are reliable. Sulphur has been mined from the crater since the middle of last century, into which you may be lowered by a windlass for 1,600 feet.

The region, and especially Mt. Orizaba, 17,879 feet, its apex, have been neglected.

Only scientists have climbed and written on these mountains, humanizing the landscape with "stately yellow flowered shrubs of the order of *compositæ*." Ixtaccihuatl was not successfully climbed until James de Salis and H. Remise Whitehouse tackled it in 1889. Its top is cut by two almost impassable crevices seventy-five yards from the summit, under which Porfirio Diaz Glacier is the largest in the tropics of this continent.

TABLE OF NORTH AMERICAN MOUNTAINS

NOTE—In comparing mountains, actual relief ought to be considered secondary to effective height. But to distinguish this would bewilder in a list using figures. It cannot be done in detail. However, as far as possible, the following is arranged as much in order of difficulty as in order of height. This holds in Group I, generally, except in the case of the Mexican summits. For instance, Mts. Fairweather and Sanford, although much lower, are extremely difficult; Orizaba and Popocatepetl, rather easy. Dickerman, Washington, is easier to ascend than any Canadian peak named—all of which are harder than the far higher summits mentioned in Group III.

Effective relief gives prominence to peaks in Montana, Oregon, and Washington, in Group IV, over summits of more than 14,000 feet in California and Colorado. But in a list at this stage, isolation and fame must also play a part; so Shasta, Whitney, and even Pike's Peak, precede the harder northern summits. Many Appalachian summits are harder to win than some peaks in Colorado of more than 14,000 feet. But here actual height is great enough to destroy any proportion which attempts to give difficulty in climbing a precedence.

In the state groupings, isolated, especially interesting, or well-known peaks, are singled out—often excluding near-by summits of slightly greater altitude.

Peaks about which some doubt as to height exists—Orizaba, by example, in comparison with St. Elias—are denied its benefit. The tendency is always to overestimate mountain heights.

Summits known to be virgin are starred (*).

Group I. Mountains more than 15,000 feet. Fourteen in number. Ten in Alaska.

	Feet.
McKinley. Alaska.	20,464
*Logan. Alaska.	19,500 (?)†
St. Elias. Alaska.	18,024
Orizaba. Mexico.	17,879 (to 18,280)
Popocatepetl. Mexico.	17,784
*Foraker. Alaska.	17,100
*Sanford. Alaska.	16,200
*Blackburn. Alaska.	16,140
Ixtaccihuatl. Mexico.	16,000 (to 17,000)
*Crillon. Alaska.	15,900
Dickerman. Washington.	15,766
*Vancouver. Alaska.	15,666
*Fairweather. Alaska.	15,500
*Hunter. Alaska.	15,000 (?)†

† Data most unreliable.

(Fully a dozen Alaskan peaks of more than 12,000 feet omitted, some still nameless, are as baffling as any mentioned in Group II. Countless Alaskan mountains of 8,000 feet and over are harder than almost all those mentioned in the remaining groups.)

Group II. Principal Canadian summits. Twenty-one of 11,000 feet and over.

A. ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Feet.	Feet.
*Robson. 13,500 (?)†	Diadem Peak. 11,500
Columbia. 12,500	Victoria. 11,400
Forbes. 12,100	Hungabee. 11,305
Lyell. 11,950	Murchison. 11,300
Athabasca. 11,900	Lefroy. 11,290
Assiniboine. 11,860	Hector. 11,205
Bryce. 11,800	Consolation Peak. 11,200
Goodsir. 11,671	Victoria. 11,150
Alexandra. 11,650	Wilson. 11,000
The Dome. 11,650	Freshfield. 11,000
Temple. 11,637	

(More than a score of others exceeding 10,000. Some virgin peaks more than 9,000 feet.)

B. SELKIRKS

Feet.	Feet.
Selwyn. 11,038	Sir Donald. 10,806
Wheeler. 11,023	Mitre. 10,700
Deville. 11,000	Fox. 10,500
Dawson. 10,962	Purity. 10,500

And more than a dozen between 9,000 and 10,000 feet.

Group III. Leading summits in the United States.

Feet.
Whitney. California. 14,502
Shasta. California. 14,380
Rainier. Washington. 14,363
Hood. Oregon. 11,225
Baker. Washington. 10,827
St. Helen's. Washington. 10,000
(Pike's Peak. Colorado. 14,108)
(Grand Teton. Wyoming. 13,671)

Group IV. Northern Rockies, Olympics, and lesser Cascades.

Feet.
Cleveland. Montana. 10,500
James. Montana. 10,155
Jackson. Montana. 10,023
Sigeh. Montana. 10,004
Blackfoot. Montana. 9,500

And a half dozen others in the St. Mary River country 9,000 feet and thereabouts.

Feet.
Olympus. Washington. 8,150

And a half dozen Olympics from 7,000 to more than 8,000 feet.

Feet.
Pitt. Oregon. 9,760

And a half dozen more than 8,500 feet.

Group V. Remaining mountains in the United States, by States.

A. CALIFORNIA.

Feet.	Feet.
Darwin. 14,100	Pinchot. 14,000
Corcoran. 14,094	Brewer. 13,866
Humphreys. 14,000	

Palisade range, for 6 miles from Split, 14,200, to South Jordan, 14,275.

Kaweah Group. Four peaks more than 14,000 feet; (California has twelve peaks exceeding 14,000 feet; twenty-three exceeding 13,000 feet; fifty-five exceeding 12,000 feet.)

B. WYOMING.

Feet.
Fremont Peak. 13,790
Wind River Peak. 13,499
Chauvenet. 13,000

(And sixteen exceeding 12,000 feet.)

C. IDAHO.

Feet.	Feet.
Hyndman Peak. 12,078	Cache Peak. 10,451
Meade Peak. 10,541	Sawtelle Peak. 10,013

(No others exceeding 10,000 feet.)

D. COLORADO.

Feet.	Feet.
Massive. 14,424	Princeton. 14,196
Elbert. 14,421	Yale. 14,187
Harvard. 14,375	Pike's Peak. 14,108
Gray's Peak. 14,341	

(Colorado has thirty-three mountains more than 14,000 feet; one hundred and thirty-nine exceeding 13,000 feet; two hundred and thirty-three exceeding 12,000 feet; three hundred and ninety-five exceeding 11,000 feet, and four hundred and seven exceeding 10,000 feet.)

E. UTAH.

Feet.	Feet.
Emmons Peak. 13,624	Tockewanna Peak. 13,458
Gilbert Peak. 13,500	Wilson Peak. 13,300
Hodges. 13,500	Peale. 13,089

(And eighteen mountains exceeding 12,000 feet.)

F. NEVADA.

Feet.
Wheeler Peak. 13,058

(And thirty-two exceeding 10,000 feet.)

G. NEW MEXICO

Feet.
Truchas Peak. 13,275
Las Trucas. 13,150
Taos Peak. 13,145

(And thirty-one exceeding 10,000 feet.)

H. ARIZONA.

Feet.
San Francisco. 12,794

(And seven exceeding 10,000 feet.)

I. APPALACHIAN SYSTEM.

Feet.
Mitchell. North Carolina. 6,711
Roan. N. C. and Tenn. 6,313
Washington. New Hampshire. 6,279
Marcy. New York. 5,344
Lafayette. New Hampshire. 5,269
Kthadin. Maine. 5,200

J. MEXICO.

Feet.	Feet.
*(Zitlatpetel. 17,371 (?)†	Ajusco. 13,628
*(Cabeza. 16,882 (?)†	Chichita. 13,519 (?)†
*(Pies. 15,550 (?)†	Cofre. 13,388
Toluca. 15,091 (?)†	Colima (volcano). 12,747
Matlalcuetyl. 14,634 (?)†	Zapotlan. 12,743
Colima Nevada. 14,120	Cerro de Apisco. 12,700
Tacana. 14,000	Palamban. 12,302
Cerro del Mercedo. 13,900 (?)†	

K. GUATEMALA.

Feet.	Feet.
Tajumulco. 13,814	Fuego. 12,655
Tacana. 13,334	Santa Maria. 12,363
Acetenango. 12,992	Agua. 12,311

(And a dozen peaks more than 10,000 feet.)

L. COSTA RICA.

Feet.	Feet.
Turrialba. 11,350	Buena Vista. 10,824
Irazu. 11,000	Chiriqui. 10,150

† Data most unreliable.



WHEN THE SUN IS HIGH

Photograph by Miss Ben-Yusuf.



Mr. Gilbert and his black-tail buck, "Freddie."

OUTDOOR MEN AND WOMEN

A WESTERN FRIEND OF BIG GAME

WE drove up to the big farmhouse in the green Nebraska valley one morning in the late spring. The cottonwoods were in leaf, the squirrels were playing tag, and many kinds of birds were busy home-making along the wooded banks of the Turkey River.

"Hello," shouted the driver.

"How are ye?" returned an elderly man in the doorway. "Won't you get out and come in?"

This was Hon. John W. Gilbert, who has done more for the preservation of game in the prairie state of Nebraska than any other man.

He is a retired farmer who rents his lands and devotes his time to the propagation of elk, black and white tail deer, to which collection he has recently added a small herd of buffalo. Brant and Canadian wild geese also swarm on the preserve, and make their home on the pond or supply reservoir among the hills of the estate.

The home lies in the valley; to the south and up the slope to the ridge of the divide between the Turkey and Johnson Creek lies a beautiful "eighty" given over entirely to shade, water, and nutritious grasses for the animals. A dividing fence cuts the "eighty" into two "forties," each well shaded and watered. When disturbed, the two herds of white tails make for this cover, some of the fawns going with them and others being hidden in the grass by the does. The white tails bound away at a sound, but the black tails halt a moment to see the danger, if any there be. This difference is characteristic of the species.

Mr. Gilbert founded the herd of deer fifteen years ago. He started in a small way and let them breed naturally, giving them some wind-break in winter for protection, and wild hay with a little grain to keep them up in flesh. In the other seasons they roam over the "eighty" and a sixty-

acre field well seeded and fenced that joins the lands about the farmhouse. Two years ago the herd of white tails had increased to twenty-five does, most of the bucks and a few does being sold to other preserves in the state. Two seasons ago the grass became very dry and thin, and then grew fast after heavy spring rains. The deer gorged themselves on this, and about half the herd were lost from bloating. In all Mr. Gilbert's long experience he had never seen a disaster like this. So many fawns are always in hiding that it is impossible to make an accurate count of deer now in the park.

A year ago, Mr. Gilbert purchased a grand buck to add to the herd. This animal showed no signs of uneasiness for four days, when on the morning of the fifth day he was missing. Every farmer within ten miles was notified. That night he was seen and located, the message coming by 'phone to Mr. Gilbert, who set out on foot to recover him. You may smile at the idea of his catching the buck by pursuit on foot, but he did! He followed the noble animal two nights and two whole days, wearying the buck completely, and on the evening of the second day he drove him into the preserve. The gate was opened by some one at home who was notified by 'phone of the coming of Mr. Gilbert and the buck. Both were "dead tired," but the buck was saved and has not been out of the park since.

In a separate park near the house is a pet deer named "Freddie." At the call of his name he comes up for gifts of grain and tobacco. This little buck was once lord of the preserve, but he became crippled in a tangle of barbed wire, and to save him a hind leg was amputated just below the back joint. Freddie was very shy until this accident, but since then has been a spoiled pet. With him is a doe which has lost a front foot by accident. She can still run almost as fast as a deer with four hoofs.

Mr. Gilbert can approach his whole herd almost within arm's length, but they are very cautious with regard to strangers, and will not tarry within earshot when their master has friends with him. All the squirrels about the house are chums with this gentle friend of the wild things.

Shortly after the first deer were put into the park Mr. Gilbert started a herd of elk. The original cows in this herd died recently aged fifteen to eighteen years, the term of their natural life. To-day the herd numbers about thirty head. Mr. Gilbert keeps the best cows for his own herd, and sells the spare bulls to other breeders.

Mr. Gilbert's herds might have been much larger, but he has preferred to dispose of them to others who are helping preserve big game. Half the pleasure in breeding these elk, deer, and other game has been found in placing them in good hands.

Mr. Gilbert is exceptionally well fitted to handle a preserve, as he understands live stock thoroughly and has a genuine love for the work. He allows no shooting on his farms, and therefore one sees more prairie chickens, grouse, and quail there than in any other part of Nebraska. It is this type of country gentleman that will save the choicest types of American big game from extinction.

A GERMAN GLOBE TROTTER

FEW men have seen more of the outdoor world than Herr Oscar Iden-Zeller, a German journalist, who lately walked around the globe to gather material for the well-known journal, the *Tageblatt* of Berlin. He left that city in the early part of March, 1903, after making a wager that he would tour the world on foot, and return to Berlin by April 27, 1907.

He had previously undertaken similar expeditions into Africa and Asia, and this recent trip brought him to the United States. Nome was the first point he reached on the American continent. He arrived there from East Cape, Siberia, after walking entirely across European and Asiatic Russia.

This adventurous German is six feet in height, has a robust frame and a physique that has become inured to roughing it through much varied experience.

His trip across European Russia was

luxury compared to what he was compelled to undergo while crossing the snowy wastes of Northern Asia. He met with so many obstacles because of the Russo-Japanese war that he abandoned his intended route through the more southerly portions of Siberia, which would have been far easier.

He knew that on the northern plains he would find difficulty even in the summer time, and that in the winter such a trip would be out of the question. As his journey was destined to find him far out upon the plains by the dead of winter, he saw that the only method by which he could make the journey would be to fall in with and win the confidence of some of the bands of nomad natives who were at that season of the year arriving at points in Western Siberia from their habitats farther to the eastward, for the purpose of trading furs for tobacco and other primitive luxuries.

He fell in with one of these bands when it started back on its eastward journey. They traveled from sunrise to sunset on their sleds which were hauled by reindeer across the snows. To Iden-Zeller, who must walk, fell the task of leading the head reindeer, by which service he earned his share of food. He traveled for seventy days through the intense cold of the Siberian winter without seeing a fire or wood with which to kindle one. For twenty-five nights he slept in the snow, and the remainder of the time he slept in skin tents.

Not even exploring parties of whites had ever crossed the Thouen Mountains over which his journey led him. He arrived at East Cape, on the coast of Siberia, with only the fur garments with which he had provided himself as an outer protection against the intense cold. He had used his underwear for bandages for himself and the natives.

Herr Iden-Zeller is a graduate of the Kaiser Wilhelm University, of Berlin, Germany, and has been connected with the Berlin *Tageblatt* for many years. He is at present under contract to return to Russia for the purpose of exploring, under the auspices of the government and a geographical society, the northwest passage of the Yenisei, to find a suitable basis for future Arctic explorations.



On the grand stand—"here they come."

Photographs by C. Muggeridge.

DERBY DAY

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FOREMOST RACING
EVENT OF THE WORLD, WON THIS YEAR
BY AN AMERICAN



King Edward driving to the course.



The Epsom course and grand stand ; after the Derby.



Mr. Croker leading Orby back to the paddock after he had won the Derby.



Orby, the Derby winner, is a son of the famous English Orme, and the American Rhoda B; and was bred in Kentucky.



Richard Croker, of Tammany, who has captured England's most coveted turf prize.

THE WAY OF A MAN

BY EMERSON HOUGH

DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

CHAPTER XV

BUFFALO!



BEFORE dawn had broken, the clear bugle notes of *reveille* sounded and set the camp astir. Presently the smokes of cook fires arose, and in the gray light we could see the horse guards bringing in the mounts. By the time the sun was faintly tingeing the edge of the valley, we were drawn up for our hot coffee. A half hour later the wagon masters called "Roll out! Roll out!" The bugles again sounded for the troopers to take saddle, and we were under way once more up the trail.

Thus far we had seen very little game in our westward journeying, a few antelope, occasional wolves, but none of the herds of buffalo which then roamed the western plains. The monotony of our travel was to be broken now. We had hardly gone five miles beyond the ruined station house—which we passed at a trot so that none might know what had happened there—when we saw our advance riders pull up and turn. We caught it also—the sound of approaching hoofs. All joined in the cry: "Buffalo! Buffalo!" In an instant every horseman was plying whip and spur.

The thunderous rolling sound approached, heavy as that of artillery going into action. We saw dust arise from the mouth of a little coulee on the left, running down toward the valley, and then, rolling from its mouth with the noise of a tornado and the might of a mountain torrent, we saw a vast, confused, dark mass, which rapidly spilled out across the valley ahead of us. Half hid in the dust of their going, great dark bulks were rolling and tossing.

A blur of rumbling hoof sounds backed the blurred giant picture. Thus, close at hand, I saw for the first time in my life the buffalo.

We were almost at the flank of the herd before they reached the river bank. We were among them when they paused stupidly at the stream. The front ranks rolled back upon those behind, which, crowded from the rear, resisted. The whole front of the mass wrinkled up mightily, dark humps arising two or three deep. Then the whole line sensed the danger all at once, and with as much unanimity as they had lacked in their late confusion, they wheeled front and rear, and rolled off up the valley.

In such a chase speed and courage of one's horse are the main essentials. My horse, luckily for me, was able to lay me alongside my game within a few hundred yards. I coursed close to a big black bull, and obeying injunctions old Auberry had often given me, did not touch the trigger until I found I was holding well forward and rather low. I could scarcely hear the crack of the rifle, such was the noise of hoofs, but I saw the bull switch his tail and push on as though unhurt, in spite of the trickle of red which sprung on his side. As I followed on, fumbling for a pistol at my holster, the bull suddenly turned, head down and tail stiffly erect, his mane bristling. My horse sprang aside, and the herd passed on. The old bull, his head lowered, presently stopped, deliberately eying us, and a moment later he deliberately lay down, presently sinking lower, and at length rolling over dead.

I got down, fastening my horse to one of the horns of the dead bull. As I looked up the valley, I could see others dismounted, and many vast dark blotches on the gray.

Here and there, where the pursuers still hung on, I could see blue smoke cutting through the white. Certainly we would have meat that day, enough and far more than enough. The valley was full of carcasses, product of a few moments of our wasteful white man's hunting.

I found the great weight of the bull difficult to turn, but at length I hooked one horn into the ground and, laying hold of the lower hind leg, I turned the carcass on its back. I was busy skinning when my old friend Auberry rode up.

"The Indians," said Auberry, "don't bother to turn a bull over. They split the hide down the back and skin both ways. The best meat is on top, anyhow," and then he gave me lessons in buffalo values, which later I remembered.

We had taken some meat from my bull, since I insisted upon it in spite of better beef from a young cow Auberry had killed not far above, when suddenly I heard the sound of a bugle, sharp and clear, and recognized the notes of the "recall." The sergeant of our troop, with a small number of men, had been left behind by Belknap's hurried orders. Again and again we heard the bugle call, and now we saw hurrying down the valley all the men of our little command.

"What's up?" inquired Auberry, as we pulled up our galloping horses near the wagon line.

"Indians," was the answer. "Fall in."

In a moment most of our men were gathered at the wagons. We could all now see, coming down from a little flattened coulee to the left, the head of a ragged line of mounted men, who doubtless had been the cause of the buffalo stampede which had crossed in front of us. The shouts of teamsters and the crack of whips punctuated the crunch of wheels as our wagons swiftly swung into the stockade of the prairies.

After all, there seemed no immediate danger. The column of the tribesmen came on toward us fearlessly, as though they neither dreaded us nor indeed recognized us. They made a long cavalcade, two hundred horses or more, with many travaux and dogs trailing on behind. They were all clad in their native finery, and each was arrogant as a king. They passed us contemptuously, with not a sidelong glance.

Not a word was spoken on either side. The course of their column took them to the edge of the water a short distance above us. They drove their horses down to drink, scrambled up the bank again, and then quietly rode on a quarter of a mile or so, and pulled up at the side of the valley. They saw abundance of meat lying there already killed, and perhaps guessed that we could not use all of it.

"Auberry," said Belknap, "we must go talk to these people, and see what's up."

"Sioux," said Auberry, "and like enough the very devils that cleaned out the station down below."

Belknap and Auberry took with them the sergeant and a dozen troopers. I pushed in with these, and saw Orme at my side. Two or three hundred yards from the place where the Indians halted, Auberry advised Belknap to halt his men. We four rode forward a hundred yards farther, halted and raised our hands in sign of peace. There rode out to us four of the head men of the Sioux, beautifully dressed, each a stalwart man. Both parties laid down their weapons on the ground, and so approached each other.

"Watch them close, boys," whispered Auberry, "they've got plenty of irons around them somewhere, and plenty of scalps too, maybe."

"Talk to them, Auberry," said Belknap, and as the former was the only one of us who understood the Sioux tongue he acted as interpreter.

"What are the Sioux doing so far east?" he asked of their spokesman, sternly.

"Hunting," answered the Sioux, as Auberry informed us. "The white soldiers drive away our buffalo. The white men kill too many. Let them go. This is our country." It seemed to me I could see the black eyes of the Sioux boring straight through every one of us, glittering, not in the least afraid.

"Go back to the North and West, where you belong," said Auberry. "You have no business here on the wagon trails."

"The Sioux hunt where they please," was the grim answer. "But you see we have our women and children with us, the same as you have"—and he pointed toward our camp, doubtless knowing the personnel of our party as well as we did ourselves.



"Are you game—can you do this, Miss Meriwether?" I heard Orme ask.

Drawing by George Wright

"Where are you going?" asked our interpreter.

The Sioux waved his arm vaguely. "Heap hunt," he said. "Where you go?" he asked in return, using broken English.

Auberry was also a diplomat, and answered that we were going a half sleep to the west to meet a big war party coming down the Platte, the white men from Laramie.

The Indian looked grave at this. "Is that so?" he asked calmly. "I had not any word from my young men of a war party coming down the river. Many white tepees on wheels going up the river; no soldiers coming down this way."

"We are going on up to meet our men," said Auberry sternly. "The Sioux have killed some of our people below here. We shall meet our men and come and wipe the Sioux off the land if they come here into the valley where our road runs west."

"That is good," said the Sioux. "As for us, we hunt where we please. White men go."

Auberry now turned and informed us of the nature of this talk. "I don't think they mean trouble, Lieutenant," he said, "and I think the best thing we can do is to let them alone and go on up the valley. We're too strong for them, and their medicine don't seem to be for war right now."

Belknap nodded, and Auberry turned again to the four Sioux, who stood, tall and motionless, looking at us with fixed, glittering eyes. I shall remember the actors in that little scene so long as I live.

"We have spoken," said Auberry. "That is all we have to say."

There is no such word as good-bye in the Indian tongue, so now both parties turned and went back to their companions. Belknap, Auberry and I had nearly reached our waiting troopers, when we missed Orme, and turned back to see where he was. He was standing close to the four chiefs, who had by this time reached their horses. Orme was leading by the bridle his own horse, which was slightly lame from a strain received in the hunt.

"Some buck'll slip an arrer into him, if he don't look out," said Auberry. "He's got no business out there."

We saw Orme making some sort of gestures, pointing to his horse and the others.

"Wonder if he wants to trade horses," mused Auberry, chuckling. Then in the same breath he called out "Look out! By God, look!"

We all saw it. Orme's arm shot out straight, tipped by a blue puff of smoke, and we heard the crack of the dragoon pistol. One of the Sioux, the chief who by this time had mounted his horse, threw his hand against his chest and leaned slightly back, then straightened up slightly as he sat. As he fell, or before he fell, Orme pushed his body clear from the saddle and with a leap was in the dead man's place and riding swiftly toward us, leading his own horse by the rein. It seemed that it was the Sioux who had kept faith after all. Orme rode up laughing and unconcerned. "The beggar wouldn't trade with me at all," he said. "By Jove, I believe he'd have got me if he'd had any sort of tools for it."

"You broke treaty," ejaculated Belknap; "you broke the council——"

"Did that man make the first break at you?" Auberry blazed at him. "You murdered him. Do you forget we've women with us?"

Orme only laughed. He could kill a man as lightly as a rabbit, and think no more about it. But none of us ratified his act by any smile.

"It's fight now," said Auberry. "Back to the wagons and get your men ready, Leftenant. As soon as the Sioux get shut of their women, they'll come on, and come a-boilin', too. You damned fool!" he said to Orme. "You murdered that man!"

"What's that, my good fellow," said Orme sharply. "Now, I advise you to keep a civil tongue in your head, or I'll teach you some manners."

In answer old Auberry spurred alongside him, his rifle at a ready. "By God, man! if you want to teach me any manners, begin it now. You make your break."

Belknap spurred in between them. "Here, you men," he cried, with swift sternness. "Into your places. I'm in command here. I'll shoot the first man who raises a hand. Mr. Orme, take your place at the wagons. Auberry, you keep with me. We'll have fighting enough without anything of this."

"He murdered that Sioux, Leftenant," reiterated Auberry.

"Damn it, sir, I know he did, but this is no time to argue about that. Look there!"

A long, ragged, parti-colored line, the squaws and children of the party, was whipping up the sides of the rough bluffs on the left of the valley. We heard wailing, the barking of dogs, the crying of children. The men, remaining behind, were riding back and forth, whooping and holding aloft their weapons. We heard the note of a dull war drum beating, the clacking of their rattles, the shrill notes of their war whistles.

"They'll fight," said Auberry. "Look at 'em."

"Here they come," said Belknap quietly.

CHAPTER XVI

SIoux

The record of this part of my life comes to me sometimes as a series of vivid pictures. I can see this picture now—the wide gray of the flat valley edged with green at the coulee mouths; the sandy puffs where the wind worked at the foot of the banks; the dotted islands out in the shimmering, shallow river. I can see again, under the clear, sweet, quiet sky, the picture of those painted men—their waving lances, their swaying bodies as they reached for the quivers across their shoulders. I can see the loose ropes trailing at the horses' noses, and see the light leaning forward of the red and yellow and ghastly white-striped and black-stained bodies, and the barred black of the war paint.

"Tell us when to fire, Auberry," I heard Belknap say, for he had practically given over the situation to the old plainsman's handling. At last I heard the voice of Auberry, changed from that of an old man into the quick, clean accents of youth, sounding hard and clear. "Ready now! Each fellow pick his own man, and kill him, d'y'e hear, *kill him!*"

We had no farther tactics. Our fire began to patter and crackle. Our troopers were armed with the incredibly worthless old Spencer carbines, and I doubt if these did much execution; but there were some good Hawken rifles and old big-bored Yagers, a few of the new Sharps' rifles, heavy and powerful, and buffalo guns of

one sort or another with us, among the plainsmen and teamsters, and when these spoke there came breaks in the rippling horse line that sought to circle us. The Sioux dropped behind their horses' bodies, firing as they rode. Most of our work was done as they topped the rough ground close on our left, and we saw here a dozen bodies lying limp and flat and ragged, though presently others came and dragged them away.

The bow and arrow is no match for the rifle behind barricades, but when the Sioux got behind us they saw that our barricade was open in the rear, and at this they whooped and rode in closer. At a hundred yards their arrows came close to the mark, and time and again they spiked our mules and horses with these hissing shafts that quivered where they struck. They came near breaking our front in this way, for our men fell into confusion, the horses and mules plunging and trying to break away. There were now men leaning on their elbows, blood dripping from their mouths. There were cries, far away, inconsequent to us still standing. The whirl of many arrows came, and we could hear them chuck into the woodwork of the wagons, into the leather of saddle and harness, and now and again into something that gave out a softer, different sound.

I was crowding a ball down my rifle with a hickory rod when I felt a shove at my arm and heard a voice at my ear. "Git out of the way, man! How can I see to shoot if you bob your head acrost my sights all the time?"

There stood old Mandy McGovern, her long brown rifle half raised, her finger lying sophisticatedly along the trigger guard, that she might not prematurely touch the hair trigger. She was as cool as any man in the line, and as deadly. As I finished reloading, I saw her hard, gray face drop as she crooked her elbow and settled to the sights—saw her swing as though she were following a running deer, and then at the crack of her piece I saw a Sioux drop out of his high-peaked saddle. Mandy turned to the rear.

"Git in here, git in here, son!" I heard her cry. "Good shootin' here!" And to my wonder now I saw the long, lean figure of Andrew Jackson McGovern come forward, a carbine clutched in his hand, while

from his mouth came some sort of eerie screech of incipient courage, which seemed to give wondrous comfort to his fierce dam. At about this moment one of the Sioux, mortally wounded by our fire, turned his horse and rode straight toward us, hard as he could go. He knew that he must die and this was his way—ah, those redmen knew how to die. He got within forty yards, reeling and swaying, but still trying to fit an arrow to the string, and as none of us would fire on him now, seeing that he was dead, for a moment it looked as though he would ride directly into us, and perhaps do some harm. Then I heard the boom of the boy's carbine, and almost at the instant, whether by accident or not I could not tell, I saw the redman drop out of the forks of his saddle and roll on the ground with arms spread out.

Perhaps never was metamorphosis more complete than that which now took place. Shaking off detaining hands, Andrew Jackson sprang from our line, ran up to the fallen foe, and in a frenzy of rage began to belabor and kick his body, winding up by catching him by the hair and actually dragging him some paces toward our firing line! At this an expression of beatitude spread over the countenance of Mandy McGovern. She called out as though he were a young dog at his first fight.

"Whoopee! Git to him, boy, git to him! Take him, boy! Whoopee!"

We got Andrew Jackson back into the ranks. His mother stepped to him and took him by the hand, as though for the first time she recognized him as a man.

"Now, son, *that's* somethin' like!" She turned to me. "Some says it's in the paw," she remarked. "I reckon it's some in the maw, and a leetle in the trainin'."

I looked about me now at the interior of our barricade. I saw Ellen Meriwether on her knees, lifting the shoulders of a wounded man who lay back, his hair dropping from his forehead, now gone bluish gray. She pulled him to the shelter of a wagon, where she had drawn four others of the wounded. I saw tears falling from her eyes—saw the same pity on her face which I had noted once before when a wounded creature lay in her hands. I had been proud of Mandy McGovern. I was proud of Ellen Meriwether now. They were two generations of our women, the

women of America, whom may God ever have in his keeping.

I say I had turned my head, but almost as I did so I felt a sudden jar, as though some one had taken a board and struck me over the head with all his might. Then, as I slowly became aware, my head was utterly and entirely detached from my body, and went sailing off slowly in front of me. I could see it going distinctly, and yet, strangely enough, I could also see a sudden change come on the face of the girl who was stooping before me, and who at the moment raised her eyes.

"It is singular," thought I, "but my head, thus detached, is going to pass directly above her, right there." Then I ceased to take interest in anything, and sank back into the arms of that from which we come, taking hold of the hand of Mystery very calmly.

CHAPTER XVII

A RISK IN SURGERY

I awoke, I knew not how much later, into a world which at first had a certain languid luxury about it. Then I felt a sharp wrenching and a great pain in my neck, to which it seemed my departed head had, after all, returned. Stimulated by this pain, I turned and looked up into the face of Auberry. He stood frowning, holding in his hand a feathered arrow shaft of willow, grooved along its sides to let the blood run free, sinew-wrapped to hold its feathers tight—a typical arrow of the buffalo tribes. But, as I joined Auberry's gaze, I saw the arrow was headless. Dully I argued that, therefore, this head must be somewhere in my neck. I also saw that the sun was bright. I realized that there must have been a fight of some sort, but did not trouble to know whence the arrow had come. My mind could grasp nothing more than simple things.

Thus I felt that my head was not uncomfortable, after all. I looked again, and saw that it rested on Ellen Meriwether's knees. She sat on the sand, gently stroking my head, pushing back the hair. She had turned my head so that the wound would not be pressed. It seemed to me that her voice sounded very far away.

"We are thinking," said she to me. I

nodded as best I could. "Has anything happened?" I asked.

"They have gone," said she. "We whipped them. It was one of the last of them that shot you. Ah, you were noble, noble, splendid men. I am proud of you all."

I heard some one else say behind me:

"But we have nothing in the world—not even opium."

"True," said another voice, which I recognized as that of Orme, "but that's his one chance."

"What do you know about surgery?" asked the first voice, which I knew was Belknap's.

"More than most doctors," was the answer, with a laugh. Their voices grew less distinguishable, but presently I heard Orme say: "Yes, I'm game to do it, if the man says so." Then he came and stooped down beside me.

"Mr. Cowles," said he, "you're a bit badly off. That arrow head ought to come out, but the risk of going after it is very great. I am willing to do what you say. If you decide that you would like me to operate for it, I will do what you say. It's only right for me to tell you that it lies very close to the carotid artery, and that it will be an extraordinarily nice operation to get it out without—well, you know——"

I looked up into his face, that strange face which I was now beginning so well to know—the face of my enemy. I knew then that it was the face of a murderer, a man who would have no compunction at taking a human life. My mind was strangely lucid.

I saw, as clearly as though he had told me, that this man was as deeply in love with Ellen Meriwether as I myself; that he would win her if he could; that his chance was good as mine, even if we were both at our best. I knew there was nothing at which he would hesitate unless some strange freak in his nature might influence him—such freaks as come to the lightning, to the wild beast slaying, changes for no reason ever known. Remorse, mercy, pity, I knew did not exist for him. But with a flash it came to my mind that this was all the better, if he must now serve as my surgeon.

He looked into my eye, and I returned his gaze, scorning to ask him not to take

advantage of me, now that I was fallen. His own eye changed. It cynically inquired of me, as though actually he spoke: "Are you then game to the core? Shall I admire your courage, and give you another chance, or shall I kill you now? Say yes boldly, and I will do my best. Say it half-heartedly, and you shall die! In any case—so spoke his eye to mine—this girl shall be mine, whether you live or die."

I say that I saw, felt, read all this in his mind. I looked into his face, and said thickly:

"Orme, you cannot kill me. I am not going to die. Soon, then."

Suddenly his expression changed. He seemed interested, absorbed. A sort of sigh broke from his lips, as though he felt content. I do not think it was wholly because he found his foe a worthy one. I do not think he considered me either as his foe or his friend or his patient. He was simply about to do something which would test his own nerve, his own resources; something which, if successful, would allow him to approve his own belief in himself. What he was about to do was a form of sport for him. I knew he would not turn his hand to save my life, but also I knew that he would not cost it if that could be avoided, for that would mean disappointment to himself. What he did he did well. In my own soul I said that I would pay him if he brought me through—pay him in some way. The Cowles family always paid its debts.

Presently I heard them on the sand again, and I saw Orme come again and bend over me. All the instruments they could find had been a razor and a keen penknife, and all they could secure to stanch the blood was some water, nearly boiling. For forceps Orme had a pair of bullet molds, and these he sterilized as best he could by dipping them into the water.

"Cowles," he said, in a matter of fact voice, "I'm going after it. But now I tell you one thing frankly, it's life or death, and if you move your head it may mean death at once. That iron's laying against the big carotid artery, and if it hasn't broken the artery wall there's a ghost of a chance we can get it out safely, in which case you would probably pull through. I've got to open the neck and reach in. I'll do it fast

as I can. Now I'm not going to think of you, and, gad—if you can help it—please don't think of me."

The girl had not spoken. She still held my head in her lap.

"Are you game—can you do this, Miss Meriwether?" I heard Orme ask. She made no answer that I could hear, but must have nodded. I felt her hands press my head more tightly. I turned my face down and kissed her hand. "I will not move," I said.

I saw a slender, naked wrist pass to my face and gently turn me into the position desired, with my face down and a little at one side, resting in her lap above her knees. Her skirt was already wet with the blood of the wound, and where my head lay it was damp with blood. Belknap took my hands and pulled them above my head, squatting beyond me. Between Orme's legs as he stooped I could see the dead body of a mule, I remember, and back of that the blue sky and the sand dunes. Unknown to her, I kissed the hem of her garment, and then I said a short appeal to the Mystery.

I felt the entrance of the knife or razor blade, felt keenly the pain when the edge lifted and stretched the skin tight before the tough hide of my neck parted smoothly in a long line. Then I felt something warm flow and settle under my cheek as I lay, and I felt a low shiver, whether of my body or that of the girl who held me I could not tell, but her hands were steady. I felt about me an infinite kindness and carefulness and pity—oh, then I learned that life, after all, is not wholly war—that there is such a thing as fellow suffering and loving kindness and a wish to aid others to survive in this hard fight of living. I knew that very well. But I did not gain it from the touch of my surgeon's hands.

The immediate pain of this cutting which laid open my neck for some inches along the side muscles was less after the point of the blade came through and ceased to push forward. Deeper down I did not feel the blade so much, until finally a gentle searching movement produced a jar strangely large, something which grated and nearly sent all the world black again. I knew that the knife was on the base of the arrow head; then I could feel it move softly and gently along the side of the

arrow head—I could almost see it creep along in this delicate part of the work. Then all at once I felt one hand removed from my neck. Orme, half rising from his stooping posture, but with the fingers of his left hand still at the wound, said: "Belknap, let go one of his hands. Just put your hand on this knife blade and feel that artery throb. *Isn't* it curious?"

I heard some muttered answer, but the grasp at my wrists did not relax. "Oh, it's all right now," calmly went on Orme, again stooping. "I thought you might be interested. It's all over now but pulling out the head."

I felt again a shiver run through the limbs of the girl. Perhaps she turned away her head; I do not know. Relief came, then a dizziness, and much pain. A hand patted me twice on the back of the neck.

"All right, my man," said Orme. "All over, and jolly well done, too, if I do say it myself."

Belknap put his arm about me and helped me to sit up. I saw Orme holding out the stained arrow head, long and thin, in his fingers.

"Would you like it?" he said.

"Yes," said I, grinning. And I confess I have it now somewhere about my house. I doubt if few similar souvenirs exist to remind any one of a scene exactly similar.

"I say, you men," remarked Mandy McGovern, coming up with a cob-stoppered flask in her hand, half filled with the pale, yellow-white fluid. "Ain't it about time for some of that anesthetic I heerd you all talking about a while ago?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Orme. "The stitching hurts about as much as anything. Auberry, can't you find me a bit of sinew somewhere, and perhaps a needle of some sort?"

CHAPTER XVIII

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

A vast dizziness and a throbbing of the head remained after they were quite done with me, but something of this left me when finally I sat leaning back against the wagon body and looked about me. There were straight, motionless figures lying under the blankets in the shade, and under other blankets were men who writhed and

moaned. More graves would line the great pathway into the West.

Again Ellen Meriwether came and sat by me. She had now removed the gray traveling gown, for reasons which I could guess, and her costume might have been taken from a collector's chest rather than a woman's wardrobe. Slowly we all seemed to be blending with our surroundings, becoming savage as these other savages. She might almost have been a savage woman. Her skirt was short, made of white tanned antelope leather. Above it fell the ragged edges of a native tunic or shirt of yellow buck, ornamented with elk teeth, embroidered in stained quills. Her feet still wore a white woman's shoes, and perhaps she retained the hose, although the short skirt was enforced by native leggings, beaded and becyllindered in metals so that she tinkled as she walked. Her hair, now becoming yellower and more sunburned at the ends, was piled under her felt hat. The brown of her cheeks, already strongly sunburned, showed in strange contrast to the snowy white of her neck, now first exposed by the low-necked aperture of the Indian tunic. Her gloves, still fairly fresh, she wore tucked through her belt, army fashion. I could see the red heart still, embroidered on the cuff.

"How are you coming on?" she said. "You sit up nicely——"

"Yes, I can stand, or walk, or ride," I added.

Her wide brown eyes were turned full on me. In the sunlight I could see the dark specks in their depths. I could see every shade of tan on her face.

"You are not to be foolish," she said.

"You stand all this nobly," I said presently.

"Ah, you men—I love you, you men!" She said it suddenly and with sincerity. "I love you all, you men—you are so strong, so full of the desire to live, to win—it is wonderful, wonderful. Just look at our poor boys there—some of them dying, but they won't whimper. It is wonderful, wonderful!"

"It is the Plains," I said. "They teach how little a thing is life."

"Yet it is sweet," she said.

"Very sweet," I answered. "I could not go. I have so much life yet to live." I looked at her openly now.

"Does the wound hurt you?" she asked. "Are you in pain?"

"Yes, Ellen Meriwether," I said. "I am in pain. I am in very great pain."

"Oh," she cried, "I am sorry! What can we do? What do you wish? But perhaps it will not be so bad after a while—you will be over it soon."

"No, Ellen Meriwether," I said. "It will not be over soon. It will not go away at all."

We lay in our hot camp on the sandy valley for some days, and buried two more of our men, and gloom sat on us all. The sun blistered us, the night froze us. Still not a sign of white-topped wagon from the East, nor any dust cloud of any troopers from the West served to break the monotony of the shimmering waste.

At last we gathered our crippled party together and broke camp, our wounded men in the wagons, and so slowly passed westward, up the trail. We supposed, what later proved to be true, that the Sioux had raided in the valley on both sides of us, and that the scattered portions of the army had all they could do, while all the freight trains were held back until the road was clear.

I wearied of the monotony of wagon travel, and weak as I was, finally called for my horse and rode on slowly with the walking teams. I had gone some distance when I heard hoofs on the sand behind me.

"Guess who it is," called a voice. "Don't turn your head."

"I can't," I answered, "but I know who it is."

She rode up alongside, where I could see her, and again I felt my blood leap at the sight of her. Fair enough she was to look upon. She was thinner now with this prairie life, browner, and the ends of her hair were still yellowing, like that of outdoors men. She still was booted and gloved after the fashion of civilization, and still likewise garbed in the aboriginal costume, which she honored graciously.

"You ought not to ride," she said. "You are pale."

"You are beautiful," said I, "and I ride because you are beautiful."

I saw a sidelong glance. "I do not understand you," she said finally.

"I could not sit back there in the wagons

and think," said I, "I knew that you would be riding before long, and I guessed I might meet you and talk with you."

She bit her lip and half pulled up her horse as though to fall back. "That will depend," was her comment. But we rode on, knee to knee.

Her voice awoke me from my brooding. "I wish, Mr. Cowles," said she, "that if you are strong enough and can do so without discomfort, you would come and ride with me each day when I ride."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," she answered.

"You ought to tell me," I said quietly, "Officer and gentleman!" she said smiling slowly, although the light in her eye now was not quite so mischievous as that I saw the night when first I met her. "Suppose I said I doubted Mr. Gordon Orme?"

I looked on straight up the valley and pondered. Then I put out a hand and touched the fringe of her sleeve.

"I am going to try to be a gentleman," said I. "But I wish some fate would tell me why it is a gentleman can be made from nothing but a man."

After that Ellen Meriwether and I rode together every day.

CHAPTER XIX

"LET THE BEST MAN WIN"

I need not speak of the long days of our slow travel up the Platte, but may state only that finally we came to the point where that shallow stream stretches out two arms, one running to the mountains far to the south, the other still stretching westward for a time, and pointing the way to the Pacific. Before us now lay two alternatives. We could go on up the Platte to Laramie, or we could cross here and take what was then known as the old Ash Hollow Trail on the north side of the river. Auberry thought this latter would give better feed and water, and perhaps be safer as to the Sioux, whom he rightly judged to be raiding all this portion of the valley.

The Platte here was a wide, treacherous stream, its sandy bottom continuously shifting. At night the melted floods from the mountains came down and rendered it

deeper than during the day, when for the most part it averaged scarcely more than knee deep. Yet here and there at any time, undiscoverable to the eye, were watery pitfalls where the sand was washed out, and in places there was shifting quicksand, dangerous for man or animal.

"We'll have to boat across," said Auberry finally. "We couldn't get the wagons over loaded." Wherefore we presently resorted to the old Plains makeshift of calking the wagon bodies and turning them into boats. By noon of the following day our rude boats were ready and our work began. It required two days and a half to transport our train. Our mounted people happily got across with no mishap, Mandy McGovern and I taking Ellen Meriwether between us, with young Belknap leading the way over the wide fording. By that time the men already over had established camp and begun their wastrel fires of prairie fuel.

Later in the evening, Mandy McGovern having left me, perhaps for the purpose of assisting her protégée in the somewhat difficult art of drying buckskin clothing, I was alone on the river bank, idly watching the half-naked men out on the bars struggling with their teams and box boats. Orme had crossed some time earlier, and presently he joined me at the edge of our disordered camp.

"How is the patient getting along?" he inquired.

I replied, somewhat surlily I fear, that thenceforth I intended to ride horseback and to push on west as though nothing had happened.

"I am sorry to hear that," said he. "I was in hopes that you would be disposed to turn back down the river, if Belknap would spare you an escort east." He smiled in his own way, looking at me fixedly.

I looked at him fixedly in return. "I don't in the least understand why I should be going east, when my business lies in precisely the opposite direction," I remarked coolly.

"Very well, then I will make myself plain," he went on, seating himself beside me. "Granted that you will get well directly—which is very likely, for the equal of this Plains air for surgery does not exist in the world—I may perhaps point out to

you that at least your injury might serve as an explanation—as an excuse—you might put it that way—for your return. I thought perhaps that your duty lay there as well.”

“You become somewhat interested in my affairs, Mr. Orme?”

“Very much so, if you force me to say it.”

“I think they need trouble you no farther.”

“I thought that possibly you might be sensible of a certain obligation to me,” he began.

“I am deeply sensible of it. Are you pleased to tell me what will settle this debt between us?”

He turned squarely toward me and looked me keenly in the eye. “I have told you. Turn about and go home. There is every reason for it.”

“I do not pay my debts in that way, Mr. Orme. I do not understand you.”

“But I understand your position perfectly.”

“Meaning?”

“That your affections are engaged with a highly respectable young lady back at your home in Virginia. Wait——” he raised his hand as I turned toward him. “Meaning also,” he went on, “that your affections are apparently somewhat engaged with an equally respectable young lady who is not back home in Virginia. Therefore——”

He caught my wrist in a grip of steel. I saw then that I was still weak.

“Wait,” he said, smiling coldly. “Wait till you are stronger. Let us talk this matter over in some sensible way. I have only suggested to you that could you agree with me in my point of view our obligation as it stands would be quite settled.”

“Orme,” said I, “your love is a disgrace to any woman.”

“Usually,” he admitted calmly, “but not in this case. I propose to marry Miss Meriwether, and I tell you frankly, I do not propose to have anything stand in my way.”

“Then, by God, sir,” I cried, “take her, if you can. Why barter and dicker over a woman with another man? The field is open.”

“Oh, certainly, but one needs all his chances even in an open field. I thought

that I would place it all before you, knowing your situation back in Virginia, and ask you——”

“Orme,” said I, “why did you not kill me the other day when you could? Your tracks would then have been covered.”

“I preferred it the other way,” he remarked.

“I was never very subtle,” I said to him, simply.

“No, on the contrary, you are rather dull. I dared not kill you—it would have been a mistake in the game. I would have lost her sympathy. Since I did not, and since, therefore, you owe me something for that, what do you say about it all yourself, my friend?”

I thought for a long time, my head between my hands, before I answered him. “That I shall pay you some day, Orme. But that I pay no debts in any such way as you suggest.”

“Then it is to be war?” he asked quietly. I shrugged my shoulders. “You heard me.”

“Very well,” he replied calmly, after a while. “But listen. If I do not have my pay in the way I ask, I shall some day collect it in my own fashion.”

“As you say. We Cowles men borrow no fears very far in advance.”

Orme rose and stood beside me, his slender and elegant figure resembling less that of a man than of some fierce creature, animated by some uncanny spirit, whose motives did not parallel those of human beings. “Then, Mr. Cowles, you do not care to return to the girl in Virginia?”

I smiled at him.

His long white teeth showed as he answered. “Very well,” he said. “It is the game. Let the best man win. Shall it then be war between us?”

“Let the best man win,” I answered. “It is war.”

CHAPTER XX

“FORSAKING ALL OTHERS”

When finally our entire party had been gotten across the Platte, it was for a time somewhat disorganized, and even after we had resumed our westward journey on the following day, the routine of travel was broken. Our line of march was scattered

out more than a mile across the low, hilly country into which we presently came. For my own part I pushed on somewhat in advance of the column. I wished to be alone, and yet I wished not to be alone.

It was early in the afternoon when I heard her horse's feet coming up behind me as I rode. She passed me at a gallop, laughing back as though in challenge, and so we raced on for a time, until we quite left out of sight behind us the remainder of our party. Ellen Meriwether was an Army girl, and a Virginia girl, so that it goes without saying that she rode well—of course in the cavalry saddle and with the cross seat.

I noticed that she had now discarded her shoes, and wore the aboriginal costume almost in full, moccasins and all. Her gloves and hat alone remained to distinguish her as civilized. Even the long, heavy hoops which fashionable women at that time wore in their ears, and which heretofore I had never known her to employ, she now disported. Brown as her face was now becoming, one might, at a little distance, easily have suspected her to be rather daughter of the Plains than belle of civilization. I made some comment on this. She responded by sitting the more erect in her saddle and drawing a long, deep breath.

"I think I shall throw away my gloves," she said, "and hunt me up some brass bracelets. I grow more savage every day. Isn't it glorious to be absolutely wild and free—isn't it *glorious*!"

It so seemed to me, and I so advised her. "The pity is that I must hurry on to Laramie," I added.

"Why must you hurry so?"

"I have already told you how necessary it was for me to see your father, Colonel Meriwether."

"Yes, I remember, about the coal lands business. But tell me, why did not your father himself come out?"

I did not answer her for a time. "My father is dead," I replied finally.

I saw her face flush in quick trouble and embarrassment. "Why did you not tell me? I am so sorry. I beg your pardon—I did not know."

"No," I answered quietly, "we Quakers never intrude our own griefs. I should, perhaps, have told you. We shall be at

Laramie now very soon. After my errand—which my father with his last breath told me to perform—I shall go back to Virginia."

"And that will be your home?"

"Yes," I said bitterly. "I shall settle down. I shall be utterly cheerless. I have grown very old in the last few weeks. But you—you will never come back to quiet old Virginia, where plodding farmers go on as their fathers did a hundred years ago."

She made no immediate answer, and when she did, apparently mused on other things. "The Plains," she said, "is it not all wild and free? For all one could tell, there might be lions, and tigers, and camels, and gazelles out there." She pointed vaguely toward the wide horizon. "It is the desert," she said. "There is no law."

We rode on for a time, still silent. I began to hum to myself the words of the old song, then commonly heard:

"O come with me, and be my love,
For thee the jungle's depths I'll rove.
I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
And the tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle with the silvery feet
I'll give to thee for a playmate sweet."

She looked aside. I saw how bright her eye was.

"Poets," said I, "can very well sing about such things; perhaps they could not practice all they sing. They always——"

"Hush!" she whispered suddenly, drawing her horse gently down to a walk, and finally to a pause. "Look over there."

I followed the direction of her eyes and saw, peering curiously down at us from beyond the top of a little ridge something like a hundred yards away, the head, horns, and neck of a prong-horn buck, standing facing us, and seeming not much thicker than a knife blade. Her keen eyes had caught this first, my own, I fancy, being busy elsewhere.

At once I slipped out of my saddle and freed the long, heavy rifle from its sling. I heard her voice, hard now with eagerness. I caught a glance at her face. She was no longer the girl weeping over spilt blood, but a savage woman, seeking to slay! I caught my breath as I looked at her. Civilization had fallen from her as but a mantle.

"Quick!" she whispered. "He'll run."

Eager as she, but deliberately, I raised the long barrel to line and touched the set trigger. I heard the thud of the ball against the antelope's shoulder, and had no doubt that we should pick it up dead. It disappeared, apparently end over end, at the moment of the shot.

Springing into the saddle, I raced with my companion to the top of the ridge. But lo! there was the antelope, two hundred yards away, and going as fast on three legs as our horses were on four.

"Ride!" she called. "Hurry!" and she spurred off at breakneck speed in pursuit.

The prong-horn, carrying lead as only the prong-horn can, kept ahead of us, ridge after ridge, farther and farther away, mile after mile, until our horses began to blow heavily, and our own faces were covered with perspiration. Still we raced on, neck and neck, she riding with hands low and weight slightly forward, workmanlike as a jockey. Now and again I heard her call out in eagerness.

We should perhaps have continued this chase until one or the other of the horses dropped, but now her horse picked up a pebble and went lame. She pulled up and told me to ride on alone. After a pause I slowly approached the top of the next ridge, and there, as I more than half suspected, I saw the antelope lying down, its head turned back. Eager to finish the chase, I sprang down, carelessly neglecting to pull my bridle rein over the horse's head. Dropping flat, I rested on my elbow and fired carefully once more. This time the animal rolled over quite dead. I rose, throwing up my hat with a shout of victory, and I heard shrilling to me across the distance, her cry of exultation, keen as that of some savage applauding her red hunter.

Alas for our joy of victory! Our success was our undoing. The very motion of my throwing up my hat, boyish as it was, gave fright to my horse, already startled by the shot. He flung up his head high, snorted, and was off, fast as he could go. I pursued him on foot, but he would none of that, and was all for keeping away from me at a safe distance. This the girl saw, and she rode up now, springing down and offering me her horse.

"Stay here," I called to her, as I got up. "I'll be back directly," and then with such speed as I could spur out of my new mount, I started again after the fugitive.

It was useless. Her horse, already lame and weary, and further handicapped by my weight, could not close with the free animal, and without a rope to aid me in the capture it would have been almost impossible to have secured him, even had I been able to come alongside. I headed him time and again, and turned him, but it was to no purpose. At last I suddenly realized that I had no idea how far I had gone or in what direction.

I feared I had lost the girl, and never was more welcome sight than when I saw her at a distant ridge, waving her hat. I gave up the chase and returned to her. In her fatigue she had sunk to the ground, panting. She had run far away from the spot where I had left her.

"I was afraid," she gasped. "I followed. Can't you catch him?"

"No," said I, "he's gone. He probably will go back to the trail."

I looked at her in anxiety. I had read all my life of being afoot on the Plains. Here was the reality.

"But you are hurt," she cried. "Look, your wound is bleeding."

I had not known it, but my neck was wet with blood.

"Get up and ride," she said. "We must be going." But I held the stirrup for her instead, smiling.

"I shall first lie down here and die," I said grimly. "Mount!" And so I put her up, and walked alongside.

"Shall we go back to camp?" she asked in perturbation, forgetting that there was no camp, that by this time the wagons would be far on to the west. For reasons of my own I thought it better to go back to the dead antelope, and so told her.

"It is over there," she said, pointing in the direction from which she thought she had come. I differed with her, remembering I had ridden with the sun in my face when following it, and remembering the shape of the hilltop near by. Finally my guess proved correct, and we found the dead animal, nearly a mile from where she had waited for me. I hurried with the butchering, cutting the saddle well for-

ward, and rolling it all tight in the hide, I bound the meat behind the saddle.

"Now shall we go back?" she asked. "But which way? These hills look all alike."

"The river runs east and west," I said, "so we might perhaps strike to the southward."

"But I heard them say that the river bends far to the south not far from where we crossed. We might parallel the river and not cross it if we went straight south."

Our council was of little avail, but we started southwest as nearly as we could determine it. Grave anxiety had now settled upon me. I realized that we would be most fortunate if we saw the wagons again that night. I had my watch with me, and with this I made the traveler's compass, using the dial and the noon mark to orient myself, but this was of small assistance, for we were not certain of the direction of the compass in which the trail lay.

As a matter of fact, it is probable that we paralleled both the trail and the river for more than a dozen miles that afternoon. The girl's face was very anxious, as now and again she watched me walking or trotting alongside at such speed as I could muster, but she made neither accusation nor complaint, and always she smiled bravely.

I looked for some little rivulet which I knew must lead us to the Platte, but we struck no running water until late that evening, and then could not be sure that we had found an actual water course. There were some pools of water standing in a coulee, at whose head grew a clump of wild plum trees and other straggly growth. At least here was water and some sort of shelter. I hesitated. In truth, I dared go no farther. Over in the west I saw a low, black bank of clouds. A film was coming across the sky. Every way I looked I could see no break, no landmark, no trend of the land which could offer any sort of guidance. I reproached myself bitterly that through my clumsiness I had brought the girl into such a situation.

"Miss Meriwether," I said to her finally, putting my hand on the pommel of her saddle as we halted, "it's no use. We might as well admit it. We are lost."

CHAPTER XXI

CLEAVING ONLY UNTO HER

She made no great outcry. I saw her bend her face forward into her hands. Now for the first time there were tears in her eyes.

"What shall we do?" she asked at length.

"I do not know," said I to her soberly; "but since there is water here and a little shelter, it is my belief that we ought to stop here for the night."

She looked out across the gray monotony that surrounded us, toward the horizon now grown ominous. Her eyes were wide. Evidently she pondered certain matters in her mind. At last she turned to me and held out her hands. I assisted her in dismounting.

"John Cowles, of Virginia," she said, "I am sorry we are lost." Then she smiled once more. I understood all that she had not said. I unsaddled the horse and hobbled it securely as I might with the bridle rein. Then I spread the saddle blanket for her to sit upon, and hurried about for Plains fuel. Water we drank from my hat. We had food. We needed only fire. But this, when I came to fumble in my pockets, seemed at first impossible, for I found not a match.

"I was afraid of that," she said, catching the meaning of my look. "What shall we do? We shall starve!"

"Not in the least," said I stoutly. "We are Indians enough to make a fire, I hope."

In my sheath was a heavy hunting knife, and now, searching about us on the side of the coulee bank, I found several flints, hard and white. Then I tore out a bit of my coat lining and moistened it, and saturated it with powder from my flask, rubbed in until it all was dry. This niter-soaked fabric I knew might serve as tinder. So then I struck flint and steel, and got the strange spark, hidden in the cold stone, ages and ages there on the Plains, and presently the spark was a little flame, and then a good fire. So we were comfortable, we two savages.

We roasted meat now, flat on the coals, the best we might, and so ate, with no salt to aid us. The girl became a trifle more cheerful, though still distant and silent. If I rose to leave the fire for an instant

I saw her eyes following me. She was afraid.

We needed shelter, and we had none. Night came on. The great gray wolves, haunTERS of the buffalo herds, roared their wild salute to us, savage enough to strike terror to any woman's soul. The girl edged close to me as the dark came down. But now, worst of all, the dark bank of cloud arose and blotted out all the map of the stars. The sun scarce had sunk before a cold breath, silent, with no motion in its coming, swept across or settled down upon the Plains. The little grasses no longer stirred in the wind. The temperature mysteriously fell more and more, until it was cold, very cold. And those pale, heatless flames, icy as serpent tongues played along the darkening heavens, and mocked at us who craved warmth and shelter.

Even as dusk sank upon us, all the lower sky went black. An advancing roar came upon our ears, and then a blinding wave of rain drove across the surface of the earth, wiping out the day, beating down with remorseless strength as though it would smother and drown us twain in its deluge.

It caught us, that wave of cold and darkness, and rolled over us and crushed us down as we cowered. I caught up the blanket from the ground and pulled it around the girl's shoulders. I drew her tight to me as I lay with my own back to the storm. I pulled the saddle over her shoulders, with this and my own body keeping out the tempest as much as I could. There was no other fence for her. But for this she might have died; I do not know. I felt her strain at my arms first, then settle back and sink her head under the saddle flap and cower close like some little school-fellow, all the curves of her body craving shelter, comfort, warmth. She shivered terribly; I heard her gasp and sob. Ah, how I pitied her!

Our fire was gone at the first sweep of the storm, which raged with heavy feet over the floor of the world. There came other

fires, such blazes and explosions of pale balls of electricity as I had never dreamed might be, with these such detonations of pent-up elemental wrath as I never conceived might have existence under any sky. Night, death, storm, the desert, the strength of the elements, all the primeval factors of the world and life were upon us, testing us, seeking to destroy us, beating upon us, freezing, choking, blinding us, leaving us scarce animate, proving whether we twain were fit to survive.

As the rain lessened, and the cold increased, I knew that rigors would soon come upon us.

"We must walk," I said. "You shiver, you freeze."

"You tremble," she said. "You are cold. You are very cold."

"Walk, or we die," I said to her, and so I led her at last lower down the side of the ravine, where the wind was not so strong.

"We must run," I said, "or we shall die." I staggered as I ran. With all my soul I challenged my weakness, summoning to my aid that reserve of strength I had known hitherto each hour in my life. Strangely I felt—how I cannot explain—that she must be saved, that she was I. Strange phrases ran through my brain. I remembered one, "Cleaving only unto her," and this, in my weakened frame of body and mind, I could not separate from my own stern prayer to my own strength, now so strangely departing from me.

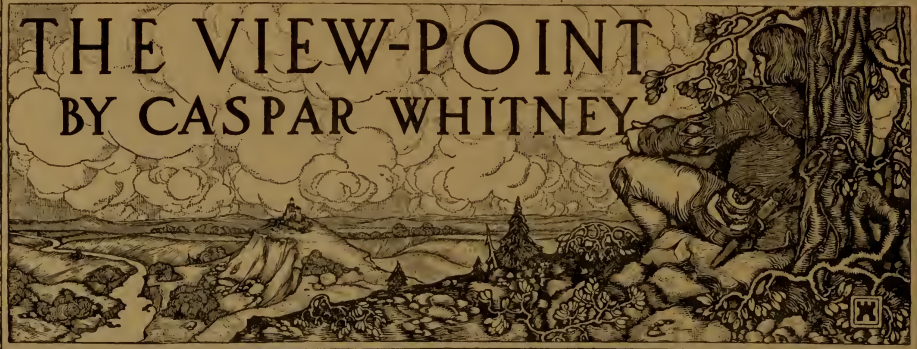
We ran as we might, back and forward on the slippery mud, scrambled up and down, panting, until at length our hearts began to beat more quickly, and the love of life came back more strongly, and the unknown, mysterious fire deep down somewhere, inscrutable, elemental, began to flicker up once more, and we were saved.

Yes, saved, we two savages, we two primitive human beings, the only ones left alive after the deluge; left alive, to begin the world all over again under the world's ancient scheme.

(To be continued.)

THE VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY



"Truly True" Animal Stories

I have been drawn into that tiresome nature "fakir" controversy, which recently had a somewhat animated revival, and I confessed to boredom; not because of the unnatural history of any of the distinguished gentlemen of the "new school"; not that Dr. Long should assert his wolf penetrated with one snap some six inches or so of flesh and muscle and ribs to bite into the heart of a caribou and thus kill it; or that Dr. Roberts sicked the pusillanimous lynx on to eight battling wolves to their dismay and eventual rout; or that Thompson-Seton's ram was obviously an advanced student in telepathy. Not for any of these things, as I say, but for the dear illusions they have destroyed and the wondering doubts they have raised through the insistence of their being "true" stories. True stories! Of course they are true. Who of us has traveled so far on life's journey as to have forgotten the truly true stories of his tender years? Who would forget them if he could? And did anybody ever even think of doubting them until this "new school" appeared to feel the necessity of labeling as truthful incidents the very interesting, not to say remarkable true animal stories they were providing for the entertainment of the rising generation. There always have been "true animal stories," and I for one earnestly hope there always will be. What pray, would become of our parental authority in the house on certain momentous occasions, if there were to be no response to our hurry call for the fearsome wolf or the big black bear that stalks the nursery forest, ever ready to pop out from behind a great tree and carry off little boys and little girls who will not have their faces washed before going down to see Aunt Sarah, or who have refused to kiss Uncle David? Why the true animal story is the perplexed

father's life-saving station! And as for the truth of them—has any one of you ever read the wolf and bear tales that hush into ready obedience the terror-stricken European child? Poor old black bear, made the scalawag of animal creation in juvenile eyes with shameless persistence, and in truth the humorist of all animal kind!

And now comes this new school and insists that we take their "true" animal stories seriously to the upheaval of all childhood (as well as grown-up) tradition. No one takes the fish story seriously (I suppose soon we shall have here also a new school of proclaimed naturalists furnishing an affidavit with every true tale of the "one that got away"—spoiling all our fun); and why should we be made to change our wholly pleasurable attitude toward the time-honored or the new true animal story. The "true" animal story has equal rights with the "true" fish story; the new school prophets deny that hypothesis and affirm that there were never any truly true animal stories before they began taking their vacations in the woods, and that the fish story is just a fish story and not a truly true story at all like the animal stories of the new school.

It Is To Laugh

Now the founder of the new school and some of his earlier and less brilliant followers evinced sense of knowing when to leave off pounding the tomatoes from the (publishing) house tops, but others of them persist in demanding that we take them seriously; and that is why I am bored, as I have said, for why rob of their chiefest charm the most delightful nursery tales to have been given children? Or why take seriously statements which are so absurdly improbable on the face of them as not to menace even the open-eyed credulity of the kindergarten? My personal opinion is that the laugh is on those who

have taken at par the new school's estimate of its disciples; certainly I have no thought of taking seriously a man who insults my intelligence (to leave knowledge out of the question) by assuring me a wolf can bite through a mass of matter which would test the long jaws of a crocodile backed by an elephant's strength. Yet that very statement is received seriously and discussed earnestly because of an extraordinary general ignorance concerning wild animals, and because, as P. T. Barnum so wisely said years ago, the dear public, next best to being a maudlin sentimentalist, "loves to be fooled." Thus it appears that the statements of some of the new school had to be uncovered because the ignorant sentimentalists on the boards of education were actually introducing these fake stories into the public schools as supplemental reading in natural history! It seems hardly believable, does it not; and what a commentary on the fitness of the educational boards!

**It Pays Better
To Be Damned
Than Ignored**

It was, therefore, a public service and a good service John Burroughs rendered several years ago when he disclosed as mendacious misinformation the stuff

which certain of the new school had labeled natural history; it required a naturalist of his unimpeachable probity and of his undisputed rank as a scientist to speak to the public on a subject of such educational import. And it was good public service, too, that the President did recently in expressing himself so positively on the untrustworthiness of this fake natural history; it was gratifying and comforting, as I said at the time, that the voice of one to which every ear in the land would harken, should be raised to condemn the preposterous trash which was being put forth under the guise of natural history. I reiterate my sentiments here only because my indifference to the sallies of the diligent press agent appears to have given him and those within the circumference of his efforts, the idea that my sentiments on the subject of fake natural history and fakirs had undergone a change. The truth is that I have refused to take and tried to keep out of the position of taking the fake stories or their creators seriously; it seems to me such a waste of time and sometimes of temper. I must feel that no intelligent man or woman

goes to books like "Wild Animals I Have Known," "Northern Trails," or "The Haunters of the Silences," for exact information as to the habits of wild animals, but rather to be entertained by good stories; and since they are admittedly good stories for the greater part, and thus serve our purpose, why need we bother about their natural history mistakes? The answer to that query is—that we don't bother until the author oversteps his province as an entertainer and essays the rôle of instructor. And we could easily overlook mere misstatements, for no one expects or asks scientific knowledge of one's entertainer, but for the fact that not only are they repeated but put forth as personal natural history discoveries. This type of romancer we designate, when we are polite, as a "nature fakir," who, of course, adheres to his "discoveries," relying for support on easily obtained affidavits, which are of no value. Meanwhile he bombards the press with specious open letters, because, since he has no standing among scientists, his salvation lies in mystifying the public and in keeping up the controversy, for well he knows that it is more lucrative to be damned than to be ignored in the nature fakir trade.

**Why
Animal
Stories
Sell**

But is it not an outrage that good animal stories should be traduced into manufacturing natural history which intelligent folks reject with derision? Is it not a positive and a regretful loss to juvenile literature that where the artistic quality is so generously bestowed the genuine fairy or fable like character of these stories should be denied in a venal endeavor to spirit them from off the nursery book shelf where they belong with Grimm, into the schoolroom where they have no place! This then is my grievance—that the best of animal stories should be lost for indefensibly distorted natural history; that sham science should seek to disturb our enjoyment of delightful fiction; that the author whom we wish to remember with gratitude and respect for the genuine pleasure he has given us, should make it so difficult for us to do so by proclaiming the fable to be fact. We go to him for entertainment, not for fact, and it is unflattering to our intelligence that he so underestimates it. Facts as facts are not what the

reading public buys for entertainment; fable masquerading as fact is unprofitable business; and the reason the animal stories of these gifted authors of the new school have sold largely is because their fairy-like nature, which so strongly appeals to the reader's imagination, is developed with such irresistible charm. The reader does not want natural history; he does not ask or care if the story is true, he wants merely to be entertained, and of this patent fact all the members of the new school of animal story tellers save only the Rev. W. J. Long, appear now to be aware.

Thompson-Seton

The rise of the modern animal story teller in America does not begin with Thompson-Seton as many assume, but he is easily the most distinguished of them all and has employed his talent most practicably for his own benefit, which is entirely natural, and for the welfare of animal kind, which is certainly creditable. I consider he should share in the credit given for the more or less intelligent effort now making rather generally throughout the country, to study natural history at first hand and attain to a sympathetic understanding of animal life. The masterful work for our protective legislation, the initiative and the final sweep to victory was done by the sportsmen of the land, but Thompson-Seton played the sentimental-spectacular part with his humanized trained animals which caught the gallery, and without the gallery it is well-nigh impossible to make tenable laws. He went well to the limit in that direction it must be acknowledged, but we bore with him patiently because he did not grab us by the throat and insist that we accept his idealization as the real animal. Thompson-Seton is the only one of the currently prominent animal story writers with any standing in the natural history world. Although it is true that when his first and most popular animal story book—"Wild Animals I Have Known"—appeared about ten years ago, he had had no field experience beyond the ranch land of Manitoba; he previously had published a large book on the "Artistic Anatomy of Animals," which showed the accuracy of the scientist. Birds had been his chiefest study, and it was not until about 1898 or '99 that he made his first trip into the country of the big wild

animals, where he secured the "atmosphere" for his subsequent bear, elk, and sheep tales. Although, as I say, Thompson-Seton has often tried our patience to the breaking point in his humanizing of animals, yet it has been without new natural history claims, and we have taken his stories as stories for what they are worth, wishing all the time, however, that he would dissemble a little less and put them boldly forth for the honest fiction that they are.

C. G. D. Roberts

Charles G. D. Roberts, the second most popular of animal story writers, has not followed Thompson-Seton in humanizing his animals, and on that account I prefer his animal fiction and believe it will outlive the oftentimes maudlin idealization of animals to which Thompson-Seton is addicted. Roberts, however, has made the natural history mistakes which were to be expected of his rather limited field experience. We can overlook these just so long as he does not profess to experience that which he has never known or heralds his errors or the flights of his imagination as new fact in natural history.

If I were called upon for a friendly word of advice to these two delightful weavers of animal tales, I should say to Thompson-Seton—(1) study the actual habit and disposition of your big animals more closely and (2) give us less of the human and more of the animal in all your stories; humanizing animals has been worked out. To Roberts I should say—remain staunch against the present temptation to humanize; don't work the vein too industriously and know your animals better as to their individual temper, etc., as well as to their distribution.

The Rev. Dr. Long

The third author in point of prominence in this field is the Rev. Dr. Long, and he is, to make use of a homely expression, the fly in the animal story jam. In humanizing the animals he goes as far, if not farther than Thompson-Seton, and he makes more startling natural history mistakes than Roberts ever dreamed; at first he permitted his stories to be taken on their face value, but now he demands that we take him and all his statements seriously. Long denies that his animal stories are fiction, like those of Thompson-Seton and Roberts, but asserts that they are true

records of either his personal observation and experience afield or of those on whose word he can depend. Long denies that the extraordinary things he has written of animal doings and habits, are possible mistakes of his eyes or his ears, but personal discoveries in natural history. Long makes and remakes positive assertions as regards the natural history of both bird and animal life which are utterly opposed to the experience and the observations of all the men who have had experience and observation enough to make their opinion worthy of record. His books contain statement upon statement that prove unfamiliarity with the animals he uses as literary material. When he contends that a wolf killed a caribou by "one quick snap just behind the fore legs, having pierced the heart more surely than a hunter's bullet," we know that he knows neither the anatomy of the caribou nor the wolf habit; and he piles up evidence of ignorance when he makes his wolves diurnal and "white as snow," and his caribou (most sluggish of deer) the swiftest "thing on earth," and his bear hibernate out of season to "save its strength," and his ptarmigan hide "*on* the snow," and his lynx tumble off the tree because of cold "benumbed" feet and—but why multiply instances, it is like arguing upon that famous query as to whether the tail wags the dog or the dog wags the tail.

There is not one man in the United States or in Eastern Canada, where Long has gone to get the atmosphere for his stories, of any scientific or of any practical field experience, and whose word would carry conviction, who will come forward and corroborate or indorse the statements made by Long. The Rev. Dr. is very clever with his pen and conducts an industrious and widespread newspaper campaign, but he has yet to bring forth a single individual of standing who will indorse his natural history; he is long on valueless affidavits but short on support of his startling natural history dogma.

Temperamental Nature Study Naturalists call Long by a short and no gentle term; I, who have followed him rather closer than he would believe, and know him to be capable of trustworthy work, look upon him as a dreamer, as by way of being a psychological phenomenon. He goes in-

to the woods regularly and has for several years, for a few weeks every season mostly in New Brunswick, and there he ostensibly studies animal life, but in reality he dreams stories that are based on something he may have seen or heard and woven into alluring prose by his exquisitely attuned imagination. Why the dreamer should mistake his visions for natural history fact is not to be explained I am sure by mere wish to deceive; there is some psychic reason for it beyond the grasp of most of us, which may one day be revealed. This is why I have withheld from taking this discussion seriously, believing that the dreamer in Long and his credulity in accepting the highly colored yarns of his guides and the Indians, were entirely responsible for his many natural history misstatements. It is only now when dreamers are beginning to come to light on our boards of education and these fables of the woods are likely to be given to our children as "supplemental reading in natural history" that I utter protest. As fiction the animal stories of Long are entertaining and have their place, but as "supplemental reading in natural history," they are entitled to no serious thought.

Opposed to Fakes and Fakirs In the "fake natural history" controversy into which some of us have been projected by the indefatigable interviewer, four have been most prominently placed before the public as denouncing the fictitious statements of the Rev. Dr. Long; these four being President Roosevelt, John Burroughs, George Shiras 3d, and the present writer. As I have already told of the field experience of the popular animal story tellers, perhaps a few words concerning the qualifications of these four to venture an opinion on the subject may be interesting.

John Burroughs There has been no literary development in this country during recent years which has given us more of pleasure or of helpful understanding than the popularly written papers about nature and of animals, their comings and their goings and their doings, and of those who have contributed to our happiness in this respect, Thoreau and Burroughs stand out as the two leaders both in thought and in the printed word. For forty years John

Burroughs has been writing and none in this field has yet combined so much of literary grace and scientific truth in a spirit so delightful. Mr. Burroughs is seventy years of age and began the study of natural history while a farm boy, and, as he said the other day, he is "still studying it." His field observations reach across this continent to Alaska and were extended for the study of birds into England and France, Bermuda and Jamaica. He has camped in Maine and in Canada, and has indeed spent all his long life in the country and in the woods. He is not a hunter and has had little, if any, experience with big game; he is a naturalist by birth and by long and intelligent study; the dean of the American school indeed, so far as birds and the smaller animals are concerned.

**President
Roosevelt**

President Roosevelt is the closest and most knowing student of his surroundings of any hunter I have either read or talked with. He has been a game killer, but he is also by nature a nature lover and a keen student of animal life. Before twenty he was past master in the birds of his locality, and no one can read any of his hunting books without experiencing delight in his running and sympathetic and knowing comment on the birds that flit past him as he makes his stalk or perch near him as he sits in camp. He knows the game animals of this country as few know them, because he is really a thorough student of animal life who has pursued his quarry into the southern cane brakes, through the Maine woods, and across a large area of the Rocky Mountain West.

**George
Shiras**

Mr. Shiras began deer hunting when he was thirteen in the north of Lake Superior region, and has been in the field for the last thirty-seven consecutive seasons following deer, caribou, and moose with rifle and camera. For the last fifteen years he has used the camera almost exclusively and during that period hundreds upon hundreds of days and nights have been devoted to watching for and studying the big game animals of Michigan, Canada and Newfoundland. No man has looked upon so many of the wild animals of this

America in their native state as Mr. Shiras; it would be difficult to say how many he has had under close personal observation in his attempts to secure photographs. And with the exception of Newfoundland his hunting territory has been always in the wilderness which the gray or timber wolf frequents.

**The
Last
Word**

As for myself, I lay no claim to scientific knowledge, but I have been a diligent if humble student of Nature's great book since about my fourteenth year, and I have hunted and studied in the field all the game birds and animals of North America (except the polar and Kadiak bears) from east to west and from north to south. On the same errand, *i.e.*, to study, rather than only to kill, I have explored Mexico, India, the East Indies, the West Indies, South America, Malay, and parts of Siam, Japan, China, and Central America. No doubt during the thirty years which cover these wilderness wanderings I have studied as closely, and seen and bagged as many different kinds of birds and animals as the most advanced member of the new school.

None of these four whose experience, as you see, covers a considerable period of time and practically the whole world, except Africa, has ever seen or heard tell, outside of Dr. Long's own account, of the remarkable natural history freaks Dr. Long introduces; moreover none of us in the years of his study and hunting has seen as many wolves and lynxes (among the sliest of woodland creatures), as appear to have revealed themselves to the pupils of the new school in as many weeks.

Take wolves for instance, President Roosevelt has seen about ten, Shiras twelve, Burroughs (who has not been so much in the big wilderness as the other three of us) has not seen one, and I have seen six or seven.

This is my say on the "fake natural history" subject; no doubt some hustling member of the new school will now proceed to get the last word (with affidavit accompaniments) and he is welcome to it; no man of real wild animal experience and knowledge is going to keep up this fool controversy.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND THE AMATEUR IN YACHT RACING

BY C. SHERMAN HOYT

AMONG the many interesting questions confronting the yacht racing community are the growth in the sizes and numbers of the one-design and restricted classes and the professional skipper problem. At first thought one might judge that the first two could be grouped under the same head, but they are in reality quite different in their make-up and in their influences on the sport. As a matter of fact all class racing is restricted to a certain extent, especially under the later measurement rules, in that the rating in each class is limited to a certain size determined by a combination of various dimensions; but what is here meant by restricted classes are those which go much further than proscribing a rating limit and comprise such as the "raceabouts," the "21-footers" of the Great Lakes and others similarly hedged in with limitations and penalties.

One-design class racing came into vogue a little over ten years ago, although a few years earlier, in 1802, four small catboats were built by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club for the use of racing members unfortunate enough not to own boats of their own, and for such of the "rocking-chair fleet" as were sufficiently ambitious to wish to put their theories to the practical test of an actual contest. These boats were supposedly identical in build and sails, and for many years were assigned by lot and raced every Saturday afternoon. The writer's first attempts at racing, while still quite a small boy, were in these cats, and he has very vivid recollections of their hardness of helm and their general unreasonableness, common to boats of this rig; but probably one of the proudest moments of his life was when after two seasons of persistent but futile effort he did finally manage to win one race. It was to be sure owing largely to a sudden shift in the wind, but one's memory is rather apt to let slide little details like that. It was in 1896 that the one-design class idea really came to stay, and this year saw produced two of the most successful classes that there have yet been, so far as keenness of racing is concerned, and the number of seasons in which they remained on the active list. These two classes were of totally different types and purposes and were typical of the two great divisions into which all one-design boats may be divided.

The first division comprises all those built purely and simply for racing and speed, among them no particular attempt has been made to cut down the cost or to make them stanch and roomy. They are as extreme racing machines as those built for the open classes, and their owners have simply chosen to get identically the same boats to insure close racing and to make certain that each one will have as good a chance as the next, and also, a minor consideration in this division, for the slightly reduced price charged by the builders for a number of boats built just alike. In the second division speed is a minor consideration, since the similarity of the boats ensures good racing and usually a more moderate type with better accommodation and heavier construction has been aimed at, although in the desire to reduce the cost the latter desideratum has in some instances been neglected.

In the first year we may already see these divisions plainly marked. In this country there were turned out by Herreshoff for members of the New York Yacht Club about thirteen of the famous "Newport thirties," boats of the most ideal type for racing purposes solely that have ever been built in this country. In them no attempt was made to provide any accommodation, as they were intended simply for afternoon racing, but they were extremely fast in all weathers and so able that they practically never were reefed. Moreover, they were beautifully although lightly constructed, and four or five at least were still capable of standing the strain of hard racing after passing through the ordeal of ten seasons of daily contests of the hardest sort, a record which has seldom if ever been equaled. During the same year in England was produced their first and most successful one-design class, known as the "Solent One-design Class." They were twenty-five feet on the load water line and were stanch little ships with good accommodations and moderate sail plans. While not very fast they provided for their owners racing of the closest and most interesting sort for many years, and are excellent examples of the type of the second division. In this same year also, if I remember correctly, there was built a small class of boats in Massachusetts Bay called "Cohasset 15-footers," and from

**The Editor will be glad to receive from readers any questions within the field of this article. While it may be impracticable to answer them all, yet such inquiries will undoubtedly suggest the scope of future contributions to the department. Letters should be addressed to the magazine.*

these three classes came the impetus which has given us so many others.

In 1898 came the record class so far as number is concerned with the "Seawanhaka Knockabouts." There were in all about forty-five of these 21-footers built, and excellent little boats they were, save that too great a stress was laid on keeping their cost down, and their construction was not all that might have been desired. Many are still racing, however, and they are frequently to be met with anywhere along the coast from Buzzard Bay to the Delaware. The writer had four years' experience with one, and was caught in more bad weather and in more tight places than he ever hopes to meet with again in a boat of that size, and yet never had any cause to complain of the behavior of the boat. From this year on scarcely a season has passed without one or two new one-design classes making their bow, both here and in Great Britain, ranging in size from the big 70-footers *Yankee*, *Mineola*, *Rainbow*, and *Virginia*; the schooners *Elmina I* and *Muriel*; down through the sixties *Weetamoe* and *Neola*; the fifties *Altair* and *Shark*; the "Bar Harbor thirty-ones"; the "Buzzard Bay," and "New York Yacht Club thirties"; the "American" and "Larchmont raceabouts," the "Buzzard Bay," "Newport" and "Seawanhaka fifteens," and others too numerous to mention down to the diminutive dories. The majority have given successful racing, and with a few exceptions where the boats were of markedly poor design or construction the classes have held together for several seasons and the boats maintained a fair marketable value.

There seems to be no diminution in this tendency toward one-design classes, and the coming season is to see the advent of a new class with three new, large Herreshoff sloops, all for owners who have owned one-design boats before. It is often asked if this tendency is good for the sport, and many arguments have been advanced pro and con. Those in favor claim that they get their boats cheaper and that they maintain their values better; both of which are undoubtedly true. A single craft built in the open class costs more originally, and, unless she prove the champion, is only marketable at a greatly reduced price; moreover, even if she be the fastest, there is always the danger of her being outbuilt in the following year, while the one-design always has her sisters left to race with. Then the one-design adherents argue that their boats, not being built solely for speed, have better accommodations and are more strongly constructed; but this has not always proved true, notably in the case of the "seventies" as originally turned out, all of which had to be largely rebuilt at the end of the first season, and in the case of a class of 25-footers who gave all concerned with them no end of trouble. It also is claimed that one-design classes

furnish much the closest racing, but this is open to considerable argument. In the first place the boats rarely are equally well handled, and as the latter also usually means the best and most intelligent care of sails, rig, bottom, etc., the boat in the best hands generally comes out at the end of the season a pretty easy winner. In most classes it is customary to find one or two boats fighting it out all through the season, with the "also rans" picking up a race now and then largely through luck.

Aside from and even of more importance than the question of actual handling during the race, the care, time, and money bestowed on the sails, bottom, etc., is an invaluable element in the winning of races in a one-design class. This has often been carried to such an extreme that there are several instances in which fine classes have been ruined by the lavish expenditure on sails, etc. by the wealthier owners, and the tendency lately has been to limit the number of suits of sails and haul-outs to be allowed to each boat in the course of the season. At best, the slightest falling off from the top of condition is so quickly discernible that in the struggle to keep at the height of form it is necessary to spend more money in a one-design class than in an open class, and this probably in a couple of seasons more than offsets the lower initial outlay.

Unquestionably the *raison d'être* for most one-design classes has been dissatisfaction with the measurement rules, but now that we have a new rule whose adherents claim that it gives excellent promise of producing boats of a desirable type, it seems very unfortunate that the most important new class for the coming season, the three Herreshoff 55-raters being built for Messrs. Vanderbilt, Lippitt and Pynchon, should be one-design, and more or less like a confession that what proved to be the fastest boats built last year to the new rule are not what are wanted. If our present measurement formula is not a success it would be well to know it as soon as possible, and while it is undoubtedly hard on owners to have their new boats looked at more or less as suitable subjects for experiment it would unquestionably be better for the sport. Probably this is the gist of the whole question: that one-design boats and racing give the greatest satisfaction to the average owner, while open classes would be more pleasing to the designers and prove more beneficial to the general advancement of the sport of yacht racing. As it is the owners who foot the bills probably one-design classes will continue in favor.

Restricted classes also owe their existence to dissatisfaction with the boats produced under the open and unfettered rule. Where these restrictions have been wise they have given the most satisfactory results of any of our smaller racing classes, notably in the cases of the raceabouts

and the 18-foot knockabouts. Among these the racing has always been very close, and the same boats have in many instances stayed at or near the top of their classes for several years running. The "Newport thirties," mentioned under one-design classes, were originally started as a restricted class, but the Herreshoff boats which were all alike proved so much superior to the others that the latter soon dropped out and it became to all intents and purposes simply a one-design class; the same thing applies to the "Larchmont twenty-ones," originally a very large class built a few years before the thirties, and four Herreshoff members of which are still racing, but for about the last ten years as one-design boats. To my mind such racing is just as satisfactory to owners and much more beneficial to the sport than that furnished by one-design classes.

Last season the prominent restricted class was the "Sonderklasse." These little boats were built for racing with the Germans for the Roosevelt Cup, and conformed to German restrictions which were not very well adapted for our waters. While they will undoubtedly continue to be raced so long as the international races remain a feature they will probably cease to figure on our racing lists when deprived of this fostering influence. The coming season is to see an augury of much more hopeful times in the advent of several boats built under the Universal Rule with some additional and well timed scantling restrictions for the "Q" or 22 - rater class. These new boats with those already in existence in this class will form a fine little fleet in which eight or nine different designers will be represented, and some data of real value should be forthcoming as to the merits or demerits of our new rule when applied to boats of this size.

Another point of vital interest to owners of large racing yachts is the question of professional skippers. With each passing year the problem of sailing masters and paid hands becomes more acute. Wages have increased, prize money and even starting money has become a large item in the season's expenses, and owners are more and more at the mercy of their crews. Fortunately the professional helmsman has become a thing of the past in the smaller boats, and the tendency all along the line is unquestionably for more owners to sail their own craft or to hand the wheel over to some other amateur. It is no longer possible to see a small yacht turned over to a professional for the season as used to be the case in the early days of the "Newport thirties," but some of the large yachts still come pretty close to being owned by their skippers, and their owners when on board are more like privileged guests than anything else. There are several instances where yachts are much more commonly referred to as So and So's boat, giving the name of the sailing master

rather than that of the man who occasionally sails on board and who foots all the bills.

A sailing master is of course a necessity to engage and look after the crew, and to attend to the thousand and one details involved in the maintenance and running of a large yacht, but is it essential that he should be allowed to sail the boat in her races? Many quarrels and much hard feeling has been occasioned by the sharp practices which some of these professionals have been found guilty of indulging in. Not so long ago an owner voluntarily resigned all rights to every prize which his boat had won during that summer, and they were many, because it was found at the end of the season that his skipper had been, contrary to the rules, surreptitiously changing her trim. The reputations of these men are at stake, and the size of the salary that they can command in future seasons is dependent upon the success with which they bring their charges through the racing schedule. Their victories are heralded by the daily press, and they become willing to go to extremes and to take chances with the letter when most amateurs would hesitate at breaking the spirit and intent of a rule. Is it not time that they were forbidden the helms of the larger craft as they have been the smaller? The initiative must come from the owners, or at least their full consent must be obtained, and let us take a look at their side of the question.

Large yacht racing is so much of a business these days and events are so many and close together that it is not often that an owner can find the time to attend all races in person, even if it be his wish always to sail his own boat. He finds himself greatly sought after by regatta committees anxious to have his boat appear at their starting lines; valuable prizes are dangled before his eyes, and all sorts of influences are brought to bear to persuade him to start his boat. He is anxious to maintain his boat's good record; he is paying his skipper a princely salary, and so he turns her over to the latter when occasions come, on which it is impossible to attend the race in person. This is one class of owner, and it is with such as these that a rule barring professionals would meet with the least opposition.

Then come those owners who are not very expert helmsmen and who realize their limitations; they might perhaps like to sail their own boats, but above all are anxious to win. They are in many cases fine sportsmen, and good sailormen, but do not possess the faculty of being able to get the most out of a boat in a race and there are many such. A man of this type is proud of his yacht, jealous of her reputation, fond of the excitement of a keen brush, and in his desire to be in first at the finish he hires the best talent available and turns his craft over to the skipper for the

racing, although he may often handle her himself most of the time when cruising. Now and then he may try his hand in a race, if so his skipper is liable to have his feelings injured and may leave him. Even if the latter has no objections there is almost sure to be trouble with the crew, who see their usual fat prize money fading away and are not to be consoled with the much smaller starting bonus; they become surly and demoralized and may well lose the race for him through their reluctance to execute his commands promptly; they may be seen shaking their heads and whispering that the captain would never have done that, as they criticise every move that he makes. Even if he manages to pull out a victory, if it is by a smaller margin than usual the crew don't like it, as there is nothing that pleases the average paid hand more than a hollow and easy win, a really close and grueling race has no attractions for them. Often at the end of a losing race they give notice in a body and have to be humored and cajoled into a better frame of mind by the promise of higher pay and bigger bonuses. Such owners also could probably be brought around to barring professionals.

The main opposition comes from those who go into yachting late in life, some for advertisement, some because it is the fashionable thing to do, and others who are just talked and persuaded into racing by their friends and clubmates. They may be ambitious to hold some high club office; they build a racing craft, enter her for every race that is open to her and shortly there is a new commodore. Then there is the *America's Cup* bugaboo. If we debar

professional helmsmen in our ordinary regattas, where will the training come for the men who are to sail our boats in the contests for the "blue ribbon" of the yachting world? What is to hinder amateurs from sailing these races as well? The British would never agree to it. Very possibly, but are there not several amateurs who have succeeded in making it exceedingly interesting to say the least for these same skippers of international contest fame? Examine the records of the "seventies," the "sixties," the big schooners and all the other classes in which our big racing amateurs have been bold enough to sail their own boats and see if they have not captured their fair share of the prizes. They may at times have worked a little together against their professional opponents, and they may not all be in the same class with Charlie Barr, for geniuses are not born every day, but even so the latter has frequently had to look sharply to his laurels. Was not the Canada Cup a few years ago snatched at the last instant from recapture by an amateur? That the American representative would be at a disadvantage so far as handling was concerned is not to be believed if such men as Maxwell, Lippitt, or Hanan were at the wheel. Make amateur helmsmen compulsory, and in all probability several others would come to the fore given the opportunities that they would then have. Good sailing masters would still be in demand just as good mates, topmen or quartermasters are now, but the owners would come nearer to being actually in command of their own craft and our racing would be cleaner and healthier all the way through.

THE QUALITY OF A BIRD DOG'S NOSE

BY C. B. WHITFORD

NEITHER scientist nor sportsman has ever been able to understand much more of the marvelous quality of a bird dog's nose than the fact that it is a sense so exquisite that it passes the wisdom of the best minds. We know something of the wonderful power and delicacy of this organ from actual demonstration, but how this sense can accomplish the things which it does, is one of the unsolved mysteries.

The wonder is that a setter or pointer, galloping over a field at a pace of say ten miles an hour, can catch the scent of so small a bird as a quail, lying snugly in the thick grass at a distance of more than ten yards. But that is the simplest part of

the performance. The instant the dog's nose feels the scent he determines several things of importance. First, he knows with the speed of a flash that the scent is that of a quail. Then he knows that it is the scent of a single bird instead of a covey. He must know, too, in order to be successful in his craft that it is the body scent instead of the foot scent. This is essential, for the high class setter or pointer stiffens instantly to a point when he feels the body scent of a game bird, whereas he does not stop or dwell on the foot scent. Of course, there may be a great variety of odors in the air when the dog stops to his point. There are odors from live and dying

vegetation, odors from organic matter of many kinds. Scent of small birds which may be flitting about him. These with the body scent and the foot scent of the quail must make a great variety of scents that touch the dog's nose. Yet out of all these he must pick the body scent with the quickness of an electric spark and stop like a flash to a stanch point. And there he will stand like a statue while the bird lies still. Should the bird run, his nose tells him of the first move the bird makes. He breaks his point and stealthfully he "draws" after the running bird. When the bird stops, again he stiffens into a point, and this is broken once more if the bird moves. All the while the dog is perhaps ten or fifteen yards from the bird he cannot see. If the bird were in plain view all the time, the dog's eyes could not keep his mind better informed of the bird's movements than does his wonderful nose.

Meanwhile there are other psychical forces that are busy in response to the varying degrees and different kinds of scents that touch the bird dog's nose. His flexible emotions are moved to an expression easily interpreted by the sportsman. Through the medium of his style when on game the bird dog expresses his feelings with great accuracy, so that the sportsman who is watching him may know just what is going on in his mind. It is the bird dog's language. He is telling in his own clear way all that there is to tell about the kind of bird with which he is dealing and what the bird is doing. No one could express thoughts and feelings more clearly in words than the bird dog expresses his emotions through his style.

When the bird dog crosses the trail of a running covey of birds, he will give expression to his recognition of the foot scent by a quick wag of his tail, and may put on a general air of animation. But he will not stop to point if he is a high-class dog. Instead he will whirl about and either "road" toward the birds cautiously or he will "quarter" up toward them until he feels the body scent, and he will go toward the birds instead of taking the back track.

How does he know instantly he crosses the trail which is the heel and which is the toe of the trail?

No man is wise enough to tell.

We know that the wise setter or pointer will turn the right way, although the scent may come to him stronger from the back track than from the direction in which the birds went. It may happen that the birds went down wind; in such an event the scent would be blown in the dog's face from the back track. Still he does not falter. He knows in some mysterious way the direction from which the birds came and the direction in which they went.

The dog in roading the hot trail made by a covey of fifteen quails has comparatively

easy work in good scenting weather. But with his nose full of the foot scent he is still able to detect the body scent the instant he gets within proper distance of the birds. He knows when the birds are still and he indicates it by pointing.

The wonder is not alone that the setter or pointer can do these things at all, but the more marvelous part of it is that he does them so quickly and accurately.

How is the setter or pointer to tell with absolute certainty, as quick as the operation of a thought the difference between the scent of a bird just killed and a live bird!

The dog marks the fall of the bird when the sportsman's gun cracks. To order he rushes for the bird. When he gets near the fallen bird his nose tells him its location. He does not stop to point as he would at the scent of a live bird, but marches straight to it without a moment's hesitation.

Had there been a live bird close to where the dead bird fell, he would have caught the scent of that and pointed.

It might be supposed that the wounds on a freshly killed bird would serve to inform the dog's nose. But this is not so, for when a fallen bird is only wounded instead of killed the dog recognizes the fact from the scent and instead of going direct to the bird and picking it up, he pauses and by his style makes it known that the bird is only wounded.

There is really very little difference between the scent that comes directly off the body of a bird, and the scent left by a covey that has roosted in the thick grass and weeds over night. To the minds of all men it would appear that a covey of fifteen birds, huddled close together for a night would leave a strong body scent in their bed; so strong that the keenest dog could not detect the difference. But the wise setter or pointer with a discriminating nose does. He may pause at the roost that the covey has just left, but he will not make a stanch point. He will go on and find the birds before he does that.

Of course there are many good setters and pointers which do not perform as accurately as is herein set forth. They lack both in power and in discriminating nose qualities. Then again there is a great difference in the degree of judgment these dogs show, just as there is a difference in the speed and accuracy with which their instincts work. But the highly bred, highly developed wise setter or pointer has a knowledge of scents which passes our comprehension. We know the marvelous quality of the bird dog's nose, because we have seen demonstrations of that quality, but we cannot bring ourselves to understand this quality any more than we can conceive of a primitive atom or the bounds of space.

A FEW "HITCHES" IN HORSE PACKING

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

THE MINER'S HITCH

THIS hitch is very much on the same principle as hitches described in a preceding paper; but is valuable when you happen to be provided with only a short rope, or a cinch with two rings, instead of a ring and a hook.

Take your rope—with the cinch unattached—by the middle and throw it across the pack. Make a half hitch over either kyack. These half hitches, instead of running around the sides of the kyacks, as in the last hitch, should run around the top, bottom, and ends (see diagram). Thrust bight (b) through cinch ring, and end (a) through the bight. Do the same thing on the other side. Make fast end a

at c, and end d at e, cinching up strongly on the bights that come through the cinch rings.

THE LONE PACKER HITCH

This is a valuable hitch when the kyacks are heavy or knobby, because the last pull lifts them away from the horse's sides. It requires at least forty feet of rope. I use it a great deal.

Cinch up with the jam hitch as usual. Throw the end of the rope across the horse under the forward end of the kyack on the far side, beneath it and up over the rear end of the kyack. The rope in all other hitches binds against the bottom of the kyacks; but in this it should pass between the kyack and the horse's side (Fig. 1).

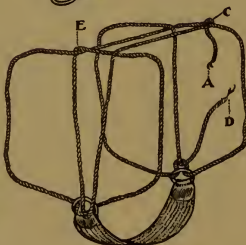
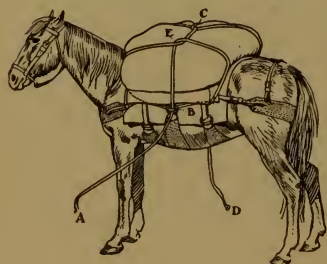
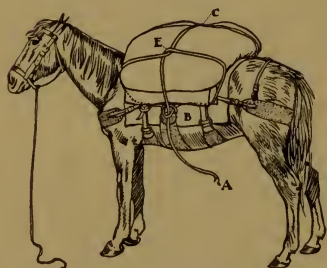
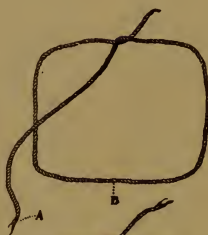
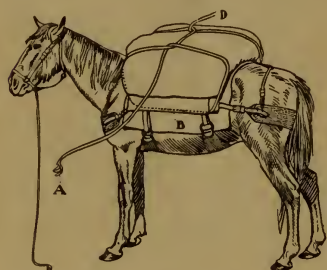
Now bring a bight in loose end (a) forward over rope (c), and thrust it through under rope (c) from front to back (Fig. 2). Be sure to get this right. Hold bight (b) with left hand where it is, and with the other slide end a down along rope (c) until beneath the kyack (Fig. 3). Seize rope at d and pull hard directly back; then pull cinchwise on a. The first pull tightens the pack; the second lifts the kyacks. Carry end (a) across the pack and repeat on the other side. Fasten finally anywhere on top. Fig. 4 shows one side completed, with rope thrown across ready for the other side. Fig. 5 is a view from above of the hitch, completed except for the fastening of end a.

A MODIFICATION

In case you have eggs or glassware to pack, spread your tarp on the horse twice as long as usual. Cinch up with the jam hitch, lay your eggs, etc., atop the rope; fold back the canvas to cover the whole, and then throw the "lone packer," placing one rope each side the package (Figs. 6 and 7).

THE SQUAW HITCH

Often it may happen that you find yourself possessed of



The Miner's Hitch.

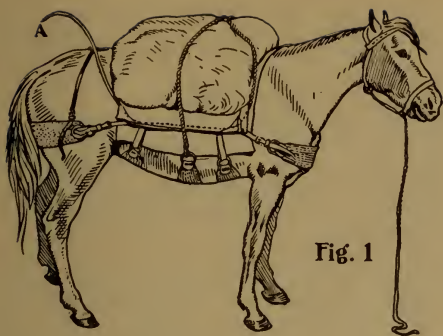


Fig. 1

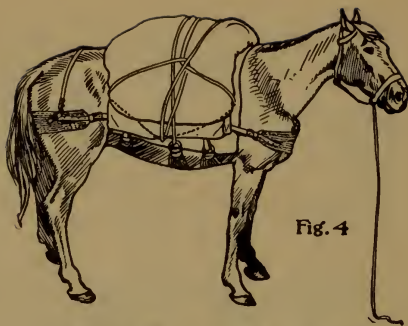


Fig. 4

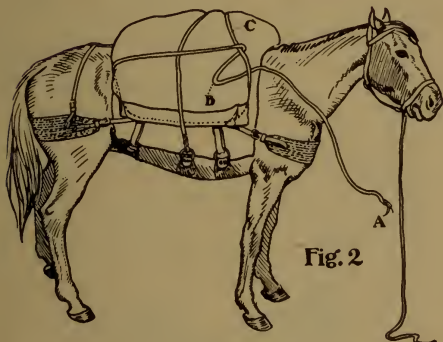


Fig. 2



Fig. 5

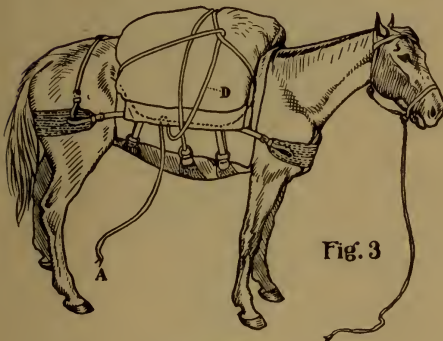


Fig. 3

Lone Packer Hitch.



Fig. 6



Fig. 7

and pass both through loop *e*. Now cinch up on the two ends and fasten.

SLING NO. 1

When you possess no kyack but have some sort of pack saddle, it is necessary to improvise a sling.

Fasten the middle of your rope by means of two half hitches to the front of the pack saddle (Fig. 1). Throw the ends (*b, b*), crossed as shown in Fig. 2. Place the box or sack in bight (*a*), passing the rope around the outside and the ends, as in Fig. 3. The end of the sack should be just even with the front of the pack saddle. If you bring it too far forward the front of the sling will sag. Pass the end (*b*) underneath the sack or burden, across its middle, and over the top of the saddle. When the other side is similarly laden, the ends (*b, b*) may be tied together at the top; or if they are long enough, may be fastened at *c* (Fig. 4).

a rope and a horse, but nothing else. It is quite possible to pack your equipment with only these simple auxiliaries.

Lay your tarp on the ground, fully spread. On half of it pack your effects, striving always to keep them as flat and smooth as possible. Fold the other half of the canvas to cover the pack. Lay this thick mattress-like affair across the horse's bare back, and proceed to throw the squaw hitch, as follows:

Throw a double bight across the top of the pack (Fig. 1). Pass end *a* under the horse and through loop *c*; and end *b* under the horse and through loop *d*. Take both *a* and *b* directly back under the horse again, in the opposite direction, of course,

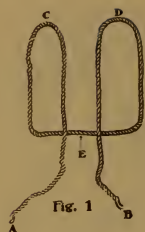


Fig. 1



Fig. 2.

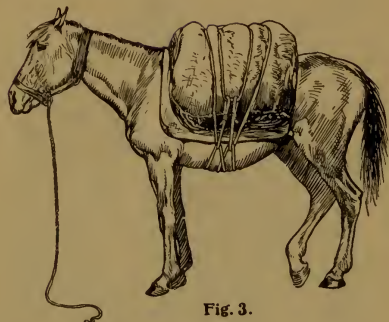


Fig. 3.

Squaw Hitch.

SLING NO. 2

Another sling is sometimes handy for long bundles, and is made as follows:

Fasten the rope by the middle as explained in the last. Fasten ends (*b, b*) to the rear horn or to each other (see diagram). Leave the bights of the rope (*a, a*) of sufficient length so they can be looped around the burden and over the horns. This sling is useful only on a regular pack saddle, while the other really does not need the rear pommel at all, as the rope can be crossed without it.



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

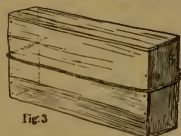


Fig. 3

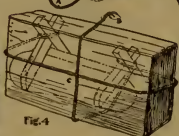


Fig. 4

Sling No. 1.

THE SADDLE HITCH

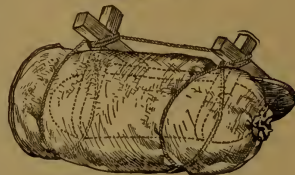
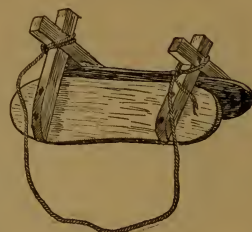
There remains only the possibility, or let us hope probability, that you may some day wish to pack a deer on your riding saddle, or perhaps bring in a sack of grain or some such matter.

Throw the rope across the seat of the saddle, leaving long ends on both sides. Lay your deer aboard, crosswise. Thrust a bight (*a*) of one end through your cinch ring, and pass the loop thus formed around

the deer's neck (Fig. 1). Repeat on the other side, bringing the loop there about his haunch. Cinch up the two ends of the rope, and tie them on top.

The great point in throwing any hitch is to keep the rope taut. To do this, pay no attention to your free end, but clamp down firmly the fast end with your left hand until the right has made the next turn. Remember this: it is important.

The least slip back of the slack you have gained is going to loosen that pack by ever so little; and then you can rely on the swing and knocks of the day's journey to do the rest. The horse rubs under a limb

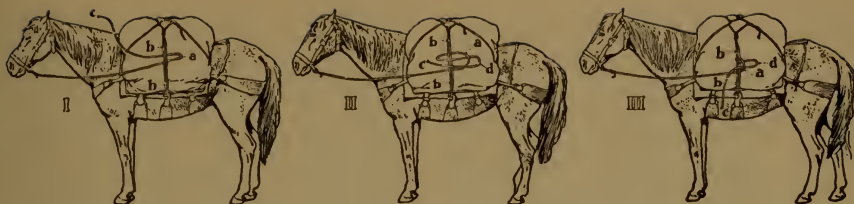


Sling No. 2.



The Saddle Hitch

or against a big rock; the loosened rope scrapes off the top of the pack; something flops or rattles or falls—immediately that



The Tie Hitch.

cayuse arches his back, lowers his head, and begins to buck. It is marvelous to what height the bowed back will send small articles catapult-wise into the air. First go the tarpaulin and blankets; then the duffle bags; then one by one the contents of the alforjas; finally, after they have been sufficiently lightened, the alforjas themselves in an abandoned parabola of debauched delight. In the meantime that horse, and all the others, has been running frantically all over the rough mountains, through the rocks, ravines, brush and forest trees. You have ridden, recklessly trying to round them up, sweating, swearing, praying to the Red Gods that none of those indispensable animals is going to get lame in this insane hippodrome. Finally, between you, you have succeeded in collecting and tying to trees all the culprits. Then you have to trail inch by inch along the track of the cyclone, picking up from where they have fallen,

rolled, or been trampled, the contents of that pack, down to the smallest. It will take you the rest of the day; and then you'll miss some. Oh, it pays to get your hitch on snug!

THE TIE HITCH

The hitches described are all I have ever had occasion to use, and will probably carry you through any emergencies that may be likely to arise, but perhaps many times during the day you are likely to want to stop the train for the purpose of some adjustments. Therefore you will attach your lead ropes in a manner easily to be thrown loose. Thrust the bight (a) of the lead rope beneath any part of the pack rope (b, b). Double back the bight (d) of the loose end (c) through the loop (a) thus formed. Tighten the knot by pulling tight on loop (d). A sharp pull on c will free the entire lead rope.

BICKERING AT THE DOG'S EXPENSE

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

WHAT vicissitudes befall the American Kennel Club are of concern to the amateur dog owner only when they threaten to affect the integrity and equity of the studbook of records; including under the head of records the rules which prescribe how the records are to be made and fixed.

For all but a few sportsmen—maybe for all sportsmen—the A. K. C. is a registration office, having not a feather or a daub of paint more of dignity, not a pennyweight more of power. Its function is purely clerical; the tinge of the discretionary and judicial entering only with the occasional necessity of adjusting a rule to conditions.

Not taking much notice of the A. K. C. as long as no serious question is raised about the validity of its clerical work as

keeper of records, the world of sportsmen does not suspend operations when a murmur of internal dissension in the club begins to be heard. There is so much of internal disagreement and minatory revolt in all organizations that we can extract no pleasurable excitement from a plunge into the merits of the group quarrels of the A. K. C. members. We content ourselves with earnest hope and fervent prayer that no belligerent group will become "secesh" enough to set up a competing studbook and complicate our registration of pedigrees. A studbook is like a telephone system. There is no room for two; if one cannot be conducted properly in private hands the government ought to assume the function.

It is a curiosity of history that the only

legitimate business of the A. K. C. was founded by the field trial men. The stud-book was started by them and the record of awards kept by them, with Dr. Rowe in charge, for some years. Dr. Rowe later transferred the records and duties to the A. K. C. I have understood that the act of transfer was gratuitous and voluntary on his part. In later years the club has become a thing wholly of bench shows, except as far as the registration of pedigrees is patronized by the general run of dog men. So it happens that the present quarrel is one exclusively of bench show fanciers.

Nobody could get at all the causes of the war without long rumination over a sequence of reminiscences. Of greater or less consequence, there have been antagonisms and recriminations in the A. K. C. since it was established. Ins and outs have spit and spat. The pending disturbance is partly a continuance of these ancient feuds.

For sportsmen, disapproval of the general course of the club has been on two grounds: First, the registration of pedigrees is so loosely guarded that anybody who can tell a lie can fake a pedigree and at a cost of one small dollar purchase official approval and permanent place in the canine book of reference. Of course, the whole system is tainted and distrusted. There is no reason to suppose that the greater mass of registrations is inaccurate. Not at all. But when you look at a record ten years old, you cannot avoid a suspicion that it may easily be wrong at some point. The other fault is that the demeanor of the officials has been patronizing, paternal, petulant, pompous, and curt; a weakness which would not need to irritate outsiders who have business with the office if it were not for the lack of intelligence and the narrow information which almost inevitably accompany demeanor of that style in any walk of life. A man who knows it all cannot learn much. Give him a little time in a position of authority, and he will surely become a detriment and an impediment.

The present attack on the A. K. C. proceeds on the allegation that a change from an association to a corporation was effected by secret methods; that by the same "star chamber" course the directors, some to serve for several years, were elected, so that for a long period power is insured to the faction in control; that by the constitution this power is so centralized that the various subordinate clubs and associate members have little to say; that the legal steps of incorporation or transfer were defective—a question for the courts.

To be entirely just, I do not see a great deal of force in these complaints. It is probable that the incorporation was necessary in order to conduct business strictly and to assure equitable management of the funds of the club, now amounting to the respectable sum of \$20,000. Any man

who has had experience with corporations affecting scattered interests knows that efficiency can scarcely be accomplished without tolerably close centralization. Lodging power and money in one or a few hands has its abuses, but spreading responsibility too widely means a certainty of clumsy, dilatory operation. I have been called upon frequently to draft constitutions and by-laws for corporations and societies. In recent years I have invariably endeavored to concentrate authority and action in the fewest hands the situation would permit. The A. K. C. represents over a hundred show and specialty clubs and over five hundred associate members, distributed over the whole country. Few clubs or associate members care anything about the club beyond a desire that the dog fancy be adequately supervised. They will not spend the money or take the time to see that representatives travel to New York for meetings. If the club had to wait for full and enthusiastic representation whenever a decision was to be made or an action performed, it would be a lame and weak affair.

As to secret methods, there seems to be no doubt that sufficient notice was given to all parties concerned, and that the procedure was in order. No more could be asked. The insiders might, with brotherly solicitude, have taken more trouble to gather in all doubting and troubled spirits, but that possible fraternal hustling does not come under the head of legal obligation. Nor is it a prevalent practice of business to go out of your way to put your enemies on a board of directors.

It is reported that the administration purposes to devote the \$20,000 reserve to fitting up club rooms. The kickers oppose this innovation, alleging that such quarters would be useful only to the few who live in or near New York. They advocate a distribution of the money, or part of it, in special prizes at bench shows, for the encouragement of efforts in breeding and exhibiting. Here the opposition is clearly right. As trustee of funds contributed by dog owners, the A. K. C. has no moral or legal right to spend the money except for the benefit of dog interests. A suite of club rooms is not a necessary adjunct of a studbook business. Meetings to pass upon other matters are not frequent, and can be held in any one of a hundred places, if the record offices are too narrow. The accumulated reserve of \$20,000 belongs to the club, to be sure, but not to the small minority of members in the New York neighborhood. If it is necessary to hold the surplus against future lean years, all right. Future years are more likely to be fat than lean, however, and wisdom would suggest that the club should take up the matters of improving the system of registration, supervising the practical conduct of bench shows, and offering prizes for the development of desirable qualities in dogs;

not to stretch out the list of useful possibilities.

To illustrate the utility of progress in the supervision of bench shows—what does the A. K. C. know about the operations of a show a hundred miles from the Atlantic coast? Nothing, unless some technical rule is obviously violated or a formal complaint is filed. It takes only a slight knowledge of shows to teach a novice that improper practices are easy. Perhaps the limitations of the A. K. C. do not permit the sending of an official representative of the club to every show, but it would be in the line of improvement. Questions constantly arise which could be best settled on the ground by an officer of the club, with a right of appeal.

Has not the time about arrived when the club might have some authority over the qualifications of judges? This is delicate, if not dangerous, ground, and the local rights of shows bristle up when the suggestion is proposed. Still, it is worth while to consider whether an effort should not be made to insist upon qualified judges. What is an award unless made by a competent man? It is a deceit. The club can now disqualify a judge for fraud, but it is helpless before incompetence. Few of us would object to the assumption of a little centralization of power in this direction.

At the minimum, if the club receives more money than it spends, or has more than it needs, there should be an improvement in the strictness of registering pedigrees, which means a rejection of applications not accompanied by definite evidence. The studbook would be smaller and the fees less. The surplus would cease to provoke quarrels, as snakes ceased to trouble Ireland, and breeders would value the studbook more highly.

To the honor of the club, there is no allegation from any source against its honesty or against its fairness of dealing on the whole. It is rather too circumscribed in its geographical sympathies; it is pedantic in minutiae and a failure in many larger duties; it revolves at its meetings in a small circle of talk; it is not progressive and shows only faint traces of consciousness that the world moves. These are the worst of its offenses. And we who find occupation or amusement in dogs will not join a club conspiracy or revolt as long as the clerical work of keeping the studbook and other records is decently performed; for in other hands our last state might be worse than the first. We might be pleased if it would wake up and listen with profit to the chorus of this age of effective methods. Perhaps it will; especially after an official funeral or two.

PREPARING THE AUTUMN HOME GARDEN

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

SOME SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

WHILE the weather remains warm and pleasant we are likely to not give much consideration to the change now not very far off. Quite frequently winter comes upon us suddenly and finds us unprepared for it. Then we set about making up for our neglect, and find that we have a good deal of work to do under disadvantages which prevent us from doing justice to what we undertake. Work done with cold fingers is pretty sure to be poor work.

Set about doing whatever is necessary now.

Look the place over carefully, and plan the fall campaign.

See that the stables are made snug and warm. Sheathing paper doesn't cost much, but the liberal use of it adds much to the comfort of horses and cows.

Put the hen houses in the best possible condition to protect their occupants against the cold of the coming winter, remembering that much of the poultry man's success depends upon comfortable quarters for his fowls. One of our most successful poulterers recently said to me that warm houses for hens meant a third less feed and half as many more eggs. He had been talking about the *ordinary* hen-house, with its cracks and general discomfort. If his opinion was the correct one, it certainly pays to put such houses in the best possible condition. There's money in it.

The painting that was neglected in spring can be done to advantage now, while the weather is mild and of just the right kind to facilitate slow, perfect drying. Perhaps few of the readers of this department have ever thought of a coat of paint as a fuel-saver, but it will be found that fall painting closes many of the cracks and crevices

of a building, and keeps out a great deal of cold.

If wood is used in the kitchen, or for heating purposes, arrange for a supply at once, and see that it goes under shelter before the fall rains can get at it. One of the greatest nuisances I know of is that of having wet wood to use. It is a source of great wastefulness, because one has to force the fire in the effort to overcome the effect of moisture, in order to secure the necessary amount of heat.

If coal is used for fuel, see that the bins are substantially built, and in good condition before they are filled. It is much easier to repair an old bin before the winter's supply of coal is put in than after it has given way to the pressure to which it is subjected.

If any changes are to be made about the house or barn have them done at once. It is economy to have work of this kind done when it can be done well, and without discomfort to the doer.

Look over the grounds about the country home and decide where improvements can be made. Improvements are always in order. Indeed, one of the attractions of a country home is the change which can be made from season to season in and about it. With such a home, it is always evolution. We never get to the end of the work. That is what makes it so delightful.

A great deal of garden work that is usually left for spring can be done now. Shrubs can be transplanted with safety as soon as they have ripened the growth of the season. Perennials can be separated and reset. Old plants will be greatly benefited by division of the roots and replanting them in a new location, in a well-enriched soil. Save only the strong and healthy parts of each plant. To set out weak and diseased roots is simply a perpetuation of unhealthy conditions in the garden.

Seedling perennials can be removed now to the places where they are to bloom next year. Many of these will give better satisfaction than older plants.

The trees about the house can be pruned to better advantage now than in spring, because, not having shed their leaves, you get a better idea of what to leave and what to remove than it is possible to have when their branches are bare.

BULBS FOR THE HOME GARDEN

It is often a cause of wonder to me that flower-loving persons fail to beautify the home grounds with a collection of bulbs. We have no plants easier to grow, if those who attempt their cultivation are willing to read up on their habits and requirements, and give them good soil and proper attention at planting time. They have the merit of being hardy at the extreme north. They begin to bloom about as soon as the snow melts, and from that time to the

coming of the earliest border flowers they make the garden gay with their brilliant and richly diversified colors. By their use we can add nearly two months to the flowering season.

The catalogues of the florists describe many kinds which the amateur gardener will do well to let alone. Some of them are too tender for our northern climate. Some are difficult to grow well. Others are not very satisfactory when well grown. I would advise confining one's selection—for two or three years, at least—to such old stand-bys, as the hyacinth, tulip, narcissus, crocus and snowdrop. These are the kinds to depend on. And so wide is the variety they afford that great quantities of them can be used without producing any monotony of effect.

LOCATION

In selecting a location for a bulb bed, choose one having good natural drainage, if possible. If not well drained, naturally, it can be put into proper condition by excavating the ground to the depth of a foot and a half, and putting in five or six inches of coarse material that will not readily decay, like old mortar, brick, broken pottery, or good-sized gravel. When the soil is returned to the bed it will give you a rounded-up surface from which rain and water from melting snows will run off readily, and be much more satisfactory than a level one. The soil should be worked over with hoe and rake until it is thoroughly pulverized. Bulbs will not do well in lumpy, rough ground.

MANURING

Add liberally from the black, well-rotted soil of the cow-yard, if possible to obtain it. This is the ideal fertilizer for all kinds of bulbs. Use about one part manure to three parts soil. If not obtainable, substitute fine bonemeal in the proportion of a pound to each square yard of surface. You cannot grow bulbs well in a soil of only ordinary richness. True, they will grow there, but they will not have the fine, large flowers which always result from the liberal use of rich food. Whatever fertilizer is used should be thoroughly mixed with the native soil while it is undergoing the process of pulverization.

If the native soil is rather stiff and heavy, it is a most excellent plan to mix with it enough coarse sand to make it more like garden loam. Bulbs are easily injured if an undue amount of moisture is retained about their roots, either from lack of drainage or too great solidity of soil.

Never use fresh manure.

PLANTING

Set the larger bulbs about five inches below the surface, and the same distance apart. The smaller ones should be planted

three inches deep, and are most effective if set thickly. Scatter them about the edges of the lawn, near the paths, in little groups and masses, being careful to avoid all formality in planting them. Aim to imitate Nature's methods, which are never along straight lines, or with regular distances between.

SOME SUGGESTIONS ABOUT ARRANGEMENT

Bulbs are always most effective when those of each color are planted by themselves. When "mixed," there is quite likely to be too great a jumble of colors to be pleasing, and in most instances there will be a sad lack of color-harmony. It is a mistake to think that all there is necessary to do is to keep the tulips separate from the hyacinths, and to give the daffodils a place by themselves. Color must come in for consideration quite as much as the habit of the plant. If we put red and blue and pink hyacinths together we get a sort of "calico" effect which makes the mixture almost painful to the eye sensitive to color-discords. If we keep the various colors by themselves, or separate them with masses of white, we avoid this mistake.

It is an excellent plan to have groups of bulbs planted here and there among the border plants, to give brightness to all parts of the grounds in early spring. Do not be content with putting three or four in a place. Set out at least a dozen in each group—two or three dozen would be better—and thus secure a greater mass of color than it is possible to obtain from a few plants.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

This plant, while not a bulb, is generally classed in with the real bulbs because of its early flowering habit. It deserves a place in every garden. It is exquisitely beautiful, delightfully fragrant, and a wonderfully free bloomer, and it is also very hardy. For cutting, it is invaluable. A partially shaded location suits this plant better than a sunny one, therefore it is well adapted to northern exposures. Set the pups or roots about six inches apart. In one season they will have run together, and your bed will be a mass of rich foliage out of which the flower stalks will lift themselves, crowned with spikes of pure white flowers, in May, in great profusion.

I want to close this talk about bulbs by saying that by an expenditure of a few dollars in the kinds I have advised, one can do more to make the country home attractive than in any other way I know of. I would earnestly urge every owner of such a home to invest something in this class of plants this fall.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. F. A.—Not knowing the particular treatment given your jonquils, I am unable to diagnose the cause of trouble. I am inclined to think, however, from what you say about heavy manuring, that you were too kind to them, and gave so much rich food that the plants were forced into a production of leaves, and probably new bulbs, rather than of flowers. Do not manure them again this season, and perhaps you will get more flowers next. Keep runners pinched off violets from which you want blossoms. Apply to any of the florists whose advertisement you find in this magazine, for a free catalogue of bulbs. In it you will find full descriptions of the various colors, and you will be able to select just the colors you desire. If you read over the directions given about bulb planting, you will find your other questions fully answered therein.

Mrs. W. H. K.—Plant your bulbs in September, if possible. Early planting enables them to make strong root-growth before the close of the season. Upon the satisfactory completion of this process depends next spring's crop of flowers. I am aware that some persons advise planting bulbs any time during the fall, even up to the setting in of cold weather, but late planting is a mistake, because the bulbs put into the ground late in the season will have only partially completed the development of roots by the time winter is upon us, and they will be obliged to suspend operations until spring comes. Then the instincts of the plants will urge them to the production of flowers, while, at the same time, root-development will be resumed, the work of the last season being taken up where it was left off when winter put an end to it. The plants are not strong enough to do both kinds of work simultaneously, consequently they will be greatly overtaxed in their efforts to do so, and the result will be that you will get but few flowers from them, and these will be inferior ones. The vitality of the bulb will be so lowered that it will seldom recover fully from the extra demand made upon it. If I could not get my bulbs into the ground by the middle of October, I would not plant any. A month earlier is the proper time in which to do this work.

The information given in the above "answer" should have been incorporated in the article on the planting of bulbs, in order to make it complete in itself, but, as the question had been asked and must be answered, it was thought best to give it here, and those who are interested in the subject can consider it as a sort of P. S. to the article.

TO QUESTION-ASKERS—I receive a good many questions which I am requested "to answer in the next number." This cannot be done, because the magazine is made up nearly two months ahead of its date of issue. If an immediate reply is required, it will be necessary to inclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

DETERMINING YOUR HORSE'S ACTION

BY FRANCIS M. WARE

GOOD action is conceded by every horseman to be the most desirable attribute of any horse for any purpose from racing to draft work, and it is an astonishing matter that so very little attention is paid to its different varieties; to the proportions and relative harmony of certain anatomical details which aid or mar its development; to the artificial measures which may be used to increase or diminish it, to correct it and to level it at both ends. As we find our horses so do we generally leave them, both in the associations of the trotting track and the show arena; not only do we neglect the methods and means of controlling action, but we hold hazy ideas as to what "action for purpose" really is; or slavishly adopt the decrees of fashion in this connection without taking the trouble to think out the question for ourselves, and for our horses' good. Action varies widely, and it should not be enough for us that our animal "goes clear," and neither brushes, overreaches, "scalps," nor "wings," nor "dishes," but his style of progression should be such as is appropriate for him most easily and properly to perform the tasks at which we use him; thus the hack or hunter can have few worse failings than "harnessy" action, and vice versa, the steady rather low swing of the saddle horse and thoroughbred has no harmonious place in carriage connection. All our American-bred horses err upon the side of too much rather than too little play of knee and hock, and this is not unusually true also of even our race horses; for we have seen, and have to-day, many animals which clamber and sprawl about both at slow and fast paces, and many who might be wonders but for the fatal lack of harmony in make-up which, at the crucial moment, causes some anatomical cog to slip or to hang, thus unbalancing the whole racing machine, and reducing a might-be-stake horse to the level of an indifferent selling-plater.

Nothing can be more true than the racing axiom "It is *action* that *carries weight*," and precisely the same thing is true of saddle horses and hunters—and in harness it is, within certain limits, action that *pulls* weight as well. Did we but bear this more usually in mind, we should never invest in the hulking brutes with which our welter-weights nowadays fill their stalls—great helpless camels whose own avoidrupois is, for the most part, an insupportable burden to them once fatigue

supervenes, while even as their very hugeness is a guarantee of a dash (or a copious infusion) of the coldest blood from some source, so is it an evidence of "drafty" angles to shoulders and pasterns, and of defective articulation—for the purpose to which we foolishly essay to adapt them. It is *action* that enables a horse to lug big weight; to still keep galloping or trotting smoothly on when he is beat; that insures the fact of his still holding the frictionless rhythm of his stride which, however exhaustion may slacken the speed, still retains the cadence and the balance without rock, or roll, or pitch, or stumble, or mistake at fence or gripe. *Action* takes the place of *courage* in the horse more often than we are willing to concede, and the *very game* horse will generally upon observation, be found to be blessed with an especially effortless and frictionless way of going—if not at all paces, at least at that one which he employs in his greatest effort. Thus many notoriously bad walkers, are perfect in trot or canter; many a grand race horse only at his top rate shows his physical balance; not a few of our high-steppers are slovens at the walk, and amble, and rack until squared away at ten miles the hour. Were we to see one of the old-fashioned fast trotters—those of thirty years and more ago—laboring about the track to-day we should marvel not only that an animal with such extraordinary action could go fast enough to win money, but that our progenitors could have seen anything graceful or practical in such a sprawling, spraddling brute. Those old Hambletonians, both genuine and "said-to-be" went as wide as a road behind—outside and beyond their fore feet, and their front action came nearly all from the shoulder with a nearly straight knee; in fact, it was "shoulder and stifle" action then as against "knee and hock" action nowadays—even though an occasional brilliant exponent like for instance, Goldsmith Maid, Judge Fullerton and Camors did "swipe the trotting eye," by proving what a "line trotter" could do—a line trotter having such a quick recovery, and such perfection of action and balance that the fore feet are up and away before the hind feet can reach them, so that instead of passing the hind feet outside of them in front the legs move in line. Rapid-gaited horses practically all use this style of locomotion—one that "dwells" or is a very long strider will still be found passing outside, but it is seldom

that his rate of speed is very great. An instantaneous photograph of a field of modern fast trotters (or pacers) at full speed betrays the fact that one and all are going marvelously high, with well-bent hocks and knees—action which would seem to adorn any high-stepper in the show ring—and that in addition there is a marvelous play of shoulders in front and of stifles behind such as is the characteristic of *no other horse* and *no other action* known to man—the exclusive inheritance and indelible birthmark of the American trotting-bred horse and an attribute as unique as it is invaluable, as unmistakable as it is precious, as genuinely useful and necessary as it is brilliant; nor should we forget that this action has perfected itself *not* through our efforts to *develop* it, but in spite of the most determined and intelligent attempts to *prevent* it, for the old-fashioned trainer was all for the daisy-cutting, wide-going, hard-pulling animal, and did everything in his power, assisted by the breeders of the country, to develop that style of going.

Naturally an animal possessed of speed (to greater or less extent) can develop action to which the creature of an eight-mile-an-hour limit cannot approach. Water dammed must rise—speed restrained must exhaust energy in some way—"if he can't go *on* he must go *up*"—he is jogging when his rivals are at full speed—so up, up, he goes, assisted by check, bit, shoes and balance to scientifically assist, to an altitude and with a brilliancy possible to no other horse. It is right here that the hackney, the French coacher and all other breeds succumb to our native trotting-bred horse, nor does their bulk and "harnessy" outline compensate us for the agility, gracefulness, and pace of our product, accompanied as it is by a size sufficient to handle easily the vehicles successfully miniaturized to meet its chief—almost single—short-coming—if it indeed be such.

It is the commonest of errors to mistake *stifle* action for *hock* action in the heavy harness horse.

A horse which really does sharply flex his hocks is found usually to have a powerful loin—lacking this, frequently the stifles will do most of the work properly falling to the duty of the hocks, and as a general thing performed by them if the stress of collection is not too severe. This, where it is also enforced by high checking and by severely sharp biting, puts so severe a strain upon the hocks and the loin, that any latent weakness is quickly developed. We every day see horses so severely checked and thence cramped over the loins that they cannot "use their hocks" properly at all. Too short-coupled an animal will be wanting in liberty about the stifles and we have fallen into the error through a mistaken craze for short backs and of buying horses so absurdly jammed together in many

cases that they cannot "use themselves" properly at any pace—nor can we allege any reason for this unreasonable fad, save the fact that Leach painted and Sturgess drew horses in such shapes.

Every horse's action may be improved, and the methods are many. Once you find the proper balance, no horse need overreach, "scalp" or interfere, although many fast horses will fear these effects, and never go steadily to their speed unless thoroughly protected by boots to give them confidence. All these faults could be corrected in colthood would we but take the trouble monthly to balance feet and joints, and keep all growing true and smooth. Hardly any colt is *born* with defective action—his "care(?)taker" is responsible for it all, and shame it is that such is the case. Balance in after life comes from the ingenuity of the blacksmith, raising and lowering the head, lengthening and shortening the toes, proper booting, and suitable weight to pull—for many a "rough-gaited" subject will go as level as a table once he can get his shoulders against something just to steady him a little, and to let him get his *hocks* under him, and his balance true. No horse that pulls is really balanced—the animal that is so *cannot* pull—otherwise he *must* do so to get his balance. Many a horse pulls in harness that does not under saddle and vice versa, the reason being obvious. The destructive long toes which are to-day ruining thousands of horses, and which have nearly destroyed our eye for true proportion in the feet, are nothing but a lazy man's contrivance to "square away," some misshapen brute which could not get his balance by normal means, and was so mixed-gaited that he would yield to nothing else. Naturally such toes make the horse "go higher," because he "breaks over" at such a distance from the true center of gravity of the member, and is always walking up stairs, and standing up hill because of the shape into which his poor feet have been trained. Almost any horse which flexes his hocks sharply but does not step high in front may be made to do so if he is properly elevated in front, lightened in hand, and sharply collected. Most animals so gaited are also low-headed and inclined to bear on the hand to get their balance. While each may learn to go high in front, those with excessive knee action, and but little play of hocks can rarely be improved to any extent. Many mixed-gaited horses learn to go extremely high with proper weighting, balancing, and the long toes, and it would amaze any one could he take all our show winners of the past fifteen years, strip their feet, and reduce these members to normal proportions to find that two-thirds of the lot would move off in hand, at anything from a square pace to a single-foot or a hand-canter!

We have become hysterical over this matter of action—high action—in every sort of horse, and the shows and their judicial boards have it all to answer for. We have passed all bounds of reason in our requirements, and the sort of locomotion which draws the admiration of the officials and the plaudits of the public is not the natural, true, all-round, straight “out-and-on” movement which is really the genuinely important attribute of any horse, but the most climbing, sprawling contortions to which a heavily-weighted, and cruelly-checked animal can be whipped, jerked, snatched, and frightened—let him “wing,” “dish,” overreach, hop, hitch, straddle, and “dogtrot” as he will—“Hurrah! see him go! A wonder!”—when, left to himself, he will stumble over a cigarette butt, and has no more action than a saw-horse! The pity of it!

The same sort of misconception extends itself to saddle horses—every one of them must step about with action enough for any sane man's harness use, and far more than makes, in many cases, for a really comfortable ride, and is it not a fact that we have been riding so many of these “harness” horses that we have almost if not quite forgotten the ride that a first-class hack gives one and eulogize the *least uncomfortable* of the bunch for that reason? True the market—our market—calls for a *ride* and *drive* horse more than for a saddle horse which is such only; but this is not as generally the case as it has been, although the riding public have grown so used to these rough-going harness (?) horses that they really forget to differentiate, but ask for and accept the latter type as a saddle horse when he really is not such at all, either by inheritance, breeding, or training.

A *real saddle horse* is as “saddley” in appearance as the other type is “harnessy,” and the difference extends to every joint and sinew of his body, and the way he “wears himself”—the difference is unmistakeable, legs, body, head, neck, carriage, movement and all—one is one type, the other the other, but the difficulty is to get the public or the judges to keep them apart. For this reason it has always seemed that no class in a show should be allowed to move until the officials have lined them up, and looked them over for type—“gating” forthwith and without seeing them go every entry which does not come up to the requirements of type—for purpose. We don't want to know what some sensational-moving brute can do which is not the type at all for the job, nor finished up as such a horse should be, and this neglect has caused the downfall of

more judges in the public estimation than any other thing that can be named—for the sensational always catches the crowd, and if he gets nothing the judge's “lights are out,” whether he deserves the ribbon or not.

We see runabout horses filling the wagon and the driver's face, clothes, and so forth, with sand and tanbark if they go off of a walk, yet winning perpetually as suitable to be driven before that vehicle; we find pairs of victoria horses not only plastering the servants with dirt at an eight-mile-an-hour gait, but hurling the filth clear over their heads on to the seat and floor of the carriage where presumably their elaborately-gowned owner would sit on her way to receptions, etc.—yet such animals win for years for such purposes. Meanwhile the true, all-round goer is overlooked in every connection, and the hysterical has become accepted as the natural, while genuine good conformation is also disregarded, if only a horse can “step and go.”

Nothing is more certain than that every horse will lose excessive action if you *really* use him—either that or go lame in addition because of the concussion and the unnatural feet and weight he must carry about with him. No such horse can be driven any distance without pitiful distress, and possibly severe strain, and once he is tired, he rolls, hitches, and overreaches so that your drive is a torture. The same thing is as annoyingly true of two-thirds of these “harnessy” saddle horses—when tired (and that is very soon), they roll their shoulders, sprawl about, canter high, hop, and hitch, and are generally so little like a saddle hack that one's annoyance is at fever-heat—nor diminished by thought of the stiff price which the hapless misplaced brute cost. Such a horse cannot ever *walk* as a hack should when fresh, and when he is tired by his trip around the reservoir of about four miles he rolls his rider about like one of those dromedaries in the circus parade—and is generally about as fit for saddle work. We have in the saddle-bred western horse, in the best grade of broncho, and in many of the *quarter-bred* thoroughbreds some of the best hacks in the world, durable and delightful, but they would, while peerless under saddle, never take any rank in our show rings, for while they have perfect saddle action, they have not the sort the market and the judges call for—and that is one reason why you don't see our winning saddle horses more frequently used as such—they give you the worst of rides, and are hacks in name and official estimation only!

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